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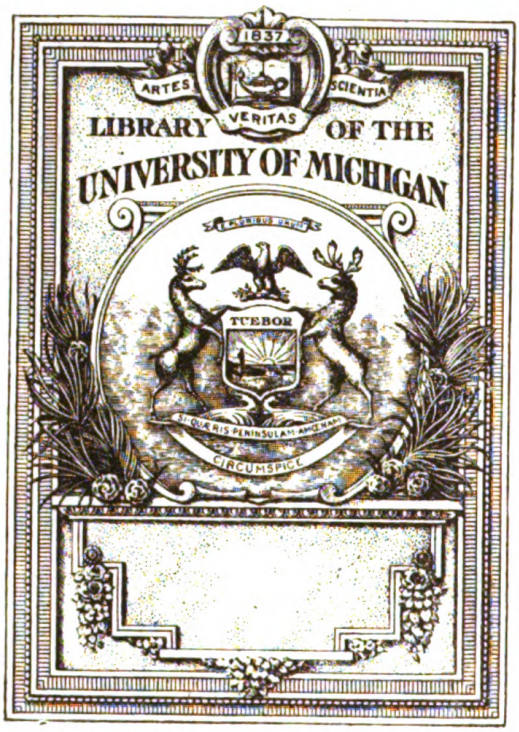
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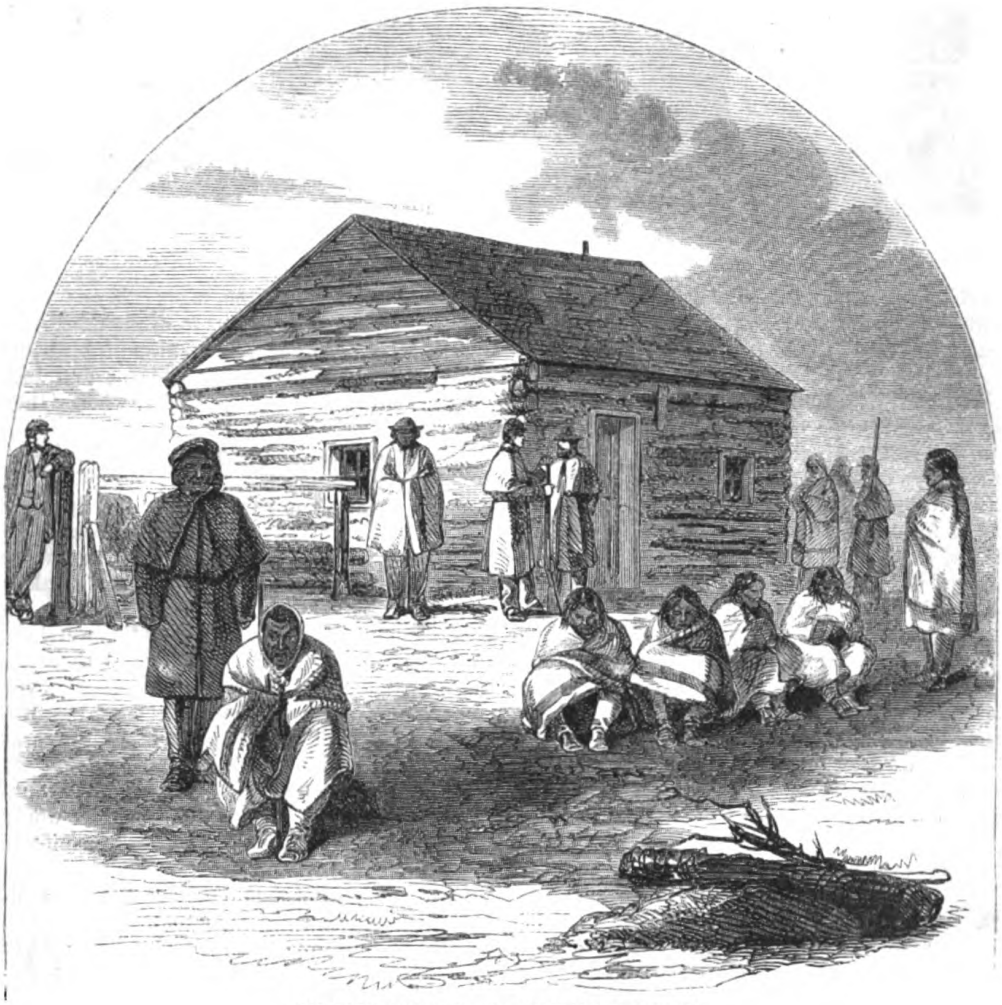
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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLVII.—JUNE, 1863.—Vol. XXVII.



THE COURT-HOUSE OF THE MILITARY COMMISSION.

THE INDIAN MASSACRES AND WAR OF 1862.

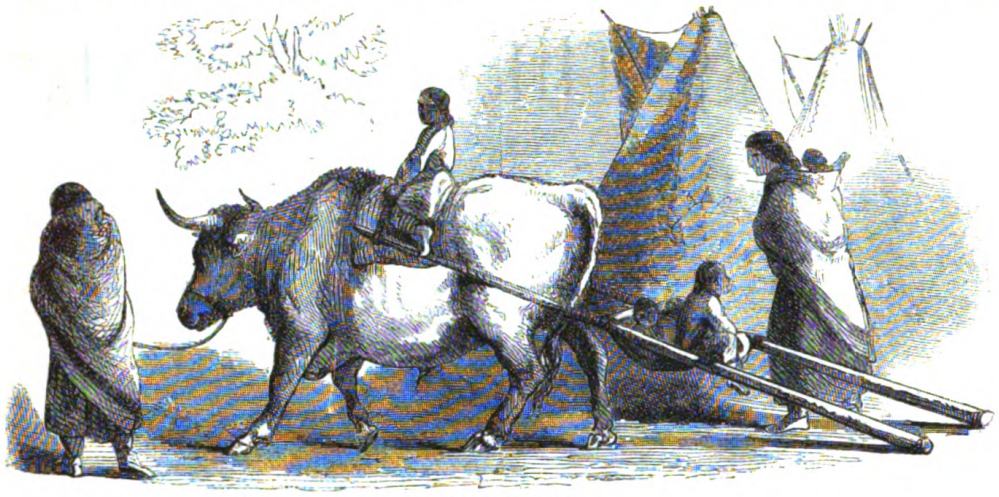
LET us take one of the lines of railroad that, after crossing the rolling prairies of Wisconsin or the flat plains of Illinois, reach a terminus on the banks of the Mississippi—let it be the latter. After a ride over a track converging to a focus behind us from its unbroken straightness, we are puffed and steamed into Fulton. Don't be in a hurry to get on; for if the steamboat agent told you that the packet would be up to-morrow morning, you may look for it about twelve hours later. First a shriek, next a dense black smoke, and then a floating island, loaded with men, women, children, horses, boxes, barrels, boats, coils of rope, piles of wood, bundles, and bandboxes, turns the bend of the river and glides to the edge of the warehouse. Be quick, and don't obstruct the gangway, lest you be jostled into the river by the porters. Another shriek, a few puffs and groans, a huge splashing, and the leviathan is again in motion, steaming its way up the current until, passing prairies stretching away to the foot of the Black

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INDIAN PACK-OX.

Hills, Indian mounds, timber-rafts, flat-boats, villages which expect to become cities, we at last reach St. Paul.

Here we are told that the payment of annuities to the Sioux Indians, due them three months ago, is soon to be made at the Upper Agency, on the Yellow Medicine River; and that for it thousands of Dahkotahs have collected from the little brick farm-houses the Government has built for them, from their sycamore-bark villages, and from their far distant hunting-grounds. Long trains of them, with the poles and skin-coverings of their teepees, their furs, medicine-bags, and other portable effects, drawn by dogs or dragged along on a platform of two poles joined in the middle, one end resting on a band across the back of an ox or Indian pony, the other trailing upon the ground.

That we may be there during this payment we re-ship ourselves on a smaller boat, and again plow our journey up the tortuous meanderings of the River Minnesota, "Muddy Waters," until at length we reach Saint Peter.

Two miles below, in an angular bend of the river, stands Traverse des Sioux, where, but four or five years past, the late treaty with the Dahkotahs was compacted, by which they relinquished their lands on these borders and below to the Mississippi. Then it was but an Indian trading-post, now a flourishing town. Thence, for the Upper Agency, let us engage our seats in the weekly stage, or take a two-horse conveyance for ourselves alone and journey on with but necessary stoppages at the "Prairie Hotel," "Traveler's Home," etc. On the road we pass numerous wagons heavily ladened, mainly with flour and other commodities for the annuity Indians—*i. e.*, after the traders have cleared from one to five hundred per cent. on them. Yonder is Fort Ridgely, just across that wooded ravine. From here it appears almost impregnable; but how different on a nearer approach!

Another creek, three miles farther on: they call it the "Three-mile Creek." Notice it well, for we may have occasion to come here again.

There are some large army wagons filled with soldiers approaching us from the other side. Let us ask that young lieutenant, with his pants tucked to the knees, in cavalry-boots and lugging his sword across his shoulder, whence they are.

Blandly we are informed that the hordes of Indians lately assembled at the Yellow Medicine Agency, growing impatient from the delay of their annuities, had evinced signs of dissatisfaction, and even threatened violence. For greater security, a company of volunteers stationed at Fort Ridgely had been sent for. On their arrival at the Agency a thousand Indian warriors, mounted on their ponies and several thousand more on foot, all painted, with their war costumes, surrounded them, and declared that if a soldier advanced a step farther—if a gun was raised, or a match applied to a cannon, they would kill and scalp every white man they could lay their hands on. A volley and a charge would undoubtedly have cleared a space immediately around our troops: but they were outnumbered thirty to one; what should they do? Major Galbraith, the Indian Agent, loth to permit such demonstrations to pass unresisted, was urgent to give them at least one volley, or sufficient to disperse them; but the officers thought it useless to attempt to cope with such numbers.

The Indians, seeing our soldiers unmoved, and apparently awaiting an attack, turned their attention to a more easy and less dangerous conquest—the goods and flour in the warehouse. A few blows with tomahawks and hatchets soon shivering the fragile doors, in they went—the braves commencing to open boxes and barrels, while the squaws were adjusting their blankets to bear out the spoils. But before they had progressed far, a line of bristling bayonets being brought to bear upon them, they scattered as if a hornet's nest had been disturbed in their midst.

Major Galbraith, as soon as he could get them sufficiently quieted, addressing them through Antoine Freniere, the interpreter, explained as best he could the reasons of delay; and told

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them that he would then distribute their blankets, with which he desired them to return to their hunting-grounds and homes, as he would send a messenger after them as soon as the annuity moneys should come. Reluctantly, with ill-grace, they conceded; and taking each his blanket, with a dark scowl they turned again to their lodges.

Similar demonstrations had occurred before, and like them this was also supposed wholly to have blown over. There being then no longer any need at the Agency for military support, the company had been ordered to report back at Fort Ridgely.

Some eighteen miles farther and again another ravine, Birch Cooley, portions of it thickly wooded, and closely filled with birch and willow brush and tall reeds; admirably adapted for a camp ground, if easy access to wood and water are the desired requisites; but if security from surprise to the encamped is demanded one of the last places to be chosen. How this was subsequently illustrated we shall see in the course of our narrative.

In due time we again come to the river—the same Minnesota. After crossing a bottom of a couple of miles in width, amidst tall waving reeds and rushes, we arrive at the ferry opposite the Lower Indian Agency. On this side of the river, to our right, by the water's edge, is a comfortable frame house with several stacks of wheat and hay around it, the abode of the ferryman. On the farther side, a little above the crossing, is a mill. Safely over the ferry, we wind up a circuitous path to the level of the high table-land; to the Agency buildings, the warehouse, hotel for the Government employés, small frame church, and traders' houses and stores, that form the nucleus of the Lower Indian Agency.

Here we first see the Dahkotah or Sioux Indians at home. Most of those from this vicinity, lately at the Yellow Medicine, have returned to their lodges. The "Bucks" are covered nearly from head to foot with their blankets, white, as but a few days ago they received them, or colored with their pigments in rude representations of heads, skulls, branches of trees, and the like. Their faces are painted, one half perhaps in zigzag stripes, while the other is speckled as if from a recent attack of measles; or in broad belts around their eyes. They have bows and arrows and double-barreled shot-guns, some with two-thirds of their barrels cut off for convenience in carrying under their blankets. They saunter around the stores and boarding-houses in groups, smoking their pipes of kinickinick, while the squaws—not unfrequently—perform all the work except fighting and eating.

Government has expended large sums of money to encourage and assist them in the pursuits of civilization. In addition to the yearly annuities due each member of a lodge, a civilization fund provides them with medical attendance, builds and furnishes a house, and prepares and stocks a farm with necessary implements and cattle for every Indian who will consent to lay aside his blanket, cut his hair, put on the white man's clothes, and work; and besides pays him so much per yard for all the fence he



HOUSE OF CHASKA, A CIVILIZED INDIAN.

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may erect, for all the new land he may put under cultivation, and for every bushel of grain or potatoes he may raise in addition to the full ownership of the same. Yet, for all this, it has been with the greatest difficulty that a few have been persuaded to adopt the dress and the habits of the white man. The Indians look upon one of their number who cuts his hair, lays aside his blanket, changes his dress, and goes to work, as having sold his tribal birth-right.

Yet of the few who have been so persuaded, rarely have any gone back to their former habits. Their small brick houses, showing in every exterior mark and surrounding that they are not the cottages of Anglo-Americans, dot the prairies between here and the Yellow Medicine, and for miles around and beyond, even as far as Lac Qui Parle, near the sources of the Minnesota. As we journey on we often find the inherent Indian chivalry illustrated in the male members of a family lounging with tomahawks and kinickinick pipes round the fence corners, or by the road-sides, basking in the sunlight, while the squaws are chopping wood, hoeing corn or potatoes, or taking care of the cattle.

Another day's travel, and we are at the Red Wood River, flowing quite a depth below the level of the prairie. Here its bed widens out into a broad basin sloping from either side in jagged descents, roughened with heaps of boulders and slabs of limestone. On the edge of the ravine is a little white plastered church; farther down its side a number of cypress bark Indian huts with as many teepees. Having forded the crossing of the river, let us make a short stay, about a mile beyond, at Mr. Reynolds's, who is employed here by the Government as a teacher to the Indians. Not far from his house are a number of wooden boxes, supported on high scaffolding, containing Indian bodies placed there to "dry up." Having here sufficiently refreshed ourselves, we journey on by Wood Lake; down the wide and beautiful Yellow Medicine ravine; across the clear, rippling stream; past the traders' store-houses, brick-yard, Government employés' boarding-house, corn-fields, and potato patches, to the edge of the farther table-lands; to the Upper Agency buildings—large stone houses, containing the Government stores and residences of the agent, physician, and others.

Beyond us, five miles, through an Indian farming district, similar to that through which we have already passed, is Dr. T. S. Williamson's Mission house at Pa-ju-ta Zee-zee. From 1835, first on the banks of the Mississippi, then at Traverse des Sioux, and since in his present position, he has been laboring to civilize and Christianize this people. Two miles farther, adjoining Mr. Cunningham's Indian boarding-school, is the residence of the Rev. S. R. Riggs, who followed Dr. Williamson in this field of labor in the year 1837; first at Lac Qui Parle, where he and his family were burned out of house and home, and compelled to take refuge for a time in the church; and since in his present field of labor.

Such is a rough outline of the Yellow Medicine Agency up in the Indian Country in Western Minnesota, among the Dahkotahs, as it was just before the massacres of 1862. On the Indian Reservation itself there were but few white



SQUAWS WINNOWING WHEAT.

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DR. WILLIAMSON'S HOUSE.

inhabitants, and those almost without exception employed in trading or in some capacity by the Government, or engaged as missionaries and teachers.
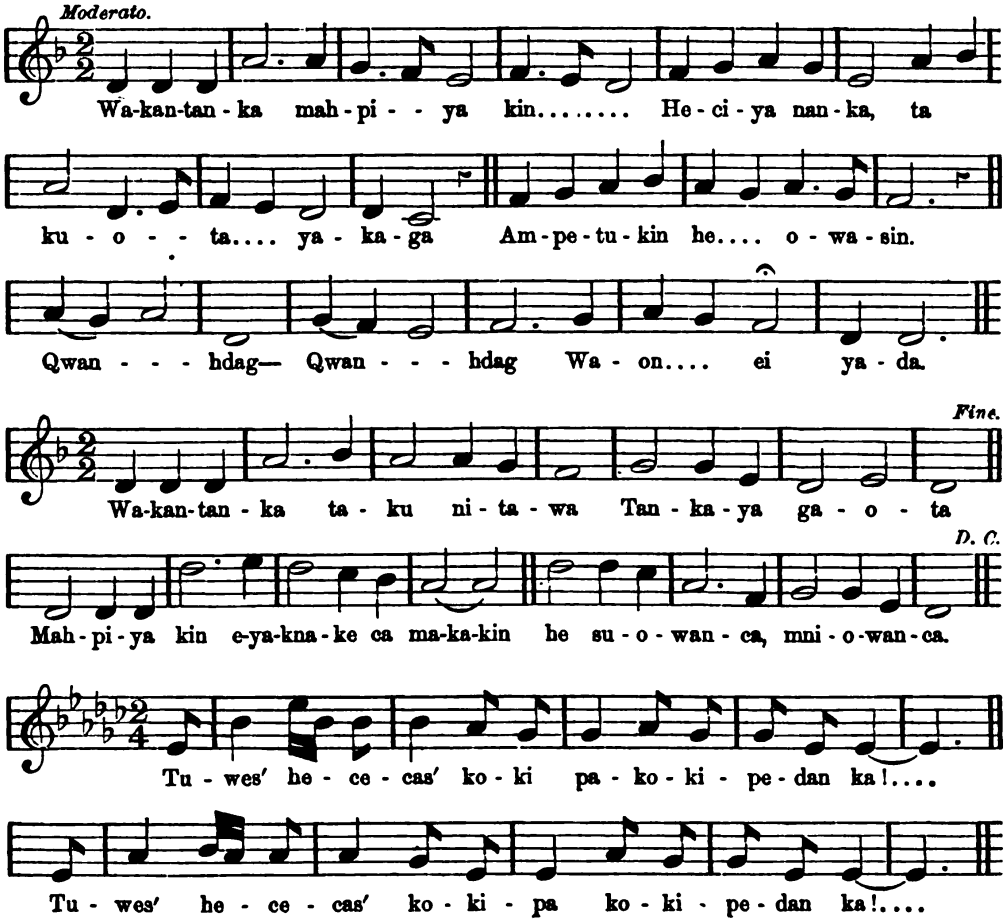
From the very borders of the Reservation the provisions of the Homestead Bill had been tending rapidly to the occupation of all the choicest spots of land on those rich prairies. Little log-huts and frame cottages, made most likely in some other State and transported there in pieces ready to be set up on the spot, were almost continually in sight, increasing in numbers as you approached St. Peter and Traverse des Sioux or Mankato. Corn and wheat fields, though but of recent commencement, were frequent and heavily ladened with their waving harvests, for never had Minnesota been blessed with so abundant a yield as in the fall of 1862. Mills had commenced to turn on the river banks. The inhabitants, mostly German, had come with strong arms and willing hearts to establish a home for themselves and theirs; and no place could be more promising. Through all this district the Indians still roamed at large. Stop where they would they found a welcome to food, drink, and lodgings, until it suited their convenience to depart. The Indians had been wronged, but not by the inhabitants: it had been by the *traders*. The kindness of the missionaries especially could not have been exceeded; their houses were like Indian hotels. They came and went as if all belonged to them. If hungry, they would demand food; if tired, they would lay themselves down wherever they pleased; and leave without a word or look of thanks.

A few years ago a young warrior was arrested for murder, and placed under guard at the Upper or Yellow Medicine Agency. Watching his opportunity, he made his escape, though fired upon and severely wounded. Faint from the loss of blood, he sat down by the roadside at Pa-ju-ta Zee-zee, opposite Dr. Williamson's. A crowd soon collected round him. The Doctor with a friend went prepared to see and dress his wound. He was but entering the crowd when his friend suddenly screamed, "Look out for that knife!" Instantly turning, he saw behind him a squaw, a large butcher-knife in her hand, in the very act of plunging it into his back, when by friendly hands her arm had been stayed. The Doctor did not stop to inquire into it, but seeing, as he said, "that the danger was over," went on to the young man, examined and bound up his wound. It happened, however, that by imprudent exposure or some such cause the Indian died. It is a custom with them, if one of their tribe is killed, for the nearest of kin to avenge his death, by assassinating, not necessarily the author of it himself, but any one if he be but of the same family or race. The father of this Indian went forth with his gun, and concluding that Dr. Williamson would of all be least apt to make much resistance, selected him as the object of his vengeance. The Doctor was at work behind his house in the garden: the family seeing a suspicious-looking Indian, painted in his war stripes, prowling around behind the fence, apparently trying to get behind the Doctor, became solicitous for him to come in. To satisfy them he went in and sat in a rocking-chair in the front-

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room, from which a door led out to the piazza, where were a couple of wooden benches. The Indian came round, and, with his gun under his blanket, sat down upon one of these. It is a matter of courtesy with them to always eat when invited. The Doctor's sister went out, and saying she thought he must be tired, asked him if he would not like something to eat. Speaking not a word, but merely shaking his head with a dark scowl, he refused. The Doctor, who had yet apprehended nothing, recognized in this a sure sign of hostility. If an Indian will not eat in your house, it is certain evidence he means to harm you. Presently he arose, came in, and sat by the door. The Doctor knew that if he evinced any feelings of alarm he would precipitate an attack. So he sat still unmoved, looking steadily at the Indian. Miss Williamson came in with a plate of food and urged him to eat. He was tired and hungry. There was a strife between revenge and hunger. He hesitated, glanced at the Doctor, then at his gun, then at the food, then suddenly took the plate and commenced eating: as he continued his countenance entirely changed, his eyes lost their wildness, and when satisfied, drawing his blanket around him, he got up and went away.

Such was the character of these Indians, and yet among this people the missionaries were laboring with a degree of success. Mr. Riggs had reduced their native dialect to a systematic written language, and, with the assistance of the other missionaries, made translations of the Bible and a number of miscellaneous books. Churches had been erected and established; schools had been commenced and successfully carried on; families taught the habits and ways of civilization; and their plaintive melodies bent to sacred words, of which a specimen is here given:



But every effort to ameliorate the condition and enlighten the minds of those Indians had powerful counter-currents to contend with. An Indian under the influence of whisky could scarcely have a rival in Pandemonium itself. The Government had prohibited its sale, or even transfer into the Reservation; but still it was frequently and abundantly bought and sold, both within and without the lines. For whisky there was nothing an Indian would not exchange of all he possessed—his gun, his horse, or even his wife. Some writer, in describing a war council, puts in the mouth of his hero, "For an Indian can not lie!" That certainly could not have been among the Sioux. Mr. Pond, one of the missionaries, in speaking of Little Crow, said, "He will tell ten lies in succession, and if detected in all of those, will tell an eleventh

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with such plausibility and earnestness that you will believe him." They were not entirely ignorant of the extent and character of our country, and of what had been transpiring in it. Other-Day, Little Crow, and a few others had been sent more than once to Washington. Other-Day had brought back with him a "white wife." Most of the half-breeds and some Indians could speak and read both English and Dahkotah. Our war news, as it reached them through the papers, or floating along in gossip, would be taken up and passed on to be circulated among the lodges. The missionaries had all manner of questions put to them: Whether it was true that the South had burned all our large cities, New York, Boston, Philadelphia? Whether the Great Father had been killed or taken prisoner, our armies destroyed, and the enemy were coming to make slaves of all of us? This last was asked by an Indian who could both read and write English. A number of half-breeds and a few Indians had been enfranchised, and in the efforts of Minnesota to fill up her quota for the first 300,000 a military ardor had been excited among them; a company organized containing nearly all the available force at the two Agencies. "There," said the Indians, "see how hard pressed the Great Father is for men; all the able-bodied whites are gone, and now they have to come to us for help and take our half-breeds."

You remember the account we received from the lieutenant of the late disturbance at the Upper Agency, and the feelings with which the Indians separated. An Indian is not prone quickly to forget. A distance below St. Peter, on the Minnesota, the bordering forests commence to widen and extend in either direction for over a hundred miles. This is the "Big Woods." On the borders of it stood many a settler's cabin, and in it, by the river side, a few villages. Thither the Indians were wont to go in quest of game and fish. On Saturday, the 16th of August, 1862, a party of ten Indians made an excursion to the Big Woods to exchange their furs for wagons. Disappointed in not effecting a trade they separated. Four going on farther got free access to "fire-water." Under its influence the hatred that had been growing in their breasts, aggravated by their late disappointment, broke out. They shot down three men by the road-side, buried their tomahawks in their quivering flesh, tore the scalps from off their heads before the life had left them, and binding the gory trophies to their girdles, returned in company with the other six, who had rejoined them, to Red Wood. There a council of their "soldiers' lodge" was convened, and the matter laid before them. Should the aggressors be delivered up, or would they all unite in an effort to drive the white man wholly from their borders, and redress their accumulated wrongs? Other than between these two they had no alternative.

Unable to agree they adjourned to the house of "Little Crow"—Tah-o-ya-tah-doo-ta. Crafty and cunning, though ambitious, he well knew



LITTLE CROW.

the power and resources of the enemy, the flood of wrath they were proposing to turn upon themselves, and the privileges they would forfeit. He laid these reasons before them, and endeavored to dissuade them from a general massacre. He himself had adopted our habits and modes of life; lived in a brick house, sat on chairs, slept in a bed, and drank whisky as often as he could get it; but still, if the young men were determined to commence, he was willing and anxious to be their leader.

A rumor was current among the Indians—with how much truth I can not say—that in the spring of 1862 a "Big Man" passed through the country from the northwest toward St. Paul, claiming to be a British subject, and told them to rise and kill off all the whites in their midst; and promising that, when they attempted it, the people from British America would come down and help them. "Besides now," they said, "the men have all gone to the war; no one is left behind except old men, women, and children. We can easily kill them, and help ourselves to all the plunder we please." Debating the question but fanned the flame. The fury of the few was rapidly disseminating itself throughout them all. That night—Sabbath night it was—the gory scalps from Red Wood, combed and adorned, were danced around with savage songs and yells, and a war fête held to nerve them for the carnage of the morrow. The whites were apprehensive of no danger; in their several homes they lived with such security that even arms among them were not generally kept.

From the council—at midnight—the Indian warriors separated to paint and equip themselves. Then silently, in single file, their blankets drawn close around their guns and tomahawks, they

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INDIAN CAMP AT RED WOOD.

took their way toward the Lower Agency. The signal for attack, after they had dispersed themselves throughout the village, preconcerted with Little Crow, was to be the discharge of a gun in a store by the flag-staff. As the morning dawned, clear and mild, they commenced entering the Agency. A half-breed meeting them inquired the reason of such a concourse. "Oh, nothing," they replied; "we are only about making an excursion against the Chippeways:" and it appeared plausible, for Chippeway and Sioux were always at feud. Along the sides of the warehouse and stores, by the barns, behind the fences, each took his position, as he thought, to the greatest advantage. The inmates of the designated store were all astir. Seeing some Indians approaching, and inferring that they might want to make some purchases, one of them unbolted the front door and was shot down on the spot. The signal had been given, and almost simultaneously a thousand savage war-whoops rent the air. If massacre alone had then been their aim, not one from the Agency would scarce have escaped; but the horses in the barns, the plunder in the stores, and the hopes of finding whisky, largely diverted the savages from their murderous work.

Not many of the whites had yet left their houses, or even their beds. Some of the savages, having led out the horses, fired the barns. Others rushed for the stores and warehouse, shooting before them whomsoever they met, by the road-side, before the doors, or behind the counters. The shelves were soon emptied, with the assistance of the squaws, who had followed for the purposes of plunder, and the spoil carried away to be quarreled over among themselves. Barrels were rolled into the street, boxes tumbled out, and the buildings enveloped in flames. Then they burst into the mission chapel, boarding-house, and other dwellings, tomahawk in hand. Some were hewed to pieces ere they had scarce left their beds; others received their death-wounds leaping from windows or endeavoring to escape.

But who can tell the story of that hour? of the massacre of helpless women and children, imploring mercy from those whom their own hands had fed, but whose blood-dripping hatchets the next moment crashed pitilessly through their flesh and bone—of the abominations too hellish to rehearse—of the cruelties, the tortures, the shrieks of agony, the death-groans, of that *single hour?* The few that escaped by any means heard enough, saw enough, felt enough to engage their utmost powers. Those that staid behind never told their story. From house to house the torch soon followed the hatchet; the flames enveloped alike the dead, dying, and wounded. Tired of butchery in detail the savages fired a dwelling, and in it burned alive a mother and her five children; a few of their charred bones were afterward found among the ashes. Some escaped through back doors, over fields, down the side of the bluff to the river. Those fortunate enough to get over by the ferry or otherwise hastened with utmost speed to the fort. Others hid among the bushes, in hollow logs or holes, behind stumps,

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or in the water. Maddened with unresisted success—for not a shot, not a blow had yet been aimed at them—with fiendish yells the Indians followed or sought new victims among yet unsuspecting settlers. The ferry was taken possession of, the ferry-man's house, the neighboring stacks, the mills, the piles of lumber, were set on fire. The ferry-man himself, tomahawked before his own door, was disemboweled, his head, hands, and feet chopped off and inserted in the cavity. They overtook a boy trying to escape. Tearing off every thread of clothing, they pricked and pierced him with their blunt-headed javelins, laughing at and mimicking his agony till death came to his relief. Narcis Gerrian, as they entered, leaped from the mill-window for the river; ere he had reached it of three shots they fired at him two pierced his breast. He swam across, almost drowned. Four days he went without food, and after dragging himself, more dead than alive, through woods and swamps, for sixty-five miles, was found by a party of refugees and carried to Henderson. Passing a stick through both ankles of a woman, they dragged her over the prairie, till from that alone, torn and mangled, she died.

Those that escaped spread the alarm. As they heard it the people fled precipitately, scarce knowing whither they went. After them the Indians followed throughout the entire line of settlements, over a frontier of hundreds of miles, committing such barbarities as could scarce be exceeded if all hell were turned loose. Not far from the Agency a few families of settlers had congregated. The Indians overtook them. The first volley killed the few men among them. The defenseless, helpless women and children, huddled together in the wagons, bending down their heads, and drawing over them still closer their shawls. "Cut-Nose," while two others held the horses, leaped into a wagon that contained eleven, mostly children, and deliberately in cold blood tomahawked them all—cleft open the head of each, while the others, stupefied with horror, powerless with fright, as they heard the heavy, dull blows crash and tear through flesh and bones, awaited their turn. Taking an infant from its mother's arms, before her eyes, with a bolt from one of the wagons, they riveted it through its body to the fence, and left it there to die, writhing in agony. After holding for a while the mother before this agonizing spectacle, they chopped off her arms and legs and left her to bleed to death. Thus they butchered twenty-five within a quarter of an acre. Kicking the bodies out of the wagons they filled them with plunder from the burning houses, and sending them back pushed on for other adventures.

They overtook other parties, killed all the men and children, and led away the young women and girls captive for fates worse than death. One family of a son and daughter, and their parents, received the alarm. Before they had time to escape they heard the war-whoop, and saw dusky forms approach the door. The father fired a shot at them through the window. Before he had time to load again the Indians broke in; the family rushed out by the back way, but before they had gone many yards the father, mother, and son were killed. The daughter, seeing herself alone, fell likewise, and holding her breath feigned herself dead. The savages came up and commenced hacking and mutilating the bodies. Seizing the girl by her feet they began to drag her off. As she instantly made an effort to adjust herself, they took her and sent her back with the others they had captured. Only those that might serve their base passions were saved, the rest were shot down and butchered or tortured to death by inches.

As soon as the first refugees reached the fort and communicated the tidings, a handful of soldiers—a part of a company—were sent out under Captain Marsh "to quell the disturbance." Indians are fierce and brutal, but they are no less cunning. With utmost speed, in Government mule-wagons, they started for the Lower Agency. On the way they passed numbers escaping from the scene of carnage: they saw mangled bodies, and the blazing or smouldering ruins, but not an Indian. They neared the ferry and found it unoccupied. Leaving some twenty to hold it, the Captain with about forty of his men leaped upon a raft and commenced crossing; yet not an Indian was seen. They had scarcely reached the middle of the stream when, with deafening yells, a raking volley from all sides poured upon them; the water boiled with bullets. Among the first fell the Captain, backward into the river—not one escaped from that raft. The twenty on the bank retreated, firing behind them as they went. Not half of their number reached the fort. The others who fell by the road-side were stripped of their arms and accoutrements, and hewed and hacked in pieces. The number of refugees at the fort hourly increased, bringing with them marks and incidents of horror the recital of which would fill volumes. Every available spot in and around the buildings was being occupied; the attention of every one was engrossed in providing for the wounded as they were brought in. The stock of provisions in store was not large; the amount of ammunition small. No one expected to feed such numbers, or to shoot, except at prairie chickens or a target. The entire force at Fort Ridgely, after the loss of Captain Marsh's company, comprised thirty soldiers, and eleven half-breeds with arms, and one twenty-five and another six-pound howitzer. Under the protection of these not less than five hundred women and children, and men without arms or any means of defense, had assembled. Shortly before the return of news from Captain Marsh, what should arrive at the Fort, on its way to the Yellow Medicine Agency, but the annuity money itself? The funds, without any investigation, had been been taken to meet some claims of the traders, and then more had been hastily scraped together to avoid an outbreak—but too late.

With the escort that brought the payment money came Henry Balland. He had lived in

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the Indian country for twenty-seven years, been constantly and intimately associated with them, and seen them in their furious as well as pacific moods. He had known for years that hatred against the whites was rankling in their hearts; but yet, even with all that he saw and heard around him, it seemed impossible for him to believe that it amounted to more than a drunken frolic, in which some of the traders, and perhaps a few others, had been butchered. Soon the remnant from Captain Marsh's company rushed in with their tale of defeat and horror. While the ears of all were still tingling with it Jack Frazier, barely with his life, brought word that "Little Crow and his band were about to attack the fort." Incredulous still, Henry Balland determined to go out and see for himself whether there was really any cause for all this alarm. Leaving the fort, partly concealed by a clump of bushes, he had gone but a little distance when he heard from those behind him the cry, "Arm! arm! The Indians are coming." He had scarce time to cast a glance around him when he heard the rapid clatter of horses' hoofs nearing him from all sides. The next moment, with war-whoops and yells, already flushed with victory, firing a volley of bullets over his head, they attacked the fort. His retreat was cut off. Toward him, right on to him, were galloping the Indians. Escape, even concealment for a moment more, seemed impossible. He fell flat upon his face among the bushes, and commenced worming his way toward the river. At any other time every motion of his would have been readily seen; but then the savages were fully engaged with making the attack. In the fort, then under the command of Lieutenant Shelley, considering all the disadvantages the garrison labored under, admirable coolness and tact were evinced. The riflemen speedily took their positions, as previously selected, at windows and loopholes, where ammunition and all else they needed was handed them.

The two howitzers were drawn out, and, guided by Sergeant Jones, commenced an effective action. The Indians have always had a great dread of those "big guns." Were it not for them the fort would certainly have been taken soon after the first attack; and even then, if the Indians in a body had made a vigorous charge, they would have swept the whole before them. The fort was like a pile of chaff, with a wind raging and tearing around it sufficiently strong to whirl it up and scatter it abroad in atoms—needing but the right direction of its power to effect that end. Besieging in Indian warfare was to them entirely a new tactic. Accustomed to fight scattered abroad over the prairies, among the thickets, they were unprepared to make a charge; had they been, Fort Ridgely to-day would have presented but a heap of ruins and blackened bones. As the shells commenced to burst among them they fell back to positions of greater security, behind the log-buildings, in the tall grass and bushes, and in holes, whence they continued their fire. Toward these the howitzers were directed. Several times Indians came within a hair's-breadth of stumbling over Balland as he was cautiously trying to crawl off to a place of greater security. But now the artillery commenced playing directly toward him, placing him thus in double danger. The Indians carried on the attack briskly; and though they had no artillery, they sent a hail-storm of bullets through the windows and among those managing the howitzers. How long the rapidly-thinning garrison might have been able to withstand them, and prevent the slaughter that would have inevitably followed their capitulation or defeat, I can not say, had not Providence interposed in their behalf. A furious storm arose. Peal followed peal in unbroken succession—the rain poured a sheet of water. With a yell of disappointment and defiance the Indians hastily scampered to the shelter of the woods, and behind trees, wrapping their blankets about their guns, bending over them, while the rain furiously beat around, labored to keep their locks and powder dry. The temporary respite was diligently improved by the garrison: the women and children, for greater protection, were laid flat on the floor behind stone-walls; hasty rations were distributed, and preparations made to receive another attack, by piling up boxes, barrels, and cord-wood, as a barricade, and throwing earth over them.

Balland was yet unable to retreat; between him and the fort still crouched groups of Indians awaiting a lull in the storm. Pulling himself forward prostrate, he reached the brow of a hill. He could see only a few yards before him. He got up on his feet, and had advanced but a few steps farther when, directly in front of him, in the very way he was going, not twenty feet distant, were several Indians. At first he gave himself up as irretrievably lost. Another moment showed him that, as the rain was beating from his direction, they were standing with their backs toward him to receive it. Again he threw himself down, and made on all fours for the thickets; there entering the river, he waded down stream near the bank, up to his chin in water, for about a mile. The storm had abated. Again he heard the Indians renew their attack, but this time with less fury than before. It was near night; a few volleys were interchanged with but little effect. Darkness enshrouding them, the Indians repaired to a neighboring flat, and, after gormandizing on oxen they there killed, partly roasted or raw, spent most of the remaining night in wild orgies and dances round scalps they had taken—recounting the exploits of the day, and boasting of still greater ones on the morrow. Coming out of the river, Balland pulled some grass, and tying it around him, that he might appear as much as possible like a pile of hay, effected his escape.

Four more days the Indians besieged that fort. Gallantly the little garrison held out, fortifying and strengthening their position through the night, defending themselves through the day. The enemy made strenuous efforts to set

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the main buildings on fire, by shooting from their bows blazing arrows into the roofs. To prevent this the soldiers had, during the night, covered them with a layer of earth. But they could not hold out much longer. Their provision was all gone; their ammunition nearly spent; and themselves almost fainting from exhaustion. Their communications had been quite cut off. Whatever assistance and reinforcements might have been sent them from St. Peter or elsewhere were entirely precluded. They had not even been able to send a messenger stating their condition, and asking for help, since the first battle on Monday afternoon. Beginning to despair of success, on Friday the Indians made their most desperate charge. Had not the garrison fortified themselves to their utmost with intrenchments and barricades, the savage flood would have overwhelmed them; but, with the invaluable support of the artillery, they held their ground. As the Indians commenced to climb up the stables a shell was projected, which, bursting, enveloped them in flames. At sundown the savages returned to their camp, about a mile to the right of the road, between the fort and the Three-Mile Creek, and were soon busily engaged butchering cattle for their evening meal.

Not all engaged in the outbreak had taken an active part in the siege of Fort Ridgely. War-parties, slaughtering, plundering, and burning, rehearsing again the blood scenes of the Lower Agency, traversed the country around bearing destruction, death, and desolation before them. They attacked the farmer's house just beyond the bridge over the Three-Mile Creek. For a time he returned their fire through a window. After his wife and children had sunk beside him, pierced with bullets, he leaped from the house and ran. Before he had gone many yards he also fell; his oldest son ran in the opposite direction, but was overtaken and tomahawked by the road-side.

The family at Red Wood hearing of the approach of the Indians, hastily fled, part in one wagon along the road, while the three girls and the hired man drove across the prairie toward Patterson's Rapids. A war-party meeting the former left them lying by the road-side, and drove off their wagon; then coming to the house and finding it deserted, they set it on fire and followed on the tracks of the rest. They overtook them near the river, killed the young man and one of the girls, and pierced another through her breast, and then took her and the other girl captive and drew lots between them how many should have each; the bleeding, fainting girl died from the successive abuse of sixteen.

Antoine Freniere found a house in which seven children, the oldest a girl not over twelve, were huddled together in one bed; hearing his footsteps, they pulled the bed-clothes further over their heads and lay trembling. It was impossible to take any of them along with him. Going into the cellar, and finding a pan of milk, he brought it and gave it to them, and promising to come again and remove them, was obliged to leave them there and go on. Afterward when others came there, they found that the Indians' hatchet had already done its work.—Not far from the house lay killed, upon her back, a mother, with her infant left crying upon her breast.

The dead, as well as the living, were outraged and mutilated by the savages. They killed a farmer in his house, and laying him on the table braced open his mouth with a stick, and left it filled with milk. They left another to be eaten by a hog, which they drove in and shut up in the same room; afterward nothing but his bones and the hog were found. They tore out the heart of another, and left it fastened on a stick stuck up beside him. The extent to which they carried these outrages depended upon the time they had for their execution and the mood in which they happened to be. If they had time to kill but few of a settlement, and burn but part of the houses, they seemed invariably to light upon the traders and those that had sold them whisky; for though they were passionately fond of "fire-water" they hated the men that had brought it among them.

During the Sabbath and Monday, when all this was going on at the Lower Agency and below, the people at the Yellow Medicine and the mission beyond were still in utmost security, unapprehensive of the least danger. On that Sabbath the missionaries held service and preached in the Dahkotah language as usual, and also celebrated the Lord's Supper. It was noticed that the Indians acted strangely. One old squaw blustered into Mr. Riggs's, and demanded a calf as payment for some depredations one of his hogs, she said, had committed in her potato-patch. On being refused, she went off muttering that he might as well give it to her then, as she would have it any how pretty soon. Some Indians went into Dr. Williamson's barn and loosed and led away two of his horses. The Doctor called after them; but they only turned, laughed at him, and galloped off. Another couple would have taken away the remaining ones had not the Doctor met and prevented them. On his asking them why they treated him so, whether he had not always been kind to them, fed them, clothed them, and given them medicine whenever they were in need of it, they replied that they meant him no harm, but that some one would have the horses, and that they might have them as well as any one else. The Indians immediately in this vicinity were not among the instigators of this outbreak. Most of them were farmers—some members of the mission churches. For these causes the Lower and the Blanket Indians looked down upon and despised them, and when they afterward came up among them, burned their houses, laid waste their fields, and compelled them to change the dress of the white man for the breech-cloth and blanket, and go with them in their war-parties and to their battles.

On that Monday, fearing no danger, we were scattered abroad from Dr. Williamson's house

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as the business or fancy of each suggested. Some were in the hay field, some hunting, swimming, fishing, or sketching. In the evening when we returned we found the family in great alarm. Vague rumors had reached them of trouble among the Indians; and though yet not fully substantiated, they had produced considerable apprehension. Groups of the Farmer Indians would collect round the door or in the house and talk over what they had heard that the Blanket Indians had done at the Lower Agency and around; how that they had killed all the settlers, besides a company of soldiers, and captured and completely burned down Fort Ridgely. Some of them watched with us, but when the dangers thickened around their places knew them no longer. Chaska, Paul, Ma-za-ku-ta-ma-ni, and Enos, however, were constant to the last, and did all in their power to assist us. Toward morning rumors came thicker and darker, that they had already commenced work at the Upper Agency, and would before long be down upon us. Some were for instant flight, others thought it only a "scare," and had no doubt that it would blow over shortly. Not one of us, even the most timid, had the least conception of its extent and magnitude. As the day dawned the Indians around us grew bolder. The squaws went over the house taking and appropriating whatever they fancied. Some of them brought out the sugar-barrel, and after helping themselves sufficiently, distributed it around. Others emptied the feather-beds on the floor, and passing their heads through the ticking wore them off as coats. We began to think it was time to leave. Having hastily unloaded a wagon of hay, which had been driven in the night previous, led by Chaska to a fording of the river with which we were unacquainted, driving along a few head of cattle, all of us, except Doctor and Mrs. Williamson and the Doctor's sister, who had determined to stay behind a while longer, commenced our escape.

Having got the wagons and cattle across the river we left them in a flat of tall rushes in charge of the ladies, and went off in search of Mr. Riggs's party, who were hiding, we were told, in a thicket about a mile below. At last, after a good deal of fruitless search, Paul Ma-za-ku-ta-ma-ni led one of us to them on an island in the river. Some of the Indians had met a part of them just after they had left their houses, and ordering them out they drove off the wagon and left them to continue their journey on foot. Their remaining horses, after they had got to the island, the Indians had taken away, promising to return them when they got ready, as it was by all means best, they said, for the missionaries to stay there a few days, especially as they were entirely destitute of provisions, and the island was filled with mosquitoes. We effected a junction with each other a few miles farther down, and continued our journey, numbering in all forty, though with not half a dozen men, and almost entirely destitute of arms. By this time a war-party had reached the Yellow Medicine Agency, and commenced their work of destruction; others were hastening toward the mission houses. Convinced that it was no longer prudent to remain, Doctor and Mrs. Williamson, and his sister, in an ox cart, started after us. Lorenzo (or Toon-wan-e-tay) and Chaska walked along with them for several miles, and when they saw a war-party approaching covered them up with a buffalo-robe, and driving on the team replied to inquiries put them, that they had nothing but their own goods. A little incredulous, some of the Indians would have raised up the edge of the robe and looked under, but Lorenzo with his gun stepped between and threatened to shoot the first man that touched it. Leaving them, the war-party went on farther, and soon came across our tracks. "There," said they, "are the tracks of Dr. Williamson and Mr. Riggs; they can't be far distant, let us overtake and kill them!" On they came; in half an hour more they would have been up with us.

The same thunder-storm that was then protecting the fort from destruction began to throw its shield around us. The rain completely obliterated our tracks. Concluding that we had not enough plunder to make it worth while to overtake and kill us, especially as it was raining and they were hungry, the savages turned off and went to the Big Woods. They entered a house in which were two men, one of whom they killed with the first shot. The other, Richard Roe, received a bullet in the thigh; he turned and ran to the window, and was jumping from it when they stabbed him in the back with a butcher knife, and chased him until exhausted with loss of blood he fell, when thinking him dead, they hastened back to quarrel over the division of the spoils. He soon got up, and pushing on overtook us. We bound up his wounds the best we could, and laid him in one of the wagons wrapped up in a shawl. That night was spent in a cold drizzling rain. The next day we again journeyed on, scarce knowing whither; our main object being to keep out of sight and avoid meeting the Indians. From the distance over the prairies we saw some figures approaching us. Few of the party evinced the least signs of alarm. One of our number rode up to them and soon returned, not with Indians, but with three German refugees from the Yellow Medicine Agency. A war-party, they said, had killed a number there, pillaged the stores and burned most of the buildings; they themselves with the utmost difficulty had escaped. Our provisions were all gone; a small piece of raw pork was all we had left. Throughout the entire night again it rained. Heroically did the women and children bear up under it; and, in fact, throughout the whole trip. It is easy for one to keep up courage when his blood is warm; but in a half freezing, drizzling rain, trickling drop by drop through the clothes, and seemingly to the very bones, lying in a puddle of mud and water, courage, if it exist, is truly a genuine article. Next morning we arose, and

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THE BREAKFAST ON THE PRAIRIE.

performing our toilets, like a Newfoundland dog just out of a mill-pond, with a hearty shake to dry ourselves, strode or waddled toward a thicket some ten miles distant, where we hoped to collect a few sticks with which to cook our breakfast, which we drove along before us on the hoof; for not a mouthful else had we. First, however, several creeks had to be crossed—one, in particular, over which we had to lead the unhitched teams, for the mud was so soft that it was impossible for them to pull the wagons over; then, having transported across most of the women and children as best we could, we drew them by hand over reeds and grass bent down to prevent the wheels from cutting in. But when we got nearer we found a marsh full three miles in width, between us and our only chance for breakfast, save of raw flesh. A few of us walked over the floating sod, and brought over on our shoulders a supply of dry wood. Then we killed a calf, and at about three in the afternoon had our breakfast of partly roasted or smoked veal.

The next day was Friday—the day on which the Indians were making their most desperate and strenuous attack upon the fort. Unconscious of all this, nearly every one of us was eager to hasten directly to it, thinking that once there the danger would have all been passed. About noon we reached Birch Cooley, where Dr. Williamson, in his ox wagon, overtook us. One of our number strayed off a little distance, and encountered a solitary Indian who would have fled; but the next moment he turned, and with his gun held at an angle as if he was approaching a partridge, tried to get around behind him. Each turned continually in a wider arc. What the Indian was after was to get to a place of security before he attacked him, until which he did not dare to shoot, lest missing his aim he might endanger himself. They kept turning until the Indian, finding that he could not get behind him, beckoning to him to leave, slipped behind a knoll and escaped. A few yards distant, by a fence, lay tomahawked a mother and her three children. In a house within sight had been a sick woman. When the alarm reached them she was unable to leave her bed; her two sons carried her out on a straw mattress, and in a wagon had tried to escape. The Indians overtook them, killed the sons, and piling some brush around the mattress, burned the sick woman alive.

We then were in the greatest danger we had yet encountered. At that very time the plain around the fort was alive with Indians, and the battle was raging furiously. Toward sundown we started again, and pushed on rejoicing in the prospect of soon being in safety.

The contemporary occurrences at the fort I have already rehearsed; the charge, the burning of the stables, the retreat of the Indians to their camp, about a mile from the road we had just entered—the first one we had taken since we left the mission. Ere we had journeyed far in it, as night began to gather around us, on the brow of the opposite hill we saw two Indians. They rode along a little distance on their ponies parallel with us, reconnoitring our train; then turned and galloped off to collect a party to fol-

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low us. Not far ahead was the Three-Mile Creek. Having been seen, we then expected to be attacked there. Drawing up our line in military order as far as possible, we marched on. Traces of massacre and butchery began to grow more frequent. The boy that had fled from the house by the Creek we found lying where he fell by the road-side. Moving him a little out of the way we passed on. Along the road were scattered parts and remnants of the plunder which the savages had taken—furniture, letters, papers, books, and pieces of clothing. Silently we approached the house. Not a voice disturbed the stillness save the barking of the dogs—the sole survivors of all that had lived there. We passed on, and commenced descending to the bridge. Not a voice was heard save for necessary orders. We tightened our grasp on our weapons, with an inward vow that our arms should be powerless and our hearts still before harm befell the loved ones in our care. But we crossed untouched.

At that moment we saw a rocket, then another, again another ascend from the fort. Entirely forgetful of their being signals of distress, we felt confident that they were beacons to guide us on. One of us having gone in advance, entered the fort on his hands and knees; passed the blazing stables, the skulking Indians, and reached the garrison. Surprised at his exploit, they bade him immediately return, and if possible prevent the rest from following, or even making the attempt, which they thought would lead to certain death. They told him of their exhausted condition, the length of the siege they had sustained, and the trembling multitude already under their care. Still other rockets were sent up from the fort. Confident of safety ahead, all were advancing with light step, when he reached us and delivered his message from the garrison urging us to turn aside. Our warming hearts felt as if a load of frozen mercury was let down into them. Some were determined at least to make the effort. After having nearly reached a place, as we supposed, of safety, then, when we knew the blood-hounds to be on our very track, to turn right back again among them, was at the least discouraging. But we turned off, and went to the left. Within ten minutes, scarce a quarter of a mile from the road, we halted to consider which way we should go.

The two Indians that had seen and reconnoitred our party went with utmost haste and carried the news to their camp. Just then the "braves" were hungry, they were killing beef. As soon as possible they formed a party and followed us. As we were waiting to consider we heard a noise approaching up the road; we heard the dogs at the desolate house bark louder as they passed. But it was dark, and the glare of the burning stables blinded their eyes. They did not see us, but hastened on still further in quest of us. With as little noise as possible we journeyed on till we came to another creek. There, while seeking a fording place, we heard something strange in the bushes; then a prolonged scream. Some were urgent to hasten even then for the fort, confident that Indians were in wait for us in the bush. Death inevitable seemed to be lurking directly ahead. Others thought the noises we heard were but from foxes, or, at the worst, thinking we had but little to choose, urged an attempt to cross. Before we had gone far on the other side our exhausted teams gave out. To advance, though yet in the very jaws of death, was impossible. We unhitched and let them graze. Then so tired and worn were all that they sank down upon the wet grass to rest. One of us, with his rifle on his shoulder, stood guard. We all knew that we had been followed. Toward daybreak is the time usually chosen for an Indian attack. As we neared it our danger again increased. Before the first dawn of morning had lit the east we again were moving. Four of our number left us, and went toward New Ulm. They had scarce passed behind a knoll a mile distant when we heard four guns almost at once. Afterward the decayed bodies of those men were found there, where they fell.

That Saturday morning, August 23, after vigorously besieging the fort for five days, despairing of ultimate success in taking it—for they did not know of the helpless condition to which they had already reduced the garrison—the Indians commenced to transfer their main attack upon New Ulm. They left their camping-ground by the road-side, where we had passed them the night previous unharmed, though how I can not say, for it was through the very court-yard of death—a few still remaining around the fort, to preclude the arrival of reinforcements, that they might starve the garrison out. Early at daybreak the Indians, passing through the tall, dew-dripping grass, neared New Ulm. Not five miles beyond it our party was passing. We heard the rattle of their guns; we saw the smoke and flames, as they enveloped house after house, in which the savages had first butchered or tortured to death the inmates. Hastily the men, with what few arms they had, collected together in the centre of the village to defend to the last themselves and theirs. Fiercely throughout that day the battle raged. A few brick buildings in the main street, parallel with the river, sheltering all that could get to them, enabled the inhabitants to return with considerable effect the Indian fire. But all around they laid waste in blood and flames. The stores, the mills, the houses, the barns, the stacks of newly-gathered hay and grain, all sent up clouds of black smoke, and lit the sky with their glare throughout the next night. Even the brick houses would soon have been taken, had not, toward evening, Judge Flandrau from St. Peter providentially arrived with reinforcements. With a company of horsemen he charged upon the savages, and, after a vigorous engagement, routed them and entered the village, but not until after carnage and destruction had completely ruined it. Bringing together the gory, mutilated dead they could rescue from the flames,

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the surviving inhabitants buried them in the street, for yet the Indians lurked around. Even had they been able to go without and bury them, the insatiate devils would not have suffered them to rest, but have dug them up again, and scattered the bodies abroad in pieces. Putting the wounded in wagons, they made speedy preparations to evacuate the village; and the next day, after seeing sights that would chill the strongest heart, stripped of all they had, exhausted, worn, and bleeding, the inhabitants in a long train of wagons started for St. Peter, leaving New Ulm, deserted and nearly destroyed, in possession of Judge Flandrau and his men, and, soon after, of a detachment of Colonel Sibley's troops.

By this place, within sight of it, while this battle was raging in its height, we passed. Farther on was the "Norwegian Grove." There, that night, another scene of blood was enacted. The inhabitants were all massacred, mangled, and mutilated, and their houses and barns reduced to ashes. From this place, not two miles distant, we entered a house and slept through the remainder of the night. Those that had fled from that house not two hours before we entered it were already dead; but we then knew it not, and even had we, we were so completely exhausted that I doubt whether we would have done much otherwise. Beyond this, though not at once entirely safe, our danger lessened, and we soon separated, to St. Peter, St. Paul, or back again in the military expedition.

The entire country from Fort Ridgley, New Ulm, and the Norwegian Grove, almost to St. Paul, was completely panic-stricken. The settlers even far beyond the line of danger precipitately left their homes, fled from ten to thirty miles according to the height of their excitement, and stopped in some deserted house, whose inhabitants in like excitement had abandoned their homes; and so on, like the waves on the sea, each falling where the other had risen from. The rich harvests, even where the torch of the Indian had not touched them, were for the greater part lost merely from the want of timely care. Terribly destructive as the outbreak had been, this thoughtless stampede caused yet greater loss of property. The streets of St. Peter and St. Paul were, in fact, glutted with the wagons and temporary shelter of refugees from even within ten miles around, while the massacre had not approached within a hundred miles of St. Paul.

While we had been making our escape from the Mission District another party, led by John Other-Day, had fled from the Yellow Medicine Agency, and by a more secluded route reached Henderson. On that memorable Monday, as soon as they there heard of the approaching storm, the whites and some of the half-breeds collected hastily in the Government warehouse. They had arms and ammunition in abundance; for three tons of powder and a large amount of lead were then in store, nearly all of which the Indians soon after appropriated. Sixty-two from the houses around collected together, but thinking it might soon blow over, determined at least for a time to make a stand. They filled a number of barrels with water, to extinguish the flames in case of fire, loaded their guns, and, taking their several places on guard, concluded to wait and see what would come of it. About ten that evening, in the valley below, by the flag-staff, the Indians commenced breaking open the stores, killing those they met, and helping themselves to the spoils and plunder. The squaws again were busy receiving, distributing, and quarreling over the division of it. Seven times they shot at Garvie, and twice pierced him with bullets. He leaped from an up-stair window, ran across a potato field by no means the smoothest, marking his tracks with his blood, and reached the warehouse.



OTHER-DAY.

Other-Day and Fadden, disguising themselves in blankets, secretly entered the ravine to see the extent of the ruin. Soon returning, they reported that if they staid there much longer they would all be massacred. With utmost speed they got together what wagons they had, and before daybreak had deserted the warehouse, and, guided by Other-Day, were fleeing for their lives. As soon as they found this out the next day the Indians started in quest of them; but fortunately, according to the information they had received, down the fort road, while Other-Day sagaciously had led the party in quite a different direction, else with others around them their bones would also have bleached upon the prairie. They escaped in safety, though after great sufferings.

From Cedar City and about all the inhabitants collected, with a few of their portable effects, on Cedar Island, around which a lake of about a mile in width rendered them comparatively secure. Beyond the Yellow Medicine Agency, and the missions around it, were very few white inhabitants. Mr. Huggins had a mission sta-

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tion at Lac Qui Parle; a few miles farther on, at Big Stone Lake, the head waters of the Minnesota, five Germans from New Ulm were employed in burning charcoal. These, I think, were all. The news had scarcely reached Mr. Huggins when it was confirmed by the presence of the savages. As he was attempting to talk with them they killed him before the eyes of his wife and children; then pillaged and burned his house, and led his family captive west of Lake Traverse toward the Red River. The first news the men at Big Stone Lake received of it was about daybreak by a volley which killed at once four of them. The remaining one, Anthony Menderfield, was pursued down the declivity toward the shore of the lake by three Indians, hurling their javelins and shooting at him with poisoned arrows. Through the brush, over the sharp rocks and boulders, barefoot, as he had risen from his bed, he ran headlong into the water, there not deep, but partly filled with tall reeds, wild rice, and floating vines. Among and under these he ducked and dove and dodged around to evade his pursuers, who in canoes searched for him till tired, but without success, on account of the mist and rain that obscured the atmosphere. Thence over the rough and sharp-cutting prairie grass, with his bare feet lacerated and bleeding, he made his escape by walking through the night to avoid being seen, and hiding through the day in hollow logs or tall grass.

I have given but the briefest outline of the late massacre in Minnesota, in which not less than a thousand men, women, and children were indiscriminately murdered and tortured to death, and barbarities of the most hellish magnitude committed. Massacre itself had been mercy if it could have purchased exemption from the revolting circumstances with which it was accompanied; the torture of unborn infants torn from their bleeding mothers, and cast upon their breast; rape and violence of even young girls till death closed the horrid scene of suffering and shame. "Nothing which the brutal lust and wanton cruelty of those savages could wreak upon their helpless and innocent victims was omitted from the category of their crimes. Helplessness and innocence indeed, which move pity in any breast but theirs, seemed to inspire them only with a more fiendish rage."* I have given but a small portion of it. Over a frontier of five hundred miles, from Fort Abercrombie on the Red River to Mankato on the Blue Earth, they carried the torch and the hatchet. The outraged inhabitants, driven from their homes, wandered over the prairies enduring hardships, trials, and sufferings second only to those immediately inflicted by the Indians themselves.

One little boy not ten years of age—Burton Eastlick—alternately carried and led by the hand his younger brother of five, taking every precaution to avoid being seen, for eighty miles to Fort Ridgely, and safely arrived there with him, having accomplished a heroic deed of which any man might boast. A woman with her three children escaped from their home with barely their lives. The youngest, an infant, she carried in her arms; the other two little girls walked and ran painfully along by her side through the tangled brush and brier-vines. They lived on wild plums and berries, and when those were gone by the frost, on grape tendrils and roots. They coverted like a brood of partridges, trembling, starving, nearly dead.—The infant was taken home to Heaven.—The mother laid its body under a plum bush; scraped together a heap of dried leaves and covered it; placed a few sticks over them to prevent the rude winds from blowing them away; then looking hastily around again fled with her remaining ones. It was seven weeks ere they were found and rescued. Some of less nerve completely lost their mind by the first fright, and wandered about demented through the thickets till found.

Governor Alexander Ramsey, as soon as he received the first news from the Lower Agency and Red Wood, hastened from St. Paul to Fort Snelling, and ordered four companies of the Sixth Regiment, which had just been organized, to march at once to the scene of disturbance, and Hon. H. H. Sibley*—than whom, from his long residence among and intimate acquaintance with Indian character, no other could have been more fit—was designated to the command. Soon after seven other companies were sent on under Colonel Crooks with orders to report to Colonel Sibley. To this force were afterward added portions of the Seventh and Third regiments. In the mean time also companies of mounted citizens were organized throughout the State, and sent to different endangered points. Some of them did efficient service; others blustered about a while, and when the first excitement had died away—when they might have been most useful—got tired of it, disbanded, and went home.

While the main body of troops were marching with utmost celerity up the Minnesota Valley to the immediate theatre of trouble, smaller detachments of a company or so were stationed in the most exposed localities. Some of these remained undisturbed; others had brisk engagements with the Indians, and were greatly harassed by incursionary parties. Captain Strout's company, stationed at Cedar City, whence, as we have seen above, all the inhabitants had fled, was unexpectedly attacked by a hundred and fifty Indians. Gallantly they stood their ground for a time; but having been taken unawares, and overpowered by numbers, they had to retreat to a place more securely fortified. They accordingly fell back to Hutchinson. An attack was made at the same time on Forest City, which had been fortified by its own and the neighboring inhabitants—successfully they repulsed it, and drove the savages back. Falling back, they again attacked the company at Hutchinson, who this time drove them off. And so also in

* Governor Ramsey.

* I regret not having been able to obtain for insertion the portrait of Colonel Sibley.

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other small places the Indians kept up a series of guerrilla attacks with more or less effect. A detachment of mounted men under Lieutenant-Colonel M'Phail, sent forward by Colonel Sibley, reinforced Fort Ridgely, and enabled the host of nearly starved refugees to go to places of greater security and comfort. Colonel Sibley, with a force of fifteen hundred men, reached Fort Ridgely by the way of St. Peter on Thursday, August 28, but found not an Indian to oppose him, though the smouldering embers of the stables, sutler's stores, and other outbuildings still cast up lurid, flickering flames and dingy smoke-wreaths from their heaps of half-consumed ruins. The walls of the remaining wooden buildings were perforated like the top of a pepper-box with Indian bullets. The garrison were worn and emaciated—ghastly, reeking corpses, mangled, distorted, lay around on the prairies, already blackening with the touches of decay, making the air noisome with their vapors, or torn and fed on by hogs and prairie foxes. To bury these, and ascertain if possible the direction in which the Indians had gone, a detachment, consisting of Captain Grant's infantry and Captain Anderson's cavalry companies, were sent forward on Sunday morning, August 31, toward the Lower Agency. Through that day and the ensuing Monday they buried upward of two hundred bodies in every conceivable state of mutilation, including several of the heroes of Captain Marsh's company; but the body of the gallant leader himself they did not find.

That night they encamped at Birch Cooley, on the very plat in the angle of the ravine that has already been described. They pitched their tents, and around them kraaled the cavalry horses and the few baggage-wagons—brought in sufficient wood to feed the camp fires—ate from their knapsacks their rations of hard bread and bacon, and talking over the scenes they had that day witnessed, settled gradually into the stillness of the night As the glimmerings of the morning began to flicker along the rim of the horizon, just as the officer of the guard was completing his round with a new relief, the sentinel, stationed on the side facing toward the ravine, saw faintly in the distance, by the waving furrows of the tall grass, objects moving stealthily along in zigzag lines. At first he supposed them merely cattle, but for greater assurance called back the officer and pointed them out to him. They both had but turned to look again when deafening war-whoops from all around rent the air, and the very next instant a raking cross-fire poured in upon them. Most of the guard fell where they stood; the tents were riddled with holes; some sleeping in them received their death-shots before they had time to awake; ninety-one horses pierced with bullets lay in death-agonies on the ground: all this in less time than you can think it over. For a moment the camp was thrown into utter confusion: if the Indians had then made a charge upon it, not one would have escaped to tell its story. But the panic was only for a moment. Crawling out of the tents on hands and knees, clutching their rifles, even the wounded arranged themselves at the word of command along the edges, behind the prostrate bodies of horses, wagons, or whatever else would answer for a temporary barricade, two by two—one loading as he lay, then rising on one knee, or sufficient to take aim, firing and falling again to load, and the other, as he lay flat on his face, digging a trench with the point of his bayonet, and throwing off the loose earth with a tin cup. Bullets whistled and glanced around, above, and across—a shower of lead. All that day, without intermission till night closed upon them, they fought; but the greatest harm was inflicted at the first attack. More were killed and wounded at that moment than throughout all the rest of the day. But even to the very last the bullets told upon our men. Many a one lay soaking with his blood the soil of the trench he had dug with his bayonet and tin cup. With yells and war-whoops the savages continued the attack till night.

Early in the forenoon the pickets around Colonel Sibley's camp at the fort heard the firing at Birch Cooley, twenty-four miles distant; but owing to the reverberation from the knolls and bluffs they could only guess at its precise direction. Convinced, however, that Grant's detachment had been attacked, Sibley sent to their assistance a small force comprising two companies, a 6-pound howitzer, and a few mounted men under Lieutenant-Colonel M'Phail. After wandering about till near noon, misled by the uncertain bearing of the reports, they marched toward Birch Cooley. As soon as the Indians, through scouts, heard of their approach they hastened to meet and "annihilate" this new party of white men—leaving a sufficient number to sustain the battle around the camp, which they supposed to be nearly defenseless. But the afternoon was well-nigh gone; and "that big gun" made an open approach more dangerous than the attack upon Birch Cooley. They therefore concluded to satisfy themselves for that day with firing from a distance, sounding the war-whoop, and brandishing their hatchets and blankets, postponing the "annihilation" till the next day. The detachment seeing themselves still too few for the apparently fifteen hundred Indians that surrounded them, halted for the night where they were, and sent a messenger with the utmost speed to Colonel Sibley asking for still greater reinforcements. As soon as the messenger reached the fort, Colonel Sibley made instant preparations, and with the entire remaining part of his force took up the line of march early in the evening. He came up to the former reinforcement about midnight; bivouacked with them till morning on the open prairie, and with the earliest day pressed on together with them toward Birch Cooley. As the sun commenced to gild the sky we saw Indians running about as if in confusion in the distance, on every side of us, though quite out of range. They had desisted

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from an attack the evening previous with the intention of commencing it early in the morning. They knew nothing of the reinforcements that had arrived at the still hour of midnight; and when they saw the line stretch itself over double the length it had the night previous, they could not account for its sudden growth. "Oh! oh!" they cried; "there are *five miles* of white men coming."

Only enough staid round Birch Cooley to keep up a harassing fire. The rest stood in groups at a safe distance from our guns, shaking their blankets, and flashing back upon us the rays of the sun from their burnished weapons, and the little looking-glasses which they wore as ornaments; or ran about sounding the war-whoop, and firing at us. We were as yet uncertain as to the exact direction of Grant's detachment; we, however, advanced in battle line, answering the fire of the Indians as we went, though, from the distance, with but little effect. We soon came in sight of a group of conical tents across the ravine. At first they were supposed to be the Indian camp, and that we might capture them before they could be removed we hastily crossed over. But coming in full sight of them we saw not the Indian camp as expected, but that of Grant, though apparently without a living soul in it. Only slaughtered horses, dead men, and bare tents were visible; but as we neared the men arose from the trenches as from their graves. Some clapped their hands, laughed, and danced around with delight; others were mute with gratitude; for had not reinforcements arrived that very day before night they would have been overpowered and every one tomahawked. The want of water alone would soon have made them powerless. After the first few moments of meeting and congratulation were over, we commenced administering to the sixty wounded as best we could; buried the dead in thirteen graves, side by side, though the Indians after we were gone exhumed and mutilated the bodies. Having rested and eaten—for all, especially the almost starved heroes of Birch Cooley, were in great need of rest and food—we placed the wounded in wagons, on heaps of grass pulled from the prairie, struck the tents, and taking them and whatever else was worth saving, commenced our march back to the fort. Starting just before sunset, we reached the fort at about midnight.

Having supposed that nearly all the white men were away from the country at war, the Indians were greatly surprised when, the evening before the battle, they saw the force encamped at Birch Cooley. Still more amazed were they on Wednesday morning when they saw Colonel Sibley's force stretch its length along the prairie. It was the first effective check they had received; for though they had suffered comparatively little from the battle itself, yet by the display of that "five miles of white men" their courage was damped, and their faith in ultimate success greatly shaken. Hastily they collected together at Yellow Medicine, bringing their families and their teepees, their plunder, and prisoners. Having assembled a meeting of the soldiers' lodge, they determined to send to us an embassy.

Accordingly about Sabbath noon, September 7, two half-breeds with a flag of truce rode into our camp in a buggy drawn by one of the very Government mules taken from the fort stables not fifty rods distant. Being led to head-quarters between a guard they presented to Colonel Sibley a note from Little Crow, signed with his + mark, in which he said the braves were tired of the war, and wanted to make peace; that they had been driven into it by the fraud and duplicity of the traders, who had robbed them of nearly all they had and left them in a starving condition; that they had many prisoners, women and children, and wanted to know on what terms they could make peace. Colonel Sibley sent word back to him "to send in the prisoners at once, and then he would talk to him like a man." But that was not in accordance with Little Crow's ideas of the matter, and so the prisoners came not. Several, however, escaping through the assistance of the Mission Indians, managed to reach us by one means or another.

Lorenzo Lawrence, who, as has been said, had with Chaska helped away Dr. Williamson, now again did a heroic deed by rescuing seventeen others. The Indians were about breaking up their camp to move still farther off to Red Iron's village, when Lawrence, taking advantage of it, at midnight led through the bushes to the river side Mrs. De Camp and her children, and together with his own family escaped with them down the river in four canoes which he had previously collected. On the way, likewise escaping among the bushes, almost starved, torn with briers and worn with fatigue, he found Mrs. Robideaux and her children, and taking them also on board reached us at the fort in safety with his precious charge. Simon, another of the Mission Indians, also effected the escape of several other women and children.

Our soldiers were impatient to press on in pursuit of the "Red Devils." Colonel Sibley was charged with negligence and remissness, if not something worse, for not following up the victory at Birch Cooley. This charge was made, not only by the people and the press, but also by his own men and officers. But let us consider the circumstances of the case. The force he had with him consisted mainly of undisciplined recruits enlisted to go South, just before the outbreak, with the promise of being dismissed for a fortnight to settle up their business as soon as mustered in; in place of which, however, before they had time to be supplied with uniforms, accoutrements, or arms, it became necessary to send them with utmost haste to stay the Indian massacre. Supplies and arms were sent on after them as rapidly as they could be collected together; but the provisioning and equipment of three thousand men is not the work of a day. Had he by any means crippled this column or lessened its importance in the eyes of the Indians,

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the only barrier being washed away, the country below would have been deluged with a flood such as swept over the Lower Agency and around. Besides, in the clutches of those savages were over a hundred and fifty women and children. To rescue those there was not a man among us but would have faced any danger; but courage alone was insufficient. The Indians had them, and held them for some specific end. If we had made an attack upon and driven them, before they deserted their camp it was their intention to tomahawk every captive they had. This was not considered by those who were impatient with Sibley's seemingly dilatory movements. But subsequent events proved conclusively that he acted wisely as well as conscientiously in braving these censures and carrying out his own plans.

As soon, however, as we were supplied with "bread and bullets for ten days in advance" the Colonel issued marching orders. On the 18th of September, having crossed the river opposite the fort, we pushed on through the ruin and desolation, and on the evening of the 22d reached Wood Lake, within sight of the blackened walls of the Yellow Medicine Agency buildings. The Indians in advance of us had set several bridges on fire; but, hastily repairing them, we crossed over. They had, however, so completely destroyed one just this side of the Yellow Medicine Ravine that more time was required for its reconstruction, and we were obliged to encamp next day by Wood Lake to rebuild it. Early in the morning of the 23d the pioneers were sent out to repair that bridge, but had scarcely commenced when they were fired upon, and two of them killed. Being but partially armed, they immediately commenced a retreat toward the camp; but before they reached it the prairie in that direction and partly around was teeming with Indians. From their hiding-places in the tall grass and hollows they suddenly arose, as if sprung from the ground. The troops were quickly drawn into line, and marching hither and thither at the word of command, were deployed along in broken ranks to fight each for himself in Indian style, and before one was fairly aware of it we were engaged in a battle.

The Indians firing at us lay in every direction, with tufts of grass tied around their heads and waists to disguise their position, or ran along in zigzag lines, or galloped about on their ponies, pouring into our midst a hail-storm of bullets, that pierced our tents, plowed up the ground around us, and whizzed about our ears like mosquitoes on a summer evening. The battle raged till near noon, when the Indians congregating in considerable numbers in a ravine on our right, Lieutenant-Colonel Marshal was ordered to charge on them with the Seventh Regiment. Gallantly, on horseback, though amidst a pelting storm of bullets, he led the charge, routed them, drove them in confusion before him, and gained one of the most complete victories ever achieved in Indian warfare. If there had then been a body of cavalry to follow them up, the whole band might have been destroyed or taken; but with infantry alone—which was all we had—pursuit was wholly futile. Nearly naked as they were, with but their guns and powder-flasks, the Indians easily distanced us. But the back of the outbreak was broken; Little Crow lost nearly all his influence, and the braves turned their attention to how they might secure their own safety, whether by flight or otherwise.



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL W. R. MARSHAL.

The greater part of them, together with Little Crow himself, barely staying to take their families, fled to Dahkotah Territory, and there separated in different directions; while a remaining part, together with the Mission Indians who had been trying to bring about such a result, separated themselves from the rest, and, taking the captives under their immediate protection, sent word to Colonel Sibley, under a flag of truce, to come on and take them as soon as possible, for fear they might be attacked again by Little Crow and his party. In fact—whether for appearance, to carry out the end some of them had of thus working into pardon and favor, or from real apprehension—they fortified their camp that night with trenches.

Leaving Wood Lake we advanced, with skirmishers deployed on either side of us and in front to guard against a surprise. We expected, especially on entering the Yellow Medicine Ravine, to be again attacked; for no place was ever better adapted by nature for an ambuscade. They could have attacked us from the edge, and then retreated back, without being seen, as we entered, down the declivity of the bluff, through the thickets and woods, across the stream, successively firing into us, and finally escaped up the farther side with scarce a scratch from us in re-

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INDIAN CAMP TAKEN BY COLONEL SIBLEY.

turn. But we were not molested; though it had been their intention to have made the attack at this place instead of at Wood Lake. But their movements were precipitated by a few of their young men firing into the pioneers. Thus their position was revealed; and as they had commenced they had no alternative but to carry it through then and there. Had they, according to their intention, waited till we were crossing, they would at the least have greatly crippled us.

The next day, the 26th, about noon, we came in sight of the Indian camp. As we neared it a flag of truce approached us, consisting of a bed-sheet which they had stolen, tied to the end of a pole, and carried along by a man on an Indian pony. Almost every teepee was also surmounted with a white flag. Along the edges of the camp a motley crowd of Indians, squaws, and children stood gazing at the strange display. The column was marched partly around them, and encamped on their right, near the river. Some whose families were held captive were permitted immediately to go over; and soon after Colonel Sibley and his staff, escorted by a body-guard, went to take formal possession of the Indian camp. The painted "bucks"—their hands still reeking with the blood they had shed—clustered around with abundant professions of friendship and amity, shaking violently by the hand every one of us they could get a chance at, and obsequiously grinning and grimacing in token of the great love they bore us—proof of which only two days previous they had given at Wood Lake. Colonel Sibley told them, in substance, that those that were innocent had nothing to fear; but the guilty would all be punished, for even should they escape him they would certainly be taken by other parties out in quest of them; and as he had come into their camp mainly for that object, he demanded of them the immediate rendition of all the captives they had. In reply several of them made speeches in Dahkotah, which were duly translated by Mr. Riggs. Gesticulating in the wildest manner—you could almost have understood them by their motions alone—they protested their innocence, their friendship to the whites, and the efforts they had made to prevent those that had gone with Little Crow from doing what they had done, in which they themselves had taken no part. A few among them—as the Mission and some of the Farmer Indians—were indeed innocent, and had even themselves suffered a degree of persecution for not having assisted in the outbreak.

Soon after, from the teepees, they led out to us the captives. It was a joyful meeting. We brought them into our camp, and did all that was in the power of each to make them comfortable; for every heart was moved at the recital of what they had suffered, over which for the present, however, let us drop a veil. We were jubilant over the rescue; for a hundred and fifty helpless women and children had been snatched from the jaws of an earthly hell. We had, however, but little for them to eat, as already the rations with which we left the fort had been stretched over five days beyond their intended time. As soon as circumstances would permit they were sent below to places of greater comfort.

A detailed company or two cut logs from the woods by the river and put up in the middle of our camp—Camp Release—a log jail or rather pen, about ten feet high, covered on the top with horizontal logs laid side by side, and bolted firmly together. When this was finished, Colonel Crooks was dispatched by night with an adequate force. Under the veil of darkness he silently surrounded the Indian camp, closed in upon it, and took all the men prisoners, except those who were absolutely free from suspicion, brought them in, and shut them up under a guard in that jail. Chains were then forged upon their ankles. Side by side the right foot of one was fastened to the left of another. A military commission was then convened for their trial. Burial-parties were sent out to inter the remnants of still unburied corpses. Companies

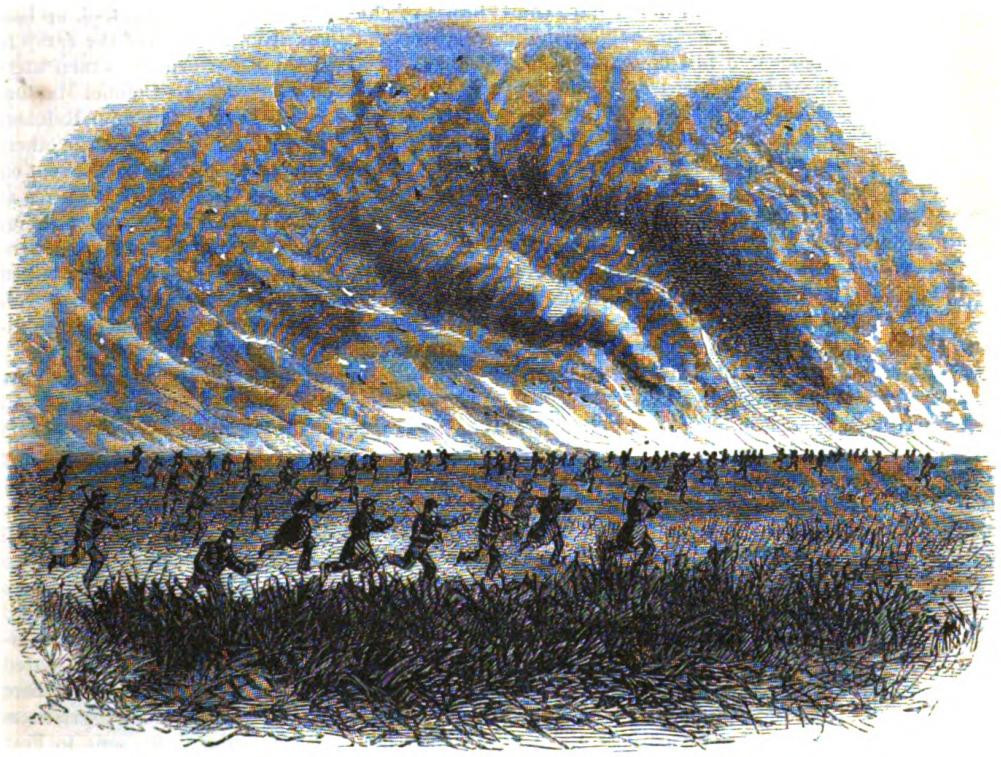
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CAMP RELEASE.

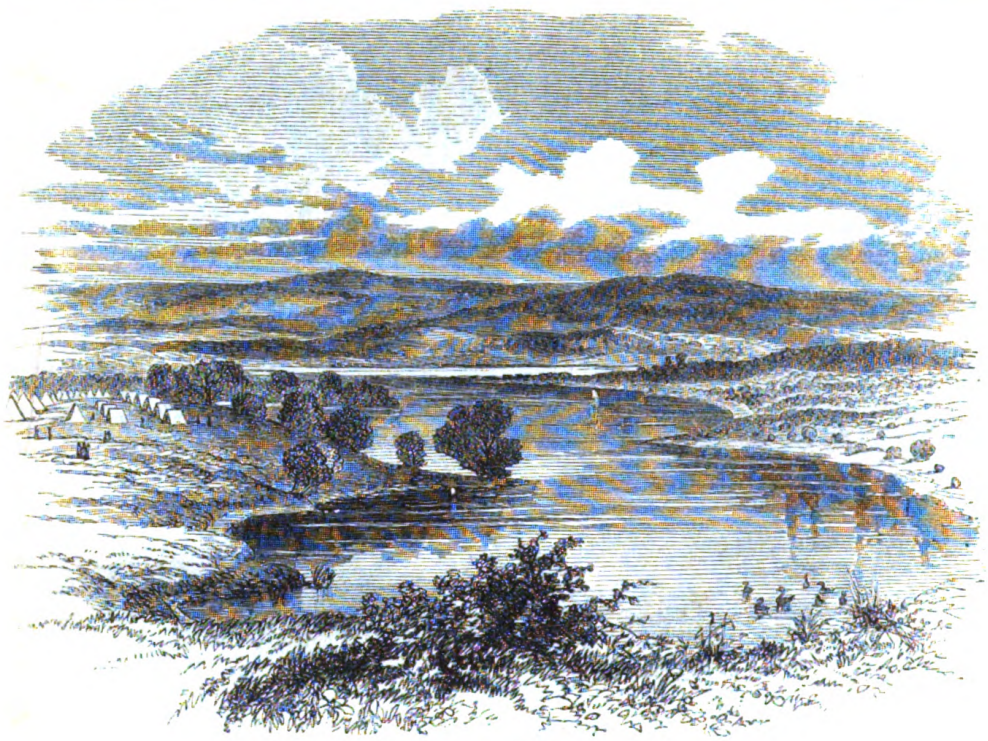
and squads were dispatched in different directions on foraging or exploring expeditions. Some returned with stories of thrilling adventures, hair-breadth escapes, or important information; others with potatoes and cabbages.

Soon the Indian camp—now containing few men, but mostly squaws and children—was moved under a guard, first to Yellow Medicine, and thence with others there added, to Red Wood, the Lower Agency, and ultimately to



PRAIRIE ON FIRE.

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WILD-GOOSE-NEST LAKE.

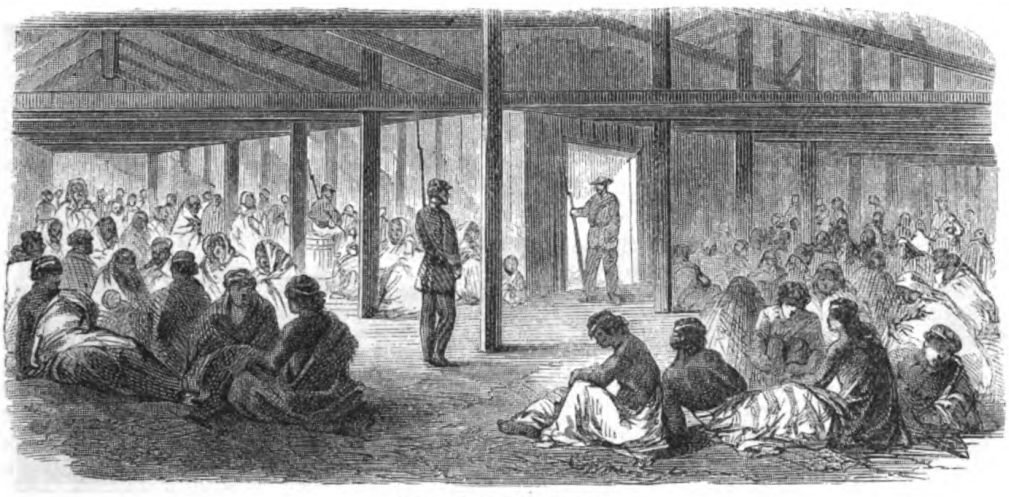
Fort Snelling. Lieutenant-Colonel Marshal, with a detachment of two hundred men, was sent on farther into Dahkotah Territory. The prairie grass, now rendered dry and brittle by the frost, commenced to burn, filling the air with smoke so as at times, in broad day, completely to veil the sun from sight, or give it the appearance of a blood-red full moon, and presenting in the night a gorgeous view, surpassing all the fire-works of art. Cloud after cloud of spark-speckled smoke rolled up in volumes over each other; streaks, and streams, and lakes of red flames crackled over the grass and among and through the bushes; or, leaping with the wind as it lapped its length ahead, swept the prairie crop and left behind it a blackened plain.

Colonel Marshal crossed the Little Sioux and advanced a distance on the Coteau des Prairies—an elevated, undulating, sterile table-land, full two thousand feet above the level of the sea—presenting from the distance, as you approach it, the appearance of an unbroken mountain range, but gradually sloping up toward it. He advanced in the direction of the James River. Being informed that by Wild-Goose-Nest Lake was encamped a part of Little Crow's band, which had for the most part dispersed, stealthily by night he surrounded them, and in the early morning captured the whole camp. The "braves" attempted to run, but finding themselves completely hemmed in, with Indian indifference surrendered. The squaws rather took it to heart—tore their hair, pounded their breasts, screamed, and throwing themselves on the ground, kicked in a most unladylike manner.

On the 21st of October a perfect simoon swept the prairies—dust and cinders darkened the atmosphere. The wind bent, broke, and uprooted trees on the river sides; blew down tents upon our heads, and sent us around like a brood of chickens in a rain-storm; took up barrels and sent them from one end of the camp to the other. Through this storm—his men literally black with ashes and dust—Colonel Marshal with his prize arrived back at Camp Release. The Indian men were imprisoned with the others in the jail; the squaws and children were sent on with those previously taken. Other captures at Lac Qui Parle, Yellow Medicine, and elsewhere, by parties sent out for the purpose, also were made at different times, and the prizes taken similarly disposed of. While at this camp Colonel Sibley was promoted to a Brigadier-Generalship.

The weather began to grow colder. The frosts and prairie fires having swept away nearly all the forage, provender for the horses and cattle grew scarce. So on the 23d of October, having loaded the Indian prisoners, chained as they were, from twelve to fifteen in a wagon, the tents were struck and the expedition commenced a return march. A few weeks were spent at the Lower Agency, in Camp Sibley. The prisoners were incarcerated, as at Camp Release, in a jail built for the occasion. The Military Commission held its session in a small log-house, spared from the Indian torch by accident, and there continued the trial of the four hundred prisoners we then had, not including those sent to Fort Snelling. This accomplished, we again resumed

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INTERIOR OF INDIAN JAIL.

the line of march toward Mankato, passing on our way by New Ulm.

On the advance of a military force—the immediate danger being supposed over—most of the inhabitants that had fled, after the attack, had returned to their homes. Without doubt they had suffered provocation of the utmost degree in the loss of their property and the massacre of their friends and relations; but still the demonstration they made as we passed New Ulm, on Sabbath morning, was hardly to their credit.

As the command passed the village the entire population—men, women, and children—armed with pitch-forks, rakes, hoes, sticks, stones, brickbats, knives, and guns, sallied out and attacked the prison wagons. They were perfectly furious, the women danced about with aprons full of stones, and begged, "Oh, for just one chance at those devils!" Some of them rushed up to the wagons and discharged their missiles. One woman pounded a chained Indian on the head till he fell backward out of the wagon. I regret to give such items, but I do so that a distinct line may be drawn between the condign punishment those Indians deserved and such revenge. A number of the men were put under arrest and the mob soon dispersed.

Crossing the Big Cottonwood River, we marched on and pitched our tents within a couple of miles of Mankato, on the bank of the Blue Earth River, in Camp Lincoln. The Military Commission, that had completed its trials at the Lower Agency, had condemned 303 of the Indians to be hung, and 18 to be imprisoned for life. These decisions, with detailed accounts of the trials, were sent on to Washington to be ratified by the President. In the mean time they were left in jail, squatted side by side, smoking their kinickinick pipes. Another mob again attacked the jail, but were dispersed by the prompt, decided action of Colonel Miller, who was then, from the absence of General Sibley, in command of the camp.

On the receipt of returns from Washington, ratifying for that time at least the sentence of only thirty-eight of the condemned, immediate preparations were made for the execution. Not far



THE ATTACK AT NEW ULM.

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CAMP LINCOLN.

from the jail a scaffold was built, so constructed that the entire platform on which the condemned were to stand, each directly under his own halter, could be instantly dropped and the bodies left hanging in the air. With their characteristic indifference—it can scarcely be called stoicism—the Indians received their sentence, and soon commenced a war dance with as much freedom as their chains would permit.

The execution was appointed for Friday the 26th of December. An immense crowd of men, women, and children assembled from all the country round to see the spectacle. The scaffold was encircled by soldiers, through a double file of whom the victims were conducted. Their hands were tied, their heads covered with muslin caps; otherwise they were dressed in their native costume. Chanting their wailing death-song, they mounted the platform. The noose was adjusted to the neck of each; and at a signal the one rope which held the platform was severed; the platform fell; and the doomed eight-and-thirty, clasped hand in hand, were launched into eternity. After a proper interval the bodies were cut down, carried away, and buried, in two rows, foot to foot, in a wide ditch among the willows on a sand-bar by the river-side. The other prisoners were kept in confinement to await their doom, whatever it might be. A force sufficient to protect them from violence was left with them. The remaining troops were stationed in winter-quarters at all the endangered points along the entire frontier.

So also, in a degree at least, was it several years ago after the Spirit Lake massacre. A few were partially if at all punished, and the rest turned at large again with impunity. And so, of course, even at the very worst, the Indians anticipated nothing more after their late raid. Let the guilty now, as before, again go unpunished, and in a few years our remissness will have to answer for another outbreak. Permit traders and lawless men again to rob and oppress them till their savage blood boils, and again our own will soak the frontier soil. Justice and protection from wrongs and robbery, as well as punishment for theft and murder, are due to an Indian as well as to a white man. Teach them habits of civilization, not by pampering them in idleness and smoothing them over with promises of annuities, but by placing them in circumstances requiring them to work. Give them justice and equity, laws and a government to restrain and protect them, and another massacre will never again blot their history.

Thus I have given an account of the late Sioux massacre and war in as brief a compass as possible. I have had to compress it greatly to bring it within the limits of a magazine article. Of items I have given but enough to show the general character of the whole; I found it difficult to select from such a mass, seemingly all of equal interest. I have given nothing but what I saw myself, or received from those who saw it. I would gladly tender my thanks to Albert Colegrave, of St. Paul, now in Company G of the Sixth Regiment Minnesota Volunteers, for valuable assistance in preparing the sketches for this article; to Rev. Alfred L. Riggs for the Dahkotah tunes; to Mr. J. E. Whitney, also of St. Paul, for the portrait of Little Crow; and to other friends for assistance in collecting materials.

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THE QUICKSILVER MINES OF NEW ALMADEN, CALIFORNIA.

[The recent decision of the United States Court, which apparently settles the question of property in the "New Almaden Quicksilver Mines," causes us to produce the following paper, describing a visit made to these Mines in 1857. The illustrations and descriptions are given without change. They represent the region as it was six years ago. Those who are now familiar with it will be able to note the changes which these few years have made in the aspect of life in the Golden State.—Editors of Harper's Magazine.]

ON a sunny morning in May, the most charming season of the year in California, in the mountains as well as on the sea-coast, we looked out from the door of the Oakland House, in the village of that name, and gave the final directions to the brisk little hostler of the hotel as to the saddling of the horses for our contemplated jaunt. To go back a moment and explain this rather abrupt introduction: Know, good reader, that Oakland is a rural village embowered in the only trees deserving the name of woods within many miles of San Francisco, and situated opposite that city, on the eastern shore of the bay. It has been called the "Hoboken" of San Francisco. An hourly ferry is established between the two places. Wrought into desperation by the distant prospect of green fields and flowery hill-sides, and weary of San Francisco's dust-pelted streets, we had taken our horses across in the ferry the evening previous, and were now bound on an equestrian trip in search of novelties and adventures.

The whole of California was at our disposal for an exploring expedition; but out of the several interesting localities it was difficult to choose. There was Monte Diablo, with its wild and sublime scenery; Martinez, on the Straits of Carquinez; San Pablo, where might be seen the original primitive California style of living illustrated by the descendants of the old Spanish families; the wheat-growing locality of the Mission of San José, with its quaint old Catholic church, orchards, and hot-springs; and, lastly, the famous New Almaden Quicksilver Mine, beyond San José, of which we had heard accounts almost as fabulous as those relating to the gold mines.

"We'll toss up," exclaimed F——, "between Martinez and the quicksilver mine!"

No sooner said than done. The mine had it; and settling our score with the landlord of our red-wood hotel, we mounted and cantered away toward the base of the Contra Costa range, which rises abruptly from the extensive plains bordering the bay to the eastward.

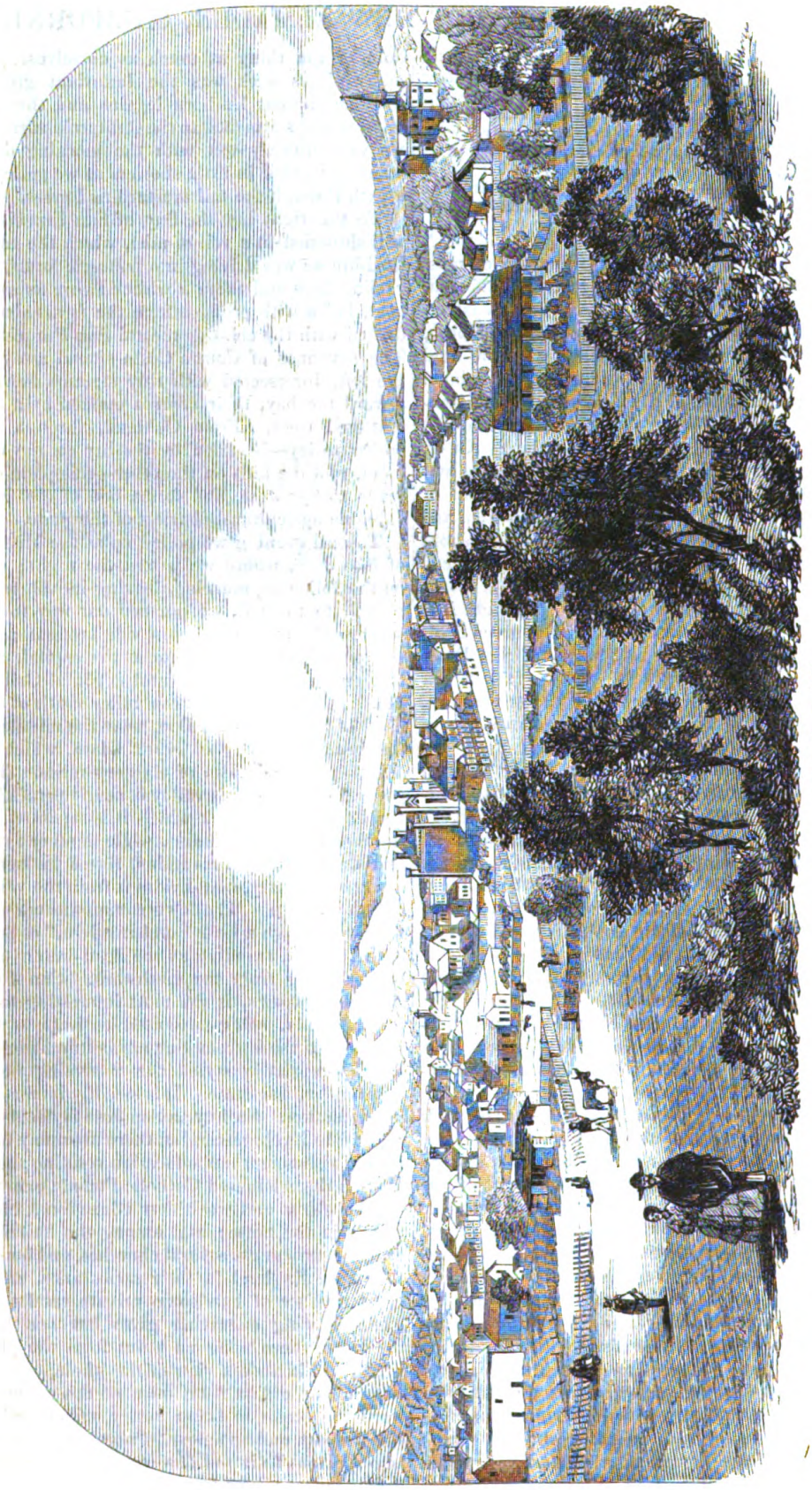
Once clear of the little town we wheeled our horses to the southward, and having a distance of thirty-five miles to perform to the time-honored Mission of San José, through which we must pass, we pushed forward at a rapid pace. Our horses vied with ourselves in spirits, and as they snuffed the fresh morning air, and sprang along through the great expanse of clover and flowers, they seemed to enjoy the wild freedom of the thing as much as ourselves. In many places such was the luxuriant growth that, despite our leathern leggins and the coverings always attached to the California stirrups, we were quickly wet with the morning dew, which sprinkled in little showers as we galloped a path through the tall mustard and grass.

To the right lay the Bay of San Francisco, still shrouded in a veil of mist, which the early land-breeze was driving into fantastic forms, revealing here and there a whiter figure as some boat, laden with produce from the farms above, drifted with the ebb-tide toward San Francisco. The savannas of Contra Costa spread away to the left, intersected with tiny streams flowing toward the bay, their courses marked by a few scattered trees. From Oakland, through the entire valley—bounded by the bay on the one hand, and the hills on the other—this plain extends to San José, and forms one of the most valuable agricultural districts of the State.

Toward evening we pulled up at the Mission of San José, where we passed the night; and on the following morning, leaving its venerable church to the left, we pursued our way to the southward, and a few hours' ride brought us to the pueblo of San José, once the capital, and still the principal agricultural dépôt of California. It is situated thirteen miles south of the head of San Francisco Bay, near the middle of the beautiful valley of Santa Clara, which at this point has a width of eighteen miles. The general course of this valley is nearly parallel to the Pacific coast, from which it is separated by the Santa Cruz mountains, while another range (the Contra Costa mountains) forms its north-eastern boundary, and divides it from the valley of San Joaquin. The town communicates with the bay through a little "embarcadero," or port, called Alviso, standing at the head-waters of a creek flowing from the southward. San José, in many respects, is the most interesting town in California, being supported entirely by the products of the surrounding agricultural region, and appropriately styled the "farming headquarters" of the State. It is steadily increasing in population. Society in San José is decidedly "Pike" in its character, but there are many families of refinement and education residing there. Here is the celebrated Catholic Female Seminary, the oldest and wealthiest educational institution in the State; and among the buildings are the court-house, several churches, and hotels, very New England in their appearance, and a great number of handsome private residences. The following engraving gives but one half the town, there being no point from the plain which will include a view of the whole.

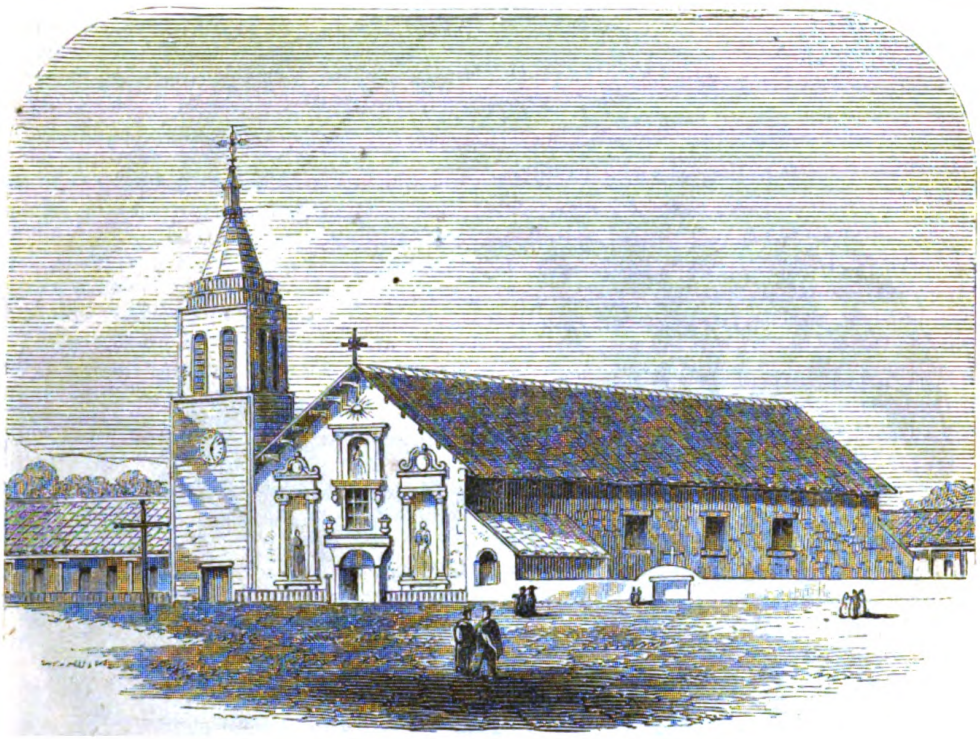
San José differs from most of the towns toward the ocean in being nearly embowered in the deepest and greenest foliage, and laid out into spacious fruit and flower gardens. In fact, it approaches nearer to an old-fashioned Eastern

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SAN JOSÉ IN 1857.

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SANTA CLARA.

country town than perhaps any other in California.

Before leaving the town for the quicksilver mine we rode over to the old Mission of Santa Clara. The road lies through the Alameda, a beautiful avenue of willows planted by the padres, and which have now reached their full growth, and meet overhead, forming in the spring-time a continuous bower, shady as a forest, and a favorite drive for the fast boys of San José. The Mission Church is still standing, in good repair, and there on Sunday may be seen the native population, arrayed in their best, kneeling before the altar, and listening to the monotonous recitations of the priest. The church ornaments in the interior are similar to those of the other Missions. The rude carving, quaint figures of saints, and paintings of the Crucifixion, and other Scriptural subjects, are the same that were placed there nearly a century ago. Nothing indicates the wonderful change which the outer world has undergone.

From San José to the quicksilver mine of New Almaden is twelve miles. The road winds for that distance through the most fertile part of the valley of Santa Clara, which gradually widens into a verdant plain, richly carpeted with wild flowers, and every foot of it "claimed," fenced, and settled upon by those who have come to California not to "make a pile" and return, but to build up and improve a home. Among the prettiest of the many rural nooks opening to view at every turn in the road is a little velvety valley, in which is situated the well-known Half-way House, so called from being equally distant between the mine and San José. Here a sturdy Western farmer has located himself for life. The farm produces a sufficient supply of butter, cheese, eggs, milk, and every other country luxury to supply his own wants, and to send to the markets of San José and San Francisco enough to meet the expenses of the estate. Add to this a climate famous for its mildness and salubrity even in California, and our jolly proprietor has little to wish for in this world—at least so it would appear from his contented looks and the hearty dairymaid healthfulness of the daughters. But this is no isolated instance. This whole valley is occupied by comfortable farmers, who live more in the style of the dairymen of the Genesee Valley in New York than pioneer settlers on the verge of civilization.

The ascent to the range of mountains, on the slope of which the mine is situated, is very gradual—scarcely perceptible. The first indication of one's proximity to it is a small village, or collection of tasteful cottages, neatly painted and inclosed by paling fences, with here and there the evidences of woman's industrious hand in the cultivation of flower-gardens and the fancy trellis-work for woodbine and honey-suckle vines which clamber luxuriantly over some of the dwellings. The families of the superintendents of the works reside here, and live in the enjoyment of rural life, while the constant arrivals of visitors from San Francisco at this romantic spot keeps them "posted" in relation to city affairs and the minutiæ of more fashionable life.

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THE HALF-WAY HOUSE.

Beyond appear the brick buildings of the "works." These consist of the business offices of the directors, the residences of the workmen, storehouses for flasks and general material for repairs and additions, and houses for the reception of ore and bricks. Together they form a collection of solid and substantial houses, apparently built for a century's use. Here also are the furnaces in which the ore is smelted.

The process of extracting the quicksilver is an interesting study; and as our conductor promised an explanation of its mysteries on our return, we accepted his offer to visit the mine with us. The discovery and subsequent history of the New Almaden is briefly told. Some years before the gold discovery an opening was observed in the hill-side, into which the main shaft has been since run. It had been repeatedly traced by the native Californians for fifty or a hundred feet, but nobody seems to have considered it any thing but a natural cave—one of the many crevices or caverns which have been formed in all parts of California by freaks of nature. It was at last ascertained to be an artificial excavation, and one of great antiquity. The vaqueros and taciturn old dons of the neighborhood, when questioned concerning it, replied, with the usual shrug, and "*Quien sabe?*" "*Son cosas muy antiguos*," until the débris was cleared away from the lower part of the shaft; in doing which a number of skeletons, a quantity of rounded stones from the brook, and other interesting relics were disclosed. These, it was evident, were the remains of aborigines, who had resorted here to obtain the cinnabar from which to manufacture vermilion for ornamental purposes, according to their savage customs. This was the only place where this primitive paint could be obtained on the coast; and it is now ascertained that savages visited it even from the confines of Oregon, a distance of several hundred miles. Ignorant of the art of propping up their drifts as they each year worked farther into the earth, they had been suddenly overtaken by a very natural catastrophe, and were buried alive in a grave of their own digging, after which the tribes appear to have abandoned it.

Conjecture was for a long time at a loss to know the object of the Indians in thus penetrating the mountain. On the discovery of the gold mines some experiments with rockers and

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pans are said to have been made in search of the precious metals, but of course without success, as the auriferous soil of California does not extend into the coast range. But soon after a gentleman, at present one of the principal proprietors in the quicksilver mine, in prosecuting the search for gold, first attempted to retort some of the ore, or what then appeared to be a species of red earth or ochre, when, standing over the crucible, he inhaled some of the mercurial vapor, and shortly afterward began to experience symptoms of salivation. The result of this dangerous but fortunate experiment he communicated to his brother, one of a wealthy commercial firm in Mexico; and other tests yielding similar proofs of the richness of the ore, the land for a league or two was purchased at a very reasonable rate from its proprietor, who then held it under an original Spanish grant.

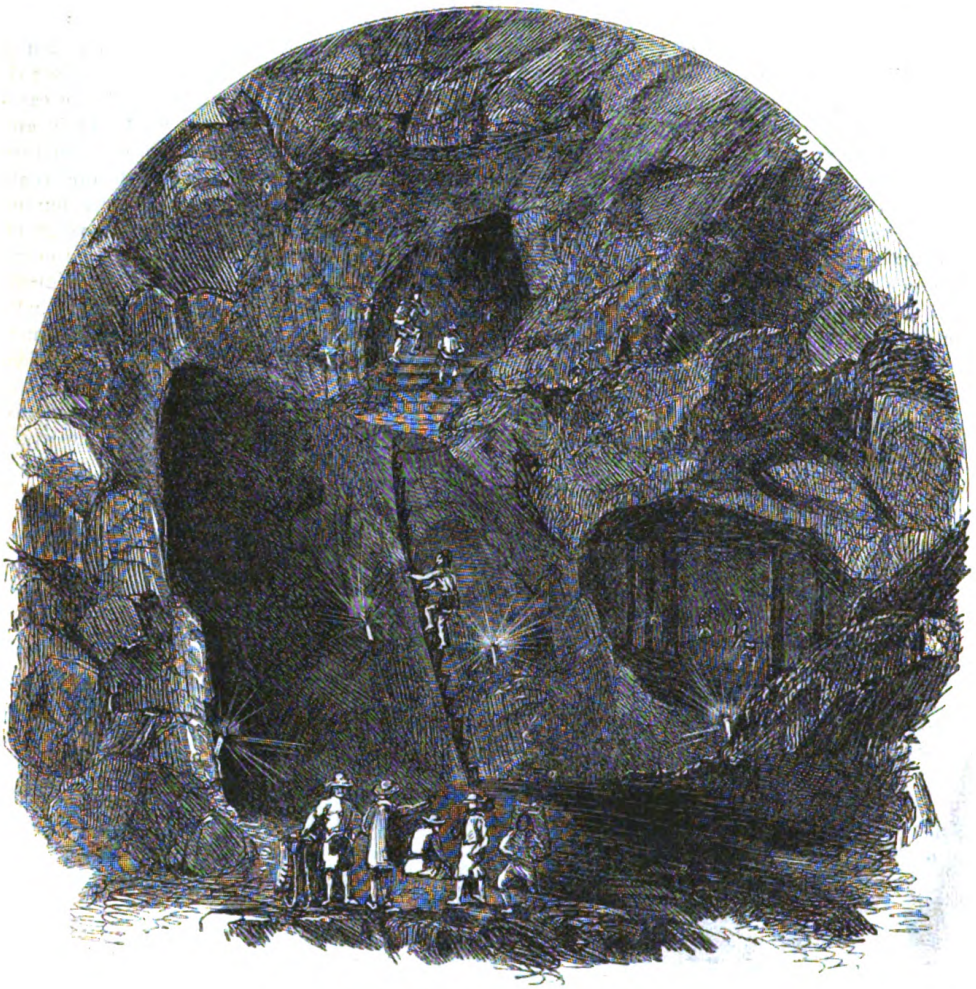
But merely buying the property was but a single step toward availing themselves of its value. It soon became evident that a large capital would be required to erect works, or in any manner to develop the wealth with which nature appeared to have stored the hill. Several years passed without any vigorous measures having been taken: though all admitted the value of the property, none were willing to incur the expense which seemed necessary to make it available. In 1850 a company was formed, who have since conducted the operations of the mines.

From the works to the mine the distance is a mile and a half. The road follows the base of the mountain, into which it is cut, winding romantically up a gentle ascent. To the right



THE ROAD TO THE MINE.

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GALLERIES AND INCLINED SHAFTS.

the country opens to the westward through the depressions in the coast range, discovering picturesque views of the San Juan Valley gleaming in the sunlight through the interstices of the foliage, the landscape expanding with every step of ascent. This road must have been built at great cost, as it is handsomely graded and finished, and, like every other part of this valuable property, intended for all time. From the inner side rises a solid wall of rock, of which the hill is formed, with here and there evidences of sandstone mixed with slate.

On our way we met several wagons loaded with the dark red ore, which had been broken up into small pieces before being submitted to the works below. Five wagons are kept running without intermission, and supply the ore, which at first employed trains of mules. At the summit we found a level space of ground, on which are situated the upper works, consisting of several buildings belonging to the company. This is known as the *patio*, or court-yard, and here ore is assorted and prepared for smelting at the works below.

The main entrance to the mine is a tunnel, commenced in 1850, in the side of the mountain, in a line with the patio, and which has already been carried to the distance of 1800 feet. by 10 wide and 10 feet in height to the crown of the arch, which is strongly roofed with heavy timber throughout its entire length. Through this an iron rail track passes, the cars receiving the ore as it is brought upon the backs of carriers (*tanateros*) from the excavations. These cars are calculated to carry about a ton each, and are pushed rapidly in and out by hand.

We enter the car and in a few moments are rumbling along this under-ground railroad, with no sound to break the silence besides the heavy breathing of our human propellers, who, with swarthy visage lighted up by the dim rays of the candles, seem almost ghastly as they bend to their work. These laborers are all Mexicans, and have generally served a sort of apprenticeship in the silver mines of Spanish America. Soon we reach the terminus of the railroad, and step out upon a damp soil beaten hard by the incessant tramp of the ore-carriers. Here the sensation of chilling dampness usually possessing the novice on entering a subterranean cav-

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ern seizes one, and makes him for a moment doubt the prudence of the adventure; but this gradually wears away, and a feeling of curiosity succeeds.

With a stout Mexican to act the part of torch-bearer, we pass along a damp passage-way, through the arched roof of which the water trickles, and in the rainy months hangs in drops, glittering like gems in the light of the candles. We next pass down a perpendicular piece of accommodation, known among the miners as an *escalera*, or ladder, which consists of a notched stick of timber some twelve feet in length, answering to the common "samson-post" in a ship's lower hatchway. This leads to a small landing-place, from which we gaze down into a black pit, the darkness made visible by the uncertain flicker of the candles. It is dainty treading along the little shelf, where a misstep would send you headlong into some unknown chasm, whose depth is indicated by the noises of the laborers far below, which ever and anon come faintly up. A short interval of groping, with the peculiar uncertain feeling of not knowing whether the next step is likely to be upon solid ground or into emptiness, and we commence the descent of a flight of steps cut into the wall of rock, which leads into a still deeper cave. Here, feeling our way cautiously among loose stones and along craggy sides of the cave, we follow the glimmering candles, now down a slippery inclined plane, and again struggling up the precipitous base of some vein of cinnabar, which in its erratic course seems to have shot through the solid heart of the mountain, in much the zigzag course that a drop of quicksilver would describe in rolling about the surface of a plate. It is not until the lowest and inner excavations are reached that we realize the labyrinthine intricacies we have traversed. We are more than 200 feet below the patio and 600 below the summit of the mountain.

For many months after the working of the mine was commenced the proprietors labored under every difficulty; or, rather, a parsimonious spirit and ignorance of the true method to be pursued prevented its development. The system adopted was so in accordance with the desultory style used in the gold mines of the interior, that at one time the under-ground workings, as shown by a map exhibiting the subterranean topography, had assumed the appearance of a gigantic rabbit warren, extending in innumerable holes and crooked windings, like the streets of a city without system or economical order. A German overseer, however, gradually put matters to rights. About 300 persons are employed in the mine. The work was formerly given out to them by *empresarios* or "bosses," who took the job to deliver at the mouth of the mine a certain number of tons of ore, and, of course, hired their workmen at the lowest possible wages. The laborers in the mine (*barateros*) are a distinct fraternity from the ore-carriers (*tanateros*). Each have their respective calling, and are not willing nor are they ever expected to assume each other's places. The tanateros are most muscular and the best proportioned of all those engaged in the mine. Long practice has inured them to the labor, and a first-rate man will pack 200 pounds up the escalaras without stopping to rest. This method of raising the ore is preferred to any machinery that has been suggested, as the men supply all that the works can distill, and the cost to the company is only in proportion to the amount furnished. A large sack or pannier of hide, open at the top, is slung to the back, and supported by a strap passing over the shoulders and around the forehead. The whole weight is thus supported by the muscles of the neck, a method in which Spanish Americans seem to have great faith.

Two hundred pounds being the average load, it becomes a matter of pride to preserve the physical reputation. It is impossible to witness the straining nerves and quivering muscles of the carriers, as they pass slowly up from the depths below, without feeling that the heavy breathing and painful expression of face is produced by such labor as human beings can not long endure. Yet they seem cheerful, and as they deposit their burdens into the cars, light their cigarros, and join in the laugh produced by the jokes of some Joe Miller of the gang. Their dress is confined to a pair of pantaloons with the legs cut off above the knees, and a calico shirt, which is generally stowed away in some crevice until the day's work is over. A pair of leathern sandals fastened at the ankle is sometimes added to the costume. Flight after flight up perpendicular steps these muscular fellows will ascend, winding through deep caverns, or threading passages of Egyptian darkness, or, as the openings often lead up in following the tortuous windings of the veins, they may be seen cautiously descending the notched logs toward the main entrance; yet it is affirmed that no accident has ever happened. Their course is dimly lighted by the candles placed in the niches of the walls. A single misstep would dash the man and his load into the dismal abyss below; but by constant practice they attain to a wonderful degree of precision, and ascend and descend with all the certainty of mules scaling the rocky fastnesses of the South American sierras. An efficient tanatero will make from twenty to thirty trips a day. Groping about the mine, and following the glimmering light which barely illumines the way, we happen upon little groups of the barateros hard at work with crow-bars and picks breaking down the sterile rock. These fellows are, if possible, more scantily clad than their ore-carrying brethren. Some may be seen following the serpentine lead of a vein of cinnabar which has just been found to dip from the horizontal toward the base of the mountain. They have dug themselves out of sight, and their half-smothered grunts and exclamations come curiously up from the cave whose length they are slowly extending. A feeble light glimmers out of the excavation—a cave within a cave. A little farther, and we find a plank stretched across a narrow chasm

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BLASTING IN THE LOWER MINE.

upon which two or three swarthy broad-chested miners are standing, drilling their way into the solid rock above them, where a rich lead has just been found.

Long practice has taught them in running these shafts to leave immense stanchions of the ore and native rock as supports to the ceilings. Sometimes in the larger chambers where several galleries come to a point, the workmen keep a fire burning which illumines all the mines in the vicinity, and throws a dull, ruddy glare upon every thing for many yards around. Then the roof reveals its millions of lustrous crystallizations, sparkling in ruddy rhomboids and glittering like some magician's cavern of fairy romance. The effect is heightened by the Cimmerian darkness of the neighboring passages deserted for newly-discovered leads.

The ore is the native red sulphuret of mercury, with a specific gravity varying from 6·7 to 8·2. It has a flat conchoidal fracture, is fine grained, opaque, and has generally a fine adamantine lustre, and a color varying from cochineal to ruby red. There are also red oxyds of iron and silica. The ore averages thirty-six per cent.; a yield which might be considered fabulous but for the constant proofs and the facilities which any scientific person has for detecting an over-estimate. In the New Almaden mine the ore occurs in amorphous masses in pockets and irregular veins. Sometimes surrounded with a black clay, but oftener incased in a hard sterile rock or chlorite slate, which it is generally necessary to blast to remove. The native cinnabar, or red sulphuret of mercury, as found in this as well as in most other mines, consists of two primes of sulphur = 32·240, combined with one of mercury = 202·863; or in 100 parts of 12·7 sulphur and 87·3 mercury. It is the most prolific ore of this metal, and is easily smelted by exposing a mixture of it with iron or lime to a red heat in retorts.

Blasting has been used with great success. It is found to facilitate the labor of the miners fifty per cent., and is attended with no danger—none of the explosive gases which produced Sir Humphrey Davy's safety-lamp being known. But few who have ever witnessed a heavy "blast" will forget the effect, especially when seen for the first time. After the charge is placed every body retires and awaits the result from behind the supporting pillars of ore, or from some secure indentation in the cavern. For a while all is silent, and nothing is heard but the burning of the fuse. But immediately the cave lightens up with a lurid flame, shedding an intense glare upon the craggy walls. The motionless faces of the miners, the damp crystalline sides of the mine, the distant and still darkened excavations, into whose tortuous windings the light has not fully penetrated, all appear and disappear in the twinkling of an eye, leaving the place by contrast in inky blackness, while the report reverberates and bellows along the passages followed by a shower of stones; for the blast does not merely open a ledge as in blowing granite, but sends innumerable splinters of rock and ore far and near. Gradually the accustomed light of the candles reveals the impression made, and the workmen return to their duties. No accidents have yet resulted from the use of gunpowder.

When the smoke has ascended through the main entrance the splintered fragments are col-

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lected, and, if too large to be placed in the panniers, or *talegos*, of the carriers, they are broken into pieces with bars.

It requires several hours to effect a complete exploration of the mine. After a chat with one or two of the most obliging of the workmen, and a complimentary obeisance to Our Lady of Guadelupe, of whom we shall speak hereafter, we ascend to the main shaft and emerge into the light of day.

The large level space shown in the engraving, upon which the buildings are erected, stands about a thousand feet above the lower works. It is formed entirely of the refuse earth and rock from the mine which, brought out in the cars and leveled as it was deposited, has gradually reached the extent of two acres. Upon this are erected the superintendent's dwelling, mechanics' shops, and sheds for assorting the ore as it is dumped by the tanateros.

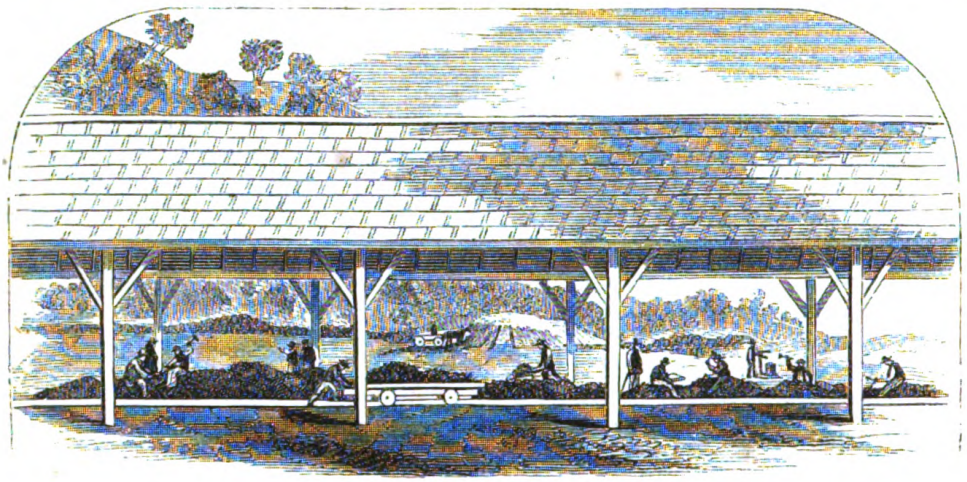
This space is surrounded by mountains extending range upon range in every direction. Four hundred feet above is the old entrance, already referred to as the point where the aborigines resorted for cinnabar. Here is another patio, but is now disused. A third entrance is about to be made at a point much nearer the base of the mountain in anticipation of required drainage.

At the patio the principal part of the mechan-



THE WORKS.

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ASSORTING THE ORE.

ical labor of the works is performed. Here may be seen actively employed blacksmiths, carpenters, bricklayers, weighers, sifters. The mechanics, who are mostly Americans, receive full city wages—from five to seven and the laborers from two to three dollars a day. These last are fair specimens of the reckless, improvident Spanish-American race. With them the only use for money is to get rid of it as quickly as possible. It is of little consequence how much or little they receive. Monte and the other games of cards generally swallow up the week's earnings.

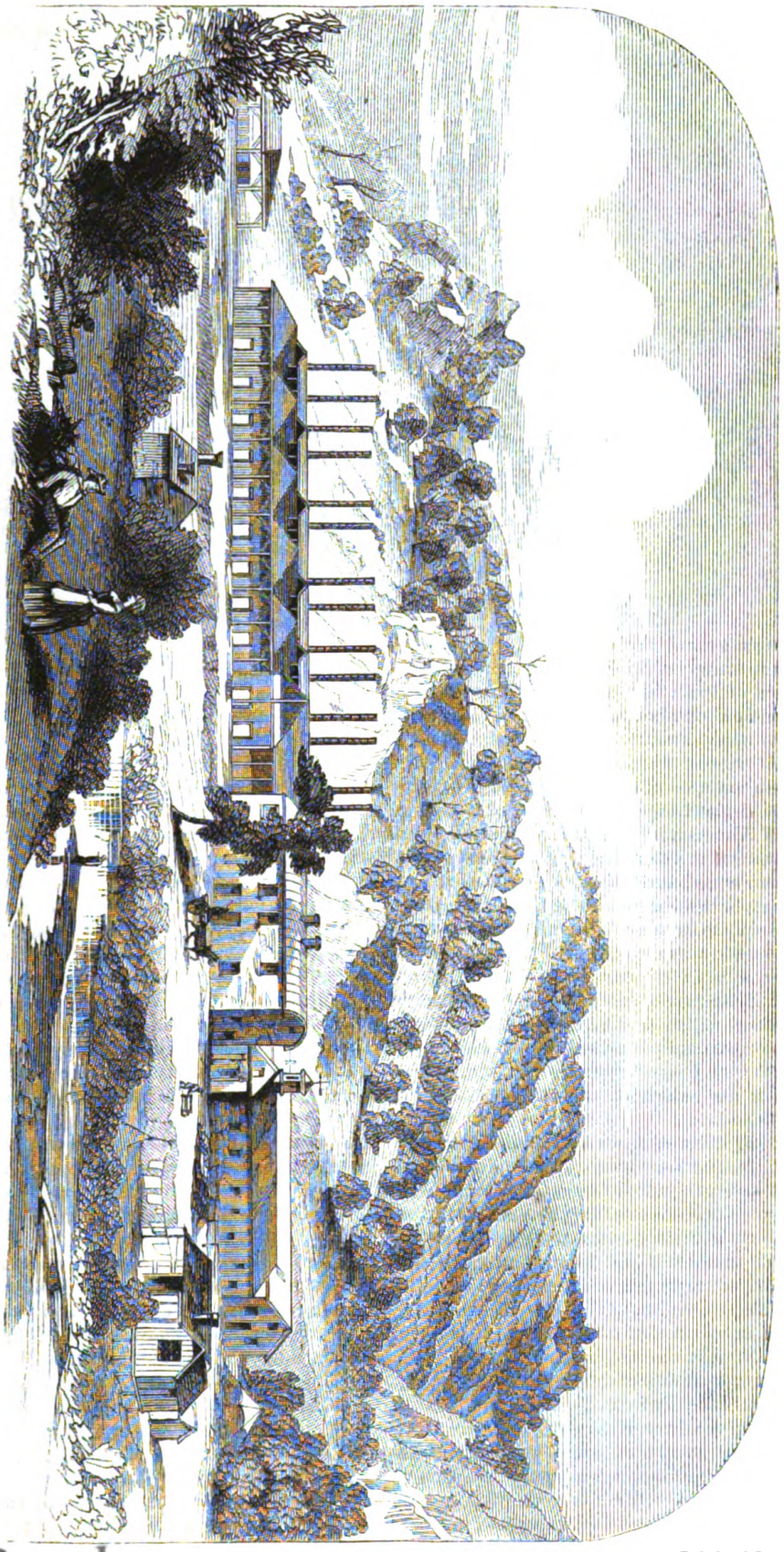
The ore is prepared at the patio for the works below. The process is expeditious and simple. After being deposited by the tanateros in the cars it is brought out on the railroad to the line of sheds designated in the engraving. Here it is deposited in heaps, and attacked by a gang of assorters whose business it is to separate the fine from the coarse ore. The latter is broken in pieces suitable to the furnace, and after being cleared of all rock and earthy matter is to be carted below. The former, in the shape of siftings, is converted into bricks or cakes, like adobes, and after being thoroughly dried are deposited in one of the store-houses at the lower works. The less muscular of the workmen are employed in assorting and sifting the ore, which is broken with mallets and hammers, and weighed as it is received. In the mine there are day and night gangs constantly at work, though the unbroken darkness would never enable one to distinguish when daylight ended or commenced. More than seventy pounds of candles are burned every twenty-four hours. The operations at the patio thus require an additional number of workmen during the day to keep pace with the night gang in the mine.

Leaving the patio we return by the road already described to "hacienda," or lower works, where we find the obliging superintendent prepared to answer our legion questions, and with such unfailing alacrity and good-humor that one suspects he has got the answers by heart, as the man in the Tower of London "puts you through" the curiosities. The constant inquiries made by visitors probably oblige those attached to the works to adopt a certain routine of answers to save time.

The space occupied by the hacienda is an amphitheatre of some four acres, surrounded with successive ranges of hills rolling up in the distance into mountains, known as the Santa Cruz Range, on the eastern slope of which the inclosure stands. Here is situated a hotel, newly erected by the company for the accommodation of visitors to the mine, and might be recommended but for the outrageous prices demanded. Competition is out of the question, as, owning the land for leagues around and refusing to sell, no other can be built within some hours' ride of the general object of interest. The spot seems adapted by nature for this purpose. From the porch a natural lawn, terminating at the base of the surrounding hills, which in all directions slope prettily away from the higher mountains beyond, all wearing the gay spring attire of flowery California, and the ridges crested with the dark-green upland oak. Farther down appear groves of sycamore and buckeye, and in the lowest spots, where several spurs meeting have formed natural reservoirs, the marshy soil supports tangled copses of wild wood and the bright foliage of the willow. Here one may gather, in half an hour's ramble, various specimens of wild floss, red and purple honey-suckles, creeping in endless vines among the rocks; the delicate pale wild rose, which drops to pieces at the nicest attempt to pluck it; convolvuli, and a flower resembling the "prince's feather," to which no local name seems to have been assigned. Here, too, grows the sweet-scented laurel, whose leaves when crushed emit an odor resembling cinnamon; and lastly, wild gooseberries, which may be gathered in any quantity from the innumerable bushes forcing their way into light and air from among the broken rocks.

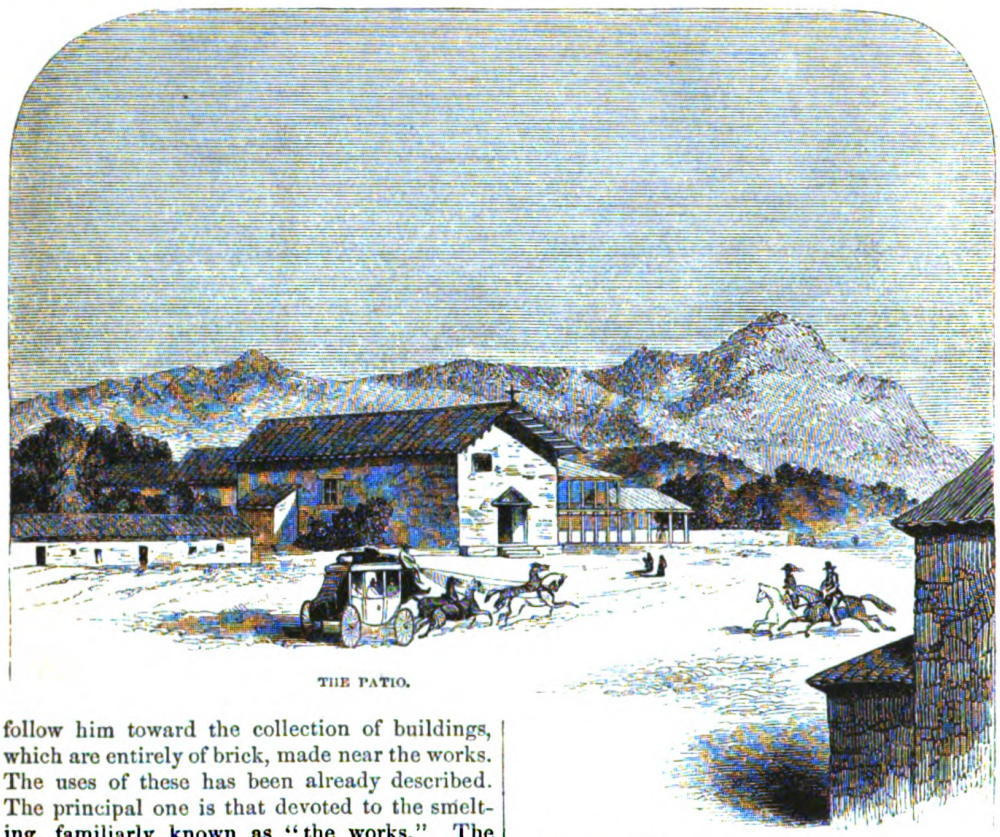
But our courteous conductor is now ready to explain the operation of the hacienda, and we

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THE HACIENDA.

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THE PATIO.

follow him toward the collection of buildings, which are entirely of brick, made near the works. The uses of these has been already described. The principal one is that devoted to the smelting, familiarly known as "the works." The furnaces are constructed on plans which have only been matured after several years of study; for after dispatching agents to the quicksilver mines of Almaden in Spain, for information on these matters, it was found that the modes pursued there were but continuations of the barbarous usages of three centuries ago. Finding that nothing was to be learned thence, Yankee skill was set at work to think out improvements.

There are, as explained by Dr. Ure, three kinds of apparatus for the distillation of mercury: the furnace, called a galley; the furnace with *aludels*, or earthen pots, used in subliming any substance; and the large apparatus at Idria. The latter has been adopted as the model in the New Almaden.

Entering the works, we find a row of sixteen furnaces ranged side by side, extending a distance of several hundred feet. These stand under cover of roofs resembling those placed over a distillery, with blinds for the free escape of poisonous fumes. They stand some eight feet apart, and are forty feet in length, ten in height, and eight in breadth. The appearance of the building in which they are inclosed is shown in the engraving of the hacienda.

The ore, after being thoroughly cleaned and broken to the required size, is wheeled in barrows from the pile where it is deposited, along the tops of the furnaces and turned into the receptacles, which are of uniform capacity and open at the tops. These will contain about 7 tons of ore each. After being filled, they are closed hermetically. As the ore becomes sublimated the vapors pass through a series of twelve compartments, entering the one nearest the fire from the top, the second from the bottom, and so alternating. In their passage through these compartments such of the vapors as become condensed flow in the form of quicksilver through numerous small holes into covered troughs, attached to the outside of the furnaces their entire length, through which the metal is conducted to an iron vat, the size of a half hogshead, sunk into the ground. This is the operation of one furnace. That of the others is in every respect the same. A high degree of heat is not required to smelt the ore, though 680° is necessary to convert the metal into a red oxyd.

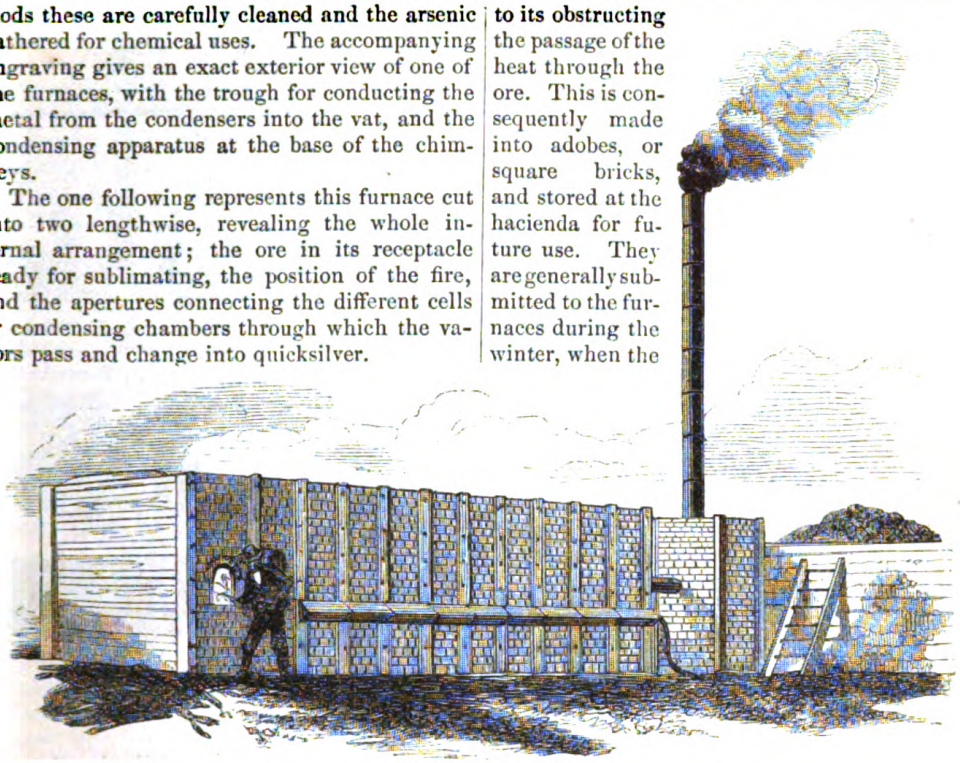
Such of the vapor as has not condensed in its passage through the partitions reaches a wooden condenser or reservoir of water, over the surface of which the exhalations pass, and by this contrivance much of the metal not secured in its passage through the furnace-condensers is saved. Each of the furnaces is provided with a large wooden chimney forty feet in height, and from which there are constantly pouring clouds of arsenical vapors, though their quantity is greatly reduced by the precautions now used to prevent their escape; for independent of their deleterious effects, every atom of volatile matter thus dispersed contains its proportion of mercury. The tops of these chimneys are quite coated with cakes of white arsenic, hanging around their mouths like masses of ice about a house spout in winter. At stated pe-

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riods these are carefully cleaned and the arsenic gathered for chemical uses. The accompanying engraving gives an exact exterior view of one of the furnaces, with the trough for conducting the metal from the condensers into the vat, and the condensing apparatus at the base of the chimneys.

The one following represents this furnace cut into two lengthwise, revealing the whole internal arrangement; the ore in its receptacle ready for sublimating, the position of the fire, and the apertures connecting the different cells or condensing chambers through which the vapors pass and change into quicksilver.

to its obstructing the passage of the heat through the ore. This is consequently made into adobes, or square bricks, and stored at the hacienda for future use. They are generally submitted to the furnaces during the winter, when the



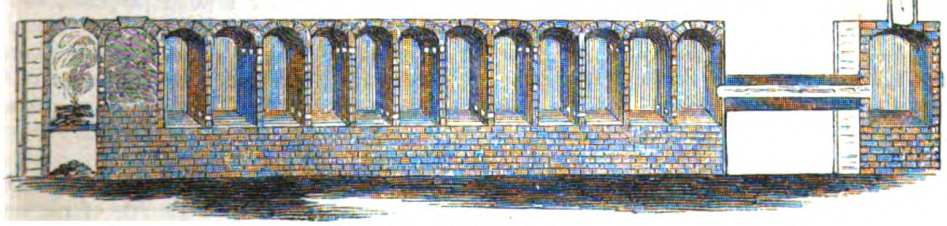
CONDENSING FURNACE.

We have now followed the process of mining and distilling the quicksilver. A general outline of the operation only can be given in these limits. The details would require an elaborate work, and as much abstruse scientific study as has been devoted to the subject by the savans of Europe and America.

Foreigners who are acquainted with the subject, assert that not even the great works of Idria can now compare in extent or completeness with those of Almaden. It is a commonly received statement that more than half a million of dollars have been expended by the company in California, Mexico, Spain, and Germany, to bring their works to their present perfection. The old furnaces have been long discarded, and the new series are master-pieces of elaborate masonry, they are lined inside with a peculiar composition such as constant and costly experiment has demonstrated to be best calculated to save the metal.

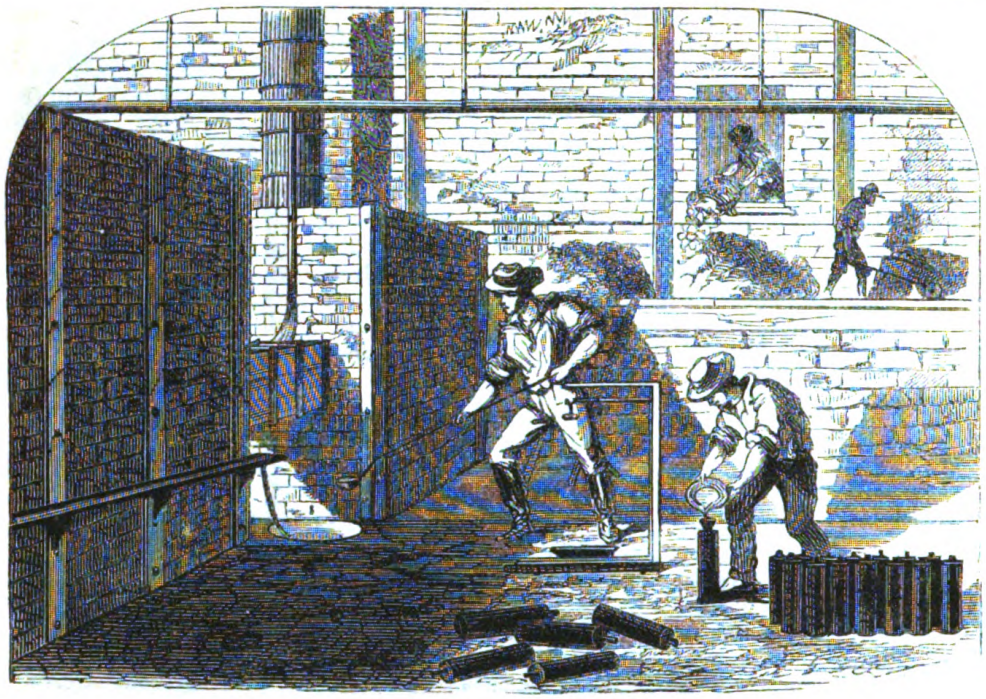
Brick-making has been referred to as a part of the labor at the works. These are made in the patio at the mouth of the mine, of the siftings which are too fine for the furnaces, owing road to the patio is in such bad condition as to retard the travel to and from the mine. They require less heat than the native ore; some of which, however, is introduced into the furnace with them, either to economize space or to facilitate the process of smelting.

It now only remains to return a while to the furnaces and witness the operation of filling the flasks from the iron vat into which the liquid quicksilver discharges from the condensers. Each furnace is provided with one of these reservoirs, which is augmented day and night from the silver fountain above. The flasks, which are imported from England, are submitted to a powerful hydraulic test before filling to make sure of their soundness. These are made to contain 75 pounds of the fluid, which is ladled out from the vat into a pan placed on a set of scales. From this it is poured carefully into the flasks by hand, the tops are then tightly screwed on, and the last operation of quicksilver making is completed.



SECTION OF CONDENSING FURNACE.

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FILLING THE FLASKS.

The flasks are now carted to the "embarcadero" of Alviso, and sent thence to San Francisco, whence they are exported chiefly to Mexico and South America.

The first lady who accomplished the feat of exploring the New Almaden mine to its uttermost depths, and from whose interesting account, given in 1854, some useful hints have been obtained, speaks in the highest terms of the liberal spirit of the company, manifested in their treatment of their employés—securing the best men, and retaining them by their best interests. "Had the ore proved less rich," she remarks, "or had not a far-seeing and enlightened policy actuated them, the company would, ere this, have been plunged in irretrievable ruin, as their outlays have amounted to but little short of their proceeds." This was three years since—quite an age in California. If the company have expended half a million of dollars up to this date in experiments and improvements, they may be supposed to have completed their outlays in those respects. They have at least the reputation of maintaining a prudent secrecy regarding all their expenses and receipts. Visitors are amused with interesting anecdotes about the miners, the process of smelting, and the danger of poisonous vapors; but few are able to obtain any reliable data, details, or statistics of the business. And doubtless the proprietors are right in this reserve. Other companies may at any time be formed to work mines of cinnabar, indications of which have already been discovered, and the results of their experiments and outlays are equal to so much capital invested.

It is not difficult, however, to arrive at some approximation of the receipts of the association. As early as 1851—the year following the commencement of the workings—there were obtained 1800 quintals (180,000 pounds) of quicksilver with only six ill-regulated furnaces, which might be called "*disimprovements*" or those of Idria. This amount was distilled in about nine months, and was even then considerably larger than the whole amount produced at Idria. The proportion which this offered to the product of all Europe may be surmised from the fact that the annual yield of the mines on the Bavarian Rhine provinces is from 400 to 500 quintals (say 4500 pounds). That of Almaden, in Spain, in 1827, was 22,000 quintals. As the European mines do not appear to have been benefited by any important improvements for many years, it is likely that the amount coming thence does not annually increase as in the New Almaden.

By referring to the records in the United States Custom-house at San Francisco, it appears that in 1853 there were exported from the State 18,800 flasks of quicksilver (of 75 pounds each), or 1,410,000 pounds, valued at $683,189, at the rate of fifty cents per pound. In the following year (1854) the amount had increased to 1,449,000 pounds, valued at the same rate at $724,500; and this did not include what was used in the State for mining purposes, which, with the incredible growth of the new system of "hydraulic mining," now superseding all others, consumes, it is safe to say, a quarter of the entire product of the New Almaden. About 1,500,000 pounds (or 19,320 flasks) were exported in 1854 to foreign countries.

The ore of the New Almaden, which, as has been observed, is solely sulphurets of mercury, the rarest known, exceeds in richness that of any

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other on record. Although its average is 36 per cent., specimens have been found with the incredible yield of 72 per cent. of mercury. These are not uncommon, and sometimes the most beautiful crystals of sulphuret of mercury are discovered. In 1812, at the works of Idria, 56,686 quintals of ore yielded 4832 quintals of quicksilver, or about 8½ per cent. When it is stated that blocks of metalliferous rock yielding only *one per cent.* are worked in Europe with some profit, the value of the California mine may be estimated. No native or virgin quicksilver has yet been found. The mine is apparently inexhaustible. The proprietors sometimes raise ghosts in the shape of water rushing in and compelling them to abandon the work, or the leads suddenly giving out, but no grounds exist for any such apprehensions. The Almaden mines in La Mancha set into the Sierra Morena in much the same manner that the New Almaden does into the Santa Cruz range. The first has yielded steadily for over two thousand years without diminution, and there is no likelihood of the latter becoming exhausted.

One of the most curious circumstances connected with the New Almaden mine is the effect produced by the mercurial vapors upon the surrounding vegetation. Despite the lofty chimneys, and the close attention that has been devoted to the secret of effectually condensing the volatile matter, its escape from the chimneys withers all green things around. Every tree on the mountain-side above the works is dead, and some of more sensitive natures farther removed exhibit the influence of the poison in their shrunken and blanched foliage; but these effects do not extend to any great distance. Cattle feeding within half a mile of the hacienda sicken, and become salivated; and the use of the waters of a spring rising near the works is guarded against. It does not, however, affect a medicinal spring near by, which possesses the peculiar qualities of soda or Congress water.

The workmen at the furnaces are particularly subjected to the poisonous fumes. These men are only able to work one week out of four, when they are changed to some other employment, and others take their place for a week. Pale, cadaverous faces and leaden eyes are the consequence of even these short spells; and any length of time continued at this labor effectually shortens life and impregnates the system with mercury. A French traveler, describing the Almaden mines of Spain, states that the workmen, owing to the great quantity of vapors escaping, become feeble at an early age, and suffer the most cruel maladies. They generally die a premature death. The atmosphere is charged far and near with the fatal poison, which a proper attention might do much to prevent, and serve to increase the profits of the works. These accounts may be easily believed when it is known that ores which by analysis leave no doubt that they are half quicksilver, are made to yield only 10 per cent. Probably less mercury escapes from the present works of the New Almaden mine than at any other; but even here, to such a degree is the air filled with the volatile poison, that gold coins and watches on the persons of those engaged about the furnaces become galvanized and turn white. In such an atmosphere one would seem to inhale death with every respiration.

Factitious or manufactured cinnabar—vermilion—has not yet entered into the exports from California; the process of making it is no longer a secret, as in former times, and may yet become a source of wealth to the State. But the native cinnabar, of a deep red and brown color, abounds, and, as has already been stated, served the aboriginal inhabitants of California and Oregon as a pigment.

The miners have their local rules and regulations, which are rigidly observed among themselves and recognized by the officers of the company. They are paid by the amount of ore they bring daily to the surface, and each day's work is carefully noted as it is deposited in separate piles in the patio. The work is carried on by gangs of from five to a dozen, according to the size of the shaft which is being worked; and the week's earnings count up in proportion to the quality of the surrounding rock and the consequent ease or difficulty of the labor. Where the rock is remarkably easy, the gang which has fortunately been employed in that direction sells out or oftener gambles away the right to pursue the vein. Formerly the workmen averaged from $30 to $50 a week a piece, but of late the average earnings have been less owing to the decreased wages. Sometimes a lazy, loafing fellow obtains employment and fails to perform his part; if this is continued, the engineer places him among a smart gang where he is obliged to keep pace with the rest or quit the employ. With the extracting of the ore the miner's business ceases. It is brought to the surface by the tanateros, who are paid by the company. Each gang selects one of their party to receive their pay at the end of the week, who, though perhaps capable of inserting a *cuchillo* under your ribs in revenge, or possess himself of your purse, maintains an inviolable faith with his fellows.

At an elevation of a few hundred feet above the patio, on the mountain side, is situated a village inhabited exclusively by the miners. Here may be seen a genuine Mexican *aldea* in full perfection. The houses, or rather huts, are thatched with straw; placid-looking donkeys stand musing at the doors; chocolate-colored brats with huge paunches and shocks of frouzy hair sprawl about in the sunshine screaming and quarreling in infantile Spanish; mangy dogs, pigs, goats, and fleas wander in and out at random *à la* Mexico; bedraggled señoritas pass by with the peculiar careless saunter of the *aguadora*, balancing her burden on her head; and here, as in every other collection of Spanish Americans, no matter how far removed from home, one may notice the adherence to the national customs, to which the Mexican in particu-

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lar is as religiously bound as the Turk to his turban and petticoats, or the Indian to his moccasin.

Sometimes on *dias de fiesta*, and on Sundays, they send to San José for a *guitarrista* and a violin or two, and get up a spirited dance, in which the whole population assist. Here repair the *vaqueros* and mantilla'd *muchachas* of the neighborhood; and after a day of general breakdown and jollification, in which cigars, bad brandy, horse-racing, fandango, and monte are the component parts, the assemblage breaks up with a general stampede on horseback, and the little village subsides into its usual quiet.

Nor do they neglect the forms of religion. Like devout Catholics they attend mass at stated



FANDANGO AT THE VILLAGE.

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periods at Santa Clara, and now and then have the Padre come over to help along their labors with a benediction or two. Besides this, they have in one of the recesses a shrine appropriated and dedicated to the holy protectress of the mine. This is a niche hewn with more than ordinary care out of the solid rock, in which is placed a small figure of the tutelary saint before whom propitiatory candles are constantly kept burning. Her ladyship is clad in a handsome white gown with red morocco slippers, bead eyes, and any quantity of head-dress and ornaments. This is "Nuestra Señora de Guadelupe," before whom the miners regularly prostrate themselves to supplicate her protection from fire-damps, cavings, and sudden outbursts of water. Of the first, as has already been remarked, there is no danger; of the second, no instance has occurred, as the galleries are well stanchioned; and though of the latter all live in constant anxiety, the mine has remained so dry up to this time as to need no artificial drainage.

Having thus given a description of the works, which by American ingenuity greatly facilitate and economize the extraction of quicksiver, let us take a brief glance at some other mines of cinnabar known to the world. The chief localities of cinnabar are in Almaden, in the province of La Mancha, in Spain, Idria in the Schiefergebirge, Kremnitz, and Schemnitz in Hungary, in Saxony, Bavaria, Bohemia, Nassau, China, Japan, Mexico, Honduras, Columbia, and Peru. The best known of these are the mines of Almaden, Idria, and the Palatinate. The first are of unknown antiquity. Pliny states that the Greeks obtained cinnabar from Almaden seven hundred years before the Christian era, and that Rome in his time annually received seven hundred thousand pounds from the same mines. No accounts exist of the ancient methods used, but they must have been of the very rudest kind, as even at this day the ores are simply heated upon open arches, and the vapors are attempted to be condensed by inclosing them within brick or stone and mortar walls, which can never be rendered either sufficiently tight or cool. By these processes it is evident that only a small proportion of the mercury is saved, vast quantities escaping, as was shown by the effects upon the workmen.

The mines in Idria were discovered in 1497, and have been steadily worked from that time. From them was supplied the greater part of the quicksilver used in the Spanish-American silver mines during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. The workings have been pushed to the depth of 280 yards. The product in quicksilver, notwithstanding the rude methods used to extract it, might easily amount to 6000 metric quintals (or about 1,200,000 pounds); but in order to uphold the price the Austrian Government has restricted the production to 150 tons (300,000 pounds). Such a policy can not long be followed with success, for the continued high price can only result in the development of other mines of cinnabar, under the magic touch of American enterprise. Two other valuable quicksilver mines have been discovered in California, and with the extension of Yankee industry over the territory of our Spanish-American neighbors the veins of cinnabar in Central America will assuredly be worked. Recent explorations have shown that valuable mines of cinnabar exist in Honduras, which only await foreign labor and capital to yield their glittering treasures. The mines of Idria are doubtless more extensive and richer than those of Almaden in Spain. In 1803, owing as it is supposed to spontaneous combustion, they took fire and burned in a whirlwind of subterranean fire for many months. The flames were finally extinguished by drowning all the under-ground workings. The sublimed mercury in this catastrophe occasioned diseases and nervous tremblings to more than nine hundred persons in the neighborhood.

The best known mines of cinnabar in South America are those of Guancavelica in Peru. These, of course, are worked with the most primitive machinery. In 1782 all the quicksilver used in the country for the purposes of silver mining was imported from the celebrated mines of Yun-nan in China.

ROSEMARY.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART II.

THE ROSE IN BLOOM.

APRIL showers bring forth June flowers, sings the almanac; and five summers have each shed a tenderer light over Melicent, so that it seems as if the souls of *all* their June flowers had centred their fragrance in a constant atmosphere about her. Now, as she stands beside the old bureau, browned by age and glittering with its polished brasses—stands gently dreaming over the single deposit of a little box, there is hardly a remnant of the cruel fire upon her face, no remnant such as burn or scar; but the indefinable trace of its discipline purifies all the sweet features, where a perpetual paleness has spread its soft negation of tint like a bloom. Youth perished in that flame; but there arose from it, phantom-like, instead, the gentlest and most patient womanhood, with a presence that steals through the house like moonbeams. The naïve vanity of the child is also gone; for it is easy to see by the absence of decoration, by the forgetfulness of the opposing mirror, that she has long since ceased to think herself lovely. That, perhaps, took place when first she lifted her head from the pillow and begged for the hand-glass; and the change since that terrible moment has been too gradual to be felt by herself. But the little wild-brier blossom that grows in the shadow is not more fair and touching than she. She wears a robe tinged in the faintest blush, confined simply at the throat with a button of pearls, no other ornament; but on her hair, passing under the chin and tied beneath the left ear, a ribbon rose threaded with silver. This or some other she is never seen without.

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Enter Grandpa Aubichon—not in person, for that is out somewhere beyond the grape-vines, but in voice:

"Honey, what are you doing?"

"Nothing."

The voice chimes with his as a silver vibration might lose itself in the toll of a great steel bell; but by some of the keen pulses of sonority he feels it, for he immediately responds:

"Well, then, bring Nothing out here."

On the contrary, she hastily closes the little scented box—it is a tiny thing of platina that seems to be charactered, so curiously is it wrought in some fairy tongue, an unknown cabalism, and it is lined with the brown corrugation of the Tonga bean. But tiny as the box may be, it holds all her treasures—one letter written on rustling silver tissue. On the contrary, she hastily closes this little scented box, slips it among the folds of her dress, gathers up some sewing, and descends.

Grandpa Aubichon sits in his cane chair; he holds a great pipe between his fingers, and dimly in a cloud of smoke looms the apparition of a newspaper—it is one of his economic principles never to read the evening news till that of the morning arrives, so saving much expenditure of belief. He sits out in the broad ways and open spaces of the garden, a screen of trees behind him, vistas before him, and on one side the gurgle of a little brook, whose edges are blue with the arrow-heads. So seated, Grandpa Aubichon has an idea that his tent is pitched in the wilderness.

"And that's what you call Nothing, is it?"

"Oh, I wasn't sewing when you spoke."

"What then?"

"—Looking over a box."

"Well, honey, here. My eyes are poor. Suppose you look over a paper now?"

"Not so sly, Grandpa Aubichon. I read the paper last night."

"That's very unkind of you. You might have allowed me the surprise."

"If I could have counterfeited it sufficiently."

"He'll come here, you know. He's got no other home now. I was his guardian, and I suppose he's not forgotten us."

"Forgotten us!"

Just here a great flush shot over Grandpa Aubichon's face, and extinguished his speech. Melicent's eyes were on her work. He fixed his glance on an object beyond her, and raised his finger toward it menacingly, but said:

"Here, honey. I've had a new statue come home this morning. See if it looks most like a bronze or an ice."

Melicent was thinking of the letter in her little box, covered with its odd Russian and Asian imprints, found *cachéd* on the very magnetic meridian, and mailed by the finder from some frontier fort high up in the corner of the continent—thinking of this, and wondering if there were yet no others for her frost-retained in icy regions; for the writer had no relatives and few friends, and it might now and then have beguiled a monotonous moment to put out a moulding finger and touch the mind of this little girl, secluded in her rose garden and sunshine. It did not occur to her, perhaps, as it could not have occurred to him, that in touching the mind at this age it is also possible to touch the heart.

"Ah, here it is!" said Grandpa Aubichon, pausing. "The gardens run mad again on roses this June, and they have already laid hold of it. There; you see it was a block of ice at the pole, but drifting down, the warm currents liquefied it to this shape. A famous sculptor, the warm South Sea—he gave it a soul."

For a moment the figure before her mingled so entirely with Melicent's meditations that she experienced no new emotion; but then, trembling and all joyfully disturbed, she remembered herself. As for the other, instead of stepping down from his pinnacle like a reasonably-behaved statue under such circumstances, he remained motionless and gazing upon Melicent with a surprise and something of an embarrassment more than equal to her own. It was plain to Grandpa Aubichon that he had been prepared for all disfigurement, and was thrown off guard by the complete contradiction of his expectations. But to Melicent there came no such suggestion. She remembered the dazzling bloom in which he had last seen her, and she could not but believe him shocked by an entire and displeasing contrast.

"Now you shall lunch and sleep before you speak a word," cried Grandpa Aubichon.

"No; let us stay here," said Ambrose, dreamily, still with Melicent's hand in his. "It seems like heaven. I come out of ice and fall upon roses. They were in bloom when I left."

So they strayed back to the great chair, the younger man throwing himself on the turf, with his face to the sky and away from the brook.

"I don't want to see the sight of water or hear a murmur of it—at least till this ice-crashing din is out of my head," he said. "It's just as if one had a hydrophobia."

"Poor fellow! He is thoroughly worn out. Will you have the arbor pillow, Ambrose—half poppy-petals and half rose?"

"A Sybaritic invention! No, I'll take a stone."

As he spoke Melicent slipped the cushion under his head.

"Well, and what has Grandpa Aubichon been doing since I have been gone?" he asked, looking up at her with a smile.

"Grandpa Aubichon? Oh, making folks happy."

"And what has Grandpa Grey been doing?"

"He is dead," said Melicent.

"Dead," repeated Grandpa Aubichon, with a tone which in spite of its falling cadence was a great piece of exultation, like a long breath of relief.

"And it makes any difference?"

"Why, yes and no. He did an unnecessary

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thing, and left Melicent his property, disinheriting Flora."

"Flora?.....Ah! What had Flora to do with him?"

"Flora was his adopted child. Taken out of the streets for her vagrant, gipsyish beauty. The same now to a whit!"

"I had forgotten, if I ever heard. Let me see!—you had a great passion for her, had you not, Miss Melicent?"

"A great affection. I have it yet."

"Why don't you give her back her money, then?"

"It is funded in her name; but she will not touch it. I don't know where she is."

"Humph! She'll turn up. Why didn't he leave it to Flora?"

"Oh, she wouldn't marry somebody that Grandpa Grey wished she should."

"Quite romantesque! Well, and what have you been doing?"

"She's been making sunshine," replied Grandpa Aubichon, vehemently; "and has a quantity laid by for rainy days."

"Don't use it for the next one that comes. I should so like to see a day weeping out of soft gray clouds, through screens and veils of glittering green, once more."

"And now tell us what you have done," said Grandpa Aubichon.

"As definitely as you have replied to me? I have done nothing."

"Nonsense, Ambrose! We know by the reports that your journey and your voyage, with their five winters, have accomplished wonderful things."

"No fault of mine."

"Granted. We'll allow that: any thing for peace. But what then personally have you been doing?"

"Been getting up theatricals."

"Indeed! And in what did you play?"

"'The Road to Ruin.'"

"I don't see your drift," said Grandpa Aubichon, with a little puzzled anxiety.

"Well, then, I have rowed myself up Salt River."

"Didn't know it debouched under those parallels."

"If you want the thing plainer—I have broken up my constitution."

"Ambrose, don't talk like a fool."

"Just as you please. Only the curse is on me."

"You look like it!" cried Grandpa Aubichon, with ironic anger, and a face like the gargoyle caving some ancient edifice.

"Pray believe that with as much certainty as you look forward to twenty summers I look forward to none."

"I'll believe nothing of the kind, Sir," stormed Grandpa Aubichon. "It's shameful. It's an absurd imposition. It's a— It's a— You've been round among a set of old fossil humbugs, who have frightened you to death for the sake of the fee. Die if you dare!"

"Frightened me? On the other hand, it is rather a subject of indifference to me. I've nothing in particular to live for. What destiny determines I shall do quietly. Perhaps the sharp share, Death, will turn up strange seeds, with rare new blossoms, in that dark furrow. Why not?"

Melicent's work had fallen, and she sat pricking the needle in and out, forgetful of every thing in creation. Shut in sunnily as they might be, they could not banish Death: his insidious breath was sliming the rose. Ah! if Ambrose died, why should she live? Slowly raising her eyes, they met his, fixed on her. She did not think of taking them away. under such scourges souls are laid bare. The dark orbs still held hers on their weary gazing, and when the eyelids fell, if in her soul hid a secret unknown even to herself, that glance had plunged and brought it, and held it up like a jewel to the other's perception, and suffered it to fall again into the silent depths. And there the subject staid—Melicent in an apathy, Grandpa Aubichon too much disturbed for any words, and the other looking up the clear heaven till its calm hushed him into a dream.

"There's nothing under the canopy the matter with him!" then, after a while, growled Grandpa Aubichon. "Nothing but fatigue. The color's the natural color of sleep, breath even, hands cool. He's a splenetic simpleton. I'll hear no more such talk. Might have known 'twould be the end," he muttered, "from the very day that accursed idea was broached. Why I suffered it to go on— What under the sun— Any man with common sense— No result under heaven— There'd be an exploring party to hell if there were any way of getting back!" And Grandpa Aubichon, fulminating his broken sentences, disappeared down the walks. The sun stole round and touched the sleeper's hair caressingly. Melicent rose and bent the boughs, and curtained her work upon them, that his slumber might not be broken; shook down a honey-suckle from its prop, that it might be soothed with sweetness unaware; went away and came again with a great bunch of green-house grapes, salvered on a vine-leaf, that when he woke should refresh him. Then she sat down as before, and, still with her eyes upon him, fell into reverie.

She was remembering all her little past in these few moments, and, with the rest, remembering that letter against which her heart was even now beating, and which had so strongly affected her life, reaching her, as it did, at a time when all her capability of impression was most sensitively fresh and tender. She recalled how she had held it in tremulous fingers, turned it over and over again in such pleased surprise, measured every stroke, and lingered so long on the seal—that seal the imprint of an antler only, to be borne haughtily, lord of the forest, or stretched low upon the back for unimpeded career. Within, not much; trivial words of careless kindness; but, to her, every sentence

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weighed out of the golden scales of experience. She had not then reflected that it might be but a whim or the offshoot of an idle hour; she had seen only that long months after he left her, she was still as vivid an object in his mind and affections as on the very day of his departure. While the years fled this absent and idealized man had grown in her fancy to something of the demigod; the days when she had known him, careless days of her gladness and beauty, forever wore a halo; she felt how any one, believed to be noble and pure, may come to overshadow all a young girl's heaven, till unconsciously she fashions her growth on his ideas and sees all nature only through their medium. She would have found it impossible to tell why, when she read the announcement of his return, such a thrill of wild happiness swept through her—as impossible as to say why in that first moment of tardy greeting she had felt the earth shift beneath her tread and place her in isolation. It was not with bitterness that now she recognized this; she had built no castles in the air, and so no ruins encompassed her; she had never indulged a day-dream, and knew no broken hopes; there had come to her simply the great need of loving. Living almost the life of a solitaire, she knew nothing finer than this heart; and denied, the fountain therefore did not shrink, but poured toward some other channel. She suffered merely an undefined melancholy, which for the moment breathed all about her face, but for the future was to be banished even from her heart, for there was enough gladness left in life. So absorbed was she in her vague thoughts that she did not remark that the eyes of the sleeper had opened, and were regarding her as she regarded him.

"Miss Melicent," he said, in a few moments, "you have just made a resolution. Now why should I not ask its nature?"

She smiled a little. "It was only—only to be very cheerful for Grandpa Aubichon."

"Miss Melicent, you know that sunshine flows spontaneously and perpetually only from a great joyful source of light and heat."

"I have a great joyful source of light and heat, Mr. Ambrose."

"Lucky for you." It was said between his teeth, like a fierce float of ice gritting against the pebbles on a beach.

"And the same sun shines for us all, Mr. Ambrose."

He opened his eyes widely, singular shades swept over his face; he rose then, went to bending lime-leaves and sipping water, collected a flock of orioles, swallows, and thrushes about him, and finally sent them all sailing down the stream on a strip of bark with his bunch of grapes.

"Why, Mr. Ambrose, they were for you!"

"And I've used them, haven't I? Now shall I tell you about my five years? Where's Grandpa Aubichon? If I could make one bore do for both of you it would save so many chips."

"Mr. Ambrose, I think you are a little changed."

"Of course the moon hasn't filled her horn threescore times without burning out some of my vital force."

"I mean, not to suppose that, we should like to hear your story a thousand times."

"Till it was an old story? Pardon, I am not so young and succulent. Ah! any other than I would have been changed indeed—would have been made all over; but I hold stoutly to my identity. Miss Melicent, if I had been a sculptor I should have learned strange secrets of group and shape, and wonderful laws of curve that all the mechanics in creation can't explain; if a painter— My God! what towering turrets and sailing steeps, what peaks of prisms, what arrows of snow-streaked lustre piercing a sapphire vault, what mystical ghostly splendors, what weird wild terrors, auroras, and midnights full of sharp black winds! I can teach you how to paint the desolation of icy silence. As it is, I may turn architect, and throw to the world a cluster of frozen minarets, a bundle of spires, one glacial dome."

"Mr. Ambrose, I never learned the reason why you are not already one of those."

"I can very easily tell you. When did you ever see a lake surrender its picture? And does a running river take tribute from the sea? No. I am just a mirror—a mirror to receive the image and hold it in the depths of my being, but with no power of emitting a single ray again."

"That does not seem to be right."

"Yes, it would be entirely right if it were entirely true. But if I were so I should be content, you see. And I am not content. What if I should tell you? I know intimately," he said, flushing and pausing in his walk, with his head turned aside that he might gaze upon her—"I know intimately that there is some expression for my soul, my power, somewhere. But what? I used to feel it when I heard the great stranding bergs grind on the bottom, when the tough hawsers sung out the gale, tense as strings tuned to the storm; and I felt it again down there in the tropics, as if repeated in minor, when the palm fanned a dreamy pond and the waters lapped the coral reef in murmurous antiphon; always when the wind blows. But I am thirty years old now, and—it is of no consequence. Whatever it may have been it is all barnacled over with alien whims, pursuits, and purposes. I would give my life to know it, though; in fact, have I not given it?"

"Mr. Ambrose, *I* know!" exclaimed Melicent, with radiant eyes.

"You?"

"When you are well and strong I shall tell you; not before: and you are not to ask"

"You will shut your secret in my dead hand then"

"Do not speak so. Want of strength in the body is always felt in the soul, Grandpa Aubichon says. You are to be as well as I am, and as satisfied, and far, far more significant in God's plans! that is in fate; do your best to meet fate half-way!" and her face glowed.

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"You would make Satan hope."

"That she would!" cried Grandpa Aubichon, from a little distance, as he approached, rolling up his vial-case. "Wide awake? Well, and what are you two discussing?"

"Every thing under the sun."

"And something under the rose, eh?"

"Yes, as you see," said Ambrose, plucking at the climbing noisettes above.

"Now, honey, there are ninety trifles and nine that need two brown eyes before dinner."

Melicent gathered up her work to slip away at his first syllable.

"And while she is gone, Ambrose, we'll look into your affairs, if you please. I know of a good investment or so, and I think you sold out when in England two years ago and left your funds on deposit?"

Melicent was stooping perforce to recover her scissors and spools and needle-book, that one after one kept rolling out of her hasty grasp, and unavoidably the reply struck her ear.

"One glance will answer, Sir. Drawn upon, and drawn upon. I have exactly enough to suffice me so long as I live. The last dollar will dissolve in my last *tisane*, and you'll put the change on my eyes."

"Great Heavens! are you lost to all sense of propriety? Have you no manner of feeling? Put these things off your lips and out of your thoughts. Never utter such a sentence again, unless you want to goad me into finishing your case with a dose of the bluest of pills!"

Ambrose laughed. "You shall be obeyed, Sir."

Then Melicent heard a great groan rend its way up from Grandpa Aubichon's heart, and throwing an involuntary glance over her shoulder she saw him turn suddenly and snatch the other to himself with a strong embrace, as if he had been a child, and his own child at that. And then with a certain inexplicable buoyancy, full of disbelief and of hope, she went in to await them.

When they entered the house at length after repeated ringings, Grandpa Aubichon seemed older by years, so that one might have imagined him to have lent a portion of his life to eke out the shorter thread of another, and over that there was yet a singular appearance in his countenance as if—Ambrose afterward said—some terrible pressure had closed a field of the ugliest gaps and crevasses into one solid surface; and the young man himself looked paler and somewhat weary, but with an air of intense happiness, as if for the first time in his life he had found affection and believed in it.

After dinner Grandpa Aubichon walked up and down the room with a steady tramp, while Mr. Ambrose lay in the arm-chair by the window and talked.

"I know why you think I'm changed, Miss Melicent," he said at last, when adventure upon adventure had been recounted. "It's because I speak so much of myself."

"You hadn't spoken of yourself then, Sir."

"But you felt my capacity, 'madam.'"

"I suppose," he continued, upon Melicent's smile, "that every one looks back at himself five years ago as a fool. I know *I* do. Not to imagine that it's all wiped away yet: my hours break with a misanthropical grain: I shall begin to sting myself soon for enjoying your kindness in this basking way. But you see I have been hibernating, living on my accumulations, my memories; and they were few. I had so few friends, scarcely any but yourselves, and so they intensified, and every year has renewed and strengthened your personalities and plowed deeper grooves for you in my soul. I used to long so to know if you were alive or dead, Dr. Aubichon, and then curse myself for caring. I could have staid five years later if I could only have had a letter."

"I couldn't send, Mr. Ambrose," said Melicent, after his sidelong glance at her. "You know the mails don't run to the Pole."

"But you might have written nevertheless, and up in that magnetic element I should have known what you wrote."

"I did. I used to write you in my journal at first."

"Then I know what it was. For I used to fancy your blithe little voice in my ear half the time for a year or two. What made you leave off?"

"I don't know. I got to be too old."

"Yes. And sometimes in the superstitious darkness, when a sudden shrill wind came whistling up from nowhere, and beat past us and away in fearful palpitation, when a spectral snow-wreath eddied and fell, when the wide and dreadful cold seemed to be an actual malevolent presence brooding above us, a mighty compression of terror, as if some fierce puissance had frozen and sealed up all beneficence, I had strange fancies. I lost my way one night in the ice, I remember, when I had left the others behind and was striking for the ship, to send them relief, and used all my ammunition in hopes to be heard, and wandered about till my wits began to fail. And I saw at first a singular blue sulphurous light playing round my gun, and then I believed it grew and fluttered all about me, and finally centred itself and went flitting on and on in advance till, when at length it had led me within a rod of the ship, I fainted. But I didn't faint from exhaustion, I think. It was sheer horror. Do you know, I thought the death-light was little honey's spirit here."

"Oh, Mr. Ambrose, so you think I'm a sulphurous spirit, do you?"

"I think you belong to the rosiest of heavens!"

"Mr. Ambrose, I've no doubt that those years, which seemed so terrible to think of, did you great good. You know sometimes a string that would give too wiry a tone is wound with its own substance long-drawn-out and attenuated."

"And you think I give a softer note now?"

"I am no judge. Perhaps you would give a rich, full note now if properly touched."

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"Pity I can't keep the vibration. No, it is in some natures as they listen to give a rich, full echo to a very sharp and griding sound."

"Bosh and blarney!" exclaimed Grandpa Aubichon. "Honey, what are you drawing?"

"Oh, just faces."

"What faces?"

"See if you can tell."

"Not I. The man in the moon? or the man without a shadow? or any body's *Doppelgänger?*"

"I suppose it is Prince Athanase," said Mr. Ambrose at a glance, coming and leaning on the back of her chair,

> 'Though his life day after day
> Was falling, like an unreplenished stream,
> Though in his eyes a cloud and burden lay,'

is it not?"

"If you choose. I hadn't any thing but the moment's fancies." And then the color flew over Melicent's throat and cheek, for she saw there the wave of the hair on the temple, the curve of the cheek, the droop of the mouth, that she hoped it were possible he himself had not seen.

"Ah yes," said Mr. Ambrose, with a slight start, and then a film of thought hazing slowly over his eyes, "I can comprehend;" and he sauntered back to his seat.

But after this another mood had fallen on Mr. Ambrose; the summer sweetness was veiled, and the old less lovely phase arose. Other people dropped in with the afternoon; a bluff sea-captain and his merchant for a chat with Grandpa Aubichon, a lady, a child. Mr. Ambrose surveyed them a second—he knew them of old and they were not to his taste—so tossing them a brief nod and word he relapsed into silence. And so for hours he sat, neither speaking, nor sleeping, nor dreaming, but just moodily rapt. A man who had wasted his whole youth in weak and wandering sin might have worn that weary guise at length; but he—there was scarcely a spot on his life, albeit the soul was not all unstained. Nor did he join them at the tea-table by-and-by, but moved his hand impatiently in sign to be let alone, for all Grandpa Aubichon's resounding voice and Melicent's gay clink of china. But when the latter brought him a cup of chocolate loaded with drowsy fragrance, and tiny crisp cakes baked from a recipe of Rose Standish's she said, he could not refuse to be beguiled into tasting.

"Melicent," he said, suddenly, by-and-by, as she stood near the piano watching a rosy ray from the sunset light up the forehead of Psyche, "you said that you knew my—my—what shall I say! vocation's the cant, is it not? a while ago. Very well. Retain your knowledge. It's not mine unless I find it myself. If I've not enough blind instinct to roll into my own orbit, it's God's fault, and I want no friendly shove from humanity!"

Her only answer was to touch the keys till beneath her fingers a vast chord grew up and wandered away in dropping vines of melody.

He turned angrily, the blood shot up his forehead till the wide veins roughly ridged it, his temples throbbed, his eyes flashed, and with that a great darkness swept off his face like the shadow of a sailing cloud, smiles rippled round his lips, and his eyes showered out light through the purple air as if a star were dissolving in their melting tenderness. For a time he stood so, as silent, as beautiful, as frozen as a statue, then he commenced walking up and down the room and unwittingly varying his movement as if to keep time with his thoughts. A band of wandering harpers struck their strings in quick fantastic tune somewhere out-doors. "Come, Melicent, let us waltz," he said; and together they went floating off in dreamy circles. Faster swept the hurrying strings without in their hazy unison, faster would have swept the steps within; but Melicent chose to linger on the beat, and with a lengthened languor swam in slower rise and fall. They seemed like the figures of a dream floating there, like blossoms blown by a murmuring wind, the darkness entered to gather and steal up about them—the phantoms of some graceful court, the creatures of the tune. A moonbeam rose and transmuted the soft gloom to amethystine mist, the harpers drew further away, their motion fell ever slower and slower till in stately grace it ceased.

Then Grandpa Aubichon came in, and, finding nobody disposed to talk, dropped asleep, and sitting down by him Melicent began to smooth his hair and roll the thick silver rings about her finger, and quiet settled on every object while the chiming clocks twice sung the hour, and the roses shook in fragrant response at the casement. Mr. Ambrose, still radiant, though silent, was standing half wrapped in the folds that always shrouded the picture of Melicent's mother.

"Melicent," he said, abruptly, in one of those singular tones that are scarcely to be heard by another than the one addressed, "Play it again! Sound that master-chord, that solution, that voice of the dumb soul, that key to my secret!"

"I can not play it again, Mr. Ambrose," she said. "It just came over me then like an inspiration. I don't know how to play."

"Then I shall!" he replied.

He went and sat down before the keys, bowed his head in some invocation, and then lifted his hands fearlessly, as if he could perfectly draw forth their golden hoard. But the soul within them was silent, the voice that he questioned was mute, masses of sound groaned disorderedly beneath his touch. Melicent, listening, became as one lost, his dream overshadowed her, all the universe seemed to lose its law and the world to be in harmony with these strange phases that followed one another in endless succession like the waves of mid-ocean lashed by storm, and never melting to any perfect whole. Then a great clang resounded. "And that is not it either!" cried Ambrose, rising. "Sing to me, little honey." And Melicent sang. It was just a thin, clear voice, fit for lullabies, delicate and low, singing a luscious little Italian night-

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song—much such a humming strain as a bee might croon over his cells of scented sweet with a blossom standing sentry at the door. But it was a shore to the tossing unrest in his mind, it broke there and subsided, and merged into gently swaying sleep.

"Always sing to me such songs, dear little girl," he said. "I believe you are my guardian angel cheated of your wings and your primal memories. At least you are God's bird of dawn, singing on a rose-tree spray under the morning-star. Good-night." He staid to strike a light. "What is this little thing, this thought, on my lips, that comes and still will come?" he murmured. And taking up the light he went out, singing in an under-tone as he went,

"Purple shadows, darkly dreaming,
On a distant grave."

"Now he's got a new kink!" exclaimed Grandpa Aubichon, who could bear nothing of this sort in his neighborhood, and had been in visible torment for the last hour. "Now he'll go plunging off to Germany to bury himself in uncouth sounds, or go up in a fiery chariot from some peak of the Apennines!"

"That is to say, a balloon. A polite way for naughty Grandpa Aubichon to call people—"

"A bag of wind?"

"No; he won't go, he'll stay with you."

"Well. But you mustn't any longer. If you're a little bird of dawn you must go to sleep before it's time to get up. I wish we had something to keep the poor fellow from moping to death with *ennui*, though."

"If we only had Flora!"

"I'll tell you what, honey. To-morrow I must go to Babylon—it's a meeting of the Kill or Cure Society—and I'll see a friend or two and make some inquiries, and you have a letter ready, and we'll find her if she's in the land of the living."

"Dear old Grandpa Aubichon! What would the world be without you?"

"I hope your world won't be without me for a good while yet, honey sweet."

"Dear Grandpa, you know you're so hale and strong," she said, nestling her face in his shining curls, "and I'm so—so *not* hale and strong—don't you suppose I can contrive to die when you do?"

"I suppose you'll die now if you don't go to bed; holding your eyes open with both hands! There, go to! Kiss me pleasant dreams and scamper!"

Grandpa Aubichon being gone the next week and the next, what was to hinder their taking themselves to the wilderness?—for a continuation of the garden stretched away into a great deciduous forest known by that title through all the country round. There was something very inspiriting and gay in the edges of these woods—the sunshine came filtering through the emerald roof with such a golden strain, the color of the sky cut itself with such a jewel-like transparence against the sharp angle of the oak-leaves, here and there a pine feathered off into the air, and gave such a depth of shadow to the brilliant lights of elm and birch, those jocund birches, frolicking and rollicking from sun till shadow, so glad to have broken into the summer, tittering and twittering, and set off by every slightest breeze into a fresh flutter with new hoards of gamesome secrets to whisper away—a man would need dye his conscience in blackest hellebore before he could be sad beneath them. Here all day long there was whistling and trilling above: the partridge whirred beside the path, the rabbit darted across it, and now and then in an open space they could see a young eagle slowly wheel and sail away again. A great white orchis sweetened all damp places, ferns tufted the interstices and tossed like plumes of tournament, and the moss of ages, velvet soft and freshly verdurous, draped rock and mound with cushioned ease. Now and then a break in the woods opened on wide meadow scenes where all color lay diffused in vaguest dreams—here the waving whitening rice-plain, there strained with rusty reds and deepening purples, and every where shifting the disguises with each cloud that swept a shadow across them. Beyond, on one side rose dun hills, on the other slumbered the sea.

Here in the dry, warm, sun-soaked moss lay Ambrose; and Melicent, throned on the low boughs, talked to him in a little monotone that she meant should give him rest, but which had the art of keeping his attention perpetually on the alert to catch the next inflection, it was so in tune with the rustle of the leaves, the murmur of the wind seemed to slide through it, and the faint hum of the forest wings; and as he listened, he watched—watched the fair face so pure of the world's breath, telling of lonely life and deep self-intimacy in its freedom from all outer impress. In the hours when she read to him, or when she sung quaint ballads, he fancied that he must have already died, and be lying now on the outskirts of heaven with some sweet saint to tend him. Nothing jarred with the dreamy state in which her presence wrapped him, other than thus her individuality never appeared: she became the incarnate shadow of his mood, whatever that mood might be. At length, when little remained of the past on which to speak, and they had not found that unreserve which opens the heart of to-day, however they might approach it with trembling divining rods, Melicent brought to light a cluster of those strange romances where in each one some man has garnered the whole poetry and reverie of his life, and so given his all to the world, embalmed his soul and died—and in such spheres, foreign and deeply delicious, they spent the long summer days. The ideal surrounded them and blended indefinably with daily things—the light was softer, the perfume deeper, the delight immortal. Each borrowed for the other the investments of the scene: they charmed and soothed as those of whom they read charmed and soothed: the one became grand and heroic with a hidden pathos in his life, the other more tenderly beautiful and holy. Love

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already shook his wings about them, and shed strange hints upon the air. Wandering home in the late afternoons they repeated to each other, till they timed their steps, such clinging verses as had nestled immemorially in their hearts. Sometimes so the day broke up in splendor; sometimes an east wind, rathe and rasping though so low, crept in and brushed the fogs before it; cold, treacherous vapors that, white and fleece-like, trailed all about them and overlay the branches like low-hung clouds; and after one such stroll Mr. Ambrose sought the wilderness no more. He was ill now, prostrate and pale, but not suffering, for Melicent seemed to spell all pain away, to prevent it, to destroy it; but when Grandpa Aubichon returned, he saw that the enemy had made long strides and fortified his intrenchments

"Come, come, honey!" he cried. "You're helping this man imagine himself *in extremis*. Hurry about, shuffle a little, make a noise!"

"Noise!" said Mr. Ambrose, rising on one hand from his lounge. "Why don't you ask one of the little cherubs—head and wings—in the Prayer-Book corners to make a noise?"

"They generally *are* doing their silent best with a penny trumpet."

"Noise from a sunrise cloud in the house, a balmy breath—"

"In fact, a medicated vapor," laughed Melicent.

But here Grandpa Aubichon bustled round himself to change the aspect of things; in the first place emptying a basket of blossoms in a rosy rain over both Melicent and Ambrose, then winding up the old music-box till it struck to the tune of Alaster M'Alaster, and finally looping back the curtains, throwing wide the shutters, and flooding the place with lustre. A long yellow beam touched Melicent: as Ambrose watched it strike and spread about her, its effect was for him like that of the writing on the wall, and then in its heat and power all the secret writing of these swift days started into light. From their warm drifting dream he was awake. He seemed to hold his heart in his hand—ah, how noble, should his grasp close and he carry this new fact with him, like a slumbering angel of resurrection, into his tomb! Ah, how selfish, should he weld that young life with his own in the forge of a life-long sorrow! He fell back faint and blind, roused by the airy sprinkle of perfume from that little hand above him. Ah, how sweet to lapse along this sunny tide, and so sink into the great sea!

"Well, honey. I have found Flora," said Grandpa Aubichon at tea.

"Found Flora!"

"Traced her. And been doing what—do you suppose?"

"I can't wait to suppose, dear Grandpa Aubichon!"

"Studying for the stage! And has a wonderful engagement in prospect."

Ambrose's lip curled in a silence of satirical scorn.

"And will she succeed?" asked Melicent, sparkling.

"She has extraordinary talent."

"I always knew there was something—dear old Flor—but I never thought of that. Opera, of course. And did you get down on your knees, Grandpa Aubichon, and beg her to come here?"

"I left an urgent message to the effect that this was her home: in case she fails, you know."

"But she won't fail!"

Here Grandpa Aubichon plunged into a heap of accumulated letters, and Mr. Ambrose sauntering to the casement, at length stepped through it, drawn by certain deep-honeyed scents beyond, and then down the walks and out into the warm rich sunset. When, half an hour later, he turned the angle of the house, the picture of Melicent, as she sat half-way up the old wooden staircase, now as before covered with the honeysuckles' rich and satisfying atmosphere of sweetness, struck him not so much as a picture as like the reflection of himself in a glass. He was only watching the ruddy tinge of the west cast back and painted on the tender east, and he mounted and sat beside her.

"You look quite well," she said, gayly.

"I am quite well. I was before. Only one needs a point to pronounce the fact for one, and that was Dr. Aubichon's return. How sweet the air, how lovely the hour!" he murmured, after a brief silence of enjoyment. "You'll never die here; this house, this garden, it is only a little suburb of immortality."

"If it were!"

"Don't you suppose the gods tire of themselves and have dreadful yawns?"

"No; they have 'laughter never spent,' you know. Nothing so blissful as a god's nature could. The sun would sooner cease shining."

Here a pause, into which the stars stole trembling, and soft darkness crept up to woo the fragrance.

"Strange!" he exclaimed, at length. "When I came I was so indifferent to death; and now, in thinking of it, I seem to look out of these clasping sunbeams into a cold, black, and horrible gap."

"Why, Mr. Ambrose, then you do not love God!"

"No, Miss Melicent, I love you!"

If some wand of transformation had stricken her the blow would not have startled more. She had schooled herself never to hope for it, to dream of it, fancy it; and at the sound wide valves folded back and the lustre of a new world smote her in the face. She had known calm, and here was turbulence: into her soft demi-monde broke fierce lights and shades. An emotion that should have been joy and was yet like fear made her soul tremulous within her. Previously love had permeated all her substance; the love that is sacrifice—should she receive into her soul the love that is divine? The winds seemed to breathe about her with fervor as she leaned toward his waiting arms; the stars to

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throb in silver chorals; the very blossoms to burst their innermost cells and diffuse around her a fresh and sacred meaning: her eyes anointed read the secret of creation.

And he who had caused this commotion, who had laid such a hand on her heart-strings, and was arousing a vibration never to cease, attended her will with assured quiet. Words had escaped him which he had meant to seal in silence forever, and now he must bear their weight.

"And yet, Melicent," said he, "it is hope that makes the horror. Death will be as idle a word as before if you say that you do not care for me."

"But you know I do, Mr. Ambrose."

Ah! to be so drawn into those arms; to be wrapped away in that heart; to cease standing without the walls of heaven; to enter with the worship, and become lost in the god! Soul sealed with soul, one life, one death, one eternity. No longer apart from him, but, come what fate might, his very self. As Melicent clung to her lover in the first timid flush of joyful trust she believed herself blessed among women: so gladly she assumed her destiny—the destiny of all her kind—the cross, the crown of thorns, the everlasting rapture.

There was but little to say: the tide rises higher than words over full-freighted moments. A murmured endearment, a touch, a caress; the love was so profound, the bliss so still. They sat, tenderly tranquil, and suffered the night to deepen around them. All nature seemed to conspire, wishing to soothe and to satisfy, sending its hushed influences to reassure them there sequestered in the gloom and fragrance. And as Ambrose, with closed eyes, felt her breath on his cheek, and her head bowed above him in the broad-burdened hour, and under the solemn midnight depths, he could have imagined that they floated out, up-buoyed, on some sweet sea that was to strand them only on the shores of another world.

But a voice broke through the quiet lapse: Grandpa Aubichon summoned them in, as he woke suddenly to the fact of their absence and of the fallen dew; and they parted there, under the stars, in that first separation, pointed as Ithuriel's spear, the test of true and false, and after which each fears to look at the other lest they have only dreamed.

How sunnily the days slipped by—the weeks how swiftly—brimmed with happiness, yet calm as pastorals! Pain nor grief rose before them; death was carried captive. Life became to Melicent a summer idyl. Her sensation was so involved with the complete joy of these days that, whatever disaster or despair might overtake her, her whole nature would be sealed and stamped with their impress, her temperament infiltrated with their effluence, and she could not but take even sorrow kindly. And as for him, the fact that he was capable of such experience, could so inspire, could so receive, alone insured his soul's salvation. Still the rose opened wider and wider; each day unfolded a rarer petal; and they wandered in fresh labyrinths of sweetness. With Melicent youth was at flood. But for this season she would have glided through a life of soft neutral tints; now her emotions broke in flashes of vivid color. So new and so precious was her delight, that certainty of possession was in perpetual ebb and flow. With her all was riot; with Ambrose all was calm. Over his dark eyes and keen features there grew the refinement of peace. Yet you would never have known her joyous trouble except for the changing flush low on the cheeks—for the sparkle kindling and quenching in the irids. The old repose and gentle calm hovered round about her manner yet. And all the time Grandpa Aubichon went and came, like a beneficent Jove, drowning care in the splendid skies that July had folded about the earth, and happier than Jemschid's jeweler could have been, because he had a love-affair upon his hands. But yet there was a thorn beneath the rose. If she had failed to feel the sting when she grasped it first, the pain throbbed there now, for in the very words wherein he told his love he had denied a larger love. Daring and yet distrustful, she waited, knowing that, while this love ripened in all its suns and breezes, that must needs be born—not knowing that in her life alone he was daily lifted to a higher plane.

The days when Ambrose made delicious drowse all the noon in scented hay-ricks, lolling home from the fields at length on the cloud-cushioned loads—those days were all over; the berries, too, dark and shining, as clusters of midnight dew should be, were left for the birds to peck up on the high hill-pastures, and he heaped himself no more with sheaves of the aromatic fern, but chose instead the broadest sunbeam of the garden, and steeped himself in it with most oblivious idlesse.

To-day a shimmering August rain was falling every where, and to dispel the musty dampness of the rooms Melicent went about sprinkling rose-water till the air was sweet as that of some Oriental palace-court. The fine showers came sifting half through sun and half through cloud, till it seemed as if a hoar-frost were sheeting its jeweled net-work round the windows, and every once in a while a ravishing rainbow started up from nowhere, and as suddenly melted again into the murk weather.

"I always said there was enchantment here," said Ambrose, pointing at the rain. "Here we are sealed away from the world in our crystal walls; and these are the last letters Thomas will ever bring you!"

Melicent rose to take them, and sat down again at his feet. "That's for Grandpa Aubichon," she said; "and that, and that; here are the Sodom and Gomorrah papers; that's for you; here's mine. Dear old Flor! don't it look as if she wrote with a sunbeam?"

"Well, honey," said Grandpa Aubichon, entering with his pipe in his fingers, "what news?"

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"Flora. Every thing! Appears in the fall —goes South—sings in Havana. Can't come to us till spring."

"Concisely given. Then we must go to her."

"We, Grandpa?"

"All of us."

"Aren't we well enough here?" sighed Ambrose. "Are you going to break the spell?"

"Summer is your life, my lad. This one is—"

"This life is most over. Yes."

"Tush! Then let us slip into another."

"When?"

"Oh, after harvest."

"That will be too late," murmured Melicent, reminded of what she endeavored to forget and refused to believe. "The frosts are deadly."

"Nonsense! It will do him good to see the sunny half of an October peach."

"Ah yes, Grandpa Aubichon, one word for him, and how many for somebody else? You have seen the sunny half of sixty October peaches, take a citron or a papaw this year."

"Little tyrant! See what it is to have no liberties, Ambrose. Well, then, let us sail in October. Those my letters, honey?"

"Shall you like it?" asked Melicent of Ambrose.

"Of course I shall. Simmering over the sea, resting there under giant plumes of luxuriant leaf beside the plain of everlasting azure—so dreamy, so lazy, as it breaks inshore, but far out creaming on the coral reefs. I should like to be buried in the sea, Melicent. Let me down into the deep of that inverted heaven that I may feel its great heaving heart and share its infinity." She threw her arms forward and around him, caressing through impetuous tears, striving to speak, but stifled with sobs, and assuaging the sudden anguish with kiss after kiss scattered on his lips.

"Hush, hush, little love!" he said, partly rising. "It was only a fancy. Don't cry; forget to think. Perhaps we shall never die, who knows?" And so he soothed the aching heart, and won the fair face back to its old guise, half peace, half melancholy, the parted lips yet trembling with the returning thought, the eyes yet gleaming through suspended tears.

"Don't let them fall," he said, lightly. "Keep them till I go."

"Till you go? But I am going too."

"Are you really? I thought that was one of Grandpa Aubichon's *canards* to make the idea easier at first, so that parting should not come at last in a grand *douche*. So much the less need of sorrow. You go with me, sweet? Yet how do you know I shall allow it?"

"Allow it?"

"I may be too ill to have any but the nearest—" But here the color touched his face as he remembered himself.

"Mr. Ambrose," replied Melicent, simply, after a slight pause. "I suppose you mean I should go as your wife. But do you know—I feel that your love for me arose out of weakness and pain. I have no right to take advantage of it, for in perfect health you might choose a very different person."

"Then you mistrust me, Melicent!"

"Is it mistrust? No, it is love, it is love!" she whispered.

So Summer stripped off her glory and was away over the seas, where shortly Grandpa Aubichon and the others found her. Having ascertained that the residence of a man whom he had known in the days when he followed the sea was yet in existence, though vacant, thither Grandpa Aubichon transported a household. This man had been a descendant of the old buccaneers, and with the instinct of race had fixed his home in a very solitude of sea. Aside from the highways of the ocean, it leafed and fruited unsuspected through its ages; approached by nothing but shallop or corral, an islet less than half a mile in extent, cousin to the Cayman-braque and those myriad others—pearls threaded with most melodious names—far too insignificant for charts. They reached it in boats; and leaving behind them the blue mountains of Jamaica, it seemed at first, lying so low in its shoals, the merest vapor steaming forever from the surface of the shining sea; and then with nearer view, as its one granite needle and its gigantic group of palms and mangos sketched themselves against the light, a fleet of masts floating up the horizon; and suddenly, with one of the fantastic sea-transformations, they found themselves slipping along the shore through waters darkly transparent under the lofty shadow of its arching grove. Long forgotten by its central fire-fountains, the isle yet dimly preserved their trace, and, crater-like, its heart dipped between the shore and the precipitous south shaft into a gentle hollow, where all soft airs and medicinal balms collected. On this rocky shaft the winds that came across the sea, full freighted from their far flight over ranker regions of unbounded forest—wildernesses where tropic odors brooded—dropped half their rich lading in precious dew, that whether it dripped from spine to spine of the great cactus blooms that starred the topmost crevices in crimson and in snow, or wafted thence on breezes of balsam, seemed yet to breathe round the place an inviolate wall that shut it from the salt sea in an isolation of perfume as our atmosphere shuts us in from space. Nestled in this island valley, and ringed with the giant feathery ferns, they seemed to be below the level of the waters that emblazoned themselves above in one edge of deepest tint, like the rim of a drinking-cup embossed in a wrought-work of sapphires, and out of which the sky foamed forever in a golden luxury of light. Half-way up the great rock a fountain burst into the air, and leaping along under domes of spray and rainbow, it tore swift passage down the shaft and disappeared in a fissure again, whence conducted through some dark passage, it fell on the other side into the sea; but its impetuous wings fanned into life great currents that swept away all impurity, and the

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beatings of its constant heart sent freshness in great veins of health throughout the air.

"I'm good for so long as you've the mind to stay, Dr. Aubichon," cried Ambrose. "It's impossible to die here. It's just a day dropped out of heaven, taking such shape as it fell. A thousand years as one day."

"'Twouldn't be too long for me if it were," replied the other.

As for Melicent, she looked about her in a maze. It seemed to be a garden floated off from the lost *Manoa*, becalmed and moored in this enchanted spot. Sweeter than the valley of Avilion, more mysterious than the yet unfound Isla de Arin, so hidden from others that it would seem to have repelled their compass needles, and have become unattainable as a cloud in heaven, sphered in impenetrable summer. In later years, as her memory went to hover over it, she could hardly believe that it were any thing but the wildest vision, till one spot embowered in its shadows rose and stamped it ineffaceably on fact. But apart from its mystic seclusion, from its air of everlastingness, as if it were a thing forgotten by the great powers of the universe, passed over by destruction and decay, all its tides and breathings were balm. In this languishing warmth, this fertilizing atmosphere, they might well forget the future; the luxuriant riot of stem and root, the great flowers that seemed, as they hung in the shadow, to be radiant with the inexhaustible life in their hearts, the depth of sky, the wondrous loveliness on every side, the very approach of so much vitality—from them all Ambrose drew a stronger, longer life. And Grandpa Aubichon, who appeared to think that in bringing Ambrose here he had deployed a wonderful strategic force over nature, and diplomatized with death, rubbed his hands in an imaginary lavatory every hour, and regarded the sleeping and waking breath of his patient as entirely an affair of his own workmanship.

Melicent's presence threw round this airy habitation all the grace of home. Books, and prints, and tiny treasures of alabaster scattered themselves about; and shells of curious beauty, picked up along the shore to which they now and then climbed, vased the torrent of blossoms that daily overflowed the house, the house itself buried in splendid trailers, and a deep tangle of loose and interlaced greenery.

"The place seems to seize every thing," said Ambrose. "If you stand still long enough under that dropping yaguey spray it will knot you and net you in inextricable coils. If I lie here five minutes, letting this dazzle of light soak through me, I find a foot or a hand fast banded in the hurrying vines. It must be as healthful for the soul as for the body here, Nature seems so desirous of taking us to herself."

"It seems to me like those Happy Islands in Mirza's dream," said Melicent.

"Yes, and that is very cheering," he replied, throwing his clasped hands above his head and falling back, to luxuriate more entirely, "because, of course, you couldn't be there unless you deserved to be. And so you feel yourself possessed of all the virtue incident to those people who went to and fro in white robes and with harps of gold."

"And what adds to the feeling," she said, "is, that we lose the count of the days; the seasons are so confused that we seem to have done with time."

"And to have begun eternity? Yes; but that is one of our errors, because we merely pass the hours, merely spend them. We measure time; formerly people weighed it. Clocks are convenient liars; they have taught us to regard eternity not as a state of being, but as an affair of duration. I don't think men will ever get it through their gross perception, till death refines them, that there are no such things as time and space."

"Listen. Mr. Ambrose, is that a nightingale?"

"A noonday nightingale. An unrecognized species."

"It comes so from that covert of shade, it seems as if the golden anther of that great white bell were singing."

"And the fragrance were the tune."

They listened till the song went wandering away into deeper depths of shadow, where it should refresh itself in the richest draughts of the honey-wine.

"Oh the place is haunted," said Ambrose, then. "Doubtless elfinly—but haunted. We are waited on and welcomed by the souls of the fairies who died with Shakspeare. I shall come out here under the midnight, some time, darkly bathed in odorous dew, and surprise them at their revels while they think us asleep, and have stepped from their aura of invisibility—and I shall learn wonderful secrets, secrets that they whisper among themselves, or that drop, a little later, from the lips of listening orchids."

"For instance—"

"For instance, I shall learn that we preserve the immortality we have found here only on condition of never seeing the full moon. That this Governess of Floods who hides her sceptre and pretends to be a satellite, in her witch-dance round the earth, rules the tide of the trees as the tide of the seas, and therefore the spells that I may work with a spike of aloe when the sap mounts or when it falls. I shall learn that the poisons that are death-pangs in her gibbous ray are innocuous sweets as she wanes. I shall learn at what moment of what receding night-tide to climb the shore's rim yonder, and, descending the beach, find my mermaid with perfumed locks singing dulcet strains on the reef outside the dark lagoon. And I shall feel a dim warning that has been read from the mystic writing on the sphinx Atropos, a dim warning of the hour in what dark morning prime these phantoms shall cease to stand between me and the actual, and the beetle and the glow-worm begin to stake out my grave."

"You will be a great enchanter," said Meli-

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cent, laughing in order to hide the shudder that would creep coldly over her. "And you will command the springs of life and know the potent berry in whose juice the Immortals dip their spears, that you told me of yesterday, so to shoot Death with his own shafts."

"You will become a very Poke o' Moonshine, and will naturally dissolve in these torrefying sunbeams if you don't seek a roof straightway," said Grandpa Aubichon, rising from his own nest and shaking off the deposit of a tropical hour that had tried to assimilate him with the granite foundations of the place.

"Saint Aubichon, in an aureole of flower-dust and powder off moths' wings!" exclaimed Ambrose. "Of course we are his thralls. Not obeying the saints here, they bring a hurricane or an earthquake, or some other day of judgment, and explode it round about us. At his service," he added, rising. "Come, darling, there's a dream in a drowse waiting to chariot you through siesta!" And catching Melicent like a lily-stem, he throned her, perfect and petite, upon his arm. "Don't you see how strong I am?" he said. "I absorb vitality from the leaves."

"Make the most of them," responded Grandpa Aubichon. "Your stock for threescore and ten must be stored in as many days. Time's half up."

"Not a moment more to linger? It's idle talking; I can't go. I never shall be satiate with this sea, this splendor, this drunkenness of odor. This sweet sunny space has been such bliss, Dr. Aubichon! It has been such rest, such quiet."

"One of the seasons when the soul grows," said Melicent, laying her cheek against his hair —hair whose fine soft darkness alone would have attested the owner's organization.

"It has made me so good, too," he said, laughingly; and tossing her to his shoulder with one of his old arts of the athlete. "I can't imagine the possibility of sin. I am sure I am an angel!"

"I am sure somebody else is. Honey, come down, or I shall think you are going up for good."

"I can't go up for bad, Grandpa Aubichon."

"Yes you could, if you left us behind."

"Ah, wherever I go, I shall yet have her. My rose can never close its petals!"

And so the three disappeared under the dense forest screen of shadow and coolness.

OSGOOD'S PREDICAMENT.

OSGOOD took a cane-bottomed chair whose edges had given way from the application of boot-soles, cane and umbrella ferules, and studied his predicament. He commenced this necessary study early in the morning in his room, which was in a boarding-house situated in this metropolis. The early carts were taking their way down town through a blue haze, which in the country prefigured a golden day. The milkman, the walk-sweeper, and the rag-picker, were the only creatures moving in Osgood's neighborhood. The time was propitious for meditation and resolve, but Osgood's head was not ready. The still Champagne that he had drank the night before buzzed in his brain. With a glass of it in his hand, under a side gas-light, in the drawing-room of his Aunt Formica, he had proposed marriage to a handsome dashing girl, and the handsome dashing girl had accepted him. They swallowed the bubbles on the "beaker's brim," thinking it was the Cup of Life they were drinking from. Neither supposed that the moment was one of exhilaration or enthusiasm. Osgood never felt so serious, or so determined to face the music, as he called it, which was the short for a philosophical design to march boldly through life, and shoulder its necessities with a brave spirit and a martial air.

Osgood was intelligent, agreeable, and handsome. He had advanced no further into life than to give this impression. He knew nothing more of himself than that he was intelligent, handsome, and "plucky." He had no father or mother, but he had an aunt who had married Mr. Formica; this pair, effete in themselves, belonged to that mysterious class who are always able to get their relatives places under Government. When Osgood was eighteen they obtained a place in the Sub-Treasury, which yielded him the income of fifteen hundred dollars. Aunt Formica expected a great deal from him in the way of deportment and dress. The exigencies of his position, she observed, compelled him to do as those around him did. Of course he never laid up any of his salary, but he kept out of debt, and in doing this he fulfilled the highest duty that came within his province. His associates were young men who had more money than he, and who expected him to spend as much as they spent. The houses he visited were inhabited by people who took it for granted that all who came in contact with them were as rich as themselves. The Formica interest was large. When he went to Washington with his aunt, he went the rounds of the senators' houses and hotels in the way of calls, dinners, and parties. When he went to Boston with her he began his visits at the right hand of Beacon Street, and branched into the streets behind it, where as good blood abides, though it has not the same advantage of the air of the Common. Wherever he went expense was involved, in the way of gloves, bouquets, cards, fees to errand boys, exchange of civilities in lunches, cigars, ale, brandy, sherry, stage, hack, and car fare, which he bore like a hero.

Lily Tree, the girl whom he proposed to marry, belonged to a family of the Formica species. It sailed through society all a-taut with convention, and was *comme il faut* from stem to stern. Lily and Osgood had always known each other. They passed through the season of hoop and ball, dancing-school, tableaux, and charades together; sympathized in each other's embryonic flirtations; and were such fast friends that no

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one ever dreamed of any danger to them from love. But as the wagon that goes from the powder-mill in safety innumerable times at last carries the keg which explodes it, so Osgood and Lily at last touched the divine spark which threw them out of their old world into one they had not anticipated.

This was part of Osgood's predicament.

What made him do as he had done?

Why had Lily accepted him?

She would never, he argued, consent to go out of the area which bounded her ideas, and which comprised a small portion of New York, Boston, Washington, and the tour of Europe, which meant a week in London, six months in Paris, and ten days in Rome. Unless he descended from the Sub-Treasury, and sought some business, such as making varnish, glue, buttons, soap, sarsaparilla, or sewing machines, could he marry? What shrewdness had he in the place of capital to bring to bear on the requirements of these Yankee callings? How he worried over the prospect which looked so pleasant the night before! Champagne, flowers, light, and perfume were gone from it. He pitied himself in his helplessness. The thought of Lily deprived of her delicate evening dresses, her diurnal bouquets, caramels, and her pecunious caprices, was not pleasant. He could not see her in any light that made her so agreeable as in the light that he must certainly cause her to lose.

Something practical must be done.

Naturally he looked into his pocket-book. There was eighteen dollars in it—all the money he had. It was the last day in the month, however, and he was entitled to draw one hundred and twenty-five dollars. He shut his pocket-book and looked into his closet. He found there several pairs of patent-leather boots and a brilliant dressing-gown. "Pooh!" he said, peevishly, and shut the door. He then examined his bureau: in its drawers were many socks, shirts, cravats, four sets of studs and sleeve-buttons, and five scarf-pins. He rattled the studs and buttons thoughtfully; but nothing came of it, and he closed the drawers. His eye then fell on a dress-coat which he had worn for the first time the evening before. He resolved to take the coat back to Wiedenfeldt, his tailor. This resolve was the nucleus probably of his future undertakings. He finished dressing and left the house. Before reaching Wiedenfeldt he purchased and drank a bottle of Congress Water. He also stopped at a favorite restaurant and made an excellent breakfast, and came away with a "Relampagos"—a small cigar of superior flavor—and three daily papers. His interview with Wiedenfeldt was satisfactory; the coat was taken back, and when he had settled the matter he felt as if a beginning had been made in a new and right direction.

That afternoon he drew his pay, and walked up town. The moment he entered his room his predicament fell upon him again, and his spirits sunk. He sat on the edge of his bed, so quiet in his misery that he began to hear the ticking of the watch in his pocket; it associated itself in his mind with the sound and motion of railroad-cars. He felt himself traveling hundreds of miles away, listening all the while to a rhythmic sound, which said, "Many a mile, many a mile." Why should he not go "many a mile, many a mile," in reality? He went out immediately and bought a valise. After that his demeanor was settled and tranquil. He then wrote three notes—to his chief, his Aunt Formica, and Lily. The first was a note of resignation; the second conveyed the information to his aunt that he was sick of his place, had thrown it up, and was going out of town for a change of air. He regretted, when he began his note to Lily, that he had not sent her some flowers. A momentary impulse to go and see her stayed his hand; but he remembered that she must be at Mrs. Perche's "sit-down supper" that evening, and resumed writing. He begged her to enjoy herself, and not miss him while he was away. He did not know what to write besides, but put in a few chaotic expressions which might or might not mean a great deal.

While he put a few necessary articles in the valise he wondered where he should go, never dropping the thought that he must go somewhere. The remainder of his wardrobe, including the brilliant dressing-gown, he packed in a trunk and locked it.

He rang the bell, and when the waiter came up asked for the landlady, Mrs. Semmes. The waiter thought that it was not too late to see her in her own parlor, and lingered, with his hand on his chin and his eyes on the valise.

"Jem," said Osgood, "I have left some boots in the closet, and some shirts in the drawers, which are at your service."

The alacrity with which Jem changed his attitude and expression struck Osgood with a sense of pain. "How horribly selfish servants are!" he thought, taking his way down stairs. Mrs. Semmes hoped there was no trouble, and asked him to be seated. He looked at her earnestly; she was the only one to say farewell to. Never had he looked Mrs. Semmes in the face before; he had only seen the hand into which he had placed the price of his board.

"I came to tell you, Mrs. Semmes, that I am about to leave town for the present. Will you allow my trunk to remain here? If I do not return in a year and a day, break it open."

Mrs. Semmes promised to keep the trunk; took some money due her; wondered at his going away at that time of year, and asked him his destination.

"I think I shall go to Canada," he answered, vaguely.

"There must be snow there, by the accounts."

"Where shall I go?" he was about to say, but checked himself.

"If you were going East," she continued, "you would find the ground bare enough, especially in the neighborhood of the sea: the sea-winds melt the snow almost as soon as it falls."

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"I think I will go East," he said, musingly. He sat so long without saying any thing, staring straight before him, that Mrs. Semmes began to feel fidgety. She recalled him to the present by walking to the window. He started, bade her good-by, and retired.

He tossed about all night in a feverish sleep, tormented with dreams which transformed Lily into a small child which he was compelled to carry in his arms, or furnished his Aunt Formica with a long spear, with which she pursued him, and was forever on the point of overtaking him.

At 8 o'clock A.M. he might have been seen by a detective at the Twenty-seventh Street dépôt. A few minutes after he was going through the tunnel; and, emerging from that, he considered himself fairly divided from New York. At the first station beyond the State-line of Massachusetts he consulted a map, and concluded to stop at the junction of the Old Colony Railroad. There he changed the route, and in the evening reached a town which seemed waiting to go somewhere else, where he passed the night.

The next morning he started on his travels again toward Cape Cod. Five miles beyond a large village, in a flat, sterile, gloomy region, he alighted with his baggage, and said, "This is the place for me." The train went on, and the dépôt-master went into his little den without noticing Osgood. Several tall school-girls, who had come to watch for the train, strolled down a cross-road, and he was alone. He went to the end of the platform and surveyed the country. He stood on the edge of a wide plateau along which ran the railroad track. Beyond that a road deviated through dismal fields, by unpainted houses, large barns, and straggling orchards. Below the plateau a wide marsh extended, intersected by crooked creeks, which gnawed into the black earth like worms. A rim of sea bordered the tongue of the marsh, but it was too far off to add life to the scene. The sedge, giving up all hope of being moistened by the salt waves, had died in great circles, which looked like mats of gray hair on some pre-Adamite monster's buried head.

Osgood determined to pursue the windings of the road. He plowed the sand for two miles, and at a sudden turn of the road came upon a house, with a number of barns and sheds attached to it. A dog with a stiff tail ran out from a shed and barked at him, and a pale-faced woman in a muslin cap appeared at a window of the house. He knocked at the door: she opened it.

"Will thee come in?" she asked.

He entered, following her as he would have followed a ghost. She moved a chair from the wall without the least noise, and he dropped upon it. As he looked at her his identity seemed slipping away—seemed to be slipping into an atmosphere connected with her and her surroundings. She brought him some water which she dipped from a pail near by, and held the cocoa-nut dipper which contained it to his lips.

"Thee has come to us from strange parts, I reckon, from thy looks."

"Yes," he answered, absently; "I needed change."

"There has been no change here since the Indians went away. If thee will look across the road thee can see the ground is strewed with the bits of shells from their feasts."

He went to the window, and again remarked to himself, "This is the place for me."

"Could you," he asked, going toward her, "let me stay with you a while?"

"Did thee come to the Marsh End station this morning?"

"Yes; my valise is there."

"Thy parents are rich?"

"I have none."

"Thee has been well cared for, though."

"I have not left home because of any—" Misfortune, he was about to say, but that did not seem to be the right word; so he tried to think of something else to say. She saw his embarrassment, and said, quickly,

"I never have harbored a stranger; but if Peter likes, he may take thee."

Osgood thanked her so pleasantly that she determined he should stay. She asked him his name, his age, his place of residence, his business, and his intentions. Except in regard to the latter, his answer proved satisfactory; and when Peter returned at noon from the distant shore with a load of sea-weed, she introduced Osgood as if he were an old acquaintance of whom Peter was in a state of lamentable ignorance. He pushed his hat on the back of his head, shook hands with Osgood, and said, "Maria, will thee give me my dinner?" taking no further notice of Osgood till she had placed it on the table. It consisted of stewed beans, boiled beef, apple-pie, and cheese. Osgood ate half a pie, and established himself in Peter's good graces.

"Thee will learn that Maria's pie-crust beats all," he said.

"Thee is ready to consent," said his wife, "to keep young Osgood a while?"

"I don't know yet," answered Peter.

But after dinner he harnessed his horse and went to the dépôt for Osgood's valise, which he carried up stairs and deposited in the spare room. He then invited Osgood to take a look at the premises. He wished to make his own investigations in regard to Osgood without Maria's intervention. They lingered by the pig-sty, and while Peter scratched the pigs with a cord-wood stick, exchanged views of men and things. Peter saw the capabilities of Osgood's character, and easily divined the manner of life he had led. He knew him to be selfish from ignorance, and because he had early formed the habits which impose self-indulgence. Something in the young man's bearing won his heart—a certain impetuous simplicity and frankness which made him long to be of service to a nature unlike his own. Osgood found Peter genial, shrewd, and sad. Such a man he had never met. It seemed to

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him that Peter could set him straight in his own estimation; there was no nonsense about the old man, and yet he could see deep feeling in his dark, cavernous eyes. The feeling which had oppressed him passed away, and another took its place which contained restoration, and faith in the future. He got into Peter's way by attempting to help fodder the cattle and "slick up" the barn. When the work was done, and while Peter fastened the barn-doors with an ox-bow, Osgood looked about him. It was a March afternoon; no wind blew, and no sun shone; but the gray round of the sky, which neither woods nor hills hid from his sight, rolled over him in soft commotion. The reddish, barren fields stretched in their flatness beyond his vision, and the narrow roads of yellow sand ran to nowhere. The world of God, he thought, he saw for the first time; and, away from the world of men, felt himself a *man*.

He looked so kindly upon Maria when he entered the house that she delayed the stream of the tea-kettle which she held over the tea-pot to admire him. The supper was the dinner—cold, with an addition of warm biscuits; and again Osgood ate himself into Peter's good graces.

The evening was passed in silence. Peter smoked, Maria mended, and Osgood reflected. A violent storm arose in the night, which lasted three days. They were improved by Maria and Peter in overhauling garden-seeds in the garret, and in setting up a leach-tub in the wood-house. Osgood assisted. When he was alone with Maria she talked to him of the boy who was lost at sea, and of the girl who died in childhood; with the hungry eyes of a bereaved mother she looked upon him, and his heart was touched with a new tenderness. When he was alone with Peter the old man sounded the depths of the young man's soul with wise, pathetic, quaint speech; he went over the ground of his own life, which had been passed on the spot where he now was, with the exception of several mackerel voyages, and one in a merchant vessel to some of the southern ports of Europe. But when together Peter and Maria never talked with Osgood on personal matters. Between them a marital silence was kept, which was more expressive than the conjugal volubility which ordinarily exists; it proved that they had passed through profounder experiences.

When the storm ceased Peter went to the station for his Boston newspaper, which he read to Maria, who took it afterward and read it over to herself. Brother Quakers, Peter's neighbors, who lived out of sight, dropped in from time to time to exchange a word with Maria, or hold talks outside with Peter, with one foot in the rut and the other on the wagon-step. The present subject of interest, Osgood discovered, was the approaching Quarterly Meeting, and the mackerel fishery. Peter asked him to accompany himself and Maria to the town where the meeting was to be. They breakfasted at sunrise, when the day arrived, in full dress—Peter in a snuff-colored suit, and Maria in a series of brown articles—dress, shawl, and bonnet. They started in good spirits in an open wagon, with an improvised seat for Peter in front. Beyond a belt of pine woods stood the meeting-house, and a mile beyond the meeting-house lay the town, before a vast bay. Osgood drove alone into the town, and spent several hours there. He visited the shops to find some trifle for Maria, and then went through the town down to the shore. How happy he grew in the pure wind and the gay morning light! The gulls rode over the foaming wave-crests and dipped into their green walls, and hawks swooped between the steadfast sky and heaving deep. The sea traveled round and round before his eyes with a mad joy, and tempted him to plunge into it. He wrote his name in the heavy sand with a broken shell, and the water filtered out the letters; then he paved it in pebbles with the word *Strength*.

Peter and Maria were waiting for him when he returned to the meeting-house with the wagon.

"Thee has been sky-larking," she said.

"After something for you," he answered, putting in her hand a handsome work-basket.

"Has thee so much money that thee must waste it on me, Osgood?"

But she was pleased with the gift. They rode home amicably. Peter, as a favor, allowed Osgood to drive, while he imparted to Maria sundry bits of information gained at the meeting.

"Mackerel" went in and out at Osgood's ears without gaining his attention, till he caught at something Peter said about the *Bonita*. He listened. Three vessels were about to sail from the town on a mackerel voyage, and the *Bonita* was one of them. He comprehended that Peter owned half the *Bonita*, and a plan struck him. He inquired into the subject, and obtained its history. That evening he proposed going on a mackerel voyage, which proposal so fired Peter that he declared he had a mind to go too; but Maria quenched his enthusiasm by going over the programme of work that must be done at home. She made no opposition to Osgood's going, but set before him in plain terms the hardships of such a voyage. He was not to be deterred, and Peter gave his consent, promising him a small share of the profits.

Osgood wrote to his Aunt Formica that night, assuring her that he already felt much better, and that he was about to enter into a new business, of which she should hear more. He also wrote Lily Tree a minute, lengthy epistle. He described his situation with Peter and Maria; told her how much board he paid—two dollars and fifty cents a week—and how well he had learned to do chores. He fed the pigs every day; he wished that she could see how well they thrived on the diet lately introduced by Peter and himself—a dry mash of boiled potatoes and meal, with an occasional horse-shoe thrown in as a relish. Would she, he wondered, have enjoyed the day that he, Maria, and Peter made

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soft soap? He mentioned his intended voyage, and asked her if she liked sailors. Could he have the hope, he continued, of her sympathy in his future enterprises, which perhaps would differ from those she had thought of for him? He avowed a change in himself. Would it affect her?

He sealed his letters, and began pacing his little room. Writing home had brought his old life near him again; the distance it had come to reach him seemed enormous.

"It was only a few days ago," he thought, "and yet I am so different!"

He rolled up his paper window-curtain and softly raised the window. The moon made the landscape look more vast and desolate than it was in the light of day. Under the horizon it revealed a strip of sea which shone as if it were the portal of another world whose light was reflected thereon. Osgood felt that he was an imprisoned soul this side of it. The light gave him an intimation of immortality. "Where is Lily's soul?" he asked. "Has she any dream beyond the life she is in?"

When Lily received Osgood's note she was angry; so was Mrs. Formica when she received hers. An intuition that Osgood repented his rashness touched Lily's pride, and preserved her silence. When the second letter came, she thought he had the intention of experimenting with her; a test, she concluded, was unendurable, not to be submitted to. Should she test him, and proclaim the engagement she meditated? it would be a relief to do something. She could not reach him with a letter, for he had gone on a mackerel voyage beyond the limits of the post-office. She decided differently according to the light she had. Unlike Osgood, she was chained to the place she was in. She was alone, too; her mother was occupied with neuralgia, and her father was out of town half his time, on mysterious agencies which referred to canals. The newspaper reporters at Albany were well acquainted with Mr. Tree's name while they were putting into short-hand the doings of the Legislature. Mrs. Formica had no suspicion that Lily was the cause of Osgood's disappearance; she would not have regretted his absence so much on these grounds, for a match with Lily was not desirable.

Within a month Lily's engagement to Mr. Barclay Dodge was announced. He was a young man of fortune, whose father owed his rise in the world to corn starch, and who had made himself known by spending large sums of money on pictures, landscapes mostly, which had been indorsed by the public in exhibitions.

Mr. Barclay Dodge was happy; he had for more than two years followed Lily through all vicissitudes attendant upon the career of a young girl in society. From an exhilaration the pursuit had become a desperation. He had never suspected any man of being his rival, and accounted for the acquaintance between Lily and Osgood by believing that Lily was related to the Formica family. How she managed so suddenly to convince Barclay Dodge that it was safe for him to propose is a mystery which none but a disappointed, contrary woman may reveal. He had the usual penetration of his sex in regard to such mysteries; he was a man of sense and experience, but he was in love, and when a man is in love he only analyzes himself, and all that he learns is, that his love must be gratified.

In the whirl of his attentions, and the congratulations of her friends, the time passed quickly; not so quickly, however, as to avert the plan by which the Fates were to bring her to a knowledge of herself.

Barclay proposed an immediate marriage. Lily declined the proposal with so much vehemence that he dared not insist. He pulled his mustache in rage after he left her, and wondered why he did not insist. By what means, he cogitated, could he make her yield her will to his? Her resistance he set down to coyness; all women had freaks; they were alike in such matters. He divined after a while that she would let go the lasso at any moment if he proved restive; so he played the submissive to perfection. If she ever saw his eyes flame, or any gesture which contained a threat, he never knew it; but every revelation from him was a revelation to her of herself, and this was to be her education and her punishment.

"Where is your friend Osgood?" he asked once.

"He has been away a long time," she answered, looking him full in the face, but with rather a stony expression in her eyes.

"He is your relative?"

"Oh no."

"No? I thought so, always seeing you in the same places."

"Our families have been acquainted always."

"Do you think he is handsome?"

"Yes."

"He is too short" (Barclay was tall), "and his eyes have a wandering, unsettled look."

"He is following his destiny by them," she answered, bitterly. "I wish that I could follow mine as a man can."

"Do you mean that you would like to follow Osgood's eyes?"

"By no means; I must see destiny by your eyes."

The words were pleasant, but the tone was malicious. It made his heart bound as if an invisible foe had come into his atmosphere to do battle with him, and he could do nothing.

"'With the vapors all around, and the breakers on our lee,
Not a light is in the sky, not a light is on the sea'—

barring the lantern abaft," roared Osgood, from the deck of the schooner *Bonita*, which was tossing outside Cape Malabar.

"You may sing t'other side of your mouth afore long," brawled back the skipper. "We ain't fur from the Cormorant Rocks; the wind p'r'aps will shove us on the ledge."

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"What, when we are just going home with full barrels?"

"The mackerel may be briled in Tophet for all we know."

The skipper was at the helm; Osgood and he were in the radius of a lantern which revealed their faces to each other. Outside of that was pitch darkness; the rain drove in fierce slants against them, and the wind howled all round the sea.

The skipper did not look concerned, neither did Osgood; but they were both wondering which would first break over the *Bonita*, the light of morning or the sea.

"Them boys are asleep, I s'pose, wet to the bone?" the skipper yelled.

"Yes."

"Let 'em sleep; there ain't a lanyard loose."

"What time must it be?"

"Hard onto 'leven. My old woman's turned in long afore this, *she* has; allus goes to bed on the stroke o' nine."

"She has thought of you to-night?"

"She has give me a prayer or so; she's the strictest kind. Now I'll luff, there is a lull comin'; peskiest storms that have lulls in 'em. You don't hear a swashing to a distance now?"

"No."

"Hark!"

A sound, not of wind nor sea, approached them—a rapid, rushing, cutting sound.

"Up with the helm!" shrieked the skipper to himself. "God Almighty, she is down on us!"

Osgood leaped up. The bowsprit of a large ship was over him; he threw up his arms instinctively and caught at something; he felt his feet drawing over the skipper's head, and that he thumped it with his boots. He knew no more. The great ship crushed and plowed the *Bonita* into the waves as easily as a plow buries in the sod the stubble of the corn-field. Nothing signaled her destruction except the exclamation of the skipper; nothing remained in the wide sea to show it. Her timbers and the sleeping crew went to the bottom together. Morning dawned on the wild scene, revealing no floating spar, no rib of boat, no stave of tub or barrel, no sailor's hat, no remnant of sail, no shred of clothing; the jaws of the sea had closed over all. The ship, a Liverpool liner, driven out of her course by the storm, cruised round the spot for a few hours, and then went on her way, taking Osgood with her. He had clung to the folds of the forward sail; and there he was found with his left wrist dislocated, his body strained and sore, and his mind wandering. He was no romantic sight with his red flannel shirt, fishy trowsers, cowhide boots, and hands pickled in brine. Still the ship's surgeon took to him, and found, when Osgood came to himself, that he had taken to a gentleman. He lent him a suit of customary black, and introduced him to his acquaintances. Osgood would have enjoyed the voyage across the Atlantic but for the horror which had fallen on his mind from the catastrophe of the *Bonita*.

"How old are you?" the surgeon asked him.

"About the first of March I was twenty-three; since then I have grown so old I have lost the reckoning."

"I'll have to give you quinine, my boy."

"Give me some of the tincture of Lethe."

"It is of no use to one to forget; don't be soft."

"Let us reason together, Sawbones."

The Doctor agreed, and Osgood began his story with, "Poor Peter," and finished it with asking, "Do you think I love her?"

"I'll bet a guinea," said the Doctor, "that she is married."

"She isn't," replied Osgood, indignantly.

"I am sure that she is engaged, as you call it, to somebody besides yourself."

"I know better."

"What do you propose doing when you get home?"

"What can I do with thirty dollars, which I left with Peter by-the-way?"

"We shall see what we shall see when we come face to face with Aunt Formica. I intend going the rounds with you in New York. I am a student."

He carried Osgood to his country-home beyond Liverpool, where they staid till the ship was ready to sail again. He amused his mother and sisters with stories of Osgood's adventures on sea and land, and represented him in the light of a "Jarley's wax-works" hero, till he was fairly cured of his melancholy.

Five months from the day on which he left New York Osgood returned, and stood on his Aunt Formica's door-steps with Dr. Black. They looked like a pair of Englishmen. Both had shiny, red noses, shiny, hard, narrow-brimmed hats, and shiny, narrow-toed boots, and the nap had brushed off their coats.

Osgood looked into the familiar area with emotion, and the Doctor looked at the windows with curiosity.

"They must be out of town," he said; "the house has been put in brown hollands."

But Osgood knew the habits of his aunt—knew that from the first of July till the first of October the house was put on an out-of-town footing; and that she skirmished between city and country, or watering-place. The bell was answered by a servant he did not know.

"I wish to see Mrs. Formica," he said, brushing past her, and entering the dark parlor. "Dr. Black and friend say."

Mrs. Formica came in a moment after with a slight air of amazement, which increased to astonishment when she saw her nephew. She gave a little yelp as he embraced her, and said, "Where *have* you been?"

"To Cape Cod, and to Europe. I have been shipwrecked, aunt—that is, I lost my mackerel venture, and have been taken care of by my noble friend, Dr. Black."

Aunt Formica grew pale at the word "shipwrecked," and turned to Dr. Black. Some-

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thing in his face made her extend her hand and give him a warm welcome.

"Black may stay here while he is in port, mayn't he? He will amuse you with yarns about me."

"Of course," she replied. "Now tell me the whole story."

Between Osgood and the Doctor it was related.

"Why did you ever go from me?" she asked, wiping away a real tear.

"I believe, aunt, I shall keep up the business of going—it suits me. I can never live through your conventional cramps."

She did not think it prudent to combat him just then; but made a mental memorandum that something must be done that would change his foolish resolution. A plan developed at dinner that evening.

"I had a note yesterday from Mrs. Senator Conch," said Mrs. Formica. "She will be in Saratoga this week, and begs me to meet her there. Formica and I have been talking it over, Osgood, and we think that it will be pleasant for Dr. Black and you to go up for a week. You will go, Doctor?"

"Thank you, Madam, provided Osgood is not averse."

"Any of our set there?" Osgood asked.

"The Trees went up last Saturday with Barclay Dodge. They are making an extensive tour this year."

"What's Barclay Dodge along for?"

"He is engaged to Lily Tree."

"Ah!" said Osgood, looking at the Doctor, who could not help giving him a malicious grimace. "How long since? It's a capital match, ain't it?"

"The engagement must have been announced soon after you left."

This reply put Osgood in a brown study. What impulse, he mused, had prompted Lily to give herself to Barclay Dodge? Would *he* have done so?

Dr. Black commented on Osgood's face, and considered himself in a fair way to make studies.

"As far as money goes," continued Mrs. Formica, "it may be called a good match; but certainly not as far as family goes."

"Family!" echoed Dr. Black, softly.

"His father was a tradesman," explained Mr. Formica, while Lily can go back to her great-grandfather before trade need be mentioned.

"Old Mr. Tree's father," remarked his wife, "was a brigadier-general in the Revolution."

"He was a drover, for all that," said Osgood.

Mrs. Formica changed the theme, and talked of Saratoga.

"We'll go," Osgood said, crossly; "but I must first go to my tailor."

Mrs. Formica held a private conversation with him after dinner, gave him a check, and told him not to worry about the future: she had a plan in view.

"Plans go by contraries with me, aunt."

"You owe it to me not to be perverse."

"I can't pay any debt."

Previous to going to bed Dr. Black and Osgood smoked several cigars.

"You strike me," said the Doctor, "as growing to the dramatic just now. One event runs into another with monstrous rapidity among you Americans. How you differ from the English! How is it that you catch fortune by the hair so?"

"We are passionate and quick-witted."

"And then you repudiate with ease."

"Bah! you imitate Sydney Smith."

"I did not mean in the sense of State bonds precisely."

"I think," Osgood groaned, "that I begin to feel like a snob again. What shall I do to be saved?"

"Go on in the groove that is making for you. I'll stand by and be the chorus. When I hear thy plaints of misery I will let fall the tear; but remember that 'laws determine even the fates.'"

"Bosh!"

Except a dispute between the Doctor and Osgood concerning a slouched hat, which the Doctor would not wear, the party succeeded in starting and arriving amicably at the Union in Saratoga. In a few hours Mrs. Formica knew who was there. The Trees were at the Union. Mrs. Senator Conch had taken a cottage; but the Senator himself had stopped at Albany for a day to confer with the Governor. Old Madam Funchal of Philadelphia was at Congress Hall, with her train, and Mrs. Romeo Pipps Bovis and husband, from Boston. All her friends were round her; that is, the traveling set she was in the habit of meeting; and her spirits rose to the occasion. These particulars she detailed, in a white muslin morning-dress, to Osgood, who, dressed in a new cream-colored suit, lounged in the doorway of a small parlor off the hall. He shouldered round just in time to come face to face with Lily Tree, who was passing on the arm of Barclay Dodge. She stopped, of course, to shake hands with Mrs. Formica, whose apparently warm kiss fell on the edge of a braid of her chestnut hair with the weight and coldness of a snow-flake. Her face settled into rigidity when she turned to speak to Osgood, and, like a transparent boy, he looked, with all the earnestness his gray eyes were capable of, straight into hers. Aunt Formica and Barclay read a story at once upon the text his countenance furnished; but they both made the mistake of believing that Lily had rejected him. Lily was too much occupied in managing her own feelings to divine Osgood's. The imperative necessity of concealment, which all tutored women feel, governed her. She laughed a great deal, though nobody said a witty thing, and kept her eyes going between Mrs. Formica and Barclay with a steadiness which equaled the movements of the wax women in the Broadway shop windows. Mr. Formica and Dr. Black added themselves to the party, and the relief of

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an introduction to the Doctor came to Lily. She approached him, and his honest face induced her to skirmish lightly with him; but not a word did he utter of the whys and wherefores of his being with Osgood. He would not, at any rate, extend his self-elected office of chorus so far as to include her. He felt a dislike toward her. She was too thin, he thought; there was an air of wear and tear about her which was not pleasant. He felt, too, that she knew more than Osgood; and a woman, in his estimation, should never be the intellectual superior of a man she might make choice of. But the Doctor was an Englishman; his ideas of women had been developed by the cynical Thackeray and the material Dickens. There was a line between the two classes of women he only believed to exist—the bad capable woman and the good foolish woman—which could never be crossed by one or the other. The elements which go to make up a man, of good and evil mixed, never enter into the composition of the women of Englishmen of the present time. It is possible that Lily discovered Dr. Black's impression: she discovered it so nearly that she was certain Osgood had talked of her with him. Why had he? she wondered.

In a few minutes the party fell apart as naturally as it had come together. Lily went on her walk with Barclay; after which she retired to dress for luncheon, but instead of appearing thereat kept her room till evening.

Osgood avoided every body; he was tormented with an idea that Lily had suffered. There was no reason for his thinking so; he derived the idea from reasoning with himself — reasoning which meeting with her had put in play. In the evening he went to the drawing-room, and waited till he saw her come in. Barclay, who was waiting too, darted toward her, but Osgood reached her first. When Barclay saw Lily take the arm which Osgood offered her, he turned away; but changing his mind again went up to them.

"Osgood," he said, in a frank voice, "you have not congratulated me on my engagement to your friend Lily."

Talk of heroes and martyrs; was not Lily both, at that moment, standing between these two men, with her hair dressed by a barber, and wearing a pale blue silk?

She eyed with a dainty air a little bouquet she held in her hand, of tea-roses and geraniums, and applied it to her nose with great deliberation. She felt an impetus from Osgood's arm. He had not answered Barclay, but was dragging her decorously out of the drawing-room. When they were alone he spoke to her.

"I have faced death since I saw you. I have grown a man; but until now, I did not know that I loved you. Which man do you belong to?"

"I have faced life since I saw you," she answered, in a silvery voice, "and I belong to Barclay Dodge."

"Let us go back."

She tossed her bouquet over the railing of the veranda with a vindictive smile which would have astonished Osgood had he seen it.

Barclay was on the threshold; he looked at Lily and missed the bouquet; it was not in Osgood's button-hole—what could she have done with it? He looked at Osgood, and saw that his teeth were set with a passion which he could understand. Lily sat down in the nearest chair, and the young men moved away together.

"There is no need of any nonsense between us," said Osgood; "I was under a wrong impression regarding your engagement. I do offer my congratulations."

"Thank you," said Barclay, dubiously. And then they looked at each other with mad eyes. What a relief it would have been if they could have fought to the death!

Osgood left Barclay abruptly, and sought his Aunt Formica.

"Aunt!" he said, in a mild voice, "you need not ask Conch to blow any horn for me. I am going to sea."

"You will be better when she is married," she answered, significantly.

"I intend to before that. Your surmise is incorrect. You do not know that I ran away from Lily, as well as from you and the Sub-Treasury."

"What do you mean?"

"I offered myself to her; she accepted me, and on the strength of it I left her immediately. What do you think of me?"

"*She* is a little wretch. Did you care for her *very* much?"

"I thought she couldn't make a poor man a good wife, *after* I had asked her to be such. And I thought a poor man wouldn't be a good husband."

"It was the height of foolishness in both of you. It is most unwise for two people who have had luxuries separately to join and give them up."

"Luxuries! I wish you knew Peter and Maria."

"Osgood, you are morbid."

"Now, aunt, hear me. I am resolved to choose my own life; you must let me go. Whatever way I go, I shall not disgrace you. Formica may give me a sailor's outfit, if he chooses. Meantime let us enjoy ourselves for the remainder of the week."

Notwithstanding she saw that he was determined, she applied to Senator Conch for a place, and he promised her one for Osgood in a department at Washington. When she told Osgood of it, he deigned no reply; but shook his head so fiercely that she forebore to trouble him.

Every day that he saw Lily she learned his nature by the contrast Barclay offered; she also learned to doubt herself. She never had been worthy of Osgood; it was fit that she should marry Barclay. She doubted whether she could keep up the strain, which she knew Osgood's love would impose upon her, of self-abnegation, self-denial, isolation, and independence. She

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was not sure that she did not prefer enervation with Barclay to action with Osgood. Barclay watched them both. Jealousy gnawed his soul, not because he doubted Osgood, but because he had a suspicion that Lily once felt an interest in Osgood, which might be on the point of awakening. He tried experiments upon her feelings, pinched them, tore them up by the roots, extracted them with wrenches of his will, applied slow fire; but he learned nothing. His motive was so palpable to Osgood that he more than once felt on the point of knocking him down, and had he seen any encouraging sign from Lily he would have done it. He sometimes sighed over Barclay's failure, hateful as his conduct was.

Through the torture which Barclay applied to her she saw the passion which tortured him. Could a woman have been quailed into love she would have been at his feet; for he broke loose from his feigned submission and savagely demanded an equal return of his love. Then came the full measure of her punishment. She was incapable of rising to the strength, height, and abandon of Barclay's love. She was just as unworthy of him as she was of Osgood.

How she hated herself!

Somehow she heard that Osgood was going to sea. It is probable that Aunt Formica's feminine malice directed the disclosure to her ears. She staggered Dr. Black a moment after she heard the report by asking if it was true.

"It is," he answered, with dignity, though inwardly scared.

She asked no other question of him, but snapped her fan together and walked away.

"Lily does not want you to go to sea," he said, when next he saw Osgood.

Osgood blew a ring of cigar smoke into the air and watched its disappearance.

"If wedding rings would only disappear that way!" said the Doctor.

Osgood blew another. "Include engagement rings," he said.

"One did vanish," replied the Doctor, slyly.

"I do not believe so. I swear she wears two this moment."

He left the Doctor, shut himself in his room, and wrote a long letter to Peter about himself, Lily, and Barclay, and posted it.

"Peter will understand me," he thought; "and more than that, he will understand Lily."

The last day of the Formicas' stay in Saratoga came. Osgood and Dr. Black appeared in traveling costume. Lily saw them enter the breakfast-room, and followed them with her father. As she passed their chairs she asked, "Do you go to-day?" Osgood bowed. Dr. Black engaged Mr. Tree in making a remark.

"Why do you go?" she asked.

"Because Barclay stays," he whispered.

She turned a fiery red and passed on. He looked across the table once and met her eyes. She thought they said "*Farewell.*" A wild wish rose in her heart which compelled all her nature to give way to it, to speak to him once more; to see him alone, and force him to tell her if he loved her. She resolved to find him somewhere, at all hazards.

Dr. Black watched her also. His comment was, that she was "coming to a crisis," and was beautifully following out the laws which governed her sex. "Why can't they be something without hysterics?" he lamented. "Osgood will break down if he is not got away." He mechanically turned back his wristbands.

Lily waited in an ante-room, whose door Osgood must pass on his way out, and when he came, beckoned to him.

"Say your farewell to me as you feel it," she said, her eyes in a blaze.

"I can not."

"You shall."

Her eyes and her voice threw him into a tumult; had he followed the desire which assailed him, he would have taken her in his arms and carried her off. As it was, he looked at her with a far-off look, as if he were calling some one to his aid.

"Osgood, Osgood!" she cried.

"Lily!"

She wrung her hands.

"Lily!" he said again.

"No, no, you need not speak; you may go."

Both of them gained a victory.

"After I have gone," he said, "if you think it proper, will you visit Peter and Maria?"

"Peter and Maria?"

"The friends I found when I left you, who helped me to find a better self—a self that at last finds *you*."

"I will go."

"To-morrow, then, I will write you of them."

He was gone.

In a few days she received a letter which contained the narrative of his sojourn with Peter and Maria, and a letter of introduction to them. She showed the letter to Barclay.

"Shall you meet him there?"

She gave him no answer.

"On what terms are you with yourself?" he continued.

"To answer candidly, bad terms."

"Could you marry that beggar on better?"

"Alas! no."

"Tell me, are you satisfied with your choice?"

She looked so irresolute that he trembled and was sorry that he had asked the question. Her better angel took wings, however, and she laid her hand on his shoulder, saying, "I make no other."

So she went on her travels with Barclay in her train, and Osgood went on a voyage in the *Stormy Petrel* as third mate. When autumn came, and the travelers had returned to town, Lily grew miserable. One day she told Barclay that she wanted to read him a poem. He composed himself to listen, and she read "The Palace of Art."

> "'What is it that will take away my sin,
> And save me lest I die?'"

she repeated.

"Barclay," she entreated, "let me throw

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your royal robes away, and go to those friends of Osgood's, where I may learn that I am either worthy of you or of him."

A stormy scene ensued. He would neither allow her to go, he said, nor would he give her back her promise to him. But she was firm, and said that she must go. His imprecations and his tears agitated her, but did not shake her resolution. She had a battle with her father also when she mentioned the subject, but she triumphed over him so far as to make him promise to accompany her. She sent the letter of introduction to Peter, and received a pithy reply from him. He advised her to come. With Peter and Maria she learned why Osgood wished her to visit them. She left them with a request that they should allow her to return whenever she should wish.

She found Barclay sullen and unhappy; but in spite of himself she convinced him that they were not intended for each other. It was a work to persuade him to the contrary; but at last they parted not as foes but friends.

When the engagement was annulled she took pains to ascertain from the owners of the *Stormy Petrel* what time she was expected home, and before the date of her arrival she went on a visit to Peter and Maria.

There she studied the Marine List till she saw that the *Stormy Petrel* was in port. She said nothing of the fact to Peter; but as he read the Marine List too, he found it out for himself. He went away in his wagon a few mornings afterward, and when he returned Osgood was beside him.

"Thee is as white as a ghost, Lily," said Maria, after a few minutes.

Osgood put his arm round her, and they kissed each other. Peter pushed his hat on the back of his head, and kissed Maria, and said, "Give me my dinner."

INSECTS INJURIOUS TO THE VINE.

"Wine is grapes, and grapes are wood;
The wooden board yields wine as good.
It is but a deeper glance
Into Nature's countenance.
All is plain to him who seeth—
Lift the veil and look beneath,
And behold, the wise man saith,
Miracles, if you have faith." FAUST.

So sung Mephistopheles in Auersbach's cellar, when he drew the magic wine for the students from the wooden table. This supernatural creation of the poet is not more marvelous than is performing before us during any hour of the summer months when the vine is eliminating from Nature's laboratory the results of the vintage—whose ether and aroma are still unsolved enigmas to men of science—whose growth and fruit set men's judgments and prejudices at utter defiance, crowning hopes where there were none, and causing disappointments where all was joyous anticipation of a flowing vintage.

Is there any thing in Nature's floral kingdom which can so "gladden" the eye as well as the heart as does the Vine? How beautiful it is! Poets have sung of it, limners painted it, and sculptors chiseled it in marble; and yet not one of them can fully convey its entire charm to the admiring senses. There is something so graceful in those long tendrils, like soft, dainty fingers clasping in friendship the summer air—the rich, dazzling green of the leaves, which shimmers off from them in rays of light, falling around and about them as if they had shadows of light all their own, every indenture and vein having its hues of beauty distinctly marked, and radiant with circulating blood—their motion so bending and caressing to the soft air of the morning, so quiet and full of repose as the night-dews fall upon them in refreshing vapors; then, again, the tender green of the young grape swelling into richer hue and size as summer nourishes and feeds their gathering strength, until maturity and perfection consummate the whole to the eye and heart of man as he lingers beside his vineyard; every sense is refreshed, is gladdened, by the beauty which environs him; and if the weight and size of his bunches fall short of those of which Scripture tells us, yet his vineyard may make up in quality what it loses in quantity.

There is another peculiarity which the vine possesses—that of assimilating every thing around it into its own properties. The qualities of the soil which surrounds it become the basis of its life-blood; the fluids with which it is watered deteriorate or excite leaf or fruit as their qualities may influence; the very air is refreshing or obnoxious as the locality may indicate. These peculiarities few men take into consideration when they plant a vineyard, and fewer still when they propose to make wine, that gladdens the heart of man.

To illustrate this more fully let me tell you what I have seen myself. A physician, a man of great skill and reputation, possessed a grape-vine running over his office. Nothing in vine-life was more luxuriant in beauty, richness, and flavor than this little vineyard, and nothing more cheering to the owner's ears than to praise the flavor of his grapes. Many a poor invalid was refreshed with a bunch as he lingered in the good doctor's office. "It so fortuned," as the old chroniclers say, that he heard or read that *blood* was a great improver to the vine; and so all his patients who needed the application were required to give their share to the doctor's vine. Time went on, and the next summer was to exhibit what plebeian fluids would produce mixed with the vine's own "gentle blood." And so it did. But, alas! contrary to the expectations of every one. Leaf there was in plenty, stem and wood; but the fruit was poor and very obnoxious to the taste. From that day to this, this once famous vine has never recovered the deteriorating effects of human admixture. In the "leafy month of June" its shade is a luxury, but no one cares for the fruit in September. "A

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horrible brackish taste clings to the tongue after eating the grapes." Says its present owner, "Even the birds turn up their bills at them."

We would naturally conclude here that Imagination might be exercising her spells, but it is not so. The present proprietors knew nothing of the doctor's experiment. It fully illustrates that there are mysteries in the laboratory of Nature which may be very successful in some localities, and utterly ruinous to men's hopes in another, requiring from them that practice which experience alone can give or justify.

Now that we are planting vineyards, and starting in the race with other nations in producing something which may "gladden," not blacken, the hearts and stupefy the heads, it is to be hoped—not mixtures of drugs labeled and sold as vintages from other sunny lands—should we not take these peculiarities of the vine into consideration, and humor this beautiful offspring of Nature in all its requirements? We have climate and we have soil, and all we require is judgment and industry. If a vine is planted in a wet, damp, acrid earth, you must expect a watery, sour vintage, and your "must," as the vintners call it, will soon convince you of labor lost, time and money uselessly expended. The way a trellis faces on which a vine clings will change the qualities of a grape; how much more the earth from which it draws its sustenance, or the air which fills its lungs?

Probably among all the blessings appertaining to the comfort of man which a Divine Providence has bestowed, not one administers more directly than this in its results. That man must and will have something wherewith to gladden his heart, has been most fully demonstrated since the day Father Noah carried the experiment too far until this present year of grace. How necessary, philanthropic, and charitable it is, then, that this should be pure, light, and unadulterated—making the blood glad, not rendering the heart sad or the head insane; and he who gives a light, pure drink to his countrymen deserves all the ancients decreed him — to be considered a benefactor to his race. It is no use to shirk the question. Like every other truth, "the Master" recognized it in His first miracle at the wedding in Cana; and man ignores himself when he sets his nature at defiance. The race which should now be run is who shall do his neighbor the greatest justice in the produce of his vineyard—so often the symbol of prosperity and happiness in that holy book; so often the recipient of our Father's blessings when giving man the result of his labors.

The effort attending the culture of the grape among us, so far, has resulted in much success; adding to the luxuries of life and the employment of additional workers, who would otherwise have stood idle in the market-places of the Old World until the day was, for them, far spent. But there is much yet to learn. There are no royal roads toward the culture of a vineyard. They are as well beaten out as those to the Temple of Knowledge; and he who listens to Nature, and follows her slow but sure dictates, will be the greatest benefactor to his race, and will have the more success with his vineyard. In this, as in all other things, we are ambitious to reach the highest pinnacle on the wings of the eagle, instead of following the path around the Mount of Success. We wish to accomplish in a few years that which it has taken other nations many centuries to attain. Look at the vineyards of France. How far they extend back into the Past; what tales they can tell of joust and troubadour; and no man will deny that they have done great service to their country, in the light and refreshing beverages so common among the working-classes. We must have time for

> "Those banks which bear the vine,
> And hills all rich with blossomed trees,
> And fields which promise corn and wine."

There can be no doubt of ultimate success, although it may be attended with delay, when we may speak of "our vintages" standing the test of time. But for this consummation we must study the secrets of Nature, and not plant a vine where she has decreed that only an oak or a pine shall grow. She is inexorable, and her dictates must be heeded to give us any thing like success. Bacon has left us a whole volume of excellent advice in one pithy sentence: "Nature is only conquered by obeying her." This is not the place, however, to discuss agricultural eccentricities. Grapes will always be capital eating, no doubt, even if they can not be made to "gladden" men's hearts in a liquid state.

But the vine has other despoilers than man's ignorance and prejudices; and I propose to show you a few of those from among the host who love it as a dwelling-place and a home of delights.

The insect kingdom, like our own, exhibits a great preference for the vine. Scarcely any herbivorous member of it in the larva state will reject the vine as food. Even the absolutely exacting silk-worm will sometimes prefer it to its own proper tree—the mulberry; and the splendid moths we have, belonging to the maple, oak, and hickory, can be raised with great success upon it. The strange but very beautiful *Lema* and the splendid *Regalis* will become vine-eaters alone, and give splendid specimens. This I mention for the aid of collectors. We will now turn to some of those strictly appointed to the vine. They are numerous enough, so that there is no difficulty in choosing. We will commence at the root and go up.

I have before me a pretty moth, the *Ægeria labrusca*—the "Root-Borer of the Wild Vine." It is marked in some cabinets as *Æ. polistæformis*. I find a marked difference between the two, although they may be varieties of the same insect. The habits of the first I know; those of the other may be presumed from analogy, if they are not the same. The *Ægeria labrusca* has been introduced into vineyards from using the wild grapes of the country for grafting purposes. It has been said that the scuppernong is

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not touched by this insect or other borers. This is an error, as the wild vines in the Middle States will amply prove. It is a great lover of warmth, and has not as yet strayed in numbers very far north or east, although in dry seasons they are frequently numerous. There is one of this family, the *Omphale* of Florida, one of the most beautiful insects known. This *Ægeria* is of a dark rich brown color, shaded and banded with yellow. The thorax, shoulder-covers, and head are all edged with yellow; the feelers, legs, and antennæ are of the same color. The fore-wings are a brown dusky mixture; the hind-wings are as transparent as glass, beautifully veined and edged with black. The female has two bright orange tufts on each side of her tail; the male has four—two on each side—the middle longer than those on the outside. They are larger than the generality of their family. The mother moth deposits her eggs, just where the soil touches the trunk of the vine, in the month of June, and according to the weather they are hatched. The caterpillars are pellucid and white. They commence boring their way upward, and when they are numerous the vines will be soon worth very little. When full-grown they measure very nearly two inches. They change their skins four times, and when ready to transform they collect shreds of bark, small fragments of wood, and dry stems, all of which they gum together and spin over with silk, always being sure to place themselves snugly away under the fibrous bark hanging in strips around the trunk of the vine. You may find them easily in the fall by loosening the bark, the small silken patches extending from the crevices will soon inform you where to find this enemy. The chrysalis is of a delicate brown. It has many points on the rings, which enable it to push its way out of the cocoon the easier. The tongue-case is always very much exposed, bent either on one side or the other. They are easily kept under subjection if watched for a season and taken in time. They do not all come forth at once, but at different times, so that they are seen flying around the vines from June to October.

Pelidnota punctata is a beautiful and large beetle, the *Pelidnota punctata* of Harris. It belongs to the family of *Rutilians*—the link connecting the famous tribe of *Scarabæus* and the *Melatonthadæ*, or "May-Chafers." They belong to the wood-eaters in a larva state, and live on the leaves of the vine in the imago. The mother beetle deposits her eggs in the earth, near decayed wood, and in old stumps of trees; so if your arbors and trellis-work become decayed, and you allow the evil to remain, you must remember you are preparing the home for the young of this pretty insect. The grub is of a pale yellowish hue, with a dark head and very strong jaws. The tail is very much larger than the head, resembling the larva of the May beetles. The last ring is thick and horny in appearance, and of a brownish color. I can affirm, almost with certainty, that they live more than one season in the larva state. I have discovered them in old wood, fully grown, and having to undergo but one change of skin, as early as March, and they did not go into pupa until the next fall. The beetle is long-lived. I have before me one which I found in the month of April four feet under ground, where a friend was renewing an old post in his garden. When first brought to light it was the prettiest thing conceivable. A very delicate pearly green, with the black spots very brilliant; the thorax several shades darker, the legs and abdomen splendidly bronzed. It was torpid, and I supposed dead, but the warm sun and air soon revived it. It was the largest specimen I ever saw. I placed some of the sand in which it was found in an inkstand, the body of which was in the form of a bee, the wings composing the cover. Here this pretty creature lived many months, bearing patiently all the various experiments I made on the power of hearing they possess, which confirmed me in my theory of this sense being only conveyed to them through the shock given to the nervous system. You might call with a fire trumpet and receive no recognition, but tap with a pencil ever so gently, the earth would begin to move, and out would come the pretty greenish head. It lived upon apples, grapes, or any fruit in season. Twice during the week I would give it a cold bath by dropping water from the tips of my fingers. The sand was always kept moist. If left to become dry it would work up to the surface, raise the cover with its back, and walk forth to remind you of your negligence. It was a celebrated personage in its day, and the inquiry, when I was met by friends, was usually, "How is the beetle?"

I was anxious to test the length of life they possess; but this died in the course of the twentieth month I had enjoyed its companionship. It must have been at least a year old when I got it; so we have so much of a data. It had been exhibiting some of its odd tricks to our friends —such as feigning death—when the table was struck. Coming to, softly, peering around, and then gathering itself up, it would scamper over the side of its domicile, and hide away under the sand. There waiting a while, and feeling no other movement, it would cunningly come up, loth to relinquish the apple feast, peer around, come to the edge of the china rim, and tumble itself over, knowing this would be eventually the way it would reach its repast, as it could not walk down so smooth a surface. Then to watch it like a hound tracking the apple over the table from its perfume, and many other instinctive manœuvres strange to contemplate. After this performance it was left uncovered; and in the morning nothing remained of my little pet but its beautiful wing-covers and its legs. A mouse had devoured it from the traces discovered around the inkstand.

They are very full of instinct, and will well repay any one for their care, if only to look at. The antennæ are what is termed *lamellatæ, or lamellate*—folding like a fan when not in use. The folds of this fan represent the most beauti-

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ful golden leaves in the most minute construction. The veins are as distinct as veins of gold. The jaws are firm and strong, and leave ridges in an apple as deep as one of your nails could form; consequently the depredation must be great when many are devouring the leaves on a vine. They descend into the earth to undergo transformation, gluing sticks, stems, and old leaves together for an outside covering, lining the interior very nicely with a silken texture.

The chrysalis is covered and cut, stamped and decorated with such a variegated pattern that two pages would be exhausted in description, and then I should not convey to you the beauty of its elaborateness. It is indeed a wonderful piece of Infinite workmanship—marvelous to examine, and impossible to describe.

The *Aphis vitis*—"Vine Aphis"—is a very delicate little insect, resembling the "plant louse" found on the rose, geraniums, etc. Its anatomy is the same as the aphis of the corn. It punctures the veins of the leaves with its tube, causing them to turn brown and wither, and showering the honey-dew around as food for their young and their particular friends, the ants. These have no downy covering, but are translucent, varying in color from a delicate green to a ruby red, according to the grape they are on. Toward the autumn, when the females are exhausted, the males are brought forth, feed their time, and when ready to cast the last skin and attain their wings, they clasp with the hooks on their fore-legs the back of the stem, the skin bursts open, and the perfect insect emerges—the daintiest, prettiest little thing imaginable. The old females now cast their last skin, become rejuvenated, having discovered the fountain of youth in their wings. They join in a *danse d'amour*, deposit their eggs for the coming season, and then they both disappear from their green summer home. But this bower of bliss has its deep shadow in a small, pretty ichneumon fly belonging solely to this sub-genus, which deposits its eggs in the body of the aphis to be fed and nourished by it. They are very numerous, and perform great execution among these atoms. Half a dozen lady-birds (*Coccinella*) domesticated on your vines will soon remove, by devouring, this little pest.

Procris Americana is the representative of the European *vitis*—"Vine-Eater"—in this country. It is of a blue-black color all over, except the collar around the neck, which is of a bright orange; the tail is forked apparently by the tufts of feathers being sloped in this manner as they fall. Sometimes you may meet a specimen not quite so sombre, and these are found north and east, having a few yellowish scales on the body. She deposits her eggs in clusters under the leaf. In a few days, if warm, they hatch.

The caterpillars are gregarious, feeding together, until ready to go into cocoon, when they separate. They are of a faded yellow color at first, turn green as they change their skins, and attain after the last moulting black bands around each segment. They are now rather hairy. When ready to go into cocoon they commence by drawing the tendril around them, gluing the cocoons on to the stem on one side. They are tough, oval, and rough. You would take them to be only punctures in the bark. The chrysalis is a delicate brown. You have often seen vines as if a fire had run over them, scorching and withering every leaf. Then it is these little creatures were working out their mission, and yet you will see men gather up all these leaves, each with its burden of eggs for the next season, and heap them into piles for manure. Could they more effectually comfort and aid their enemy? And they wonder where it is possible for this nuisance to come from, when they appear the next season to repeat their depredations.

Tortrix philampella—"Vine-Leaf Roller"—is a very pretty, delicate little moth. It belongs, from its habits, to the Linnæan order *Tortrices*—"Curlers" or "Twisters;" but from the oddity of the antenna of the male, which is thickened in the middle, it should constitute a sub-genus. They are, I am sorry to say, increasing rapidly enough to form one. This insect swarms some seasons, over the Isabella and Catawba grapes in particular. The moth is dusky, or rather a mixture of black, gray, and brown feathers intermixed, the black predominating. The fore-wings have white dots, with half circles of white under them; the hind-wings have each a semicircular white dot. She deposits her eggs in clusters near the large veins of the leaf. In a few days, if congenial, they hatch; feed together until they have changed their first skin and grown stronger; then each rolls up a leaf, tying it nicely together with silk, coming forth from under cover to nibble at every thing around them. The principal food, however, is the fine portions of the leaf between the vein or fibre. When full-grown they are of a delicate green, with black dots scattered here and there over the segments. They are very lively and brisk; and should you find one straggling away from his home, touch him, and you will see him spin out a line of silk and drop down like a flash on it to the ground, until the danger has passed, when up he will go like a sailor on his rope, and wander on until he discovers his own domicile again. When they have eaten sufficiently, they spin firm knots of silk to the side of the leaf, into which they pass the hooks which they have at the end of the chrysalis. The leaf may be the sport of every blast of wind, blowing here and there over the earth; but the little creature is snugly and securely moored until spring time comes again.

These are easily kept in subjection by gathering from the vines all the leaves you see nicely rolled up and burning them. You will hereby destroy a host of pretty creatures; but your own conscience must settle the result between the loss of life and the luxury of the grape.

Tettigonia venustus.—This insect is the "Handsome Vine-Hopper" *par excellence*—a most exquisitely pretty creature. They belong to the harlequin family of the insect kingdom,

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and are so numerous that one is puzzled where to find names sufficient to designate them.

They are the merriest, most active, leaping, flying, joyous creatures in existence—Anacreons, in a poetical light, and most luxuriantly epicurean in the juice of the grape. I have chosen this from among the many, because I have found it solely on the vine—having seen them so thick on the under part of a leaf that you could scarcely wedge a pin's point between them. But touch the leaf and trace the host with the eye if you can. They are greater leapers than the flea or grasshopper. When they have attained their wings the leap is trebled. Examine the leg: under the glass it is as if composed of glass and golden spines; the hooks are like cut rubies. But with all its beauty use and strength are combined. The mother insect deposits her eggs along the veins of the entire leaf. When hatched they are scarcely to be seen by the eye unaided. They thrust in their beaks immediately, and continue to imbibe without moving from the spot for nearly a week. The skin then bursts, and after a space they try their legs with a leap to a new leaf. So it continues until they reach the last change before they obtain their wings. They have now a piquant and most dandified look, with the tip of the abdomen contemptuously turned up. If the weather is unfavorable they will remain two or three weeks in this stage. Small and frail as they look, they are very hardy, many remaining over all winter. They are in habit, structure, and transformation Cicadæ in miniature.

The Greeks called these last *Tettix*, and these little people *Tettigonia*. The head is semicircular, large, and flat; the eyes are very distant, placed at the side of the head; are flat and expansive, not globular like those of the Cicadæ. The sucker is strong and horny, and on each side shielded by a bristle. It has a most lugubrious aspect to our eye; but be assured that if any creature on this ever-changeful busy earth knows happiness, joy, and content, it is this tumbling, leaping atom. It is positively to be envied; and as you watch them in their gambols, you might, with no great stretch of imagination, think you heard them shout with exuberance of life.

You have often, doubtless, noticed vines growing yellow, sickly, and dying prematurely, as if autumn had arrived in mid-summer. Examine the vines closely, and you will see that the leaves have a bright, shimmering light in the sun. Look closer, and you will find that these light specks are the cast-off garments of these merry-andrews. The depredation they commit is easily distinguished from that of others from the utter withering of the leaves. Here, again, is the fallacy exhibited of using leaves for manure until they have been decomposed by some chemical process; for thousands of eggs remain over, as well as the perfect insect, to renew the family the next season.

Attalabus analis—"Red-Tailed Attalabus." This little beetle is the *Attalabus analis* of Weber. I have retained its designation, although it has been classed by other American authors under other names, which must, of course, become synonyms. It has taken a new thought into its beetle head: to desert the oak, its own tree, for the vine in a great measure. They are constantly found of late years in this location. The oak-tree disappearing so rapidly from among us, it has been thrown upon other resources.

Under the breast, head, antennæ, and legs, are blue-black; the thorax, abdomen, and wing-covers are of a very ugly dull red; the wing-covers are deeply punctured in straight rows. They have strong, firm snouts, which they thrust into buds and young fruit, and would, if not disturbed, soon ruin a vineyard.

The mother insect contrives, with her legs and snout, to twist and bend the thick veins of a leaf so that it can be folded together to form a compact nest, where she deposits her eggs, where they are hatched, and where the young live until they change their skins and have arrived at maturity. They are thick white grubs, with their segments very much hunched; no legs, only fleshy membranes on the under part of the body. This grub is very destructive in forcing its way between the young grapes and gnawing a ring around their stems, which causes the small, green, dried-up specimens we see mixed in bunches with the full-grown, rich clusters. But it is not to be blamed for all such kind of mischief. It has a number of assistants in this way of destroying the vintage in the other orders of insects.

This beetle generally selects her leaf for the nest high up, well-sheltered by others. The young are scarcely ever seen during the day, but are very active at night. The mature beetles can be found sunning themselves at noon upon the arbor or trellis-work. It is rarely that they are seen at other times. It is found likewise on the rose at some seasons, doing much injury.

To secure the vine from much depredation no other plants should be placed near it; for it is wonderful to see with what alacrity other insects, when sufficiently near, hasten to luxuriate upon the vine. Its coolness, always moist state, shade, and tempting fluid can not be withstood by them. They evidently share with man his love and admiration of this solace.

I have space for only one more of these—the most common and usually met with every where throughout the country. But you must remember that the vine has as attendants belonging especially to it some of the most brilliant and beautiful insects in the Lepidoptera order. But the pen can give but mere shades. The superb colors and commingling of hues can be only represented by the brush.

Pterophorus margarita-dactylus—"Pearly Plume of the grape vine." This moth, which I have seen rapidly on the increase for the last seven years all over the country, differs so very essentially from Fitch's *Pterophorus periscelidactylus*—the "Gartered Grape-Vine Plume"—that it must receive another name. He has

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given us varieties enough to compare with; yet it is similar to none of his. The name *dactylus* was given to them by Linnæus, who proposed to designate the few he knew by the number of these "fingers." Being designated by some previous cognomen, Latreille and others have called them *Fissipennes*, or "Split-winged moths." It belongs to the last family of the Lepidopterous insects the *Alucitæ*, the sub-genus *Pterophorus*, the first having six feathers in the wings, connected at the point, while the last has two in the fore-wings and three in the under.

Harris thought them merely deserving of mention, but not in an injurious point of view, there were so few varieties, and their presence so harmless. Now they have increased to such a degree that two or three dozen varieties can be taken an evening around lights during the summer months in every part of the country. They are very minute, and if not examined with a glass you would easily suppose they were mosquitoes or long-legged gnats.

This moth is very beautiful under the glass, the feathers are long and graceful like threads of a pearly texture, with a band of soft, delicate brown tinging them a little above the tips. The eyes are black, the abdomen slightly clouded, the legs brown, with tufts of long hairs upon them. When in repose they hang most fantastically by their front legs, crossing their hind ones under them to support the weight of the abdomen, which must be no slight burden for such frail, delicate wings to bear up.

The mother moth deposits her eggs near the joints of the vine. They hatch only in very warm weather. They cast their skins four times; they have sixteen feet; are of a bright green, with four black dots on each segment from which long white hairs protrude. It is a slow, quiet little creature, does not like to be disturbed. It draws several leaves together and spins a spacious chamber of silk between them, being very careful to match the edges, and fill up the interstices with very closely-woven patches. You can easily see this extraordinary performance by chipping a piece out of any of the leaves. You will find it next day nicely closed by a silken window of compact texture.

A vineyard where they are found will soon look as if it had been scorched by fire. When they have eaten their allotted time—which generally lasts as long as there is any thing to eat—they travel to the small branches or tendrils, cast their skins, and gradually close up into chrysalides—suspended from the vine like little ends of dead, withered stems or scraps of bark.

You would never conceive that there was so much mischief inclosed in such a small space, and you will be amazed at the number you can count. Sometimes ten or twelve of these chrysalides are found hanging in the space of four inches on a branch.

I could not now—nor indeed at any time—undertake to describe this cradle of the "Plume Moth." I suppose they are much alike. If other minute, indefatigable authors find the subject too prolific for their pens, be assured I have not the presumption to think I can render agreeable, or take away the tedium of its description. The spines, irregular markings, singular projections, transverse lines, concave spots, convex dots, angular edges, circular dots, elevated points, depressed teeth, and jagged lines, would exhaust the ever-patient Swammerdam, if he could return to this mundane sphere. I am rarely baffled in any thing I undertake; but after four pages of closely-written manuscript, I discovered that I had not exhausted the front view. I rose in despair from the magnifier; for understand that on either side you turn it you have a more multitudinous exhibition of angles, and every side seems to differ in the manner the points project. But here I must make a reservation—this chrysalis was of a pale-brown, lustrous color, and many of these extraordinary markings may have been the reflection of light through the delicate translucent membrane of the chrysalis, as it was very fresh and not yet hardened by the air, although older ones show no less carving in the patterns. Markings and dots might have been only rays of light refracting from many prominent angles: suffice it, I believe this chrysalis is beyond the descriptive powers of any man, and must be seen to be conceived and understood in all its wonderful and elaborate parts and tracery.

How meagre all this looks as I write it—how impossible I feel it is to convey to the minds of others all that interests me in these wonderful exhibitions; but yet it is true what is written by the critic, "In whatsoever thing thou hast thyself felt interest, in that or in nothing hope to inspire others with interest." I desire to excite your curiosity, kindle your admiration, and increase the study of these most extraordinary, ever-varying works of Nature, touching you at every turn, upon which your eyes fall a dozen times a day, which intrude themselves under your touch, which repose, soliciting examination at your feet, in your wood-land walks, in your graperies, orchards, at board, in parlor, garden, and field—in a word, every where. Life is a mystery which Immortality alone can solve; and when presented to us under such marvelous, incomprehensible phases, the mind ofttimes refuses the conception as bewildering—leaving us only

"Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

KATY KEITH.

I.

THE wished-for night at last arrived, and I stood before the little mirror in my own room, dressing for Mrs. Dalton's party. Within its limited *encadrement* I saw a French-pale complexion, eyes and hair blacker than black, and features just enough off of Greek to allow a little animation. Your regular Greek faces are only fit for marble. Put them into flesh and blood, and their repose degenerates to insipidity. People called this countenance before me

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handsome, but its jet and ivory contrasts failed to please me. I wasn't my own style at all; Josie was that. Most blushingly and beautifully blonde; slender nose, a thought *retroussée;* locks of gold, and eyes of azure. Little and light, too, as a fairy. My own tall shape, so firm and full, seemed almost heavy in comparison.

On the bed lay my dress—that poor old Swiss which I had worn ever since leaving off short frocks. It had been pieced down and tucked for this occasion; my own hands had clear-starched it to the last degree of "sheer"-ness; and mamma, by much contrivance, had managed to procure fresh sash and gloves. A box on the bureau held my ornaments—brooch, shoulder-knots, and head-dress. They were of my own manufacture, scarlet verbena with geranium leaves for green.

Mamma came up to aid the finishing touches.

"You will look nicely after all, dear," she said, with a cheerful smile.

"I wish so, mother, that you could have gone."

"But you know it was not possible. I shall have a good quiet evening at home, and you must enjoy yourself for both. There is a carriage; it must be Mrs. Harvey and Josephine. Run down, Katy; don't keep them waiting."

"There is hardly room here for any thing but Josie and her flounces," said Mrs. Harvey, as she divided the back-seat with me. "Drive fast, John." We rolled along, my own heart beating high as Cinderella's going to the ball.

The dressing-room was half full when we entered, but every one stopped, I thought, to see me lay aside my wrappings. That was the trying moment. All the girls were shining out in fresh, pretty things, and it was awful to have to run the gauntlet of so many eyes. Maria Gibson paused, shoe in hand, to notice me. She was a sort of person that you felt afraid of, without respecting in the least; rich herself, and supercilious to those who were not.

"Now," said she, "the great secret will be out. Look, girls, with all your might. She has been so careful that none of us could even get a glimpse."

I unshawled with outward calm and inward discomposure.

"Oh!" said Maria, after a moment's pause, "it's that, is it?"

Few words, but the tone made them expressive. I was so vexed I could have shaken her! Forgive, dear reader, this most unheroine-like emotion; but I was never perfect.

"Don't mind her, Katy," whispered Josephine, consolingly, and offered to pin on my bouquets. That done, I was bidden to survey the effect. The scarlet blossoms lit up my simple garb; my shoulders rose white and smooth from the clear muslin; a dark lustre shone in my eyes. And glancing at Maria, I saw that she had forgotten to wipe the pearl-powder from her lashes, and her gloves wrinkled frightfully across the back, while her collar-bones stood out to that degree that you might have laid a knife on them and it would have staid as on a shelf. So I comforted myself with the reflection that there were some things worse than an old dress and no jewelry.

Below stairs it was a scene of enchantment to Josie and myself, both new to party-going; all light, and bloom, and splendor. Doors and windows were open, the calm stillness of a summer night coming up to the glitter and hum within. Do you recall the peculiar feeling that contrast gives you? I can not describe it. People were standing about on the piazza in half-seen groups, while indoors it grew every moment brighter and gayer as fresh faces and fresh dresses made their entrance. Josie and I subsided, after some little wandering, into a quiet corner; two or three young men joined us, and conversation became animated. In the midst of it there was a slight sensation, a moment's hush through the room. I looked up. Two gentlemen came in. One of them was good-looking, well-dressed; nothing very special about him. But the other! The instant my eye encountered that dark, speaking gaze, I felt that the hero had arrived and the romance was begun.

An obliging attendant went at once to forage for information. He returned with full particulars; the new arrivals were Mr. Krumbhaar and Mr. Ledlie. Strangers no longer; we had all heard of them a hundred times. The former was a far-away cousin of Mrs. Dalton, well-connected, rich, and, to crown all, unmarried. Mr. Ledlie's reputation was extensive. A young lawyer, he was more noted for literary taste than legal knowledge, though that may have been good enough for aught I know. He wrote poetry and sketches in the magazines, and was very much the fashion wherever he appeared. How clever of Mrs. Dalton to have secured these attractions, and to have kept so quiet about it too!

I expected only to admire the lions at a distance, but no great time elapsed before Mr. Ledlie was introduced. Oh what a flutter of confusion and delight! He actually at my side talking to me! I wonder if any one nowadays has that holy reverence of authors that I used to feel? To have had "Lines" in the corner of our village paper invested a person with awful distinction; but to write "pieces" regularly in the magazines—above all, to have published a book—that was the height of the sublime! What had I to say to such a one? Indistinct ideas of Margaret Fuller and Madame de Staël flitted across my mind, but furnished no inspiration. How I wished now that I had read that dull review in the last *Living Age*, instead of devouring the stories!

It appeared, however, that Mr. Ledlie did not intend to plunge at once into literary discussion, but was willing to talk a while about the evening, the party, and such topics, like any common mortal. Here I was sufficiently at home to make intelligible replies. And soon a some-

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thing in his manner—deference, admiration, I hardly know what—reminded me that I was a young girl, and he only a young man, after all. I grew self-possessed, remembering that last look at the swing-glass up stairs. How conceited! you say. Perhaps—but a little harmless conceit is so comfortable!

I can not tell how long we had talked together when Miss Dalton sat down to the piano. It might have been five minutes or five hours. I was only conscious of a perfect pleasure in which light, and flowers, and color, and the dark eyes beaming on me, were so blended that it was impossible to separate them.

Of course, at the first touch of the keys every one ceased talking, and addressed themselves to listening. Miss Dalton was our village Thalberg.

"Shall we not hear you in the course of the evening?" asked Mr. Ledlie, when the music and the compliments were over.

"I hardly think you will," was my reply.

"That is cruel. I am sure you sing delightfully!"

"Such faith is pleasant to witness, but I'm afraid it has not the power to work miracles. My friends have always been obliged to take my musical abilities upon trust. Like Lady Catherine de Bourgh, I should have been a great proficient if I had ever learned."

"Ah! I see you read Miss Austen. How do you like her?"

"Now for it!" I thought, with nervous foreboding. "If he only keeps to novels I shall manage well enough; but if he goes into generalizing and talking in that large way, like the reviews, I can never do it." Then, aloud: "Very much. She is exceedingly clever and amusing, whatever we may think of her good-nature."

"What leads you to distrust her there?"

"She dwells so much on petty foibles—traits that are ludicrous, and at the same time despicable. Don't you think so? And, besides, I hate that way she has of making out that women are always bent on marriage—all the mothers plotting for it; all the heroines, even the good ones, thinking of it. I don't believe it's so at all—"

I stopped suddenly, my cheeks on fire. What sort of speech was this to make to a young man? Oh dear! And the remembrance of some speculations of my own added depth to the blush. Mr. Ledlie was too polite to take any notice, but I knew what he must be feeling. "Nice little rustic he considers me!" I thought, storming with inward vexation.

"You don't like satire, then?"

"Oh yes; at least I like Mr. Thackeray so much!" That was in the days of *Vanity Fair*, when the great man seemed like another Jove, almost, beholding from supernal heights our little follies, and showing them up with a wisdom that had more of tears in it than laughter. So we went on, and had a "literary" discourse. I confided to him my own important views concerning the leading writers of the *day*, and he listened attentively, answering with such discrimination! From which I now infer that he must have agreed with me, since we are apt to think that the best proof of discrimination that any one can give. In the very height of discussion Mr. Krumbhaar was presented.

There never was a more unwelcome interruption, but I saw at once that it was for the best. We had been talking together quite as long as was desirable in a mixed company. No doubt he thought so too, for he presently left me, and went off to make himself agreeable to some of the other girls. What a contrast Mr. Krumbhaar was! Not ill-looking, not unpleasing; but so different from that expressive face, that instructive conversation!

I saw little of my hero after this till dancing began, save when, just before supper, a few of us were standing on the back piazza.

"What is this vine?" asked Josephine of Miss Dalton, a handsome young woman, some years older than ourselves. "It looks like Matrimony, but I can not be certain in this light."

"Yes, it is Matrimony," said Miss Dalton, laughing. "We planted it years ago, and tended it with the greatest care. Season after season Maggie and I come out and sit in its shadow, but the charm doesn't seem to work."

"Poor Maggie!" said Mr. Krumbhaar, "is her case so hopeless too?"

"Even more so, for she is the elder."

Mr. Ledlie looked at me. "Materials for your friend Miss Austen," he said, mischievously. I colored, wondering if I should ever forget that unfortunate remark, or remember it without vexation.

After supper the evening began in earnest. The music, that had been tantalizing us from the closed room across the hall, burst forth in full harmony; young hearts and young feet welcomed it with rapture. They are fortunate whose mortifications end with the dressing-room. Josie and I did not sit down a single set. Mr. Ledlie danced twice with each of us; but my most frequent partner was Mr. Krumbhaar. I began to see after a while that he was "distinguishing" me, but the discovery afforded no great satisfaction. How could any one else be of the slightest consequence when the owner of those eyes was in the room? Clearly all other men were only accidents that saved us from the ignominious doom of wall-flowers.

The evening *would* come to an end, and we went home tired and happy.

II.

I never could see why people pine to visit foreign climes when there is such a superfluity of beauty in the commonest landscape they can find at home; more than our souls are half-educated to appreciate or enjoy. The country about Weyburn always satisfied me. It was nothing remarkable; it would just about "average with" scenery throughout the State. Blue hills in the distance, forests skirting the meadows, plenty

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of foliage and clear-running streams. My complacency in it seemed fully shared by Mrs. Dalton's guests; one week, a second passed, and still they lingered.

Josie and I saw them continually. There was a vast deal of business to be transacted in the arranging numerous schemes of pleasure, and these necessitated frequent calls; thrown so much together we could not long consider them as strangers. I remember how uncomfortable I was the first night of expecting such a call. I had read a great deal about taste imparting such elegance to the plainest belongings, but I didn't know how to do it. Any thing in the way of costly adornment was impossible to us, and from my heart I abhorred all cheap domestic forms of ornamentation. If I picked a bouquet there was nothing to put it in but a tumbler or a pitcher. After puzzling myself full fifteen minutes on the subject, I was fain to leave the six cane chairs and the brass-nailed sofa to themselves. There was a Pre-Raphaelitism about the whole composition, I thought, that ought to strike a lover of art. Happily, I wasn't at all ashamed of mamma, ever neat and ladylike, nor of my father, who could talk as well as Mr. Ledlie himself.

Few things could be pleasanter than our life that summer—a gay succession of drives and picnics, rides and fishing parties. Mr. Krumbhaar exerted himself in the most amiable manner to confer enjoyment upon every one, and his friendly dispositions being seconded by an overflowing purse he succeeded to admiration. Our native beaux were very nice young men, but nearly all of them had some occupation which took up the greater share of their time. Mr. Krumbhaar, on the contrary, was able to give "the whole of his mind" to devising pleasures. He it was who canvassed the neighborhood to secure the needed extra carriage, or coaxed the busy farmers to spare their horses for a day. He, too, discovered that our mill-pond was perfectly adapted to figure as a lake, and had the prettiest boat sent up to us from New York. Many were the exclamations of delight over the graceful toy that morning when we first went down to view it.

"But what do you call her, Mr. Krumbhaar?" we asked. Whereupon he invited our suggestions. One original mind proposed the *Lady of the Lake*, a second the *Water Lily*, a third *Undine*, and so on, all of which appellations were so charming and appropriate that he professed himself unable to choose among them. To avoid partiality, he was obliged to be himself the sponsor, and the boat was christened the *Belle of Weyburn*. And this with such an air of gallantry and meaning that every girl of our group felt certain of being the particular belle whom he designed to compliment.

That was a golden summer! Newport and Saratoga have given me nothing like it; Baden was lead in comparison. How busy I was! Up with the dawn that mamma might not suffer from my absences; flying around with smoothing-irons, stirring up cake, or moulding batches of bread. Every thing out of the way by the time civilized people began to show themselves; and then for merry-making. The number of times that poor old Swiss went through my hands defies all computation. For if I had no new dresses I was determined that my few old ones should at least be fresh. Any thing soiled or worn was my aversion, and I felt more like a lady in a tenpenny calico with neat gloves and shoes than I could have done in brocade or India mull without them.

Just a shade of care mingled with all this felicity. What did Mr. Ledlie mean? Did he just like to talk with me as a pleasant lively girl? No, I didn't believe that. Vanity or consciousness gave assurance that I was more to him than the rest. But why, then, was his manner so unequal? Why was it that I could not stir from the house without encountering him; that he would devote himself a whole evening utterly to me; yet another time vouchsafe me scarce the slightest notice, and divide his attentions among half a dozen others? Did he love me, and fear to give way to his feelings for a penniless girl? Or was he doubtful of my regard? Or was he only seeking to add another to his list of conquests? I could not tell, though I pondered the matter many a time. I used to say to myself proudly that I did not wear my heart on my sleeve for every daw to peck at; but was this a daw? Was it not rather a phenix, sole of its kind in the world? And supposing my heart hung out in that exposed condition, did he care to try it? Would he consider it a fruit worth nibbling? It was my intention most assuredly not to fall in love without due provocation; but is it safe to trust to the prudence of seventeen in that respect?

Five or six other considerations, too, perplexed me. Mr. Krumbhaar's manner admitted but one meaning: honest, straightforward admiration was very visible to any one who would look. The girls used to laugh at me about it; perhaps some of them envied me; but no, I don't believe it. Nice, friendly girls, brought up together, are not so jealous and malicious as the story-writers would make out. And it was impossible to help liking Mr. Krumbhaar; he was intelligent, well-read, with that sort of cultivation which a man can scarcely live much in the world without acquiring. There was nothing to object to; and then his wealth! To me it looked fabulous; that fortune contained all the miraculous possibilities of a fairy tale. Mr. Ledlie was only an author, and I had said I would never marry a poor man, come what would, but—ah, if I only knew *just* what he intended!

One day there was a picnic to the Wormley Spring—a favorite resort of ours, though it would be hard to say why. There was the Spring-house, standing in a pleasant grove—no pleasanter, however, than twenty others in our own immediate neighborhood; and there was the water bubbling up beautifully clear, and

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tasting like a mixture of all the salts in the pharmacopœia. These were the sole and solitary attractions, beyond such walks as every belt of woodland and bit of pasture affords us. Nevertheless, Wormley was greatly patronized, and all the girls were glad to hear of the projected visit.

There was a large party of us, some in carriages and some on horseback. I went in the saddle, of course. I never could see how any one that had the choice should do otherwise. In the allotment of cavaliers Mr. Ledlie fell to my share; it pleased me, and he did not seem dissatisfied. If there were any charm for him in my society he yielded to it this morning without resistance. As we rode along, the fresh air blowing in my face, youth, health, and hope in full possession, I envied no one living, nor wished for any change.

"How well you ride!" said my companion, presently.

"Yes, I think I do," was my candid admission—"that is, considering the way in which I have picked up the accomplishment—riding our own old horse to water, or going a mile or two on some very safe and steady animal belonging to a friend."

"Your present steed is not of that description. He is quite spirited enough to call for a little caution on your part."

"Thank you; but I'm not at all timid."

"I see you are not. You have plenty of courage and self-possession—valuable qualities, you will discover, in the management of life as well as of a horse."

"I don't believe life is so difficult to manage. It looks easy enough to me."

"You are like the man who read Euclid in an afternoon, and wondered that people found any difficulties in it."

"I suppose you must have gone through and solved all the problems, you speak so feelingly."

"On the contrary, I am in the midst of a very perplexing one. Can not you aid me, Miss Keith?"

"You seemed to regard my powers rather contemptuously just now."

"Yes, but your confidence in yourself has inspired me with respect. I am sure you have some infallible rule."

"It ought to be infallible, and it is very brief, so I will give it to you. Do what is right, and take all the comfort that you can."

"The first part is orthodox, certainly. And it is by this that you work all your problems?"

"I wish to do so. Sometimes I fail."

"The last clause is always easy, I presume."

"Not when I have neglected the first."

"You are a safe adviser, Miss Keith. But there are circumstances where the Right is not so clear as one could wish."

"I fear I have not sufficient experience, if the case is complicated."

"I sometimes think there ought to be no complication," he said, hurriedly. "Oh, if by one bold effort we could conquer Fate! Or if we dared but follow out the impulse—"

The rest of the party came clattering up. The sentence was left unfinished. What had he meant to say? and how was I concerned in his perplexity? These were questions that asked themselves over and over again as we all rode on together. But of course he would answer them the first time that we were alone.

Ill-grounded expectation! Was there ever any thing so tantalizing as that man's behavior? For the remainder of our ride he was politely cool; and during all our little rambles about the Spring no trace returned of his eager, animated manner. However this might disappoint me, I did not intend to make myself miserable about it. If he could wait, so could I. I practiced on my own recipe, and took all the comfort that I could.

After dinner, while we were all sitting on the grass in a languid, *dolce far niente* mood, Mr. Krumbhaar opened on a favorite theme of his. He was a great admirer of every thing German, and took pains to let his partialities be known. Mr. Ledlie, on the contrary, to whom German was as his mother-tongue, seldom made allusion to it; indeed, it might be said for him that he never invited attention to his acquirements, but was content to let them speak for themselves as occasion offered. Mr. Krumbhaar talked well, and we all listened with pleasure. Goethe was his idol, and as we country-girls knew very little of the demi-god, he was most happy to enlighten our ignorance. Sitting there so quietly, I never thought to chance on any thing that touched myself; but very soon our narrator reached the episode of Frederica. You may guess with what eagerness, veiled by seeming indifference, and even a hypocritical little yawn, I listened. When he had finished opinions were freely offered. Goethe was pronounced to be awfully heartless and dreadfully cruel; and don't you think, Mr. Krumbhaar, that he deserved *torture* for behaving so? And Mr. Krumbhaar was most politely acquiescent.

I strolled off by myself among the trees: a little time alone was what I wanted, but was not destined to achieve. Mr. Ledlie followed me. I spied a rare little blossom, and was bending to gather it as he came up.

"What a very pretty flower!" he said, "and how singular! Can you tell me its name?"

"It is the calumet-flower—the Pipe of Peace. The Indians named it, I believe. Look; it needs no great imagination to trace the bowl and stem, and the pure white of both adds to the resemblance. Did you ever see a perfectly white plant before?"

"Never—but Weyburn contains a great deal that is unique. This summer is altogether exceptional with me—an idyl beautiful as new."

"*Is* it so very new to you to be idle?" I asked, with a silly little laugh. Don't despise me too much; I felt that he had come to see how I took that narrative, and wanted to be careless as I could.

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"Nay, I am sure you don't misunderstand me."

"I beg your pardon for such dullness. You mean something in the Tennysonian line; pastoral simplicity, etc. Yes, I think we are all very Arcadian indeed."

"Now you are ridiculing me; but I do not intend to be shamed out of my rare sentimentalism. This out-of-door life we lead, with its walks and drives and dances, is a bit of real poetry to one who has passed so many years among the brick-and-mortar. And there are other things—"

He paused. I made a great effort and gained courage to look up. Our eyes met. What a power and sweetness were in his glance! My heart acknowledged it, went out to meet it. If I only had been sure he was in earnest with me heaven would that minute have come down to earth. It is hard to dread a trick of selfish vanity when you would give—your life almost—to believe a man sincere.

"Yes, there are other things," I answered; "Mrs. Walker's party to-morrow night, for instance. Not pastoral, to be sure, but good in its way. Shall you go?"

"Probably—what do you think of our good Krumbhaar's powers of narrative?"

"They are very fair, as far as I can judge. He talks well, does he not?"

"Passably; a little bookish and stiff, perhaps; but that is a matter of taste. I noticed that you gave no opinion of his historiette. That must have disappointed him."

"I had none to give," was my response; as calm as I could make it. "And why not? The other young ladies expressed themselves very decidedly."

"Unthinkingly, too, I'm afraid. They did not stop to reflect that Genius is emancipated from all shackles of truth and honor."

"You are satirical, Miss Keith."

"Pray do not suspect a poor simple girl of satire," I said, smiling. "Least of all with so august a subject."

"So you seriously think those are the only grounds on which he can be justified?"

"I don't believe I've thought about the matter." Of course I wished to leave the topic, stop talking of it, turn to any thing else. Why could he not do so? Why must he go over the whole, analyzing the motives that prompted Goethe's action as calmly as he might a flower. And I to sit there, feeling every word he uttered as so intensely personal, meant so thoroughly to apply to our relations with each other! After it all came another appeal to my opinion.

"It is a very plain case," I answered, laughingly. "The choice lay between sacrificing her or himself, and in such circumstances what brilliant, fascinating young man could hesitate?"

"You always come back to that view of it," he said. "You will not see the demands of a genius like Goethe's. Your devotion to the Frederica interest blinds you."

"There we differ. My opinion is founded simply on impartial justice. No one devoted to her interests could possibly wish her to become the wife of a man selfish or indifferent enough to hesitate about the matter."

"That is such a school-girl way of thinking!" he said, in an impatient tone.

I felt insulted, regarding my views at that time as much more judicious and important than I do at present. However, I was not quite silly enough to defend the theory to him, of all men.

"Well," I asked, coolly, "why should not I have such ways of thinking? It is not six months since I left school, you know."

"I believe I have known it at some time; but it is impossible to remember it when with you, or to demand from you less than a woman's powers of judgment and feeling."

"Had we not better join the others?" I asked.

"As you please—but give me that flower before we go."

I held the blossom toward him; he took my hand just one instant in his own, and said: "You will let it be a sign of peace between us?"

"Why?" I asked with artless wonder. "What strife has there been? Have I been quarreling without knowing it?"

He was rather confused, and I enjoyed the sight. "I mean my arch-treason just now against the sovereignty of love. You'll forgive me, will you not?"

"Don't mention it," I cried. "You could not think me so silly as to take offense at your having an opinion and expressing it."

In my own room that night I rehearsed this interview perhaps twenty times, and at each repetition thought of something vastly apposite that I might have said. If we could only write our conversations down beforehand how much better they would be! But the opportunity had not been vouchsafed me; I could only hope now that my manner had not betrayed too much and enlightened my enemy too thoroughly.

"It is very fortunate," I reflected, "that I didn't *fall* in love, but only walked in prudently a very little way. As I am likely to get beyond my depth, I will just turn around and walk out again." I did not doubt my ability to do so.

As to Mr. Ledlie, his sentiments were plain enough—as plain as when a man paints "Beware of the Dog!" upon a board and sets it up on his premises. If after that you go upon the ground without due safeguards it is your own look-out. I meant to heed the warning. And, after all, had I been very foolish? An attractive man came in my way, and I had been attracted; there was nothing in that to be ashamed of. I had behaved in good faith throughout; had he cared for me I was ready to be cared for, and to be grateful, too. But as he didn't, why, there it must end. I should do well to keep out of his way as much as possible, and avoid all danger of finding him too pleasing. Unless, indeed, I used any opportunity that befell to make the parting quite as hard for him as for myself. The

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idea was wonderfully tempting. I couldn't think it quite right. Flirting in any shape did not consist with my notions of propriety. Yet with what kind explicitness he had stated his views that afternoon! Did I not fairly owe him something for it? And was a heart under such admirable control likely to suffer much from all that I could do?

III.

Mamma and I went out the next day for a regular calling expedition. On our way home we stopped at the cabinet-maker's for some trifle—a missing rung for a chair or a varnish-brush perhaps; I am very sure it was not to order any thing new. The first thing we came upon, close to the door, was a man at work on a coffin; indeed there was scarcely any thing but coffins in the room. Of all materials and sizes, they stood every where about: it made me dismal. I watched the man at his work. What a dreary, wretched impression of poverty and gloom that last refuge of mortality made upon me! It was of some common stuff, hideously stained in stripes of black and red—a wild attempt at imitating rosewood, maybe, while untold wealth of German silver had been lavished on it in the way of medallion ornaments. These last the man was polishing. The cheap pretense, the miserable sham, were horrible, when you remembered *what* it was.

"Oh, mamma!" I exclaimed, as soon as we were in the street, "did you see that shocking coffin?"

"Not to notice it especially. What ailed it?"

"Ugh!" I said, with a shiver. "When my time comes, mother, nail me up in a pine box rather than such a thing as that. I never could lie still in it."

"Katy!" said mamma, reprovingly, "you should not speak lightly of such solemn matters."

"I don't mean it so, ma'am, I assure you. It's just the way I feel." The impression staid by me for an hour or two: wretched make-shift! wretched poverty that called for it!

Mr. Krumbhaar spent a part of the evening with us. The thought of fortune, luxuries, assured position, connected with the very sound of his name, came into my mood like sunlight into a cavern.

Some days passed by, and we were all together frequently, as usual. I had ample room to practice my change of plan on Mr. Ledlie. It was amusing to see how he advanced as I retired—became more eager as I was less acquiescent. I was in doubt how far to go with him—not satisfied as to how much punishment he deserved, nor how far it was safe for me to venture in inflicting it. I caught myself wondering more than once whether he were not becoming a little less prudent; whether it might not be possible that he would forget the claims of genius and "sacrifice" himself if I desired it.

One evening there was to be a water-party. Mr. Krumbhaar came for me.

"You are sure it is safe?" asked mamma, rather anxiously.

"Certainly, my dear madam. Do you think I would take Miss Keith into danger?"

"It would be an awkward spot if any thing happened," remarked papa. "The pond is very deep, and there are dangerous holes about."

"But what *can* happen?" asked Mr. Krumbhaar.

"True enough; you are none of you children to get frightened and upset the boat, and your craft is water-tight, I suppose. Let her go, Mary; no possible harm can come of it."

"You will row, will you not?" said mamma, following us to the door. "I so dread these sudden flaws in a sail-boat."

The desired assurance was given, and we went down to the pond. Our shallop lay near the mill, and as we sat waiting for the others I watched the water tumbling and foaming among the great wheels and massive timbers.

"The wicket is broken," observed my companion. "If it is not mended soon the machinery may suffer. These bits of straw and shingle can do no harm, but a stout log might make mischief."

Just then the others came up. "What are you studying so intently?" asked Mr. Ledlie, proceeding to devote himself to me at once.

"Only this current; see how relentless it is: I can not take my eyes from it. Look at these poor fragments that have fallen within its power: escape is hopeless; down must they go and be ground to atoms. Can not you say something on the occasion?"

"In what vein?"

"That this flume is Destiny, for instance, and we the floating bits."

"You have said it for me; besides, it is not my creed. You were brought up on fore-ordination, I presume; I, on the contrary, believe devoutly in free-will."

"How can you? I don't see how any one can free himself from Fate, call it by what name you like—circumstance, election, any thing."

"I perceive that you wish to escape responsibility."

"Oh no; I feel myself responsible, all the same. I can't quite tell you how—"

"I dare say you would have difficulty in explaining; but take courage. You are a very consistent little Calvinist."

"Indeed I am not! I hate Calvin."

"That was heartily spoken. But a graduate of the Sunday-school hating Calvin! What a sad result of Barnes's Notes! for I can't lay it to the Assembly Catechism."

"I'm afraid you've never studied Mr. Barnes," I said. "He is quite as Calvinistic as I want to find him."

The boat shoved off, and our doctrinal discussion came to an end. It was a delicious night, bland and still. The new moon hung in the west; a second heaven shone on us from the still water. In the softening light our useful pond became a pretty lake, and we all pro-

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nounced it worthy of a formal christening. Several neat titles were suggested.

"These would be charming," I said, "if there were no to-morrow. But when daylight comes, and we see the great mill distinctly with all its unpoetic adjuncts, then we shall blush for our evening romance. Let it be Lake Osnaburg; isn't that better than 'Domestic' or 'heavy unbleached?'"

"If we could just tear down the mill!" said Josephine. "When the banks were cleared we should have a lovely lake."

"Your father would hardly thank you for the wish, Josie." A good share of Mr. Harvey's large income was drawn from this establishment

"I suppose not," she answered. "Isn't it very tiresome, Mr. Ledlie, that things are always interfering so?"

"How?"

"One can make such nice plans, and then along comes a person, like Katy here, with a practical turn of mind and knocks them all to pieces. I don't mean about the mill alone, but it is always so. Romance and Utility are always getting in each other's way.

"And then Utility has the road. It's a very sensible arrangement, you'll find, Miss Josephine. Romance is but unsubstantial diet."

"You 'professionals' are not fair judges," I remarked. "Every thing romantic has become so stale to you in the course of trade that you assume it must be so for the rest of the world."

Mr. Ledlie was not quite pleased; indeed where did you ever find a man who liked the accusation of being thoroughly unpoetic? He made a half-defense while Mr. Krumbhaar whispered in my ear some pretty nonsense about making my life more beautiful than any dream of fancy. I did not listen with disapprobation. It is so pleasant to be loved.

We rowed on in the moonlight, our little boat full-freighted with youth and hope. I have thought of that evening so often: how happy we were! We never once remembered that care and sorrow might be lying in wait, almost ready for the spring; sure, coming age that would dull all these hopes, chase all these dreams, cast no foreboding chill upon us. Yet I, at least, was unquiet. A crisis in life had come. Eyes that had sometimes been averted now dwelt fondly on my own; if looks and tones could speak, what was there that I might not understand?

"I have become a convert to your faith," he said, in a low voice, while the rest were busy with some topic of their own.

"What faith do you mean?"

"In Destiny. It is impossible to escape; useless to try. I give up the struggle."

"And you find submission painful?"

"Not so: easy and delightful."

I remembered the morning such a little while ago; the early warmth, the after coolness. "It is well," I thought, "that I know you better than you seem to know yourself."

The moon went down; clouds overcast the sky; a storm was coming up. "How dark it grows!" said we all, and prophesied a hindrance to to-morrow's ride.

"I may come at any rate, may I not?" whispered Mr. Krumbhaar. "Shall I be in the way?"

"Not if you wait till afternoon," I replied, mindful of certain household duties.

We rowed to shore; one after another mounted to the bank; I was the last. Mr. Krumbhaar held out his hand; I could just see him as he stood, the night had grown so black. I waved him playfully aside and sprang forward; and then—I know not how—'twas but a step—I missed my footing and was in the water.

One can think of millions of things in an instant of time. All the past spread itself out plain as a map before me, not a single act forgotten; and the future, oh my soul, how near! As I rose, wildly struggling and half-suffocated, to the surface, I heard the loud cries overhead, caught one short glimpse of moving figures. Oh, how near they were, and yet they could not see me! I tried to shriek in answer, but the rushing water filled my throat and choked my voice. How dreadful! Only a minute ago I was safe there with them, and now I must die! If I had only staid at home, only been careful how I stepped; but there was no use in wishing now. "God have mercy on me!" I prayed, and in that frightful struggle tried to think of meeting Him.

Suddenly I remembered the flume and the broken wicket. A horrid vision of the swift current and crashing machinery came over me; I made one last despairing effort to rise. Then all strength left me; a deep languor pervaded my being; I floated out powerless; life passed from my lips. "It is all over now," I thought.

There was a voice. "Oh, my darling!" it said, "my darling!"

Where was I? I felt the water chill about me yet, but I could breathe. Was it a dream?

Something held me. I heard a shout, "She is here! I have got her!" My eyes opened; consciousness returned. I saw the dark sky above; dark forms stood on the bank. A strong clasp supported me; I was saved. Thank God! Ay, I thanked Him fervently.

Then somehow they reached me from the shore, and I was laid upon the grass; Josie held my head, the girls crowded around frightened and sobbing. I did not speak; I only lay there—so glad to find myself alive!—till Josie said, with a fresh burst of crying, "Oh, I'm afraid she's dead! She doesn't move."

"No, I'm not," I said, with a deep sigh. "I shall do very well presently."

All tongues were loosened; joyful exclamations overwhelmed me. I heard them as in a dream, my senses steeped in such delicious languor. I did not even wonder who it was that saved me.

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IV.

This little adventure made me the village heroine for a week. There was a constant stream of callers, anxious to learn every particular, and what I thought and how I felt. It was very likely I should tell them that! What did I think? was my response to these inquiries; why, that I should be drowned. How did I feel? Exceedingly pleased to find myself mistaken. But if my words were light my thoughts were serious enough. I don't know if much permanent good results from these close encounters with death; but I, for one, could not go back and be quite the same person that I was before. Life that had looked so settled and secure; years and years at my disposal, to do the best with that I could, became so slight, so transient, and yet of such import, viewed in its relation to all that lies beyond.

I had something to learn myself of what had befallen. Both gentlemen, it seemed, had plunged in after me, but it was to Mr. Ledlie that I owed my life. I could have wished the debt lay elsewhere, grateful though I were. And one amazing thing they all conspired to testify; I had been in the water such a little while. "Only a minute," said the girls, and I ridiculed them; four or five minutes at most, said Mr. Krumbhaar, but I shook my head. One should always endeavor to believe disinterested witnesses, particularly when their evidence is backed by all the medical profession; but how *could* it have been less than an hour or two, making every allowance? The things remembered, the terrors felt! Could five minutes hold them all? If that were true, how limitless our capacity to think and suffer!

Any evil results of my involuntary plunge were happily escaped. The very next afternoon I was sitting up in my own room, sobered in mind but comfortable in body. Our earliest visitor, Josephine excepted, was Mr. Krumbhaar; after him came my preserver.

It was an awkward interview, at least in the beginning; I could not forget those words that reached me on coming back to life. "Oh my darling, my darling!" They sounded continually in my ears. I made some broken attempts to express my gratitude; he replied with just as little self-possession. After a time mamma left us; in compliance, she told me afterward, with his request; and a silence sufficiently embarrassing ensued. He was the first to break it.

"Miss Keith," he said, "I have a question to ask. Pray do not consider it impertinent, but answer frankly."

I summoned voice to tell him that I would.

"How soon were you conscious? Did you understand any incoherent words of mine while we were in the water?"

My face was in a flame. "Yes," I stammered; "but no matter. In a moment of excitement people will say things that—that they did not intend, perhaps."

He rose and came toward me; he stood by my chair. "Oh Katy," he said, "don't you know that I let my heart speak out then for the first time; that I said what I have been wanting to say all these weeks; what I have been longing to tell you ever since that night!"

I was silent, trembling from emotion which he did not read aright. When at last I looked up and our eyes met—ah, what speaking eyes he had! I almost doubted whether wisdom and courage were the best. He took my hand and covered it with kisses. I snatched it away.

"Don't!" I said. "How you will regret all this to-morrow!"

"What do you mean?" he asked, astonished.

"That you are allowing a sudden impulse to overcome your judgment. I was in such danger that you do not look at me in a true light; there is a sacredness about dead people—we feel a tenderness for them—and you regard me almost as if I had come back from the dead. But in a few days all this will be over; I shall be the same girl that I was."

"And then?" he said, eagerly.

"And then you will wish you had kept silence."

"Again!" he exclaimed. "Why do you speak thus? Do you not know that these doubts are insulting?"

He was displeased, and deeply; it added to my trouble. Moreover, I was weak yet and nervous; I began to cry. Terribly ashamed I was of such an exhibition, but I could not stop. The sight of my tears softened him at once; he whispered words of tenderness and caressing.

"I am so sorry you are angry," I said, between my sobs. "I owe you my life, and now you think me rude and unfeeling."

"No, no, my dearest," he answered, passionately. "I only am in fault. You are willing to owe your life to me, Katy; will you not let me make its happiness?"

I could not answer him. "Just a whisper, love," he said; "one word—you haven't courage, little trembling heart? A look then—a pressure of my hand;" and he leaned toward me.

It was time to put an end to this. With a strong effort I kept back my tears. "You must not talk in this way," I insisted. "It must never happen again."

He was smiling. "Indeed!" he answered. "But I intend to do it very often. How will you prevent me, Katy?"

"By refusing to listen," I gravely answered.

"And what is the cause of such a rigorous decree?"

It was plain that he believed himself invincible; he was not to blame for that, perhaps, but it gave me a little nerve. A few days since I might have triumphed in this declaration, might have played with his feelings. I could not do it now.

"Mr. Ledlie," I resumed, "perhaps it would not be considered quite suitable for me to tell you all the truth; yet it seems to me right that I should treat you with entire candor."

"It is what I wish from you."

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"Not long ago I should have heard this avowal with pleasure; nay, I will go farther and say that it would have made me very happy."

"You admit it: then why—"

"Wait, wait! But now all that is over. You once laid before me your reasons for avoiding an imprudent marriage. Do not look astonished. I told you I should speak the whole truth. I understood you perfectly; I comprehended that any interest on my part was warned off by such language."

"I was a fool!" he exclaimed. "Forget it. If your beauty, your sweetness have overcome me, why should *you* revive those buried scruples?"

My spirit rose a little at that, though he had saved my life. "Because I am not one to be taken or left at your pleasure," I answered. "I never shall go to any man who feels it a sacrifice to receive me. And because these scruples are not buried so deep but they will rise again."

"Go on," he said, bitterly; "paint me trifling and capricious as you will."

"It is not I who am in fault. Your arguments would not have convinced me so thoroughly if they had not first convinced yourself."

"I see how it is; your pride was wounded, and you will never forgive me. You prefer to ruin your own happiness and mine rather than abate one claim of your offended dignity."

"Mr. Ledlie," I asked, smiling, "is it not a little arrogant of you to assume such entire control of my happiness?"

He regarded me with a puzzled air. "Have you been coquetting with me all this time?" he said. "Is this the sweet, sincere girl who met my attentions with such artless pleasure?"

"I was sincere. Nothing changed me but your own desire."

"And is the change past recall?" he cried: but I will not weary you with what he said. You know what lovers are, what they believe, and what they vow. And this was an eloquent one; I did not listen without emotion, sure as I was of the wisdom of my resolve. At last he insinuated that there must be *some one else.*

"I do not recognize your right to ask the question," I said; "but it is perhaps best that you should know. Yes, there is some one else. I am engaged to Mr. Krumbhaar."

Was he more surprised or disappointed or incensed? "Why did you not tell me this at once?" he asked.

"From a foolish timidity at first; and afterward because we came to my true reasons for refusing you. With those the engagement had nothing to do."

"You mean you considered it no obstacle"

"You are discourteous, Mr. Ledlie."

"Pardon!" he said, but in no very penitent tone. "I can not stop to pick out civil forms of speech. I am sure you *did* prefer me—a month—two weeks ago. Is it not so?"

"Why did you not make the inquiry then?" I replied, crimsoning. "Of one thing you may rest assured; if I preferred you now I would not insult Mr. Krumbhaar by marrying him. Breaking an engagement would be a very light matter compared with that. You force me to speak plainly; my refusal is based solely on yourself and my appreciation of you. My answer would have been the same had no other man existed."

"You make your meaning sufficiently clear," he said, and was about to go, but I detained him. "Do not leave me in anger," I entreated. "This has been a very painful interview; I have not been able to tell you how grateful I am for your regard—yes, and for your willingness to forego all prudence for my sake, though I have not been able to accept the sacrifice. And that other debt! I owe you my life; how shall I ever repay you?"

"You have repaid me already; you have rendered my own life valueless."

This was not generous, but I could make allowance for him. The question rose to my lips of what *my* life would have been had his prudence continued and my pride been less. But I would not recriminate now.

"Tell me you are not angry," I went on, holding out my hand. "Let us part friends and always meet as such hereafter."

"I have no desire for friendship from you," he answered, coldly, as he left the room.

His displeasure grieved me, but what could I do? It was right, it was safe, to refuse him as I had said, did no other man exist. The love that could hesitate and trifle, advance and retreat, as his had done, was a poor reliance for the plain prose of life, however charmingly it might mingle with a summer's romance. If he had spoken before I understood him quite as well what would the result have been? I foresaw so clearly his regret when it should be too late, his return to the old views when he had no longer power to act upon them. The love which he now desired so much would be then a clog on his career, a shadow on his path. Still he could not think so just at present, and I was sorry for him. I blamed myself for the manner of my rejection; surely I might have softened it a little, been more kind, more courteous. From these discomforting reflections I was roused by a guest who soon put them all to flight.

Ah, those were pleasant days! Brightened by a love that I could trust, that grew hourly dearer, more a part of life.

V.

Our engagement was not named to any one for a week or two, but Mr. Krumbhaar urged for an early day, and there was nothing to be said against it. It was all settled in family conclave one rainy night when we had no visitors, and the next morning I went over to tell Josephine.

As it happened I heard greater news than I came to impart. The child met me in a blushing, confused fashion that at once awakened curiosity, and as soon as we reached her own peculiar bower the whole amazing truth came out! Mr. Ledlie had come last evening; he

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loved her; they were engaged! The surprise of the thing almost took away my breath. I did not know how to congratulate my little friend for being in doubt whether I ought not to tell her all about that interview. More particularly when she looked up in her innocent way and said, "I always thought it was you he cared for, Katy!"

"Me!" I answered, fishing in the troubled waters of my mind for something that was not untrue and not unsympathizing. "You always underrate yourself, Josie; people are not very likely to think of me when you are by." And after the sentence was fairly out I doubted whether, all things considered, it was quite as truthful as I meant to make it. But Josie, in her timid joy, did not observe the breaks in my congratulations. She was perfectly radiant with happiness; a sweeter case of Love's young dream you could not ask to see. Still she was not so rapt that she could not descend to interest in my communication, and we had a long council over the thousand minutiæ of the affair. It was decided that we must be married together, in church, and by the Episcopal service; a bold innovation on the established order of things in Weyburn.

You may believe that I walked home in a bewildered frame of mind. Here had I been thinking of this man so often with a tender pity, turning from my own happiness, as it were, to sympathize with him—and lo! he was past all need of consolation! I wondered if pique had any thing to do with it, or interest. I could not help being rather mortified by his speedy recovery. I had not wished to make him lastingly wretched, but I did expect to be mourned six months or so. There was a strange sense of incompleteness, unnaturalness, in the sudden transfer of all his hopes to Josephine. What I ought to do about it, or whether I should do any thing, were questions that worried me till I had asked mamma. After much thought she decided that since Mr. Ledlie's real motives were unknown to us it was better to be silent, and silent I remained.

After this I was free to enjoy my own happiness without any cloud of self-reproach. Guert and I—did I tell you Mr. Krumbhaar's name was Guert?—were constantly together; love and kindness filled up all our days. I'm afraid, though, we were not a model pair, for we had not a single quarrel nor a twinge of jealousy. There was no room for them Guert said the most; but I'm not going to admit, for that reason, that he felt so much more than I. He had a wondrous talent at idealizing, though. Here was I, plain Katy Keith, a girl that made bread and pies, swept rooms and dusted, often wanted new things and often had to go without—a practical, everyday sort of personage, you see; but he exalted me into a fairy princess. No heroine was ever more poetically charming than he persisted in believing me. He discovered a hundred beauties for me that I had never thought of: a turn of the wrist, the curve of an eyelash, the rosy tint of finger-nails. If ever a girl were surrounded with homage I was the one. It was very nice; I don't deny it.

"Ah, Guert," I said to him one day when he had been making some pretty speech or other, "this is but poor discipline."

"Why?" he asked.

"Just think how hard it will be for me to come down to the plain fare of married life after all this nectar and ambrosia."

"I do not intend that our married life shall be like other people's. The supply of nectar will be enough to last us all the journey through."

"You think so now," I said, laughing; "but just wait a year or two! I dare say that we shall be a very commonplace couple by that time. We shall have our little fallings-out and makings-up, like the rest of the world; our little sulkinesses and storms."

"You really think so?"

"Indeed I do. In four or five months I expect to lose the last feather from my wings, and come down from an angel into a woman. Not a perfect woman, either. And as for yourself, Mr. Krumbhaar, I don't in the least suppose you will always remain the amiable, complying personage you are at present. You will have a great many things to think of besides divining my wishes. Perhaps you will sometimes be unreasonable; perhaps I may be a little cross! We shall not always think alike, and neither may be willing to give up our own way."

"What a dismal picture!"

"No, *only* a natural one. But one thing I do believe in, Guert. We shall have too much kindness for each other, too much right feeling, to let our disagreements be very serious or lasting. So I hope we may be very happy after all."

"What a rational little woman this is!" cried my lover. "Well, Katy, you shall be sober and prosaic as you like; but when a man is about to marry the sweetest girl in the world you must allow him to indulge a few romantic visions."

What could the "sweetest girl" do but smile a gentle acquiescence?

MY CASTLES IN SPAIN.

THE jasmine round the pillared porch
Twined with the honey-suckle grows;
The yellow sunflower, like a torch,
Within the high-walled garden glows:
From out the elm-tree on the lawn,
High up, the clear-voiced linnet trills;
A silvery veil of haze is drawn
Athwart the purple of the hills.

The fleecy clouds go drifting by,
Like ships across the breezy blue;
I smell the scent of ripened rye,
I see the reapers wading through
The billowy tracks of waving wheat,
I see their flashing sickles keen;
And, sweltering in the summer heat,
The spreading corn-fields stretch between.

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I sit me down, and idly dream
Of summers that have gone before—
The Past and Present, mingling, seem
To meet upon Life's changing shore:—
I mind me how, one happy day,
By yonder rustic stile I stood,
And talked of love to Alice May,
Close to the margin of the wood.

What airy castles did I rear
On that sweet promise that she made!—
Our hopes, alas! they disappear;
The dreams of youth how quick they fade!
My cherished visions all are fled,
My castles they have toppled down;
And Alice May is long since wed,
And owns a handsome house in town.

She drives a gilded coach and pair,
Arrayed in silks and gleaming pearls,
And though not quite so young and fair,
And mother of three rosy girls,
Enough of bloom is left her yet—
The lips rich red, the eyes bright blue—
To stir a feeling of regret,
And make me wish she had been true.

But though the dreams of youth are fled,
The genial warmth of summer brings
New life to hopes that once were dead;
My fancy lifts her dappled wings—
And while the reapers bind the sheaves,
I sit and watch the slantwise rain
Of sunlight through the linden's leaves,
And build my castles o'er again.

ROMOLA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE."



CHAPTER XLVII.

CHECK.

TITO'S clever arrangements had been unpleasantly frustrated by trivial incidents which could not enter into a clever man's calculations. It was very seldom that he walked with Romola in the evening, yet he had happened to be walking with her precisely on this evening when her presence was supremely inconvenient. Life was so complicated a game that the devices of skill were liable to be defeated at every turn by air-blown chances, incalculable as the descent of thistle-down.

It was not that he minded about the failure of Spini's plot, but he felt an awkward difficulty in so adjusting his warning to Savonarola on the one hand, and to Spini on the other, as not to incur suspicion. Suspicion roused in the popular party might be fatal to his reputation and ostensible position in Florence: suspicion roused in Dolfo Spini might be as disagreeable in its effects as the hatred of a fierce dog not to be chained.

If Tito went forthwith to the monastery to warn Savonarola before the monks went to rest, his warning would follow so closely on his delivery of the forged letters that he could not escape unfavorable surmises. He could not warn Spini at once without telling him the true reason, since he could not immediately allege the discovery that Savonarola had changed his purpose; and he knew Spini well enough to know that his understanding would discern nothing but that Tito had "turned round" and frustrated the plot. On the other hand, by deferring his warning to Savonarola until the early morning, he would be almost sure to lose the opportunity of warning Spini that the Frate had changed his mind; and the band of *Compagnacci* would come back in all the rage of disappointment. This last, however, was the risk he chose, trusting to his power of soothing Spini by assuring him that the failure was due only to the Frate's caution.

Tito was annoyed. If he had had to smile it would have been an unusual effort to him. He was determined not to encounter Romola again, and he did not go home that night.

She watched through the night, and never took off her clothes. She heard the rain become heavier and heavier. She liked to hear the rain: the stormy heavens seemed a safeguard against men's devices, compelling them to inaction. And Romola's mind was again assailed, not only by the utmost doubt of her husband, but by doubt as to her own conduct. What lie might he not have told her? What project might he not have, of which she was still ignorant? Every one who trusted Tito was in danger; it was useless to try and persuade herself of the contrary. And was not she selfishly list-

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ening to the promptings of her own pride when she shrank from warning men against him? "If her husband was a malefactor, her place was in the prison by his side"—that might be; she was contented to fulfill that claim. But was she, a wife, to allow a husband to inflict the injuries that would make him a malefactor when it might be in her power to prevent them? Prayer seemed impossible to her. The activity of her thought excluded a mental state of which the essence is expectant passivity.

The excitement became stronger and stronger. Her imagination, in a state of morbid activity, conjured up possible schemes by which, after all, Tito would have eluded her threat; and toward daybreak the rain became less violent, till at last it ceased, the breeze rose again and dispersed the clouds, and the morning fell clear on all the objects around her. It made her uneasiness all the less endurable. She wrapped her mantle round her, and ran up to the loggia, as if there could be any thing in the wide landscape that might determine her action; as if there could be any thing but roofs hiding the line of street along which Savonarola might be walking toward betrayal.

If she went to her godfather, might she not induce him, without any specific revelation, to take measures for preventing Fra Girolamo from passing the gates? But that might be too late: Romola thought, with new distress, that she had failed to learn any guiding details from Tito, and it was already long past seven. She must go to San Marco: there was nothing else to be done.

She hurried down the stairs, she went out into the street without looking at her sick people, and walked at a swift pace along the Via de' Bardi toward the Ponte Vecchio. She would go through the heart of the city; it was the most direct road, and, besides, in the great Piazza there was a chance of encountering her husband, who, by some possibility to which she still clung, might satisfy her of the Frate's safety, and leave no need for her to go to San Marco. When she arrived in front of the Palazzo Vecchio she looked eagerly into the pillared court; then her eyes swept the Piazza; but the well-known figure, once painted in her heart by young love, and now branded there by eating pain, was nowhere to be seen. She hurried straight on to the Piazza del Duomo. It was already full of movement: there were worshipers passing up and down the marble steps, there were men pausing for chat, and there were market-people carrying their burdens. Between these moving figures Romola caught a glimpse of her husband. On his way from San Marco he had turned into Nello's shop, and was now leaning against the door-post. As Romola approached she could see that he was standing and talking, with the easiest air in the world, holding his cap in his hand, and shaking back his freshly-combed hair. The contrast of this ease with the bitter anxieties he had created convulsed her with indignation: the new vision of his hardness heightened her dread. She recognized Cronaca and two other frequenters of San Marco standing near her husband. It flashed through her mind—"I will compel him to speak before those men." And her light step brought her close upon him before he had time to move, while Cronaca was saying, "Here comes Madonna Romola."

A slight shock passed through Tito's frame as he felt himself face to face with his wife. She was haggard with her anxious watching, but there was a flash of something else than anxiety in her eyes as she said,

"Is the Frate gone beyond the gates?"

"No," said Tito, feeling completely helpless before this woman, and needing all the self-command he possessed to preserve a countenance in which there should seem to be nothing stronger than surprise.

"And you are certain that he is not going?" she insisted.

"I am certain that he is not going."

"That is enough," said Romola; and she turned up the steps, to take refuge in the Duomo till she could recover from her agitation.

Tito never had a feeling so near hatred as that with which his eyes followed Romola retreating up the steps.

There were present not only genuine followers of the Frate, but Ser Ceccone, the notary, who at that time, like Tito himself, was secretly an agent of the Mediceans. Ser Francesco di Ser Barone, more briefly known to infamy as Ser Ceccone, was not learned, not handsome, not successful, and the reverse of generous. He was a traitor without charm. It followed that he was not fond of Tito Melema.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

COUNTER-CHECK.

It was late in the afternoon when Tito returned home. Romola, seated opposite the cabinet in her narrow room, copying documents, was about to desist from her work because the light was getting dim, when her husband entered. He had come straight to this room to seek her, with a thoroughly-defined intention, and there was something new to Romola in his manner and expression as he looked at her silently on entering, and, without taking off his cap and mantle, leaned one elbow on the cabinet, and stood directly in front of her.

Romola, fully assured during the day of the Frate's safety, was feeling the reaction of some penitence for the access of distrust and indignation which had impelled her to address her husband publicly on a matter that she knew he wished to be private. She told herself that she had probably been wrong. The scheming duplicity which she had heard even her godfather allude to as inseparable from party tactics might be sufficient to account for the connection with Spini, without the supposition that Tito had ever meant to further the plot. She wanted to atone

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for her impetuosity by confessing that she had been too hasty, and for some hours her mind had been dwelling on the possibility that this confession of hers might lead to other frank words breaking the two years' silence of their hearts. The silence had been so complete that Tito was ignorant of her having fled from him and come back again; they had never approached an avowal of that past which, both in its young love and in the shock that shattered the love, lay locked away from them like a banquet-room where death had once broken the feast.

She looked up at him with that submission in her glance which belonged to her state of self-reproof; but the subtle change in his face and manner arrested her speech. For a few moments they remained silent, looking at each other.

Tito himself felt that a crisis was come in his married life. The husband's determination to mastery, which lay deep below all blandness and beseechingness, had risen permanently to the surface now, and seemed to alter his face, as a face is altered by a hidden muscular tension with which a man is secretly throttling or stamping out the life from something feeble, yet dangerous.

"Romola," he began, in the cool, liquid tone that made her shiver, "it is time that we should understand each other." He paused.

"That is what I most desire, Tito," she said, faintly. Her sweet pale face, with all its anger gone, and nothing but the timidity of self-doubt in it, seemed to give a marked predominance to her husband's dark strength.

"You took a step this morning," Tito went on, "which you must now yourself perceive to have been useless—which exposed you to remark, and may involve me in serious practical difficulties."

"I acknowledge that I was too hasty; I am sorry for any injustice I may have done you." Romola spoke these words in a fuller and firmer tone; Tito, she hoped, would look less hard when she had expressed her regret, and then she could say other things.

"I wish you once for all to understand," he said, without any change of voice, "that such collisions are incompatible with our position as husband and wife. I wish you to reflect on the mode in which you were led to take that step, that the process may not be repeated."

"That depends chiefly on you, Tito," said Romola, taking fire slightly. It was not what she had at all thought of saying, but we see a very little way before us in mutual speech.

"You would say, I suppose," answered Tito, "that nothing is to occur in future which can excite your unreasonable suspicions. You were frank enough to say last night that you have no belief in me. I am not surprised at any exaggerated conclusion you may draw from slight premises, but I wish to point out to you what is likely to be the fruit of your making such exaggerated conclusions a ground for interfering in affairs of which you are ignorant. Your attention is thoroughly awake to what I am saying?"

He paused for a reply.

"Yes," said Romola, flushing in irrepressible resentment at this cold tone of superiority.

"Well, then, it may possibly not be very long before some other chance words or incidents set your imagination at work devising crimes for me, and you may perhaps rush to the Palazzo Vecchio to alarm the Signoria and set the city in an uproar. Shall I tell you what may be the result? Not simply the disgrace of your husband, to which you look forward with so much courage, but the arrest and ruin of many among the chief men in Florence, including Messer Bernardo del Nero."

Tito had meditated a decisive move, and he had made it. The flush died out of Romola's face, and her very lips were pale—an unusual effect with her, for she was little subject to fear. Tito perceived his success.

"You would perhaps flatter yourself," he went on, "that you were performing a heroic deed of deliverance; you might as well try to turn locks with fine words as apply such notions to the politics of Florence. The question now is, not whether you can have any belief in me, but whether, now you have been warned, you will dare to rush, like a blind man with a torch in his hand, among intricate affairs of which you know nothing."

Romola felt as if her mind were held in a vice by Tito's: the possibilities he had indicated were rising before her with terrible clearness.

"I am too rash," she said. "I will try not to be rash."

"Remember," said Tito, with unsparing insistence, "that your act of distrust toward me this morning might, for aught you knew, have had more fatal effects than that sacrifice of your husband which you have learned to contemplate without flinching."

"Tito, it is not so," Romola burst forth, in a pleading tone, rising and going nearer to him, with a desperate resolution to speak out. "It is false that I would willingly sacrifice you. It has been the greatest effort of my life to cling to you. I went away in my anger two years ago, and I came back again because I was more bound to you than to any thing else on earth. But it is useless. You shut me out from your mind. You affect to think of me as a being too unreasonable to share in the knowledge of your affairs. You will be open with me about nothing."

She looked like his good angel pleading with him, as she bent her face toward him with dilated eyes, and laid her hand upon his arm. But Romola's touch and glance no longer stirred any fibre of tenderness in her husband. The good-humored, tolerant Tito, incapable of hatred, incapable almost of impatience, disposed always to be gentle toward the rest of the world, felt himself becoming strangely hard toward this wife whose presence had once been the strongest influence he had known. With all his

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softness of disposition he had a masculine effectiveness of intellect and purpose which, like sharpness of edge, is itself an energy, working its way without any strong momentum. Romola had an energy of her own which thwarted his, and no man, who is not exceptionally feeble, will endure being thwarted by his wife. Marriage must be a relation either of sympathy or of conquest.

No emotion darted across his face as he heard Romola for the first time speak of having gone away from him. His lips only looked a little harder as he smiled slightly and said—

"My Romola, when certain conditions are ascertained we must make up our minds to them. No amount of wishing will fill the Arno, as your people say, or turn a plum into an orange. I have not observed even that prayers have much efficacy that way. You are so constituted as to have certain strong impressions inaccessible to reason: I can not share those impressions, and you have withdrawn all trust from me in consequence. You have changed toward me; it has followed that I have changed toward you. It is useless to take any retrospect. We have simply to adapt ourselves to altered conditions."

"Tito, it would not be useless for us to speak openly," said Romola, flushing with the sort of exasperation that comes from using living muscle against some lifeless insurmountable resistance. "It was the sense of deception in you that changed me, and that has kept us apart. And it is not true that I changed first. You changed toward me the night you first wore that chain armor. You had some secret from me—it was about that old man—and I saw him again yesterday. Tito," she went on, in a tone of agonized entreaty, "if you would once tell me every thing, let it be what it may—I would not mind pain—that there might be no wall between us! Is it not possible that we could begin a new life?"

This time there was a flash of emotion across Tito's face. He stood perfectly still; but the flash seemed to have whitened him. He took no notice of Romola's appeal, but, after a moment's pause, said, quietly,

"Your impetuosity about trifles, Romola, has a freezing influence that would cool the baths of Nero." At these cutting words Romola shrank and drew herself up into her usual self-sustained attitude. Tito went on: "If by that old man you mean the mad Iacopo di Nola who attempted my life and made a strange accusation against me, of which I told you nothing because it would have alarmed you to no purpose, he, poor wretch, has died in prison. I saw his name in the list of dead."

"I know nothing about his accusation," said Romola. "But I know he is the man whom I saw with the rope round his neck in the Duomo—the man whose portrait Piero di Cosimo painted, grasping your arm as he saw him grasp it the day the French entered—the day you first wore the armor."

"And where is he now, pray?" said Tito, still pale, but governing himself.

"He was lying lifeless in the street from starvation," said Romola. "I revived him with bread and wine. I brought him to our door, but he refused to come in. Then I gave him some money, and he went away without telling me any thing. But he had found out that I was your wife. *Who* is he?"

"A man half mad, half imbecile, who was once my father's servant in Greece, and who has a rancorous hatred toward me because I got him dismissed for theft. Now you have the whole mystery, and the further satisfaction of knowing that I am again in danger of assassination. The fact of my wearing the armor, about which you seem to have thought so much, must have led you to infer that I was in danger from this man. Was that the reason you chose to cultivate his acquaintance and invite him into the house?"

Romola was mute. To speak was only like rushing with bare breast against a shield.

Tito moved from his leaning posture, slowly took off his cap and mantle, and pushed back his hair. He was collecting himself for some final words. And Romola stood upright looking at him as she might have looked at some oncoming deadly force, to be met only by silent endurance.

"We need not refer to these matters again, Romola," he said, precisely in the same tone as that in which he had spoken at first. "It is enough if you will remember that the next time your generous ardor leads you to interfere in political affairs you are likely, not to save any one from danger, but to be raising scaffolds and setting houses on fire. You are not yet a sufficiently ardent Piagnone to believe that Messer Bernardo del Nero is the Prince of Darkness, and Messer Francesco Valori the archangel Michael. I think I need demand no promise from you?"

"I have understood you too well, Tito."

"It is enough," he said, leaving the room.

Romola turned round with despair in her face and sank into her seat. "Oh, God, I have tried—I can not help it. We shall always be divided." Those words passed silently through her mind. "Unless," she said aloud, as if some sudden vision had startled her into speech—"unless misery should come and join us!"

Tito, too, had a new thought in his mind after he had closed the door behind him. With the project of leaving Florence as soon as his life there had become a high enough stepping-stone to a life elsewhere, perhaps at Rome or Milan, there was now for the first time associated a desire to be free from Romola, and to leave her behind him. She had ceased to belong to the desirable furniture of his life: there was no possibility of an easy relation between them without genuineness on his part. Genuineness implied confession of the past, and confession involved a change of purpose. But Tito had as little bent that way as a leopard has to lap milk when its teeth are grown. From all relations

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that were not easy and agreeable we know that Tito shrank: why should he cling to them?

And Romola had made his relations difficult with others besides herself. He had had a troublesome interview with Dolfo Spini, who had come back in a rage after an ineffectual soaking with rain and long waiting in ambush, and that scene between Romola and himself at Nello's door, once reported in Spini's ear, might be a seed of something more unmanageable than suspicion. But now, at least, he believed that he had mastered Romola by a terror which appealed to the strongest forces of her nature. He had alarmed her affection and her conscience by the shadowy image of consequences; he had arrested her intellect by hanging before it the idea of a hopeless complexity in affairs which defied any moral judgment.

Yet Tito was not at ease. The world was not yet quite cushioned with velvet, and, if it had been, he could not have abandoned himself to that softness with thorough enjoyment; for before he went out again this evening he put on his coat of chain armor.

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE PYRAMID OF VANITIES.

THE wintry days passed for Romola as the white ships pass one who is standing lonely on the shore—passing in silence and sameness, yet each bearing a hidden burden of coming change. Tito's hint had mingled so much dread with her interest in the progress of public affairs that she had begun to court ignorance rather than knowledge. The threatening German Emperor was gone again; and, in other ways besides, the position of Florence was alleviated; but so much distress remained that Romola's active duties were hardly diminished; and in these, as usual, her mind found a refuge from its doubt.

She dared not rejoice that the relief which had come in extremity and had appeared to justify the policy of the Frate's party was making that party so triumphant, that Francesco Valori, hot-tempered chieftain of the Piagnoni, had been elected Gonfaloniere at the beginning of the year, and was making haste to have as much of his own liberal way as possible during his two months of power. That seemed for the moment like a strengthening of the party most attached to freedom, and a reinforcement of protection to Savonarola; but Romola was now alive to every suggestion likely to deepen her foreboding, that whatever the present might be, it was only an unconscious brooding over the mixed germs of Change which might any day become tragic. And already by Carnival time, a little after mid-February, her presentiment was confirmed by the signs of a very decided change: the Mediceans had ceased to be passive, and were openly exerting themselves to procure the election of Bernardo del Nero, as the new Gonfaloniere.

On the last day of the Carnival, between ten and eleven in the morning, Romola walked out, according to promise, toward the Corso degli Albizzi, to fetch her cousin Brigida, that they might both be ready to start from the Via de' Bardi early in the afternoon, and take their places at a window which Tito had had reserved for them in the Piazza della Signoria, where there was to be a scene of so new and striking a sort, that all Florentine eyes must desire to see it. For the Piagnoni were having their own way thoroughly about the mode of keeping the Carnival. In vain Dolfo Spini and his companions had struggled to get up the dear old masques and practical jokes, well spiced with indecency. Such things were not to be in a city where Christ had been declared king.

Romola set out in that languid state of mind with which every one enters on a long day of sight-seeing, purely for the sake of gratifying a child, or some dear childish friend. The day was certainly an epoch in carnival-keeping; but this phase of reform had not touched her enthusiasm: and she did not know that it was an epoch in her own life, when *another* lot would begin to be no longer secretly but visibly entwined with her own.

She chose to go through the great Piazza that she might take a first survey of the unparalleled sight there while she was still alone. Entering it from the south, she saw something monstrous and many-colored in the shape of a pyramid, or, rather, like a huge fir-tree, sixty feet high, with shelves on the branches, widening and widening toward the base till they reached a circumference of eighty yards. The Piazza was full of life: slight young figures, in white garments, with olive-wreaths on their heads, were moving to and fro about the base of the pyramidal tree, carrying baskets full of bright-colored things; and maturer forms, some in the monastic frock, some in the loose tunics and dark red caps of artists, were helping and examining, or else retreating to various points in the distance to survey the wondrous whole; while a considerable group, among whom Romola recognized Piero di Cosimo, standing on the marble steps of Orgagna's Loggia, seemed to be keeping aloof in discontent and scorn.

Approaching nearer, she paused to look at the multifarious objects ranged in gradation from the base to the summit of the pyramid. There were tapestries and brocades of immodest design, pictures and sculptures held too likely to incite to vice; there were boards and tables for all sorts of games, playing-cards along with the blocks for printing them, dice, and other apparatus for gambling; there were worldly music-books, and musical instruments in all the pretty varieties of lute, drum, cymbal, and trumpet; there were masks and masquerading dresses used in the old carnival shows; there were handsome copies of Ovid, Boccaccio, Petrarch, Pulci, and other books of a vain or impure sort; there were all the implements of feminine vanity—rouge-pots, false hair, mirrors, perfumes, powders, and

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transparent veils intended to provoke inquisitive glances: lastly, at the very summit, there was the unflattering effigy of a probably mythical Venetian merchant, who was understood to have offered a heavy sum for this collection of marketable abominations, and, soaring above him in surpassing ugliness, the symbolic figure of the old debauched Carnival.

This was the preparation for a new sort of bonfire—the Burning of Vanities. Hidden in the interior of the pyramid was a plentiful store of dry fuel and gunpowder; and on this last day of the festival, at evening, the pile of vanities was to be set ablaze to the sound of trumpets, and the ugly old Carnival was to tumble into the flames amidst the songs of reforming triumph.

This crowning act of the new festivities could hardly have been prepared but for a peculiar organization which had been started by Savonarola two years before. The mass of the Florentine boyhood and youth was no longer left to its own genial promptings toward street mischief and crude dissoluteness. Under the training of Fra Domenico, a sort of lieutenant to Savonarola, lads and striplings, the hope of Florence, were to have none but pure words on their lips, were to have a zeal for unseen good that should put to shame the lukewarmness of their elders, and were to know no pleasures save of an angelic sort —singing divine praises and walking in white robes. It was for them that the ranges of seats had been raised high against the walls of the Duomo; and they had been used to hear Savonarola appeal to them as the future glory of a city especially appointed to do the work of God.

These fresh-cheeked troops were the chief agents in the regenerated merriment of the new Carnival, which was a sort of sacred parody of the old. Had there been bonfires in the old time? There was to be a bonfire now, consuming impurity from off the earth. Had there been symbolic processions? There were to be processions now, but the symbols were to be white robes and red crosses and olive wreaths—emblems of peace and innocent gladness—and the banners and images held aloft were to tell the triumphs of goodness. Had there been dancing in a ring under the open sky of the piazza, to the sound of choral voices chanting loose songs? There was to be dancing in a ring now, but dancing of monks and laity in fraternal love and divine joy, and the music was to be the music of hymns. As for the collections from street passengers, they were to be greater than ever—not for gross and superfluous suppers, but for the benefit of the hungry and needy; and, besides, there was the collecting of the *Anathema*, or the Vanities to be laid on the great pyramidal bonfire.

Troops of young inquisitors went from house to house on this exciting business of asking that the *Anathema* should be given up to them. Perhaps after the more avowed vanities had been surrendered, Madonna, at the head of the household, had still certain little reddened balls brought from the Levant, intended to produce on a sallow cheek a sudden bloom of the most ingenuous falsity? If so, let her bring them down and cast them into the basket of doom. Or, perhaps, she had ringlets and coils of "dead hair?"—if so, let her bring them to the street-door, not on her head, but in her hands, and publicly renounce the *Anathema* which hid the respectable signs of age under a ghastly mockery of youth. And, in reward, she would hear fresh young voices pronounce a blessing on her and her house.

The beardless inquisitors, organized into little regiments, doubtless took to their work very willingly. To coerce people by shame, or other spiritual pelting, to the giving up of things it will probably vex them to part with, is a form of piety to which the boyish mind is most readily converted; and if some obstinately wicked men got enraged and threatened the whip or the cudgel, this also was exciting. Savonarola himself evidently felt about the training of these boys the difficulty weighing on all minds with noble yearnings toward great ends, yet with that imperfect perception of means which forces a resort to some supernatural constraining influence as the only sure hope. The Florentine youth had had very evil habits and foul tongues: it seemed at first an unmixed blessing when they were got to shout "*Viva Gesù!*" But Savonarola was forced at last to say from the pulpit, "There is a little too much shouting of '*Viva Gesù!*' This constant utterance of sacred words brings them into contempt. Let me have no more of that shouting till the next Festa."

Nevertheless, as the long stream of white-robed youthfulness, with its little red crosses and olive wreaths, had gone to the Duomo at dawn this morning to receive the communion from the hands of Savonarola, it was a sight of beauty; and, doubtless, many of those young souls were laying up memories of hope and awe that might save them from ever resting in a merely vulgar view of their work as men and citizens. There is no kind of conscious obedience that is not an advance on lawlessness, and these boys became the generation of men who fought greatly and endured greatly in the last struggle of their Republic. Now, in the intermediate hours between the early communion and dinner-time, they were making their last perambulations to collect alms and vanities, and this was why Romola saw the slim white figures moving to and fro about the base of the great pyramid.

"What think you of this folly, Madonna Romola?" said a brusque voice close to her ear. "Your Piagnoni will make *l'inferno* a pleasant prospect to us, if they are to carry things their own way on earth. It's enough to fetch a cudgel over the mountains to see painters, like Lorenzo di Credi and young Baccio there, helping to burn color out of life in this fashion."

"My good Piero," said Romola, looking up and smiling at the grim man, "even you must be glad to see some of these things burned. Look at those gewgaws and wigs and rouge-

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pots: I have heard you talk as indignantly against those things as Fra Girolamo himself."

"What then?" said Piero, turning round on her sharply. "I never said a woman should make a black patch of herself against the background. Va! Madonna Antigone, it's a shame for a woman with your hair and shoulders to run into such nonsense—leave it to women who are not worth painting. What! the most holy Virgin herself has always been dressed well; that's the doctrine of the Church: talk of heresy, indeed! And I should like to know what the excellent Messer Bardo would have said to the burning of the divine poets by these Frati, who are no better an imitation of men than if they were onions with the bulbs uppermost. Look at that Petrarca sticking up beside a rouge-pot: do the idiots pretend that the heavenly Laura was a painted harridan? And Boccaccio, now: do you mean to say, Madonna Romola—you who are fit to be a model for a wise St. Catherine of Egypt—do you mean to say you have never read the stories of the immortal Messer Giovanni?"

"It is true I have read them, Piero," said Romola. "Some of them a great many times over, when I was a little girl. I used to get the book down when my father was asleep, and I could read to myself."

"*Ebbene?*" said Piero, in a fiercely challenging tone.

"There are some things in them I do not want ever to forget," said Romola; "but you must confess, Piero, that a great many of those stories are only about low deceit for the lowest ends. Men do not want books to make them think lightly of vice, as if life were a vulgar joke. And I can not blame Fra Girolamo for teaching that we owe our time to something better."

"Yes, yes, it's very well to say so now you've read them," said Piero, bitterly, turning on his heel and walking away from her.

Romola too walked on, smiling at Piero's innuendo, with a sort of tenderness toward the odd painter's anger, because she knew that her father would have felt something like it. For herself, she was conscious of no inward collision with the strict and sombre view of pleasure which tended to repress poetry in the attempt to repress vice. Sorrow and joy have each their peculiar narrowness; and a religious enthusiasm like Savonarola's, which ultimately blesses mankind by giving the soul a strong propulsion toward sympathy with pain, indignation against wrong, and the subjugation of sensual desire, must always incur the reproach of a great negation. Romola's life had given her an affinity for sadness which inevitably made her unjust toward merriment. That subtle result of culture which we call Taste was subdued by the need for deeper motive; just as the nicer demands of the palate are annihilated by urgent hunger. Moving habitually among scenes of suffering, and carrying woman's heaviest disappointment in her heart, the severity which allied itself with self-renouncing beneficent strength had no dissonance for her.

CHAPTER L.

TESSA ABROAD AND AT HOME.

ANOTHER figure easily recognized by us—a figure not clad in black, but in the old red, green, and white—was approaching the Piazza that morning to see the Carnival. She came from an opposite point, for Tessa no longer lived on the hill of San Giorgio. After what had happened there with Baldassarre, Tito had thought it best for that and other reasons to find her a new home, but still in a quiet airy quarter, in a house bordering on the wide garden grounds north of the Porta Santa Croce.

Tessa was not come out sight-seeing without special leave. Tito had been with her the evening before, and she had kept back the entreaty which she felt to be swelling her heart and throat until she saw him in a state of radiant ease, with one arm round the sturdy Lillo, and the other resting gently on her own shoulder as she tried to make the tiny Ninna steady on her legs. She was sure then that the weariness with which he had come in and flung himself into his chair had quite melted away from his brow and lips Tessa had not been slow at learning a few small stratagems by which she might avoid vexing Naldo and yet have a little of her own way. She could read nothing else, but she had learned to read a good deal in her husband's face.

And certainly the charm of that bright, gentle-humored Tito who woke up under the Loggia de' Cerchi on a Lenten morning five years before, not having yet given any hostages to deceit, never returned so nearly as in the person of Naldo, seated in that straight-backed, carved arm-chair which he had provided for his comfort when he came to see Tessa and the children. Tito himself was surprised at the growing sense of relief which he felt in these moments. No guile was needed toward Tessa: she was too ignorant and too innocent to suspect him of any thing. And the little voices calling him "Babbo" were very sweet in his ears for the short while that he heard them. When he thought of leaving Florence he never thought of leaving Tessa and the little ones behind. He was very fond of these round-checked, wide-eyed human things that clung about him and knew no evil of him. And wherever affection can spring, it is like the green leaf and the blossom—pure, and breathing purity, whatever soil it may grow in. Poor Romola, with all her self-sacrificing effort, was really helping to harden Tito's nature by chilling it with a positive dislike which had beforehand seemed impossible in him; but Tessa kept open the fountains of kindness.

"Ninna is very good without me now," began Tessa, feeling her request rising very high in her throat, and letting Ninna seat herself on the floor. "I can leave her with Monna Lisa any time, and if she is in the cradle and cries, Lillo is as sensible as can be—he goes and thumps Monna Lisa."

Lillo, whose great dark eyes looked all the darker because his curls were of a light brown

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like his mother's, jumped off Babbo's knee, and went forthwith to attest his intelligence by thumping Monna Lisa, who was shaking her head slowly over her spinning at the other end of the room.

"A wonderful boy!" said Tito, laughing.

"Isn't he?" said Tessa, eagerly, getting a little closer to him, "and I might go and see the Carnival to-morrow, just for an hour or two, mightn't I?"

"Oh, you wicked pigeon!" said Tito, pinching her cheek; "those are your longings, are they? What have you to do with carnivals now you are an old woman with two children?"

"But old women like to see things," said Tessa, her lower lip hanging a little. "Monna Lisa said she should like to go, only she's so deaf she can't hear what is behind her, and she thinks we couldn't take care of both the children."

"No, indeed, Tessa," said Tito, looking rather grave, "you must not think of taking the children into the crowded streets, else I shall be angry."

"But I have never been into the Piazza without leave," said Tessa, in a frightened, pleading tone, "since the Holy Saturday, and Nofri I think is dead, for you know the poor *madre* died; and I shall never forget the carnival I saw once; it was so pretty—all roses, and a king and queen under them—and singing. I liked it better than the San Giovanni."

"But there's nothing like that now, my Tessa. They are going to make a bonfire in the Piazza—that's all. But I can not let you go out by yourself in the evening."

"Oh, no, no! I don't want to go in the evening. I only want to go and see the procession by daylight. There *will* be a procession—is it not true?"

"Yes, after a sort," said Tito, "as lively as a flight of cranes. You must not expect roses and glittering kings and queens, my Tessa. However, I suppose any string of people to be called a procession will please your blue eyes. And there's a thing they have raised in the Piazza de' Signori for the bonfire. You may like to see that. But come home early, and look like a grave little old woman; and if you see any men with feathers and swords keep out of their way: they are very fierce, and like to cut old women's heads off."

"Santa Madonna! where do they come from? Ah! you are laughing; it is not so bad. But I will keep away from them. Only," Tessa went on in a whisper, putting her lips near Naldo's ear, "if I might take Lillo with me! He is very sensible."

"But who will thump Monna Lisa then, if she doesn't hear?" said Tito, finding it difficult not to laugh, but thinking it necessary to look serious. "No, Tessa, you could not take care of Lillo if you got into a crowd, and he's too heavy for you to carry him."

"It is true," said Tessa, rather sadly, "and he likes to run away. I forgot that. Then I will go alone. But now look at Ninna—you have not looked at her enough."

Ninna was a blue-eyed thing, at the tottering, tumbling age—a fair solid, which, like a loaded die, found its base with a constancy that warranted prediction. Tessa went to snatch her up, and when Babbo was paying due attention to the recent teeth and other marvels, she said, in a whisper, "And shall I buy some *confetti* for the children?"

Tito drew some small coins from his scarsella, and poured them into her palm.

"That will buy no end," said Tessa, delighted at this abundance. "I shall not mind going without Lillo so much, if I bring him something."

So Tessa set out in the morning toward the great Piazza where the bonfire was to be. She did not think the February breeze cold enough to demand further covering than her green woolen dress. A mantle would have been oppressive, for it would have hidden a new necklace and a new clasp, mounted with silver, the only ornamental presents Tito had ever made her. Tessa did not think at all of showing her figure, for no one had ever told her it was pretty; but she was quite sure that her necklace and clasp were of the prettiest sort ever worn by the richest contadina, and she arranged her white hood over her head so that the front of her necklace might be well displayed. These ornaments, she considered, must inspire respect for her as the wife of some one who could afford to buy them.

She tripped along very cheerily in the February sunshine, thinking much of the purchases for the little ones, with which she was to fill her small basket, and not thinking at all of any one who might be observing her. Yet her descent from her upper story into the street had been watched, and she was being kept in sight as she walked by a person who had often waited in vain to see if it were not Tessa who lived in that house to which he had more than once dogged Tito. Baldassarre was carrying a package of yarn: he was constantly employed in that way, as a means of earning his scanty bread, and keeping the sacred fire of vengeance alive; and he had come out of his way this morning, as he had often done before, that he might pass by the house to which he had followed Tito in the evening. His long imprisonment had so intensified his timid suspicion, and his belief in some diabolic fortune favoring Tito, that he had not dared to pursue him, except under cover of a crowd or of the darkness; he felt, with instinctive horror, that if Tito's eyes fell upon him, he should again be held up to obloquy, again be dragged away; his weapon would be taken from him, and he should be cast helpless into a prison-cell. His fierce purpose had become as stealthy as a serpent's, which depends for its prey on one dart of the fang. Justice was weak and unfriended; and he could not hear again the voice that pealed the promise of vengeance in the Duomo: he had been

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there again and again; but that voice, too, had apparently been stifled by cunning, strong-armed wickedness. For a long while Baldassarre's ruling thought was to ascertain whether Tito still wore the armor; for now at last his fainting hope would have been contented with a successful stab on this side the grave; but he would never risk his precious knife again. It was a weary time he had had to wait for the chance of answering this question by touching Tito's back in the press of the street. Since then the knowledge that the sharp steel was useless, and that he had no hope but in some new device, had fallen with leaden weight on his enfeebled mind. A dim vision of winning one of those two wives to aid him came before him continually, and continually slid away. The wife who had lived on the hill was no longer there. If he could find her again he might grasp some thread of a project, and work his way to more clearness.

And this morning he had succeeded. He was quite certain now where this wife lived, and as he walked, bent a little under his burden of yarn, yet keeping the green and white figure in sight, his mind was dwelling upon her and her circumstances as feeble eyes dwell on lines and colors, trying to interpret them into consistent significance.

Tessa had to pass through various long streets without seeing any other sign of the Carnival than unusual groups of the country people in their best garments, and that disposition in every body to chat and loiter which marks the early hours of a holiday before the spectacle has begun. Presently, in her disappointed search for remarkable objects, her eyes fell on a man with a peddler's basket before him, who seemed to be selling nothing but little red crosses to all the passengers. A little red cross would be pretty to hang up over her bed; and it would also help to keep off harm, and would perhaps make Ninna stronger. Tessa went to the other side of the street, that she might ask the peddler the price of the crosses, fearing that they would cost a little too much for her to spare from her purchase of sweets. The peddler's back had been turned toward her hitherto, but when she came near him she recognized an old acquaintance of the Mercato, Bratti Ferravecchj, and accustomed to feel that she was to avoid old acquaintances, she turned away again, and passed to the other side of the street. But Bratti's eye was too well practiced in looking out at the corner after possible customers for her movement to have escaped him, and she was presently arrested by a tap on the arm from one of the red crosses.

"Young woman," said Bratti, as she unwillingly turned her head, "you come from some castello a good way off, it seems to me, else you'd never think of walking about, this blessed Carnival, without a red cross in your hand. Santa Madonna! Four white quattrini is a small price to pay for your soul—prices rise in purgatory, let me tell you."

"Oh, I should like one," said Tessa, hastily, "but I couldn't spare four white quattrini."

Bratti had at first regarded Tessa too abstractedly as a mere customer to look at her with any scrutiny, but when she began to speak he exclaimed, "By the head of San Giovanni, it must be the little Tessa, and looking as fresh as a ripe apple! What, you've done none the worse, then, for running away from father Nofri? You were in the right of it, for he goes on crutches now, and a crabbed fellow with crutches is dangerous; he can reach across the house and beat a woman as he sits."

"I'm married," said Tessa, rather demurely, remembering Naldo's command that she should behave with gravity; "and my husband takes great care of me."

"Ah, then you've fallen on your feet! Nofri said you were good-for-nothing vermin; but what then? An ass may bray a good while before he shakes the stars down. I always said you did well to run away, and it isn't often Bratti's in the wrong. Well, and so you've got a husband and plenty of money? Then you'll never think much of giving four white quattrini for a red cross. I get no profit; but what with the famine and the new religion, all other merchandise is gone down. You live in the country where the chestnuts are plenty, eh? You've never wanted for polenta, I can see."

"No, I've never wanted any thing," said Tessa, still on her guard.

"Then you can afford to buy a cross. I got a Padre to bless them, and you get blessing and all for four quattrini. It isn't for the profit; I hardly get a danaro by the whole lot. But then they're holy wares, and it's getting harder and harder work to see your way to Paradise: the very Carnival is like Holy Week, and the least you can do to keep the Devil from getting the upper hand is to buy a cross. God guard you! think what the Devil's tooth is? You've seen him biting the man in San Giovanni, I should hope?"

Tessa felt much teased and frightened. "Oh, Bratti," she said, with a discomposed face, "I want to buy a great many *confetti*: I've got little Lillo and Ninna at home. And nice colored sweet things cost a great deal. And they will not like the cross so well, though I know it would be good to have it."

"Come, then," said Bratti, fond of laying up a store of merits by imagining possible extortions and then heroically renouncing them, "since you're an old acquaintance you shall have it for two quattrini. It's making you a present of the cross, to say nothing of the blessing."

Tessa was reaching out her two quattrini with trembling hesitation, when Bratti said, abruptly, "Stop a bit! Where do you live?"

"Oh, a long way off," she answered, almost automatically, being preoccupied with her quattrini; "beyond San Ambrogio, in the Via Piccola, at the top of the house where the wood is stacked below."

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"Very good," said Bratti, in a patronizing tone; "then I'll let you have the cross on trust, and call for the money. So you live inside the gates? Well, well, I shall be passing."

"No, no!" said Tessa, frightened lest Naldo should be angry at this revival of an old acquaintance. "I can spare the money. Take it now."

"No," said Bratti, resolutely; "I'm not a hard-hearted peddler. I'll call and see if you've got any rags, and you shall make a bargain. See, here's the cross; and there's Pippo's shop, not far behind you: you can go and fill your basket, and I must go and get mine empty. *Addio, piccina!*"

Bratti went on his way, and Tessa, stimulated to change her money into confetti before further accidents, went into Pippo's shop, a little fluttered by the thought that she had let Bratti know more about her than her husband would approve. There were certainly more dangers in coming to see the Carnival than in staying at home; and she would have felt this more strongly if she had known that the wicked old man, who had wanted to kill her husband on the hill, was still keeping her in sight. But she had not noticed the man with the burden on his back.

The consciousness of having a small basketful of things to make the children glad dispersed her anxiety, and as she entered the Via de' Libraj her face had its usual expression of child-like content. And now she thought there was really a procession coming, for she saw white robes and a banner, and her heart began to palpitate with expectation. She stood a little aside, but in that narrow street there was the pleasure of being obliged to look very close. The banner was pretty: it was the Holy Mother with the Babe, whose love for her Tessa had believed in more and more since she had had her babies; and the figures in white had not only green wreaths on their heads, but little red crosses by their side, which caused her some satisfaction that she also had her red cross. Certainly they looked as beautiful as the angels on the clouds, and to Tessa's mind they too had a back-ground of cloud, like every thing else that came to her in life. How and whence did they come? She did not mind much about knowing. But one thing surprised her as newer than wreaths and crosses; it was that some of the white figures carried baskets between them. What could the baskets be for?

But now they were very near, and, to her astonishment, they wheeled aside and came straight up to her. She trembled as she would have done if St. Michael in the picture had shaken his head at her, and was conscious of nothing but terrified wonder till she saw close to her a round boyish face, lower than her own, and heard a treble voice saying, "Sister, you carry the *Anathema* about you. Yield it up to the blessed Gesù, and He will adorn you with the gems of His grace."

Tessa was only more frightened, understanding nothing. Her first conjecture settled on her basket of sweets. They wanted that, these alarming angels. Oh, dear, dear! She looked down at it.

"No, sister," said a taller youth, pointing to her necklace and the clasp of her belt, "it is those vanities that are the *Anathema*. Take off that necklace and unclasp that belt, that they may be burned in the holy Bonfire of Vanities, and save *you* from burning."

"It is the truth, my sister," said a still taller youth, evidently the archangel of this band. "Listen to these voices speaking the divine message. You already carry a red cross: let that be your only adornment. Yield up your necklace and belt, and you shall obtain grace."

This was too much. Tessa, overcome with awe, dared not say "no," but she was equally unable to render up her beloved necklace and clasp. Her pouting lips were quivering, the tears rushed to her eyes, and a great drop fell. For a moment she ceased to see any thing; she felt nothing but confused terror and misery. Suddenly a gentle hand was laid on her arm, and a soft, wonderful voice, as if the Holy Madonna were speaking, said, "Do not be afraid; no one shall harm you."

Tessa looked up and saw a lady in black, with a young heavenly face and loving hazel eyes. She had never seen any one like this lady before, and under other circumstances might have had awe-struck thoughts about her; but now every thing else was overcome by the sense that loving protection was near her. The tears only fell the faster, relieving her swelling heart, as she looked up at the heavenly face, and, putting her hand to her necklace, said, sobbingly,

"I can't give them to be burned. My husband—he bought them for me—and they are so pretty—and Ninna—Oh, I wish I'd never come!"

"Do not ask her for them," said Romola, speaking to the white-robed boys in a tone of mild authority. "It answers no good end for people to give up such things against their will. That is not what Fra Girolamo approves: he would have such things given up freely."

Madonna Romola's word was not to be resisted, and the white train moved on. They even moved with haste, as if some new object had caught their eyes; and Tessa felt with bliss that they were gone, and that her necklace and clasp were still with her.

"Oh, I will go back to the house," she said, still agitated; "I will go no where else. But if I should meet them again, and you not be there?" she added, expecting every thing from this heavenly lady.

"Stay a little," said Romola. "Come with me under this doorway, and we will hide the necklace and clasp, and then you will be in no danger."

She led Tessa under the arch-way, and said, "Now, can we find room for your necklace and belt in your basket? Ah! your basket is full of crisp things that will break: let us be careful and lay the heavy necklace under them."

It was like a change in a dream to Tessa—

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the escape from nightmare into floating safety and joy—to find herself taken care of by this lady, so lovely, and powerful, and gentle. She let Romola unfasten her necklace and clasp, while she herself did nothing but look up at the face that bent over her.

"They are sweets for Lillo and Ninna," she said, as Romola carefully lifted up the light parcels in the basket, and placed the ornaments below them.

"Those are your children?" said Romola, smiling. "And you would rather go home to them than see any more of the Carnival? Else you have not far to go to the Piazza de' Signori, and there you would see the pile for the great bonfire."

"No; oh, no!" said Tessa, eagerly; "I shall never like bonfires again. I will go back."

"You live at some *castello*, doubtless," said Romola, not waiting for an answer. "Toward which gate do you go?"

"Toward Por' Santa Croce."

"Come, then," said Romola, taking her by the hand and leading her to the corner of a street nearly opposite. "If you go down there," she said, pausing, "you will soon be in a straight road. And I must leave you now, because some one else expects me. You will not be frightened. Your pretty things are quite safe now. Addio."

"Addio, Madonna," said Tessa, almost in a whisper, not knowing what else it would be right to say; and in an instant the heavenly lady was gone. Tessa turned to catch a last glimpse, but she only saw the tall gliding figure vanish round the projecting stone-work. So she went on her way in wonder, longing to be once more safely housed with Monna Lisa, undesirous of carnivals for evermore.

Baldassarre had kept Tessa in sight till the moment of her parting with Romola: then he went away with his bundle of yarn. It seemed to him that he had discerned a clew which might guide him if he could only grasp the necessary details firmly enough. He had seen the two wives together, and the sight had brought to his conceptions that vividness which had been wanting before. His power of imagining facts needed to be reinforced continually by the senses. The tall wife was the noble and rightful wife; she had the blood in her that would be readily kindled to resentment; she would know what scholarship was, and how it might lie locked in by the obstructions of the stricken body, like a treasure buried by earthquake. She could believe him: she would be *inclined* to believe him if he proved to her that her husband was unfaithful. Women cared about that: they would take Vengeance for that. If this wife of Tito's loved him, she would have a sense of injury which Baldassarre's mind dwelt on with keen longing, as if it would be the strength of another Will added to his own, the strength of another mind to form devices.

Both these wives had been kind to Baldassarre, and their acts toward him, being bound up with the very image of them, had not vanished from his memory; yet the thought of their pain could not present itself to him as a check. To him it seemed that pain was the order of the world for all except the hard and base. If any were innocent, if any were noble, where could the utmost gladness lie for them? Where it lay for him—in unconquerable hatred and triumphant vengeance. But he must be cautious: he must watch this wife in the Via de' Bardi, and learn more of her; for even here frustration was possible. There was no power for him now but in patience.

CHAPTER LI.

MONNA BRIGIDA'S CONVERSION.

When Romola said that some one else expected her she meant her cousin Brigida, but she was far from suspecting how much that good kinswoman was in need of her. Returning together toward the Piazza, they had descried the company of youths coming to a stand before Tessa, and when Romola, having approached near enough to see the simple little contadina's distress, said, "Wait for me a moment, cousin," Monna Brigida said, hastily, "Ah, I will not go on: come for me to Boni's shop; I shall go back there."

The truth was, Monna Brigida had a consciousness on the one hand of certain "vanities" carried on her person, and on the other of a growing alarm lest the Piagnoni should be right in holding that rouge, and false hair, and pearl embroidery endamaged the soul. Their serious view of things filled the air like an odor; nothing seemed to have exactly the same flavor as it used to have; and there was the dear child Romola, in her youth and beauty, leading a life that was uncomfortably suggestive of rigorous demands on woman. A widow at fifty-five whose satisfaction has been largely drawn from what she thinks of her own person, and what she believes others think of it, requires a great fund of imagination to keep her spirits buoyant. And Monna Brigida had begun to have frequent struggles at her toilet. If her soul would prosper better without them, was it really worth while to put on the rouge and the braids? But when she lifted up the hand-mirror and saw a sallow face with baggy cheeks, and crow's-feet that were not to be dissimulated by any simpering of the lips—when she parted her gray hair, and let it lie in simple Piagnone fashion round her face, her courage failed. Monna Berta would certainly burst out laughing at her, and call her an old hag, and as Monna Berta was really only fifty-two, she had a superiority which would make the observation cutting. Every woman who was not a Piagnone would give a shrug at the sight of her, and the men would accost her as if she were their grandmother. Whereas, at fifty-five a woman was not so very old—she only required making up a little. So

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the rouge and the braids and the embroidered berretta went on again, and Monna Brigida was satisfied with the accustomed effect; as for her neck, if she covered it up, people might suppose it was too old to show, and on the contrary, with the necklaces round it, it looked better than Monna Berta's. This very day, when she was preparing for the Piagnone Carnival, such a struggle had occurred, and the conflicting fears and longings which caused the struggle caused her to turn back and seek refuge in the druggist's shop rather than encounter the collectors of the *Anathema* when Romola was not by her side.

But Monna Brigida was not quite rapid enough in her retreat. She had been descried, even before she turned away, by the white-robed boys in the rear of those who wheeled round toward Tessa, and the willingness with which Tessa was given up was, perhaps, slightly due to the fact that part of the troop had already accosted a personage carrying more markedly upon her the dangerous weight of the *Anathema*. It happened that several of this troop were at the youngest age taken into peculiar training; and a small fellow of ten, his olive wreath resting above cherubic cheeks and wide brown eyes, his imagination really possessed with a hovering awe at existence as something in which great consequences impended on being good or bad, his longings nevertheless running in the direction of mastery and mischief, was the first to reach Monna Brigida and place himself across her path. She felt angry, and looked for an open door, but there was not one at hand, and by attempting to escape now she would only make things worse. But it was not the cherubic-faced young one who first addressed her; it was a youth of fifteen, who held one handle of a wide basket.

"Venerable mother!" he began, "the blessed Jesus commands you to give up the *Anathema* which you carry upon you. That cap embroidered with pearls, those jewels that fasten up your false hair—let them be given up and sold for the poor; and cast the hair itself away from you, as a lie that is only fit for burning. Doubtless, too, you have other jewels under your silk mantle."

"Yes, lady," said the youth at the other handle, who had many of Fra Girolamo's phrases by heart, "they are too heavy for you: they are heavier than a millstone, and are weighting you for perdition. Will you adorn yourself with the hunger of the poor, and be proud to carry God's curse upon your head?"

"In truth you are old, buona madre," said the cherubic boy, in a sweet soprano. "You look very ugly with the red on your cheeks and that black, glistening hair, and those fine things. It is only Satan who can like to see you. Your Angel is sorry. He wants you to rub away the red."

The little fellow snatched a soft silk scarf from the basket, and held it toward Monna Brigida, that she might use it as her guardian angel desired. Her anger and mortification were fast giving way to spiritual alarm. Monna Berta, and that cloud of witnesses, highly-dressed society in general, were not looking at her, and she was surrounded by young monitors, whose white robes, and wreaths, and red crosses, and dreadful candor, had something awful in their unusualness. Her Franciscan confessor, Fra Cristoforo, of Santa Croce, was not at hand to reinforce her distrust of Dominican teaching, and she was helplessly possessed and shaken by a vague sense that a supreme warning was come to her. Unvisited by the least suggestion of any other course that was open to her, she took the scarf that was held out, and rubbed her cheeks, with trembling submissiveness.

"It is well, madonna," said the second youth. "It is a holy beginning. And when you have taken those vanities from your head, the dew of heavenly grace will descend on it." The infusion of mischief was getting stronger, and putting his hand to one of the jeweled pins that fastened her braids to the berretta, he drew it out. The heavy black plait fell down over Monna Brigida's face, and dragged the rest of the head-gear forward. It was a new reason for not hesitating: she put up her hands hastily, undid the other fastenings, and flung down into the basket of doom her beloved crimson velvet berretta, with all its unsurpassed embroidery of seed-pearls, and stood an unrouged woman, with gray hair pushed backward from a face where certain deep lines of age had triumphed over embonpoint.

But the berretta was not allowed to lie in the basket. With impish zeal the youngsters lifted it up, and held it pitilessly, with the false hair dangling.

"See, venerable mother," said the taller youth, "what ugly lies you have delivered yourself from! And now you look like the blessed Saint Anna, the mother of the Holy Virgin."

Thoughts of going into a convent forthwith, and never showing herself in the world again, were rushing through Monna Brigida's mind. There was nothing possible for her but to take care of her soul. Of course, there were spectators laughing: she had no need to look round to assure herself of that. Well! it would, perhaps, be better to be forced to think more of Paradise. But at the thought that the dear accustomed world was no longer in her choice, there gathered some of those hard tears which just moisten elderly eyes, and she could see but dimly a large rough hand holding a red cross, which was suddenly thrust before her over the shoulders of the boys, while a strong guttural voice said, "Only four quattrini, madonna, blessing and all! Buy it. You'll find a comfort in it now your wig's gone. Deh! what are we sinners doing all our lives? Making soup in a basket, and getting nothing but the scum for our stomachs. Better buy a blessing, madonna! Only four quattrini; the profit is not so much as the smell of a danaro, and it goes to the poor."

Monna Brigida, in dim-eyed confusion, was

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MONNA BRIGIDA'S CONFESSION.

proceeding to the further submission of reaching money from her embroidered scarsella, at present hidden by her silk mantle, when the group round her, which she had not yet entertained the idea of escaping, opened before a figure as welcome as an angel loosing prison bolts.

"Romola, look at me!" said Monna Brigida, in a piteous tone, putting out both her hands.

The white troop was already moving away, with a slight consciousness that its zeal about the head-gear had been superabundant enough to afford a dispensation from any further demand for penitential offerings.

"Dear cousin, don't be distressed," said Romola, smitten with pity, yet hardly able to help smiling at the sudden apparition of her kinswoman in a genuine, natural guise, strangely contrasted with all memories of her. She took the black drapery from her own head, and threw it over Monna Brigida's. "There," she went on, soothingly, "no one will remark you now We will turn down the Via del Palagio and go straight to our house."

They hastened away, Monna Brigida grasping Romola's hand tightly as if to get a stronger assurance of her being actually there.

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"Ah, my Romola, my dear child," said the short fat woman, hurrying with frequent steps to keep pace with the majestic young figure beside her. "What an old scarecrow I am! I must be good—I mean to be good!"

"Yes, yes; buy a cross!" said the guttural voice, while the rough hand was thrust once more before Monna Brigida; for Bratti was not to be abashed by Romola's presence into renouncing a probable customer, and had quietly followed up their retreat. "Only four quattrini, blessing and all—and if there was any profit, it would all go to the poor."

Monna Brigida would have been compelled to pause, even if she had been in a less submissive mood. She put up one hand deprecatingly to arrest Romola's remonstrance, and with the other reached out a grosso, worth many white quattrini, saying, in an entreating tone—

"Take it, good man, and begone."

"You're in the right, madonna," said Bratti, taking the coin quickly, and thrusting the cross into her hand, "I'll not offer you change, for I might as well rob you of a mass. What! we must all be scorched a little, but you'll come off the easier; better fall from the window than the roof. A good Easter and a good year to you!"

"Well, Romola," cried Monna Brigida, pathetically, as Bratti left them, "if I'm to be a Piagnone, it's no matter how I look!"

"Dear cousin," said Romola, looking at her affectionately, "you don't know how much better you look than you ever did before. I see now how good-natured your face is, like yourself. That red and finery seemed to thrust themselves forward and hide expression. Ask our Piero or any other painter if he would not rather paint your portrait now than before. I think all lines of the human face have something either touching or grand, unless they seem to come from low passions. How fine old men are, like my godfather! Why should not old women look grand and simple?"

"Yes, when one gets to be sixty, my Romola," said Brigida, relapsing a little; "but I'm only fifty-five, and Monna Berta and every body—but it's no use: I will be good, like you. Your mother, if she'd been alive, would have been as old as I am—we were cousins together. One *must* either die or get old. But it doesn't matter about being old, if one's a Piagnone."

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.



CHAPTER XXII.

LORD DE GUEST AT HOME.

THE Earl and John Eames, after their escape from the bull, walked up to the Manor House together. "You can write a note to your mother, and I'll send it by one of the boys," said the earl. This was his lordship's answer when Eames declined to dine at the Manor House, because he would be expected home.

"But I'm so badly off for clothes, my lord," pleaded Johnny. "I tore my trowsers in the hedge."

"There will be nobody there besides us two and Dr. Crofts. The doctor will forgive you when he hears the story; and as for me, I didn't care if you hadn't a stitch to your back. You'll have company back to Guestwick, so come along."

Eames had no further excuse to offer, and therefore did as he was bidden. He was by no means as much at home with the earl now as during those minutes of the combat. He would rather have gone home, being somewhat ashamed of being seen in his present tattered and bareheaded condition by the servants of the house; and moreover, his mind would sometimes revert to the scene which had taken place in the garden at Allington. But he found himself obliged to obey the earl, and so he walked on with him through the woods.

The earl did not say very much, being tired and somewhat thoughtful. In what little he did say he seemed to be specially hurt by the ingratitude of the bull toward himself. "I never teased him, or annoyed him in any way."

"I suppose they are dangerous beasts?" said Eames.

"Not a bit of it, if they're properly treated. It must have been my handkerchief, I suppose. I remember that I did blow my nose."

He hardly said a word in the way of thanks to his assistant. "Where should I have been

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if you had not come to me?" he had exclaimed immediately after his deliverance; but having said that he didn't think it necessary to say much more to Eames. But he made himself very pleasant, and by the time he had reached the house his companion was almost glad that he had been forced to dine at the Manor House. "And now we'll have a drink," said the earl. "I don't know how you feel, but I never was so thirsty in my life."

Two servants immediately showed themselves, and evinced some surprise at Johnny's appearance. "Has the gentleman hurt hisself, my lord?" asked the butler, looking at the blood upon our friend's face.

"He has hurt his trowsers the worst, I believe," said the earl. "And if he was to put on any of mine they'd be too short and too big, wouldn't they? I am sorry you should be so uncomfortable, but you mustn't mind it for once."

"I don't mind it a bit," said Johnny.

"And I'm sure I don't," said the earl. "Mr. Eames is going to dine here, Vickers."

"Yes, my lord."

"And his hat is down in the middle of the nineteen acres. Let three or four men go for it."

"Three or four men, my lord!"

"Yes, three or four men. There's something gone wrong with that bull. And you must get a boy with a pony to take a note into Guestwick to Mrs. Eames. Oh, dear, I'm better now," and he put down the tumbler from which he'd been drinking. "Write your note here, and then we'll go and see my pet pheasants before dinner."

Vickers and the footman knew that something had happened of much moment, for the earl was usually very particular about his dinner-table. He expected every guest who sat there to be dressed in such guise as the fashion of the day demanded; and he himself, though his morning costume was by no means brilliant, never dined, even when alone, without having put himself into a suit of black, with a white cravat, and having exchanged the old silver hunting-watch, which he carried during the day tied round his neck by a bit of old ribbon, for a small gold watch, with a chain and seals, which in the evening always dangled over his waistcoat. Dr. Gruffen had once been asked to dinner at Guestwick Manor. "Just a bachelor's chop," said the earl; "for there's nobody at home but myself." Whereupon Dr. Gruffen had come in colored trowsers—and had never again been asked to dine at Guestwick Manor. All this Vickers knew well; and now his lordship had brought young Eames home to dine with him with his clothes all hanging about him in a manner which Vickers declared in the servants' hall wasn't more than half decent. Therefore they all knew that something very particular must have happened. "It's some trouble about the bull, I know," said Vickers; "but bless you, the bull couldn't have tore his things in that way!"

Eames wrote his note, in which he told his mother that he had had an adventure with Lord De Guest, and that his lordship had insisted on bringing him home to dinner. "I have torn my trowsers all to pieces," he added in a post-script, "and have lost my hat. Every thing else is all right." He was not aware that the earl also sent a short note to Mrs. Eames.

"DEAR MADAM"—ran the earl's note—"your son has, under Providence, probably saved my life. I will leave the story for him to tell. He has been good enough to accompany me home, and will return to Guestwick after dinner with Dr. Crofts, who dines here. I congratulate you on having a son with so much cool courage and good feeling. Your very faithful servant,

"DE GUEST.

"GUESTWICK MANOR, *Thursday, October*, 186-."

And then they went to see the pheasants. "Now I'll tell you what," said the earl. "I advise you to take to shooting. It's the amusement of a gentleman when a man chances to have the command of game."

"But I'm always up in London."

"No, you're not. You're not up in London now. You always have your holidays. If you choose to try it, I'll see that you have shooting enough while you're here. It's better than going to sleep under the trees. Ha, ha, ha! I wonder what made you lay yourself down there. You hadn't been fighting a bull that day?"

"No, my lord. I hadn't seen the bull then."

"Well; you think of what I've been saying. When I say a thing, I mean it. You shall have shooting enough if you have a mind to try it." Then they looked at the pheasants, and pottered about the place till the earl said it was time to dress for dinner. "That's hard upon you, isn't it?" said he. "But, at any rate, you can wash your hands, and get rid of the blood. I'll be down in the little drawing-room five minutes before seven, and I suppose I'll find you there."

At five minutes before seven Lord De Guest came into the small drawing-room, and found Johnny seated there, with a book before him. The earl was a little fussy, and showed by his manner that he was not quite at his ease, as some men do when they have any piece of work on hand which is not customary with them. He held something in his hand, and shuffled a little as he made his way up the room. He was dressed, as usual, in black; but his gold chain was not, as usual, dangling over his waistcoat.

"Eames," he said, "I want you to accept a little present from me—just as a memorial of our affair with the bull. It will make you think of it sometimes, when I'm perhaps gone."

"Oh, my lord—"

"It's my own watch, that I have been wearing for some time; but I've got another: two or three, I believe, somewhere up stairs. You mustn't refuse me. I can't bear being refused. There are two or three little seals, too, which I have worn. I have taken off the one with my arms, because that's of no use to you, and it is

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MR. PALLISER AND LADY DUMBELLO.

to me. It doesn't want a key, but winds up at the handle, in this way;" and the earl proceeded to explain the nature of the toy.

"My lord, you think too much of what happened to-day," said Eames, stammering.

"No, I don't; I think very little about it. I know what I think of. Put the watch in your pocket before the doctor comes. There; I hear his horse. Why didn't he drive over? and then he could have taken you back?"

"I can walk very well."

"I'll make that all right. The servant shall ride Crofts's horse, and bring back the little phaeton. How d'you do, doctor? You know Eames, I suppose? You needn't look at him in that way. His leg is not broken; it's only his trowsers." And then the earl told the story of the bull.

"Johnny will become quite a hero in town," said Crofts.

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"Yes; I fear he'll get the most of the credit; and yet I was at it twice as long as he was. I'll tell you what, young men, when I got to that gate I didn't think I'd breath enough left in me to get over it. It's all very well jumping into a hedge when you're only two-and-twenty; but when a man comes to be sixty he likes to take his time about such things. Dinner ready, is it? So am I. I quite forgot that mutton chop of yours to-day, doctor. But I suppose a man may eat a good dinner after a fight with a bull?"

The evening passed by without any very pleasurable excitement, and I regret to say that the earl went fast to sleep in the drawing-room as soon as he had swallowed his cup of coffee. During dinner he had been very courteous to both his guests, but toward Eames he had used a good-humored and almost affectionate familiarity. He had quizzed him for having been found asleep under the tree, telling Crofts that he had looked very forlorn—"So that I haven't a doubt about his being in love," said the earl. And he had asked Johnny to tell the name of the fair one, bringing up the remnants of his half-forgotten classicalities to bear out the joke. "If I am to take more of the severe Falernian," said he, laying his hand on the decanter of port, "I must know the lady's name. Whoever she be, I'm well sure you need not blush for her. What! you refuse to tell! Then I'll drink no more." And so the earl had walked out of the dining-room; but not till he had perceived by his guest's cheeks that the joke had been too true to be pleasant. As he went, however, he leaned with his hand on Eames's shoulder, and the servants looking on saw that the young man was to be a favorite. "He'll make him his heir," said Vickers. "I shouldn't wonder a bit if he don't make him his heir." But to this the footman objected, endeavoring to prove to Mr. Vickers that, in accordance with the law of the land, his lordship's second cousin, once removed, whom the earl had never seen, but whom he was supposed to hate, must be his heir. "A hearl can never choose his own heir, like you or me," said the footman, laying down the law. "Can't he, though, really now? That's very hard on him, isn't it?" said the pretty housemaid. "Pshaw!" said Vickers: "you know nothing about it. My lord could make young Eames his heir to-morrow; that is, the heir of his property. He couldn't make him a hearl, because that must go to the heirs of his body. As to his leaving him the place here, I don't just know how that'd be; and I'm sure Richard don't."

"But suppose he hasn't got any heirs of his body?" asked the pretty housemaid, who was rather fond of putting down Mr. Vickers.

"He must have heirs of his body," said the butler. "Every body has 'em. If a man don't know 'em himself, the law finds 'em out." And then Mr. Vickers walked away, avoiding further dispute.

In the mean time, the earl was asleep up stairs, and the two young men from Guestwick did not find that they could amuse themselves with any satisfaction. Each took up a book; but there are times at which a man is quite unable to read, and when a book is only a cover for his idleness or dullness. At last, Dr. Crofts suggested, in a whisper, that they might as well begin to think of going home.

"Eh; yes; what?" said the earl: "I'm not asleep." In answer to which the doctor said that he thought he'd go home, if his lordship would let him order his horse. But the earl was again fast bound in slumber, and took no further notice of the proposition.

"Perhaps we could get off without waking him," suggested Eames, in a whisper.

"Eh; what?" said the earl. So they both resumed their books, and submitted themselves to their martyrdom for a further period of fifteen minutes. At the expiration of that time the footman brought in tea.

"Eh; what? tea!" said the earl. "Yes, we'll have a little tea. I've heard every word you've been saying." It was that assertion on the part of the earl which always made Lady Julia so angry. "You can not have heard what I have been saying, Theodore, because I have said nothing," she would reply. "But I should have heard it if you had," the earl would rejoin, snappishly. On the present occasion neither Crofts nor Eames contradicted him, and he took his tea and swallowed it while still three parts asleep.

"If you'll allow me, my lord, I think I'll order my horse," said the doctor,

"Yes; horse—yes—" said the earl, nodding.

"But what are you to do, Eames, if I ride?" said the doctor.

"I'll walk," whispered Eames, in his very lowest voice.

"What—what—what?" said the earl, jumping up on his feet. "Oh, ah, yes; going away, are you? I suppose you might as well as sit here and see me sleeping. But, doctor—I didn't snore, did I?"

"Only occasionally."

"Not loud, did I? Come, Eames, did I snore loud?"

"Well, my lord, you did snore rather loud two or three times."

"Did I?" said the earl, in a voice of great disappointment. "And yet, do you know, I heard every word you said."

The small phaeton had been already ordered, and the two young men started back to Guestwick together, a servant from the house riding the doctor's horse behind them. "Look here, Eames," said the earl, as they parted on the steps of the hall door. "You're going back to town the day after to-morrow you say, so I sha'n't see you again?"

"No, my lord," said Johnny.

"Look you here, now. I shall be up for the Cattle-show before Christmas. You must dine with me at my hotel, on the twenty-second of December, Pawkin's, in Jermyn Street; seven o'clock, sharp. Mind you do not forget, now.

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Put it down in your pocket-book when you get home. Good-by, doctor; good-by. I see I must stick to that mutton chop in the middle of the day." And then they drove off.

"He'll make him his heir for certain," said Vickers to himself, as he slowly returned to his own quarters.

"You were returning from Allington, I suppose," said Crofts, "when you came across Lord De Guest and the bull?"

"Yes: I just walked over to say good-by to them."

"Did you find them all well?"

"I only saw one. The other two were out."

"Mrs. Dale, was it?"

"No; it was Lily."

"Sitting alone, thinking of her fine London lover, of course? I suppose we ought to look upon her as a very lucky girl. I have no doubt she thinks herself so."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Johnny.

"I believe he's a very good young man," said the doctor; "but I can't say I quite liked his manner."

"I should think not," said Johnny.

"But then in all probability he did not like mine a bit better, or perhaps yours either. And if so it's all fair."

"I don't see that it's a bit fair. He's a snob," said Eames; "and I don't believe that I am." He had taken a glass or two of the earl's "severe Falernian," and was disposed to a more generous confidence, and perhaps also to stronger language, than might otherwise have been the case.

"No; I don't think he is a snob," said Crofts. "Had he been so, Mrs. Dale would have perceived it."

"You'll see," said Johnny, touching up the earl's horse with energy as he spoke. "You'll see. A man who gives himself airs is a snob; and he gives himself airs. And I don't believe he's a straightforward fellow. It was a bad day for us all when he came among them at Allington."

"I can't say that I see that."

"I do. But mind, I haven't spoken a word of this to any one. And I don't mean. What would be the good? I suppose she must marry him now?"

"Of course she must."

"And be wretched all her life. Oh-h-h-h!" and he muttered a deep groan. "I'll tell you what it is, Crofts. He is going to take the sweetest girl out of this country that ever was in it, and he don't deserve her."

"I don't think she can be compared to her sister," said Crofts, slowly.

"What; not Lily?" said Eames, as though the proposition made by the doctor were one that could not hold water for a minute.

"I have always thought that Bell was the more admired of the two," said Crofts.

"I'll tell you what," said Eames. "I have never yet set my eyes on any human creature whom I thought so beautiful as Lily Dale. And now that beast is going to marry her! I'll tell you what, Crofts; I'll manage to pick a quarrel with him yet." Whereupon the doctor, seeing the nature of the complaint from which his companion was suffering, said nothing more, either about Lily or about Bell.

Soon after this Eames was at his own door, and was received there by his mother and sister with all the enthusiasm due to a hero. "He has saved the earl's life!" Mrs. Eames had exclaimed to her daughter on reading Lord De Guest's note. "Oh, goodness!" and she threw herself back upon the sofa almost in a fainting condition.

"Saved Lord De Guest's life!" said Mary.

"Yes—under Providence," said Mrs. Eames, as though that latter fact added much to her son's good deed.

"But how did he do it?"

"By cool courage and good feeling; so his lordship says. But I wonder how he really did do it?"

"Whatever way it was, he's torn all his clothes and lost his hat," said Mary.

"I don't care a bit about that," said Mrs. Eames. "I wonder whether the earl has any interest at the Income-tax. What a thing it would be if he could get Johnny a step! It would be seventy pounds a year at once. He was quite right to stay and dine when his lordship asked him. And so Dr. Crofts is there. It couldn't have been any thing in the doctoring way, I suppose."

"No, I should say not; because of what he says of his trowsers." And so the two ladies were obliged to wait for John's return.

"How did you do it, John?" said his mother, embracing him, as soon as the door was opened.

"How did you save the earl's life?" said Mary, who was standing behind her mother.

"Would his lordship really have been killed if it had not been for you?" asked Mrs. Eames.

"And was he very much hurt?" asked Mary.

"Oh, bother," said Johnny, on whom the results of the day's work, together with the earl's Falernian, had made some still remaining impression. On ordinary occasions Mrs. Eames would have felt hurt at being so answered by her son; but at the present moment she regarded him as standing so high in general favor that she took no offense. "Oh, Johnny, do tell us. Of course we must be very anxious to know it all."

"There's nothing to tell, except that a bull ran at the earl as I was going by; so I went into the field and helped him, and then he made me stay and dine with him."

"But his lordship says that you saved his life," said Mary.

"Under Providence," added their mother.

"At any rate, he has given me a gold watch and chain," said Johnny, drawing the present out of his pocket. "I wanted a watch badly. All the same, I didn't like taking it."

"It would have been very wrong to refuse,"

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said his mother. "And I am so glad you have been so fortunate. And look here, Johnny: when a friend like that comes in your way, don't turn your back on him." Then, at last, he thawed beneath their kindness, and told them the whole of the story. I fear that, in recounting the earl's efforts with the spud, he hardly spoke of his patron with all that deference which would have been appropriate.

CHAPTER XXIII.

MR. PLANTAGENET PALLISER.

A WEEK passed over Mr. Crosbie's head at Courcy Castle without much inconvenience to him from the well-known fact of his matrimonial engagement. Both George De Courcy and John De Courcy had in their different ways charged him with his offense, and endeavored to annoy him by recurring to the subject; but he did not care much for the wit or malice of George or John De Courcy. The countess had hardly alluded to Lily Dale after those few words which she said on the first day of his visit, and seemed perfectly willing to regard his doings at Allington as the occupation natural to a young man in such a position. He had been seduced down to a dull country house, and had, as a matter of course, taken to such amusements as the place afforded. He had shot the partridges and made love to the young lady, taking those little recreations as compensation for the tedium of the squire's society. Perhaps he had gone a little too far with the young lady; but then no one knew better than the countess how difficult it is for a young man to go far enough without going too far. It was not her business to make herself a censor on a young man's conduct. The blame, no doubt, rested quite as much with Miss Dale as with him. She was quite sorry that any young lady should be disappointed; but if girls will be imprudent, and set their caps at men above their mark, they must encounter disappointment. With such language did Lady De Courcy speak of the affair among her daughters, and her daughters altogether agreed with her that it was out of the question that Mr. Crosbie should marry Lily Dale. From Alexandrina he encountered during the week none of that raillery which he had expected. He had promised to explain to her before he left the castle all the circumstances of his acquaintance with Lily, and she at last showed herself determined to demand the fulfillment of this promise; but previous to that she said nothing to manifest either offense or a lessened friendship. And, I regret to say, that in the intercourse which had taken place between them that friendship was by no means less tender than it had been in London.

"And when will you tell me what you promised?" she asked him one afternoon, speaking in a low voice, as they were standing together at the window of the billiard-room, in that idle half hour which always occurs before the necessity for dinner preparation has come. She had been riding, and was still in her habit, and he had returned from shooting. She knew that she looked more than ordinarily well in her tall straight hat and riding gear, and was wont to hang about the house, walking skillfully with her upheld drapery, during this period of the day. It was dusk, but not dark, and there was no artificial light in the billiard-room. There had been some pretense of knocking about the balls, but it had been only pretense. "Even Diana," she had said, "could not have played billiards in a habit." Then she had put down her mace, and they had stood talking together in the recess of a large bow-window.

"And what did I promise?" said Crosbie.

"You know well enough. Not that it is a matter of any special interest to me; only, as you undertook to promise, of course my curiosity has been raised."

"If it be of no special interest," said Crosbie, "you will not object to absolve me from my promise."

"That is just like you," she said. "And how false you men always are! You made up your mind to buy my silence on a distasteful subject by pretending to offer me your future confidence; and now you tell me that you do not mean to confide in me."

"You begin by telling me that the matter is one that does not in the least interest you."

"That is so false again! You know very well what I meant. Do you remember what you said to me the day you came? and am I not bound to tell you after that that your marriage with this or that young lady is not matter of special interest to me? Still, as your friend—"

"Well, as my friend!"

"I shall be glad to know— But I am not going to beg for your confidence; only I tell you this fairly, that no man is so mean in my eyes as a man who fights under false colors."

"And am I fighting under false colors?"

"Yes, you are." And now, as she spoke, the Lady Alexandrina blushed beneath her hat; and dull as was the remaining light of the evening, Crosbie, looking into her face, saw her heightened color. "Yes, you are. A gentleman is fighting under false colors who comes into a house like this, with a public rumor of his being engaged, and then conducts himself as though nothing of the kind existed. Of course, it is not any thing to me specially; but that is fighting under false colors. Now, Sir, you may redeem the promise you made me when you first came here, or you may let it alone."

It must be acknowledged that the lady was fighting her battle with much courage, and also with some skill. In three or four days Crosbie would be gone; and this victory, if it were ever to be gained, must be gained in those three or four days. And if there were to be no victory, then it would be only fair that Crosbie should be punished for his duplicity, and that she should

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be avenged as far as any revenge might be in her power. Not that she meditated any deep revenge, or was prepared to feel any strong anger. She liked Crosbie as well as she had ever liked any man. She believed that he liked her also. She had no conception of any very strong passion, but conceived that a married life was more pleasant than one of single bliss. She had no doubt that he had promised to make Lily Dale his wife, but so had he previously promised her, or nearly so. It was a fair game, and she would win it if she could. If she failed she would show her anger; but she would show it in a mild, weak manner—turning up her nose at Lily before Crosbie's face, and saying little things against himself behind his back. Her wrath would not carry her much beyond that.

"Now, Sir, you may redeem the promise you made me when you first came here—or you may let it alone." So she spoke, and then she turned her face away from him, gazing out into the darkness.

"Alexandrina!" he said.

"Well, Sir? But you have no right to speak to me in that style. You know that you have no right to call me by my name in that way!"

"You mean that you insist upon your title?"

"All ladies insist on what you call their title from gentlemen, except under the privilege of greater intimacy than you have the right to claim. You did not call Miss Dale by her Christian name till you had obtained permission, I suppose?"

"You used to let me call you so."

"Never! Once or twice, when you have done so, I have not forbidden it, as I should have done. Very well, Sir, as you have nothing to tell me, I will leave you. I must confess that I did not think you were such a coward." And she prepared to go, gathering up the skirts of her habit, and taking up the whip which she had laid on the window-sill.

"Stay a moment, Alexandrina," he said; "I am not happy, and you should not say words intended to make me more miserable."

"And why are you unhappy?"

"Because— I will tell you instantly, if I may believe that I am telling you only, and not the whole household."

"Of course I shall not talk of it to others. Do you think that I can not keep a secret?"

"It is because I have promised to marry one woman, and because I love another. I have told you every thing now; and if you choose to say again that I am fighting under false colors I will leave the castle before you can see me again."

"Mr. Crosbie!"

"Now you know it all, and may imagine whether or no I am very happy. I think you said it was time to dress; suppose we go?" And without further speech the two went off to their separate rooms.

Crosbie, as soon as he was alone in his chamber, sat himself down in his arm-chair, and went to work striving to make up his mind as to his future conduct. It must not be supposed that the declaration just made by him had been produced solely by his difficulty at the moment. The atmosphere of Courcy Castle had been at work upon him for the last week past. And every word that he had heard, and every word that he had spoken, had tended to destroy all that was good and true within him, and to foster all that was selfish and false. He had said to himself a dozen times during that week that he never could be happy with Lily Dale, and that he never could make her happy. And then he had used the old sophistry in his endeavor to teach himself that it was right to do that which he wished to do. Would it not be better for Lily that he should desert her than marry her against the dictates of his own heart? And if he really did not love her, would he not be committing a greater crime in marrying her than in deserting her? He confessed to himself that he had been very wrong in allowing the outer world to get such a hold upon him, that the love of a pure girl like Lily could not suffice for his happiness. But there was the fact, and he found himself unable to contend against it. If by any absolute self-sacrifice he could secure Lily's well-being, he would not hesitate for a moment. But would it be well to sacrifice her as well as himself?

He had discussed the matter in this way within his own breast, till he had almost taught himself to believe that it was his duty to break off his engagement with Lily; and he had also almost taught himself to believe that a marriage with a daughter of the house of Courcy would satisfy his ambition and assist him in his battle with the world. That Lady Alexandrina would accept him he felt certain, if he could only induce her to forgive him for his sin in becoming engaged to Miss Dale. How very prone she would be to forgiveness in this matter he had not divined, having not as yet learned how easily such a woman can forgive such a sin, if the ultimate triumph be accorded to herself.

And there was another reason which operated much with Crosbie, urging him on in his present mood and wishes, though it should have given an exactly opposite impulse to his heart. He had hesitated as to marrying Lily Dale at once because of the smallness of his income. Now he had a prospect of considerable increase to that income. One of the commissioners at his office had been promoted to some greater commissionership, and it was understood by every body that the secretary at the General Committee Office would be the new commissioner. As to that there was no doubt. But then the question had arisen as to the place of secretary. Crosbie had received two or three letters on the subject, and it seemed that the likelihood of his obtaining this step in the world was by no means slight. It would increase his official income from seven hundred a year to twelve, and would place him altogether above the world. His friend, the present secretary, had written to him, assuring him that no other probable competitor

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was spoken of as being in the field against him. If such good fortune awaited him, would it not smooth any present difficulty which lay in the way of his marriage with Lily Dale? But, alas, he had not looked at the matter in that light! Might not the countess help him to this preferment? And if his destiny intended for him the good things of this world—secretaryships, commissionerships, chairmanships, and such like, would it not be well that he should struggle on in his upward path by such assistance as good connections might give him?

He sat thinking over it all in his own room on that evening. He had written twice to Lily since his arrival at Courcy Castle. His first letter has been given. His second was written much in the same tone; though Lily, as she had read it, had unconsciously felt somewhat less satisfied than she had been with the first. Expressions of love were not wanting, but they were vague and without heartiness. They savored of insincerity, though there was nothing in the words themselves to convict them. Few liars can lie with the full roundness and self-sufficiency of truth; and Crosbie, bad as he was, had not yet become bad enough to reach that perfection. He had said nothing to Lily of the hopes of promotion which had been opened to him; but he had again spoken of his own worldliness—acknowledging that he received an unsatisfying satisfaction from the pomps and vanities of Courcy Castle. In fact he was paving the way for that which he had almost resolved that he would do, now he had told Lady Alexandrina that he loved her; and he was obliged to confess to himself that the die was cast.

As he thought of all this there was not wanting to him some of the satisfaction of an escape. Soon after making that declaration of love at Allington he had begun to feel that in making it he had cut his throat. He had endeavored to persuade himself that he could live comfortably with his throat cut in that way; and as long as Lily was with him he would believe that he could do so; but as soon as he was again alone he would again accuse himself of suicide. This was his frame of mind even while he was yet at Allington, and his ideas on the subject had become stronger during his sojourn at Courcy. But the self-immolation had not been completed, and he now began to think that he could save himself. I need hardly say that this was not all triumph to him. Even had there been no material difficulty as to his desertion of Lily—no uncle, cousin, and mother whose anger he must face—no vision of a pale face, more eloquent of wrong in its silence than even uncle, cousin, and mother, with their indignant storm of words—he was not altogether heartless. How should he tell all this to the girl who had loved him so well; who had so loved him that, as he himself felt, her love would fashion all her future life, either for weal or for woe? "I am unworthy of her, and will tell her so," he said to himself. How many a false hound of a man has endeavored to salve his own conscience by such mock humility? But he acknowledged at this moment, as he rose from his seat to dress himself, that the die was cast, and that it was open to him now to say what he pleased to Lady Alexandrina. "Others have gone through the same fire before," he said to himself, as he walked down stairs, "and have come out scathless." And then he recalled to himself the names of various men of high repute in the world who were supposed to have committed in their younger days some such little mistake as that into which he had been betrayed.

In passing through the hall he overtook Lady Julia De Guest, and was in time to open for her the door of the drawing-room. He then remembered that she had come into the billiard-room at one side, and had gone out at the other, while he was standing with Alexandrina at the window. He had not, however, then thought much of Lady Julia; and as he now stood for her to pass by him through the doorway, he made to her some indifferent remark.

But Lady Julia was on some subjects a stern woman, and not without a certain amount of courage. In the last week she had seen what had been going on, and had become more and more angry. Though she had disowned any family connection with Lily Dale, nevertheless she now felt for her sympathy and almost affection. Nearly every day she had repeated stiffly to the countess some incident of Crosbie's courtship and engagement to Miss Dale—speaking of it as with absolute knowledge, as a thing settled at all points. This she had done to the countess alone, in the presence of the countess and Alexandrina, and also before all the female guests of the castle. But what she had said was received simply with an incredulous smile. "Dear me! Lady Julia," the countess had replied at last, "I shall begin to think you are in love with Mr. Crosbie yourself; you harp so constantly on this affair of his. One would think that young ladies in your part of the world must find it very difficult to get husbands, seeing that the success of one young lady is trumpeted so loudly." For the moment Lady Julia was silenced; but it was not easy to silence her altogether when she had a subject for speech near her heart.

Almost all the Courcy world were assembled in the drawing-room as she now walked into the room with Crosbie at her heels. When she found herself near the crowd she turned round and addressed him in a voice more audible than that generally required for purposes of drawing-room conversation. "Mr. Crosbie," she said, "have you heard lately from our dear friend, Lily Dale?" And she looked him full in the face, in a manner more significant, probably, than even she had intended it to be. There was, at once, a general hush in the room, and all eyes were turned upon her and upon him.

Crosbie instantly made an effort to bear the attack gallantly, but he felt that he could not quite command his color, or prevent a sudden drop of perspiration from showing itself upon his brow. "I had a letter from Allington yes-

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terday," he said. "I suppose you have heard of your brother's encounter with the bull?"

"The bull!" said Lady Julia. And it was instantly manifest to all that her attack had been foiled and her flank turned.

"Good gracious! Lady Julia, how very odd you are!" said the countess.

"But what about the bull?" asked the Hon. George.

"It seems that the earl was knocked down in the middle of one of his own fields."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Alexandrina. And sundry other exclamations were made by all the assembled ladies.

"But he wasn't hurt," said Crosbie. "A young man named Eames seems to have fallen from the sky and carried off the earl on his back."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" growled the other earl, as he heard of the discomfiture of his brother peer.

Lady Julia, who had received her own letters that day from Guestwick, knew that nothing of importance had happened to her brother; but she felt that she was foiled for that time.

"I hope that there has not really been any accident," said Mr. Gazebee, with a voice of great solicitude.

"My brother was quite well last night, thank you," said she. And then the little groups again formed themselves, and Lady Julia was left alone on the corner of a sofa.

"Was that all an invention of yours, Sir?" said Alexandrina to Crosbie.

"Not quite. I did get a letter this morning from my friend Bernard Dale—that old harridan's nephew; and Lord De Guest has been worried by some of his animals. I wish I had told her that his stupid old neck had been broken."

"Fie, Mr. Crosbie!"

"What business has she to interfere with me?"

"But I mean to ask the same question that she asked, and you won't put me off with a cock-and-bull story like that." But then, as she was going to ask the question, dinner was announced.

"And is it true that De Guest has been tossed by a bull?" said the earl, as soon as the ladies were gone. He had spoken nothing during dinner except what words he had muttered into the ear of Lady Dumbello. It was seldom that conversation had many charms for him in his own house; but there was a savor of pleasantry in the idea of Lord De Guest having been tossed, by which even he was tickled.

"Only knocked down, I believe," said Crosbie.

"Ha, ha, ha!" growled the earl; then he filled his glass, and allowed some one else to pass the bottle. Poor man! There was not much left to him now in the world which did amuse him.

"I don't see any thing to laugh at," said Plantagenet Palliser, who was sitting at the earl's right hand, opposite to Lord Dumbello.

"Don't you?" said the earl. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll be shot if I do. From all I hear De Guest is an uncommon good farmer. And I don't see the joke of tossing a farmer merely because he's a nobleman also. Do you?" and he turned round to Mr. Gazebee, who was sitting on the other side. The earl was an earl, and was also Mr. Gazebee's father-in-law. Mr. Plantagenet Palliser was the heir to a dukedom. Therefore, Mr. Gazebee merely simpered, and did not answer the question put to him. Mr. Palliser said nothing more about it, nor did the earl; and then the joke died away.

Mr. Plantagenet Palliser was the Duke of Omnium's heir—heir to that nobleman's title and to his enormous wealth; and, therefore, was a man of mark in the world. He sat in the House of Commons, of course. He was about five-and-twenty years of age, and was, as yet, unmarried. He did not hunt or shoot or keep a yacht, and had been heard to say that he had never put a foot upon a race-course in his life. He dressed very quietly, never changing the color or form of his garments; and in society was quiet, reserved, and very often silent. He was tall, slight, and not ill-looking; but more than this can not be said for his personal appearance—except, indeed, this, that no one could mistake him for other than a gentleman. With his uncle, the duke, he was on good terms; that is to say, they had never quarreled. A very liberal allowance had been made to the nephew; but the two relatives had no tastes in common, and did not often meet. Once a year Mr. Palliser visited the duke at his great country seat for two or three days, and usually dined with him two or three times during the season in London. Mr. Palliser sat for a borough which was absolutely under the duke's command; but had accepted his seat under the distinct understanding that he was to take whatever part in politics might seem good to himself. Under these well-understood arrangements, the duke and his heir showed to the world quite a pattern of a happy family. "So different to the earl and Lord Porlock!" the people of West Barsetshire used to say. For the estates, both of the duke and of the earl, were situated in the western division of that county.

Mr. Palliser was chiefly known to the world as a rising politician. We may say that he had every thing at his command, in the way of pleasure, that the world could offer him. He had wealth, position, power, and the certainty of attaining the highest rank among, perhaps, the most brilliant nobility of the world. He was courted by all who could get near enough to court him. It is hardly too much to say that he might have selected a bride from all that was most beautiful and best among English women. If he would have bought race-horses, and have expended thousands on the turf, he would have gratified his uncle by doing so. He might have been the master of hounds, or the slaughterer of hecatombs of birds. But to none of these things would he devote himself. He had chosen to be a politician, and in that pursuit he labored with

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a zeal and perseverance which would have made his fortune at any profession or in any trade. He was constant in committee-rooms up to the very middle of August. He was rarely absent from any debate of importance, and never from any important division. Though he seldom spoke, he was always ready to speak if his purpose required it. No man gave him credit for any great genius; few even considered that he could become either an orator or a mighty statesman. But the world said that he was a rising man, and old Nestor of the Cabinet looked on him as one who would be able, at some far future day, to come among them as a younger brother. Hitherto he had declined such inferior offices as had been offered to him, biding his time carefully; and he was as yet tied hand and neck to no party, though known to be liberal in all his political tendencies. He was a great reader; not taking up a book here, and another there, as chance brought books before him, but working through an enormous course of books, getting up the great subject of the world's history—filling himself full of facts—though perhaps not destined to acquire the power of using those facts otherwise than as precedents. He strove also diligently to become a linguist; not without success, as far as a competent understanding of various languages. He was a thin-minded, plodding, respectable man, willing to devote all his youth to work, in order that in old age he might be allowed to sit among the Councilors of the State.

Hitherto his name had not been coupled by the world with that of any woman whom he had been supposed to admire; but latterly it had been observed that he had often been seen in the same room with Lady Dumbello. It had hardly amounted to more than this; but when it was remembered how undemonstrative were the two persons concerned—how little disposed was either of them to any strong display of feeling—even this was thought matter to be mentioned. He certainly would speak to her from time to time almost with an air of interest; and Lady Dumbello, when she saw that he was in the room, would be observed to raise her head with some little show of life, and to look round as though there were something there on which it might be worth her while to allow her eyes to rest. When such innuendoes were abroad no one would probably make more of them than Lady De Courcy. Many, when they heard that Mr. Palliser was to be at the castle, had expressed their surprise at her success in that quarter. Others, when they learned that Lady Dumbello had consented to become her guest, had also wondered greatly. But when it was ascertained that the two were to be there together, her good-natured friends had acknowledged that she was a very clever woman. To have either Mr. Palliser or Lady Dumbello would have been a feather in her cap; but to succeed in getting both, by enabling each to know that the other would be there, was indeed a triumph. As regards Lady Dumbello, however, the bargain was not fairly carried out; for, after all, Mr. Palliser came to Courcy Castle only for two nights and a day, and during the whole of that day he was closeted with sundry large blue-books. As for Lady De Courcy, she did not care how he might be employed. Blue-books and Lady Dumbello were all the same to her. Mr. Palliser had been at Courcy Castle, and neither enemy nor friend could deny the fact.

This was his second evening; and as he had promised to meet his constituents at Silverbridge at one P.M. on the following day, with the view of explaining to them his own conduct and the political position of the world in general; and as he was not to return from Silverbridge to Courcy, Lady Dumbello, if she made any way at all, must take advantage of the short gleam of sunshine which the present hour afforded her. No one, however, could say that she showed any active disposition to monopolize Mr. Palliser's attention. When he sauntered into the drawing-room she was sitting, alone, in a large, low chair, made without arms, so as to admit the full expansion of her dress, but hollowed and round at the back, so as to afford her the support that was necessary to her. She had barely spoken three words since she had left the dining-room, but the time had not passed heavily with her. Lady Julia had again attacked the countess about Lily Dale and Mr. Crosbie, and Alexandrina, driven almost to rage, had stalked off to the farther end of the room, not concealing her special concern in the matter.

"How I do wish they were married and done with," said the countess; "and then we should hear no more about them."

All of which Lady Dumbello heard and understood; and in all of it she took a certain interest. She remembered such things, learning thereby who was who, and regulating her own conduct by what she learned. She was by no means idle at this or at other such times, going through, we may say, a considerable amount of really hard work in her manner of working. There she had sat speechless, unless when acknowledging by a low word of assent some expression of flattery from those around her. Then the door opened, and when Mr. Palliser entered she raised her head, and the faintest possible gleam of satisfaction might have been discerned upon her features. But she made no attempt to speak to him; and when, as he stood at the table, he took up a book and remained thus standing for a quarter of an hour, she neither showed nor felt any impatience. After that Lord Dumbello came in, and he stood at the table without a book. Even then Lady Dumbello felt no impatience.

Plantagenet Palliser skimmed through his little book, and probably learned something. When he put it down he sipped a cup of tea, and remarked to Lady De Courcy that he believed it was only twelve miles to Silverbridge.

"I wish it was a hundred and twelve," said the countess.

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"In that case I should be forced to start to-night," said Mr. Palliser.

"Then I wish it was a thousand and twelve," said Lady De Courcy.

"In that case I should not have come at all," said Mr. Palliser. He did not mean to be uncivil, and had only stated a fact.

"The young men are becoming absolute bears," said the countess to her daughter Margaretta.

He had been in the room nearly an hour when he did at last find himself standing close to Lady Dumbello—close to her, and without any other very near neighbor.

"I should hardly have expected to find you here," he said.

"Nor I you," she answered.

"Though, for the matter of that, we are both near our own homes."

"I am not near mine."

"I meant Plumstead; your father's place."

"Yes; that was my home once."

"I wish I could show you my uncle's place. The castle is very fine, and he has some good pictures."

"So I have heard."

"Do you stay here long?"

"Oh, no. I go to Cheshire the day after to-morrow. Lord Dumbello is always there when the hunting begins."

"Ah, yes; of course. What a happy fellow he is; never any work to do! His constituents never trouble him, I suppose?"

"I don't think they ever do, much."

After that Mr. Palliser sauntered away again, and Lady Dumbello passed the rest of the evening in silence. It is to be hoped that they both were rewarded by that ten minutes of sympathetic intercourse for the inconvenience which they had suffered in coming to Courcy Castle.

But that which seems so innocent to us had been looked on in a different light by the stern moralists of that house.

"By Jove!" said the Honorable George to his cousin, Mr. Gresham, "I wonder how Dumbello likes it."

"It seems to me that Dumbello takes it very easily."

"There are some men who will take any thing easily," said George, who, since his own marriage, had learned to have a holy horror of such wicked things.

"She's beginning to come out a little," said Lady Clandidlem to Lady De Courcy, when the two old women found themselves together over a fire in some back sitting-room. "Still waters always run deep, you know."

"I shouldn't at all wonder if she were to go off with him," said Lady De Courcy.

"He'll never be such a fool as that," said Lady Clandidlem.

"I believe men will be fools enough for any thing," said Lady De Courcy. "But, of course, if he did, it would come to nothing afterward. I know one who would not be sorry. If ever a man was tired of a woman, Lord Dumbello is tired of her."

But in this, as in almost every thing else, the wicked old woman spoke scandal. Lord Dumbello was still proud of his wife, and as fond of her as a man can be of a woman, whose fondness depends upon mere pride.

There had not been much that was dangerous in the conversation between Mr. Palliser and Lady Dumbello, but I can not say the same as to that which was going on at the same moment between Crosbie and Lady Alexandrina. She, as I have said, walked away in almost open dudgeon when Lady Julia recommenced her attack about poor Lily, nor did she return to the general circle during the evening. There were two large drawing-rooms at Courcy Castle, joined together by a narrow link of a room, which might have been called a passage had it not been lighted by two windows coming down to the floor, carpeted as were the drawing-rooms, and warmed with a separate fire-place. Hither she betook herself, and was soon followed by her married sister Amelia.

"That woman almost drives me mad," said Alexandrina, as they stood together with their toes upon the fender.

"But, my dear, you of all people should not allow yourself to be driven mad on such a subject."

"That's all very well, Amelia."

"The question is this, my dear—what does Mr. Crosbie mean to do?"

"How should I know?"

"If you don't know, it will be safer to suppose that he is going to marry this girl; and in that case—"

"Well, what in that case? Are you going to be another Lady Julia? What do I care about the girl?"

"I don't suppose you care much about the girl; and if you care as little about Mr. Crosbie, there's an end of it; only in that case, Alexandrina—"

"Well, what in that case?"

"You know I don't want to preach to you. Can't you tell me at once whether you really like him? You and I have always been good friends." And the married sister put her arm affectionately round the waist of her who wished to be married.

"I like him well enough."

"And has he made any declaration to you?"

"In a sort of a way he has. Hark, here he is!" And Crosbie, coming in from the larger room, joined the sisters at the fire-place.

"We were driven away by the clack of Lady Julia's tongue," said the elder.

"I never met such a woman," said Crosbie.

"There can not well be many like her," said Alexandrina. And after that they all stood silent for a minute or two. Lady Amelia Gazebee was considering whether or no she would do well to go and leave the two together. If it were intended that Mr. Crosbie should marry her sister, it would certainly be well to give him

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an opportunity of expressing such a wish on his own part. But if Alexandrina was simply making a fool of herself, then it would be well for her to stay. "I suppose she would rather I should go," said the elder sister to herself; and then, obeying the rule which should guide all our actions from one to another, she went back and joined the crowd.

"Will you come on into the other room?" said Crosbie.

"I think we are very well here," Alexandrina replied.

"But I wish to speak to you—particularly," said he.

"And can not you speak here?"

"No. They will be passing backward and forward." Lady Alexandrina said nothing further, but led the way into the other large room. That also was lighted, and there were in it four or five persons. Lady Rosina was reading a work on the millennium, with a light to herself in one corner. Her brother John was asleep in an arm-chair, and a young gentleman and lady were playing chess. There was, however, ample room for Crosbie and Alexandrina to take up a position apart.

"And now, Mr. Crosbie, what have you got to say to me? But, first, I mean to repeat Lady Julia's question, as I told you that I should do: When did you hear last from Miss Dale?"

"It is cruel in you to ask me such a question, after what I have already told you. You know that I have given to Miss Dale a promise of marriage."

"Very well, Sir. I don't see why you should bring me in here to tell me any thing that is so publicly known as that. With such a herald as Lady Julia it was quite unnecessary."

"If you can only answer me in that tone I will make an end of it at once. When I told you of my engagement I told you also that another woman possessed my heart. Am I wrong to suppose that you knew to whom I alluded?"

"Indeed I did not, Mr. Crosbie. I am no conjuror, and I have not scrutinized you so closely as your friend Lady Julia."

"It is you that I love. I am sure I need hardly say so now."

"Hardly, indeed—considering that you are engaged to Miss Dale."

"As to that, I have, of course, to own that I have behaved foolishly—worse than foolishly, if you choose to say so. You can not condemn me more absolutely than I condemn myself. But I have made up my mind as to one thing: I will not marry where I do not love." Oh, if Lily could have heard him as he then spoke! "It would be impossible for me to speak in terms too high of Miss Dale; but I am quite sure that I could not make her happy as her husband."

"Why did you not think of that before you asked her?" said Alexandrina. But there was very little of condemnation in her tone.

"I ought to have done so; but it is hardly for you to blame me with severity. Had you, when we were last together in London—had you been less—"

"Less what?"

"Less defiant," said Crosbie, "all this might perhaps have been avoided."

Lady Alexandrina could not remember that she had been defiant; but, however, she let that pass. "Oh, yes; of course it was my fault."

"I went down there to Allington with my heart ill at ease, and now I have fallen into this trouble. I tell you all as it has happened. It is impossible that I should marry Miss Dale. It would be wicked in me to do so, seeing that my heart belongs altogether to another. I have told you who is that other; and now may I hope for an answer?"

"An answer to what?"

"Alexandrina, will you be my wife?"

If it had been her object to bring him to a point-blank declaration and proposition of marriage, she had certainly achieved her object now. And she had that trust in her own power of management, and in her mother's, that she did not fear that in accepting him she would incur the risk of being served as he was serving Lily Dale. She knew her own position and his too well for that. If she accepted him she would in due course of time become his wife—let Miss Dale and all her friends say what they might to the contrary. As to that head she had no fear. But nevertheless she did not accept him at once. Though she wished for the prize, her woman's nature hindered her from taking it when it was offered to her.

"How long is it, Mr. Crosbie," she said, "since you put the same question to Miss Dale?"

"I have told you every thing, Alexandrina, as I promised that I would do. If you intend to punish me for doing so—"

"And I might ask another question. How long will it be before you put the same question to some other girl?"

He turned round as though to walk away from her in anger; but when he had gone half the distance to the door he returned.

"By Heaven!" he said, and he spoke somewhat roughly too, "I'll have an answer. You, at any rate, have nothing with which to reproach me. All that I have done wrong I have done through you, or on your behalf. You have heard my proposal. Do you intend to accept it?"

"I declare you startle me! If you demanded my money or my life you could not be more imperious."

"Certainly not more resolute in my determination."

"And if I decline the honor?"

"I shall think you the most fickle of your sex."

"And if I were to accept it?"

"I would swear that you were the best, the dearest, and the sweetest of women."

"I would rather have your good opinion than your bad, certainly," said Lady Alexandrina. And then it was understood by both of them

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that that affair was settled. Whenever she was called on in future to speak of Lily, she always called her "that poor Miss Dale;" but she never again spoke a word of reproach to her future lord about that little adventure. "I shall tell mamma to-night," she said to him, as she bade him good-night in some sequestered nook to which they had betaken themselves. Lady Julia's eye was again on them as they came out from the sequestered nook, but Alexandrina no longer cared for Lady Julia.

"George, I can not quite understand about that Mr. Palliser. Isn't he to be a duke, and oughtn't he to be a lord now?" This question was asked by Mrs. George De Courcy of her husband, when they found themselves together in the seclusion of the nuptial chamber.

"Yes; he'll be Duke of Omnium when the old fellow dies. I think he's one of the slowest fellows I ever came across. He'll take deuced good care of the property, though."

"But, George, do explain it to me. It is so stupid not to understand, and I am afraid of opening my mouth for fear of blundering."

"Then keep your mouth shut, my dear. You'll learn all those sort of things in time, and nobody notices it if you don't say any thing."

"Yes; but, George, I don't like to sit silent all the night. I'd sooner be up here with a novel if I can't speak about any thing."

"Look at Lady Dumbello. She doesn't want to be always talking."

"Lady Dumbello is very different from me. But do tell me, who is Mr. Palliser?"

"He's the duke's nephew. If he were the duke's son he would be the Marquis of Silverbridge."

"And will he be plain Mister till his uncle dies?"

"Yes, a very plain Mister."

"What a pity for him! But, George—if I have a baby, and if he should be a boy, and if—"

"Oh, nonsense! it will be time enough to talk of that when he comes. I'm going to sleep."

CHAPTER XXIV.

A MOTHER-IN-LAW AND A FATHER-IN-LAW.

On the following morning Mr. Plantagenet Palliser was off upon his political mission before breakfast—either that, or else some private comfort was afforded to him in guise of solitary rolls and coffee. The public breakfast at Courcy Castle was going on at eleven o'clock, and at that hour Mr. Palliser was already closeted with the Mayor of Silverbridge.

"I must get off by the 3.45 train," said Mr. Palliser. "Who is there to speak after me?"

"Well, I shall say a few words; and Growdy—he'll expect them to listen to him. Growdy has always stood very firm by his grace, Mr. Palliser."

"Mind we are in the room sharp at one. And you can have a fly, for me to get away to the station, ready in the yard. I won't go a moment before I can help. I shall be just an hour and a half myself. No, thank you, I never take any wine in the morning." And I may here state that Mr. Palliser did get away by the 3.45 train, leaving Mr. Growdy still talking on the platform. Constituents must be treated with respect; but time has become so scarce nowadays that that respect has to be meted out by the quarter of an hour with parsimonious care.

In the mean time there was more leisure at Courcy Castle. Neither the countess nor Lady Alexandrina came down to breakfast, but their absence gave rise to no special remark. Breakfast at the castle was a morning meal at which people showed themselves, or did not show themselves, as it pleased them. Lady Julia was there, looking very glum, and Crosbie was sitting next to his future sister-in-law Margaretta, who already had placed herself on terms of close affection with him. As he finished his tea she whispered into his ear, "Mr. Crosbie, if you could spare half an hour, mamma would so like to see you in her own room." Crosbie declared that he would be delighted to wait upon her, and did in truth feel some gratitude in being welcomed as a son-in-law into the house. And yet he felt also that he was being caught, and that in ascending into the private domains of the countess he would be setting the seal upon his own captivity.

Nevertheless, he went with a smiling face and a light step, Lady Margaretta ushering him the way. "Mamma," said she, "I have brought Mr. Crosbie up to you. I did not know that you were here, Alexandrina, or I should have warned him."

The countess and her youngest daughter had been breakfasting together in the elder lady's sitting-room, and were now seated in a very graceful and well-arranged deshabille. The tea-cups out of which they had been drinking were made of some elegant porcelain, the tea-pot and cream-jug were of chased silver and as delicate in their way. The remnant of food consisted of morsels of French roll which had not even been allowed to crumble themselves in a disorderly fashion, and of infinitesimal pats of butter. If the morning meal of the two ladies had been as unsubstantial as the appearance of the fragments indicated, it must be presumed that they intended to lunch early. The countess herself was arrayed in an elaborate morning wrapper of figured silk, but the simple Alexandrina wore a plain white muslin peignoir, fastened with pink ribbon. Her hair, which she usually carried in long rolls, now hung loose over her shoulders, and certainly added something to her stock of female charms. The countess got up as Crosbie entered and greeted him with an open hand; but Alexandrina kept her seat, and merely nodded at him a little welcome. "I must run down again," said Margaretta, "or I shall have left Amelia with all the cares of the house upon her."

"Alexandrina has told me all about it," said

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the countess, with her sweetest smile; "and I have given her my approval. I really do think you will suit each other very well."

"I am very much obliged to you," said Crosbie. "I'm sure at any rate of this—that she will suit me very well."

"Yes; I think she will. She is a good sensible girl."

"Pshaw, mamma; pray don't go on in that Goody Twoshoes sort of way."

"So you are, my dear. If you were not it would not be well for you to do as you are going to do. If you were giddy and harum-scarum, and devoted to rank and wealth and that sort of thing, it would not be well for you to marry a commoner without fortune. I'm sure Mr. Crosbie will excuse me for saying so much as that."

"Of course I know," said Crosbie, "that I had no right to look so high."

"Well; we'll say nothing more about it," said the countess.

"Pray don't," said Alexandrina. "It sounds so like a sermon."

"Sit down, Mr. Crosbie," said the countess, "and let us have a little conversation. She shall sit by you, if you like it. Nonsense, Alexandrina—if he asks it!"

"Don't, mamma; I mean to remain where I am."

"Very well, my dear; then remain where you are. She is a willful girl, Mr. Crosbie; as you will say when you hear that she has told me all that you told her last night." Upon hearing this, he changed color a little, but said nothing. "She has told me," continued the countess, "about that young lady at Allington. Upon my word, I'm afraid you have been very naughty."

"I have been foolish, Lady De Courcy."

"Of course; I did not mean any thing worse than that. Yes, you have been foolish; amusing yourself in a thoughtless way, you know, and, perhaps, a little piqued because a certain lady was not to be won so easily as your Royal Highness wished. Well, now, all that must be settled, you know, as quickly as possible. I don't want to ask any indiscreet questions; but if the young lady has really been left with any idea that you meant any thing, don't you think you should undeceive her at once?"

"Of course he will, mamma."

"Of course you will; and it will be a great comfort to Alexandrina to know that the matter is arranged. You hear what Lady Julia is saying almost every hour of her life. Now, of course, Alexandrina does not care what an old maid like Lady Julia may say; but it will be better for all parties that the rumor should be put a stop to. If the earl were to hear it, he might, you know—" And the countess shook her head, thinking that she could thus best indicate what the earl might do, if he were to take it into his head to do any thing.

Crosbie could not bring himself to hold any very confidential intercourse with the countess about Lily; but he gave a muttered assurance that he should, as a matter of course, make known the truth to Miss Dale with as little delay as possible. He could not say exactly when he would write, nor whether he would write to her or to her mother; but the thing should be done immediately on his return to town.

"If it will make the matter easier, I will write to Mrs. Dale," said the countess. But to this scheme Mr. Crosbie objected very strongly.

And then a few words were said about the earl. "I will tell him this afternoon," said the countess; "and then you can see him to-morrow morning. I don't suppose he will say very much, you know; and perhaps he may think—you won't mind my saying it, I'm sure—that Alexandrina might have done better. But I don't believe that he'll raise any strong objection. There will be something about settlements, and that sort of thing, of course." Then the countess went away, and Alexandrina was left with her lover for half an hour. When the half hour was over, he felt that he would have given all that he had in the world to have back the last four and twenty hours of his existence. But he had no hope. To jilt Lily Dale would, no doubt, be within his power, but he knew that he could not jilt Lady Alexandrina De Courcy.

On the next morning at twelve o'clock he had his interview with the father, and a very unpleasant interview it was. He was ushered into the earl's room, and found the great peer standing on the rug, with his back to the fire, and his hands in his breeches' pockets.

"So you mean to marry my daughter?" said he. "I'm not very well, as you see; I seldom am."

These last words were spoken in answer to Crosbie's greeting. Crosbie had held out his hand to the earl, and had carried his point so far that the earl had been forced to take one of his own out of his pocket, and give it to his proposed son-in-law.

"If your lordship has no objection. I have, at any rate, her permission to ask for yours."

"I believe you have not any fortune, have you? She's got none; of course you know that?"

"I have a few thousand pounds, and I believe she has as much."

"About as much as will buy bread to keep the two of you from starving. It's nothing to me. You can marry her if you like; only, look here, I'll have no nonsense. I've had an old woman in with me this morning—one of those that are here in the house—telling me some story about some other girl that you have made a fool of. It's nothing to me how much of that sort of thing you may have done, so that you do none of it here. But, if you play any prank of that kind with me, you'll find that you've made a mistake."

Crosbie hardly made any answer to this, but got himself out of the room as quickly as he could.

"You'd better talk to Gazebee about the trifle

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of money you've got," said the earl. Then he dismissed the subject from his mind, and no doubt imagined that he had fully done his duty by his daughter.

On the day after this Crosbie was to go. On the last afternoon, shortly before dinner, he was waylaid by Lady Julia, who had passed the day in preparing traps to catch him.

"Mr. Crosbie," she said, "let me have one word with you. Is this true?"

"Lady Julia," he said, "I really do not know why you should inquire into my private affairs."

"Yes, Sir, you do know; you know very well. That poor young lady, who has no father and no brother, is my neighbor, and her friends are my friends. She is a friend of my own, and being an old woman I have a right to speak for her. If this is true, Mr. Crosbie, you are treating her like a villain."

"Lady Julia, I really must decline to discuss the matter with you."

"I'll tell every body what a villain you are; I will, indeed; a villain and a poor, weak, silly fool. She was too good for you; that's what she was." Crosbie, as Lady Julia was addressing to him the last words, hurried up stairs away from her, but her ladyship, standing on a landing-place, spoke up loudly, so that no word should be lost on her retreating enemy.

"We positively must get rid of that woman," the countess, who heard it all, said to Margaretta. "She is disturbing the house and disgracing herself every day."

"She went to papa this morning, mamma."

"She did not get much by that move," said the countess.

On the following morning Crosbie returned to town, but just before he left the castle he received a third letter from Lily Dale. "I have been rather disappointed at not hearing this morning," said Lily, "for I thought the postman would have brought me a letter. But I know you'll be a better boy when you get back to London, and I won't scold you. Scold you, indeed! No; I'll never scold you, not though I shouldn't hear for a month."

He would have given all that he had in the world, three times told, if he could have blotted out that visit to Courcy Castle from the past facts of his existence.

THE PLAYERS AND THE PURITANS.

IT is difficult for an honest and simple-minded gentleman, who in his youth went to the theatre with his grandmother, and in his old age still goes to the theatre with his grandchildren, to comprehend the heavy charges of immorality which sober and serious people have made so long and with so much earnestness against the drama. He feels that his love of the mimic art has not contaminated his own nature; and he will not with equanimity be told that he is a degraded creature because he relishes the exquisite repartee of Congreve, and likes Shakspeare better in the show than in the printed sheets. With something of the same feeling of injury he who devotes his days and nights to the pursuits of literature finds his artistic taste jostled by what he considers to be overscrupulous morality, and can not help harboring a certain contempt for the rigid purity of the confessors. The mention of Jeremy Collier disturbs his admiration of some gem of antiquity; and although he knows, better, perhaps, than their bitterest censors, that his favorite authors are not immaculate, he does not like to be reminded too pertinaciously of what he considers to be of no more real importance than the spots on the sun. For the offenses of the dramatist against decency and morality there is but one ancient and most unsatisfactory plea, sophistical in itself at the moment of its origin, intrinsically weak at all times, and of no value whatever so far as it has relation to ourselves. It is confidently urged that the writer of comedy is no worse than his times—an apology utterly futile, because the assumption of censorship and chastisement implies that he should be better than his times, and not cast stones so assiduously at other sinners when he is himself a prime offender. Dr. Hawkesworth, in the preface to his Alteration of the "Amphitryon" of Dryden, says that the play is "so tainted with the profaneness and immodesty of the time in which he wrote that the present time, however selfish and corrupt, has too much regard to external decorum to permit the representation of it upon the stage, without drawing a veil, at least, over some part of its deformity"—a nicety which those who have waded through the stercoraceous abominations of the original play will hardly censure as affected or prudish. But the kindness of the critic, as he goes on with his excisions, can not make us forget that Dryden was himself a professed satirist, and in his ablest and most elaborate works was continually rebuking those contemporary vices which are said to have betrayed him, by their familiarity, into such intolerable improprieties of speech, and, as we are sorry to add—for we love John Dryden—into such shameful pruriency of conception. A man need not be a saint to turn with utter disgust and loathing from the perfect stench which exhales from the comedies of this gifted but misguided man. He who is not overscrupulous upon the question of morals will condemn elaborate indecency upon the score of taste. There are certain offenses which, transcending liberty of speech, indicate a coarse and confirmed license of thought justifiable in no age and unbecoming in any writer. Shakspeare never sinks below a certain looseness of language—all else, thought, plot, character, and action, is cleanly and decorous—we have things that are pure in words that are conventionally wicked. The substratum of all the plays which are indubitably his is natural and healthy; whatever may be going on, the atmosphere is salubrious and montane in its purity; and no reader, young or old, comes

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from the perusal of this master with a polluted imagination or less elevated habit of thought, because, in spite of occasional inequalities of moral impression, the general tendency is upward and toward the summit of an earnest and heroic life. The Muse of Shakspeare, spite of small and unimportant slips, is substantially of a "saintly chastity;" for

> "A thousand livery'd angels lacquey her,
> Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt;
> And in clear dream and solemn vision
> Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear."

So true is it, that it is the intention which creates the impression, not merely in the drama, but in all other artistic forms. Paint the Venus de Medici, and put upon her head a wig, and there is no stew so vile that she would not make it viler by her presence. Shakspeare may sometimes be gross, but, as Mr. Hazlitt has judiciously observed, "grossness is not vulgarity; and nothing is vulgar that is natural, spontaneous, unavoidable." The shame of Dryden's comedies, and indeed of the whole Drama of the Restoration, is, that the vulgarity is prepense, that it is curiously and lovingly elaborated, that it takes the place of polite and self-respecting social converse, and that instead of being, when possible, avoided, it is eagerly and continually obtruded. Shamelessness is the essense of these plays. Vice is exaggerated, put purposely out of proportion, and painted in pretty wild-fire colors, or sugar-coated with a nimble and tireless wit, that the demireps of quality in the boxes may giggle, and old battered beaux be rejuvenated by the eringoes of the text. Why hold the mirror up to Nature, if Nature is thereby merely stimulated to fresh aberrations from purity of thought and purpose? Why show Scorn her own image after such a fashion that she will but simper at it, and think it ten times lovelier than before? Let the Age and Body of the Time take heed of the King's rebuke of poor Sir John:

> "——Fall to thy prayers;
> How ill white hairs become a fool and jester!"

Indeed, there is no pleasanter piece of self-delusion than this of thinking themselves natural, with which the sisters Thalia and Melpomene have so often fed an unnatural vanity, in default of solider victual, amidst the cold discomforts of a barn. But who goes to the theatre for nature? Who does not, after diligent attendance, resign himself to the infliction of countless intrusive conventionalities? We know that Damon never bawled to the people of Syracuse after Mr. Forrest's obstreperous fashion, as well as we know that the flat representing a Swiss cottage has neither kitchen nor chamber behind its canvas front. We know that it is as absurd for the gentleman in pink tights, which nobody ever mistakes for a real epidermis, to soliloquize, and pretend to talk to himself, when he is only talking to the audience, as it is for the prima donna, after she has been mortally wounded, to sing a long and curiously-florid cavatina, through the intricacies of a modulation from five flats into seven sharps. The playwrights keep no terms with any absurdities except their own. All Grub Street growled at Farinelli; and while it was grandly larcenous in respect of French originals, it had no terms of contempt too strong for the French unities. When the poor managers of Drury Lane, in the last desperate throes of impecuniosity, brought out an elephant, half the wits of the town went into spasmodic laughter, and the more serious moiety into convulsions of rage. But to the reflecting mind an elephant, albeit only of pasteboard, with a boy in each leg to facilitate locomotion, is a more natural object than a Hercules of a hero, strident and striding, in a tin helmet, carrying death to sightless battalions at the point of a wooden spear. All the plaudits bestowed upon her impersonation of Juliet could never reconcile Fanny Kemble to the oil-silk moon with the gaslight behind it; and perhaps the ablest histrion is one who seldomest forgets that his business is to seem, and not to be. Those who, instead of swaying a part, permit the part to sway them, make but ragged work of a passion. The audience before him, all eyes and all ears, is the healthy disillusion of the actor. It takes him, and very properly, out of the category of nature, where he has no business, and puts him into that of art, where all his business lies. It is the chief charm of art that it is just a little less than natural. We must have salads in the lines to make the matter savory. The tragedy-queen must be nearer to heaven than we are, "by the altitude of a chopine." We are sight-seers in a double capacity, for we are to be cheated, with a comfortable consciousness that we are no cheated at all. The rapture of being swindled out of our laughter and tears is gone with the holidays of our spring-time and the confiding credulity of our childhood. This is the disenchantment which comes to us all. We are taught at last to trace the blistering sneer which runs through the pages of Gulliver; and we sigh for the days when we believed him to be a voyager as veritable as Mungo Park. For most of us the theatre goes with Sinbad, and Bean-Stalk Jack, and Prince Fortunatus.

When we consider the inevitable and ridiculous interruptions and constant blunders which characterize the most careful of stage representations, we find it to be a cause of wonder that the illusion is even partially preserved. Whatever may be the merits and skill of the prominent performers, every stage maintains a squad of awkward and ignorant persons, to whose mercy the minor parts are committed, and by whose stupidity they are continually murdered. It matters not whether Alexander the Great be a hero or a very ordinary person to his valet de chambre; but it does matter a great deal whether the valet affect martial airs and a resonant parody of the royal sequipedality, or is content to deliver messages in a modestly aggravated tone. A very small matter suffices to disenchant us. Some gallery god once cast an apple at John Kemble while he was stalking through

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one of the stateliest scenes in Coriolanus. He came down to the foot-lights, holding the pomonic missile in his hand, appealed to the kind consideration of a British audience, and concluded, amidst great applause, by offering a reward of fifty pounds for the discovery of the tasteless malefactor. It must have been hard for the most enthusiastic spectator to get back "before the walls of Rome" that night. It was a little curious, we may add, that the pippin came down just as Coriolanus was kneeling in the speech beginning:

> "Like a dull actor now,
> I have forgot my part, and I am out,
> Even to a full disgrace."

Accidents like these are bad enough; but it is still worse when, for the sake of a little paltry laughter, a performer forces his own humor upon the audience, to the infinite damage of the text, if, as does not always happen, the text be good enough to injure by extemporized absurdity. We once saw a pretty and clever actress come down to the foot-lights, and heard her say to the chief of the orchestra, "Now, a little music, if you please, Mr. Corner!" Poor, honest, old Tom!—he will fiddle no more in this world! How he laughed—how we all laughed!—but, pray, what became of the play? Do you think that a king's conscience could be caught by any actor who should continually interpolate remarks upon the war or the weather? Do you think George Barnwell playing to a pitful of 'prentices would save any of them from the gallows should he insist upon executing a sailor's hornpipe before being turned off? But modern audiences are Job's modern rivals. Good acting went out with vigorous hissing. Fancy the pit at Wallack's quarreling with Mr. Gilbert about the pronunciation of a word! And yet John Kemble fought the groundlings for six nights upon the question whether "aches" was a dissyllable or a monosyllable; and finally conquered by skipping altogether the line which contained the word. We have no such niceties either before or behind the curtain now. It is true that about Garrick's time Othello was usually played in the uniform of a British general officer; but then it was when all costume was independent of system, truth, and common sense—when Boadicea was resplendent in an embroidered hooped petticoat and ostrich plumes; when Crëusa, Queen of Athens, ruled in a head-dress of whalebone, pins, pomatum, and false-hair—a turret two feet high; when Alexander the Great, as drawn by Nathaniel Lee, Gent., glorified and got drunk in clothing never, we venture to say, worn by any human being off the stage in any era of the world. It was thought to be a wonderful advance when Macklin—

> "the Jew
> That Shakspeare drew"—

after long antiquarian research, played Shylock in a red hat, because the Jews in Venice were all obliged by law to display that particular tint of head-gear. It is recorded that Pope was particularly pleased with the care thus exhibited by the young actor, which he declared to be something entirely new to the stage and worthy of general imitation. This is a lesson to a certain New York actor, and a really good one, who will play Captain Absolute in a tie wig and, Heaven save the mark! a mustache—as if our forefathers confined their tonsorial operations to their scalps, and went about with smooth pates and hirsute upper lips. It would be as sensible to present Macbeth in a close-bodied box-coat with ten capes, his legs cased in kersey and his feet in patent-leather boots; or to go back to the red coat of an English soldier, in which the regicide Scot once held conference with his termagant wife in powdered and plastered hair, very little of which could stand on end with terror, because it was not her own. We have before us a fine print of Mr. Garrick in "Tancred," in Jamie Thomson's play of *Tancred and Sigismunda*. The scene is laid in Palermo, the climate of which is reputed to be moderately temperate; and yet poor Tancred is presented in a high fur cap, and a warm fur cloak—a sufficiently provident outfit for a shivering Siberian!

These are but trifles. Let us return to more substantial considerations. We well remember when a most benevolent clergyman of this city gathered the Thespians under the wings of his all-embracing charity, and delivered a public lecture to prove the gentry of the green-room virtuous. By way of corollary, an eminent English actor carried off the wife of one of his brothers of the buskin and sock, and taking the false spouse to Boston, presented her to large audiences in that most moral city as his own beloved partner! Indeed, it quite spoiled the effect of the amiable Doctor's discourse. But we are not of those who care to scrutinize too closely the conduct of stage-players. Men and women who are compelled by their vocation to move before the world in a perpetual glare of gaslight, and to submit to a surveillance which is ceaseless, and to a judgment which is seldom charitable, are sure to be suspected however innocent, and equally sure to be detected however cautious. The payment of three shillings at the box-office entitles a man to a seat, a bill of the play, and the privilege (never, alas! exercised) of hissing if he be not pleased; but it does not constitute him the censor of the private manners and customs of the performers. With the actor inebriate upon the boards, shuffling and hiccoughing through his part, an enlightened audience should make short and stern work. He has broken his contract express with the manager, and his contract implied with the spectators; he has disappointed those who were entitled to an evening's amusement, and he has brought his profession, and consequently its patrons, into gratuitous disrepute. But what business had the frequenters of the London theatre to hiss Mr. Kean, in what Lord Macaulay calls "a periodical fit of morality," because Mr. Kean had been detected in a delicate affair with the wife of an alderman? Pray, do not half the comedies in our language point out city wives as

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fair game for accomplished gentlemen who have never grimed their hands in trade or mechanical avocations? Nobody was angry—on the contrary, the most continent were entertained—when Lord Bareacres went down to the city to court Mrs. Gripus, the usurer's lady, and with a general titter, pit, box, and gallery wished the gallant and handsome fellow success; but for an actor to turn Lothario out of his wig and trunk-hose, and in dead earnest, what pure-minded British audience could bear that with equal mind? So poor Mr. Kean was driven to America, and America, taking umbrage—we have never been able to find out at what—compelled the poor player to make an inglorious exit from this most Christian continent through the back window of the Federal Street (Boston) Theatre! No wonder the best English actor of his age, or perhaps of any age, betook himself to more copious doses of brandy, and died of chagrin and what the dear doctors call "gin-liver." "We never wish," says Sir Walter Scott, in an admirable paper upon Kemble, "to press ourselves into the private intrigues and arrangements of public performers;" but he very properly adds that "the joys or sorrows which attend such connections must not be blazoned as matters of public sympathy." This, we think, contains the whole morality of the question, and with this we drop the discussion of an unpleasant topic.

It is at the theatre that we are always in danger of taking that one step, which, as to all practical purposes, is as fatally effective as five hundred from the sublime to the ridiculous would be. During the height of the first French Revolution mothers who had been persuaded by the pathetic remonstrances of Jean Jacques—who, by-the-way, sent his misbegotten brats to a Foundling Hospital—mothers who loved their babies and the boxes with an equal passion, carried those pledges to the play and suckled them during the performances. The consequences are said to have been sufficiently droll. When some high-voiced hero, in a French-Roman toga, howled upon the stage, perhaps in the simulated article of death, it was not uncommon for a terrible infant to disturb his last moments and the equanimity of the audience by responding plaintively from its mother's arms. But, except when an actor of extraordinary ability sways the scene, we are never cheated. It is a torture to sit out any historical play of merit. Julius Cæsar may be a tolerable Roman, and Brutus well enough in his way; but they will parley in front of a Swiss cottage, or make their speeches in what, last night at least, was a London drawing-room with a company of Lady Teazles, Sir Benjamin Backbites, and Charles Surfaces. Our memory of the old, smeared canvas, which has been so long in use that we can descry the prints of the scene-shifter's dirty thumbs upon its edges without the aid of our glass; our recollection of its appearance in all parts of the globe, as a Christian, classical, or barbarous edifice; our consciousness, that within the period of a fortnight we have seen before it bridals and burials, balls and battles, mirth and murder, villagers dancing in the rustic simplicity of rouge and brocade, or assassins shuffling, with the regulation step, while the footlights were down, and the bass-viol wailing elegiacally to deeds without a name. It is absurd to talk of illusion. When, too, we have made thorough acquaintance with an actor it is all in vain that he changes his coat and wig. In spite of a natural disposition to be pleased, when we have paid money, of the hard or paper variety, for pleasure, we can not help wondering why the legs of Iago should be exactly like the legs of Hamlet, or why the nose of Richard the Third should be the very counterpart of the nose of Claude Melnotte. It is in this way that we come inevitably to think more of the actor than of the part which he presents. Fifty people admire Mr. Edwin Booth to one who intelligently admires Shakspeare. It reminds us of the publican, "full of ale and history," who pointed out Bosworth Field to merry Bishop Corbet:

"Besides what of his knowledge he could say,
He had authentic notice from the play,
Shown chiefly by that one perspicuous thing,
That he mistook a player for a king:
For when he should have said, here Richard died
And called 'a horse, a horse'—he Burbadge cried!"

In a discussion like this of dramatic marplots and mischances our useful but awkward friends, the supernumeraries, must not be forgotten. If theatre-haunting be a sin—we are sure that it is sometimes a penance, especially when a managing editor sends one on a boisterous winter night some two miles "up town" to witness and report for the morning paper an original American comedy translated from the French—if it be quite wrong to enter the devil's work-shop, then the supernumeraries are the providential inflictors of our retribution due. Why is it that they must always be shabby in costume and stuttering in speech? Why is it that they are always so inexcusably deficient in respect of calves? Why does the theatre keep no Taliacotus to plump out those neglected extremities? Why is a deputation of two from an army which we have just seen victoriously valiant always sent before the curtain, to tack down or take up the green carpet? or, watering-pot in hand, to moisten the stage for the feet of Mademoiselle de la Aplomb? and to let us know that she is putting the last smear of red upon her old cheeks, and the finishing touch of white lead to her lean and scraggy neck, or practicing her most fascinating grin by the little dressing-room looking-glass, and will soon present herself to our enraptured gaze in all the glory of gauze, and spangles, and pink fleshings, which are called so because they do not look at all like flesh? How can a warrior, no matter how valiant he may be at the real game, muster courage, in the presence of his critical fellow-creatures, to address half a score of bandy-legged varlets, shivering in second-hand shirts behind their pasteboard shields, as an embattled host? He knows that Smith and Tompkins have no bravery in-

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dependent of beer: how can he howl to them understandingly as "Men of England!" or "Men of France!" And, if the slaughter is sufficiently great and indiscriminate, what does the neutral nationality of the pit care whether victory smiles upon the meteor flag of Albion or the five-pointed oriflamme of France? There is a particular warrior in the French ranks—you may know him by the ill fit of his skin about the patella—who has been our fate during the whole season. It was he who caused the great American tragedian to swear so fearfully at the blundering way in which he murdered the fine part of the First Murderer, leaving all manner of "rubs and botches in the work;" and who, when he should have said,

"My lord, his throat is cut; that I did for him,"

actually cried,

"I cut his throat, my lord, and did for him."

We might be pleased to see this blockhead, who can not understand that a part is a part, whether it be of two words or twenty "lengths," deposed from his place of confidential murderer to the Majesty of Scotland, and degraded to the ranks; but we know very well that he will to-morrow night be sent on with a letter, which, should he happen to hand it to the proper character, he will deliver with the awkwardness of a clown, and the air of an emperor, according to his muddled conception of what an imperial air should be. We do not blame the galleries. They are quite right, those Jovian critics, in sarcastically shouting, "Supe! supe!" whenever this miserable person makes his appearance; they are quite right in calling, "Coat! coat!" at the sight of a garment with which they have such a sickening familiarity; they are quite right in laughing at him longly and loudly, when, with his fishy eyes, he glances at them defiantly. 'Tis their only consolation. They know that they must put up with him. They know that if the generous and complying manager, obedient to sibilant hints from above, should send him back to the Bowery to "kill for Keyser," that seven devils, all knees and elbows, would take his place and proportionately multiply his blunders. In the long-run we learn to take what his Majesty the manager is pleased to give us, without vainly grumbling. We are his born thralls. What if the Tenor be not sick, but only sulky? What if the Tragedian be not detained five hundred miles away, but is only drunk in his dressing-room? What if the bronchitis of Miss Buskin originated, in opposition to all medical authority, in a quarrel upon the question of her benefit-night? Don't we go, pray, to the play-house to be cheated? Shall we remember to take our lorgnette, and leave the main article of faith, a most absolute and perfect plerophery, behind us?

But dropping this disagreeable supernumerary interloper, let us return to the old topic. It will always remain to us a standing wonder, how our grandmothers in England could sit without their masks, and listen without a blush, to the comedies of Wycherly, Vanbrugh, or Shadwell. It is not of the foul speech and bagnio wit that we complain, for society had not then learned to conceal its prurience under the nicer affectations of speech—it is the utter and unmitigated foulness of the action which fills us with wonder and disgust. The stage fairly swarms with gamblers, pimps, thieves, demireps, rufflers; with false wives and cowardly cuckolds; with Bobadils and Drawcansirs, the spawn of Bridewell and Alsatia! There is vileness enough in Sir John Vanbrugh's "City Wives' Confederacy" to poison a gentleman's whole library; Shadwell's "Fair Quaker of Deal" is all one great smirch. There is in some plays a repulsiveness, if we may use the word, which is lofty and tragical. Of this we have an example in the Myrrha of Vittorio Alfieri,

"——the unhappy maid from Cinyras sprung."

It is a play the representation of which, in Paris itself, would hardly be permitted either by the authorities or the audience—a play which Rachel, all unsaintly as she was, would have shrunk from—a play which no English or American manager would dream of producing—and yet the serious and chaste dignity of the poet has constructed a drama out of hideous materials which may be tolerated in the closet. Dryden, whose handling of coarse subjects made them coarser than he found them, would have obtruded those shameless details which recommended themselves by their very grossness to his gross English mind, and have made of the classical fable what, with singular perverseness, he made of Shakspeare's "Troilus and Cressida." The business of cleaning the Comedy of the Restoration, in which divers theatrical restorers have engaged, is like the scouring of the shield of Martinus Scriblerus, which ruined it in all antiquarian eyes. A vigorous use of soap, sand, water, chloride of lime, and other detergents and disinfectants, may make Wycherly's comedies presentable—and not worth presenting! The curiosity of the work was in its coarseness of grain—in its dalliance with topics which should be unmentionable—in its bold speech of what is not to be spoken—in its reckless sneers at whatsoever things are lovely and of good report. Purge it of these, and you have nothing left but stale moralities tagged to each act and a little milk-and-water love-making. All that gave even a noisome vitality to the work is gone. It is a play no longer. For this reason it is not remarkable that restorers of old comedies are wont to be very chary and charitable. Mr. Wallack could not afford to leave Mrs. Frail and Scandal altogether out of his revisal of "Love for Love;" and so he merely put them upon their good behavior, forgetting that it is not their parlance but their presence itself which is objectionable. The cancer in such cases is too deep for the knife of the surgeon, and cautery, to be effectual, must kill the patient. Cleaning old plays is like restoring old pictures—a very delicate and not seldom a fatal operation. A really pure-minded writer will in no age, however fastidious, be compelled to submit to the process. For a great

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seething, malodorous pile of English comedies there can be no apology—not even the limping ones of Dryden can be allowed. There is nothing for it but to shovel them out of sight at once and forever.

We wonder at the hostility of the Puritan to stage-plays, and pronounce it to be either intolerant or bigoted. We forget that the Roman Churchmen, the religious antipodes of the Puritans, shared in the same sentiments. "The stage entertainments of the Continent," says Alvan Butler, the eminent biographer of the Saints, "I can give no account of, as we never would see any; they being certainly very dangerous, and the school of the passions and sin, most justly abhorred by the Church and the Fathers. Among us, Collier and Law; among the French, the late Prince of Condé, Dr. Voisin, and Nicolo, have said enough to satisfy any Christian; though Tertullian, St. Cyprian, St. Chrysostom, are still more implacable enemies of the stage." They had their reasons. Paris, in Massinger's Roman Actor, makes the following plea for his craft:

——"But 'tis urged
That we corrupt youth, and traduce superiors.
When do we bring a vice upon the stage
That does go off unpunished? Do we teach,
By the success of wicked undertakings,
Others to tread in their forbidden steps?
We show no arts of Lydian panderism,
Cerinthian poisons, Persian flatteries,
But mulcted so in the conclusion, that
Even those spectators that were so inclined
Go home changed men."

This is eloquent; but is it true? Is it true of the English drama, which we are especially considering? If a man were inclined to betake himself to the road, to set up in business as a minion of the moon, is it probable that the reprieve of Captain Macheath, in the Third Act of the Beggar's Opera—that Newgate pastoral, as Dr. Swift called it—would lead the incipient highwayman to consider the folly of his stand-and-deliver intentions? Let us quote the Sixty-eighth Act of that didactic production:

"*Lucy.* Would I might be hang'd!
Polly. And I would so too.
Lucy. To be hanged with you.
Polly. My dear, with you.
Mach. O leave me to thought! I fear! I doubt!
I tremble! I droop!—See my courage is out.
[*Turns up the empty bottle.*
Polly. No token of love?
Mach. See my courage is out.
[*Turns up the empty pot.*
Lucy. No token of love?
Polly. Adieu.
Lucy. Farewell.
Mach. But hark! I hear the toll of the bell.
Chorus. Tol de rol lol, etc."

A pretty musical performance this at the foot of an expectant scaffold! One can not help thinking that even the Ordinary in Jonathan Wild, who preferred punch because it is nowhere spoken against in the Scriptures, would have been a little shocked at such an ill-timed melody as that of the moribund Captain:

"If thus a man can die,
Much bolder with brandy.

If we go back to the preceding century, what are we to think, in connection with Massinger's plea for the stage, of the conclusion of Vanbrugh's "Confederacy:"

"*Hippanta.* Then all's peace again, but we have been more lucky than wise.
Araminta. And I suppose for us, Clarrina, we are to go on with our dears, as we used to do.
Clarrina. Just in the same track. * * * * * * While you live every thing gets well out of a broil, but a husband."

It is not wonderful that the honest Puritan, who wished to educate his children in the love of God and the practice of virtue, was unwilling to carry them to such an entertainment as this. If he were a tradesman, he would hardly care to have his progeny taught that the patient and plodding pursuit of a competence argued a low and mechanical nature, and that it would be far finer and more manly to live by the gains of tavern-dice, and upon the sufferance of extortionate money-lenders. If he were a member of a dissenting congregation, how would he have relished the ridicule of swaggering swashbucklers, who, with profuse profanity, swore that he was a hypocrite, and that the wife of his bosom was always in the market when the fops of the court were seeking such light commodity? How the people of the play-house regarded the Puritan may be gathered from Sir John Vanbrugh's Preface to "The Relapse." "As for the saints, your thorough-paced ones," said he, "with screwed faces and wry mouths, I despair of them: they are friends to nobody; they love nothing but their altars and themselves; they have too much zeal to have any charity; they make debauchees in piety, as sinners do in wine; and are as quarrelsome in their religion as other people are in their drink; so I hope nobody will mind what they say." And this is in the Preface to a play which, to borrow a line from Fielding, is

"But a ragoût of smut and ribaldry."

The sober citizen who knew that upon the stage he was libeled, slandered, ridiculed, and maligned—that the Scriptures which he held in awful reverence were quoted with unscrupulous license, to make him a laughing-stock—that the plays of his time were full of gratuitous oaths and indecorous jests to which he could not listen without horror—that the actors were usually loose men about town, needy and unscrupulous, some of them wenchers, and some of them dicers, and some of them bullies—that the actresses were half of them the kept-mistresses of gentlemen of quality, and a moiety of the remainder at the service of the first comer with a golden Carolus in his pocket—the honest man, we say, who knew all this, might well refuse to become the patron of the polluted boards. His was an indignant disinclination which no right-thinking man can blame. The clergy who lashed the vices of the play-house—and many such were ornaments and guardians of the Established Church—had not only Christian truth but common good taste upon their side; and it was a side which they showed themselves amply able to defend against all comers, as Congreve found

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to his cost when he heedlessly grappled with Jeremy Collier, the great Non-juror, and came out of the conflict mauled and bruised as never playwright was before. The Puritan had no horror of what was really excellent in dramatic literature, when its degrading connection (for such he considered it) with the play-house was severed. The first hearty recognition of the real greatness of Shakspeare came from the pen of John Milton, who was himself the author of the beautiful "Masque of Comus," which, until within a few years, kept its place as a musical after-piece upon the English stage. The most sturdy, and resolute, and persistent sneers at Shakspeare, on the other hand, came from John Dryden, who found no relief from his torturing hatred of the Puritans, until he was safely lodged upon the bosom of the Roman Catholic Church, which, if he had but played in his own productions, would have refused him, at that time, a Christian burial!

It is, or should be, the pride of all who are native to our literature that its greatest dramatic writer is of a strain so different from that of his successors. One can not sufficiently admire the generosity of Fate, which determined that, of the four great poets of all time, two should be vouchsafed to our English letters; and that the chief of our dramatic writers, in versatility at least, should be at once our Euripides and our Aristophanes, our Sophocles and our Athenæus. To the manly taste which he has inculcated we owe it that the effeminate Opera, "born," as Sismondi says, "at court, and designed to ennoble voluptuousness," has never taken root in our honest soil. To the treasure of great works which he has left us we owe it that the chances of a resuscitated theatre are still so great, and will remain considerable while those works endure and our language is spoken. But we are not only intellectually but morally his debtors. Of all dramatists he is not only the greatest, but the most decorous and cleanly. His is a wit which never poisons our relations to humanity; his a humor which never sinks into the slough of merely filthy imaginations; his is a broad and sunny fun which maids and matrons, who were driven from the theatre when Aristophanes was played, can heartily enjoy without contamination. With man's highest faith and holiest hope his sympathy is constant. He approaches no sacred theme without a due sense of its holiness; the heaven of his inspiration is the heaven of our most precious revelation; he draws no ribald priests, and he casts no scorn upon religious belief, however humble or however erroneous; he has no sneer for marriage, no gibe for marital fidelity, no apology for the seducer; but, upon the contrary, a wonderful admiration for female purity, which no freak of unbridled fancy ever leads him to discard. He has left us thirty-seven of the best plays in the world, and not one of them has ever in the least exercised an immoral influence upon young or old. Let that be at once his praise and the eternal vindication of the Drama!

TWO WEEKS AT PORT ROYAL.

WHEN the Major and I went together to secure our passage to Hilton Head, in the steamer *Fah-Kee*, the excellent Mr. Hoey remarked to us, incidentally, "I ought to mention to you, gentlemen, that the vessel has on board three hundred barrels of powder and three thousand loaded shells. But you don't mind that," said he, with charming good-nature—"you don't mind that?"

There was an instant's silence, in which we three looked at each other curiously. "You don't mind that?" suggested the ingenuous Hoey. "Not at all," responded the Major—"if it don't blow up."

So we placed our tickets in our pockets and walked out of the office of Adams' Express down to the wharf where lay the *Fah-Kee*, to see if Captain Hildreth had put up a sign, "No smoking allowed." "For, you know, a man must smoke at sea," said the Major, emphatically.

He whom I call the Major is not a military man. On the contrary, he is a civil man—a very civil man, if you smooth him the right way. He has no particular familiarity with gunpowder either, using an entirely different preparation when he has occasion to blow people up.

The *Fah-Kee* did not explode. The powder and the shells were as quiet as though they had been judiciously dampened before they were put down in her hold. We had a violent thunder-storm on the way down, but as the lightning did not strike the ship, and as I slept undisturbed through it all, I can not say that we were the worse for it. I learned, indeed, after we got safely to Hilton Head, that, in the haste of loading, a powder-cask had lost its head, and spilled its contents in the hold, close to the revolving propeller shaft; but the good-natured Captain kindly kept this to himself till we were safe ashore, so that if I was at all shocked it was with a kind of posthumous fright, which would not do much harm.

To men accustomed to deal with and think about affairs of real moment—at least to themselves—perhaps the most pleasurable part of a sea-voyage is this, that, cooped up in a ship, they are forced to expend their energies and thoughts upon matters of infinitesimal account. To watch the gulls which pursue the ship and snatch up a hasty and accidental dinner in her wake; to discuss in a feeble way the character of absent friends; to "wonder" from which direction the wind will blow day after to-morrow at this hour; to ask the captain "where will she be to-day at twelve o'clock?"—to listen to the stories of your fellow-passengers, and draw out by judicious silence their budding confidences: these are the great affairs which exercise the faculties and whet the wits at sea.

But the greatest of these is dinner.

If you are not sea-sick, and only incipiently dyspeptic, if you have a good conscience and a

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respectable cook, you will experience, at the end of say the second day out, a delightful, perhaps a novel, sensation—that of hunger. You will discover in your heart an unsuspected warmth of feeling toward the steward—excellent man! You will experience a deep and growing interest in the cook. Presently, unless the sea should become too rough, you will feel your solicitude extending to all connected with the departments of these worthies; you will cherish an affectionate regard even for the honest-faced contraband who is, literally, the hewer of wood and drawer of water on board, and thus, though humbly and distantly, assists you to dine.

It has been often said that dinner is the chief event on shipboard at sea. I am not going to set up a denial; but if you will rise at six, get a thorough wash, and walk the poop-deck in your shirt-sleeves till eight, you will find that breakfast is also an event; and to a New Yorker, who is popularly believed to live on excitement, to double your interest in this way is perhaps an object.

Thus, in a few days, the ship becomes your home; and though you have constantly in your mind the transitory nature of your stay on board; though you are whistling for a fair wind; though you count the hours which will bring you into port; though you admire the speed of the vessel, and pity the poor fellows on the schooner you pass, beating slowly to windward, while your own steamer goes straight in the wind's eye—I warn you that the moment of entering the wished-for harbor will inflict on you a disagreeable shock. It is like the sudden recurrence of "moving-day," the most disagreeable episode in any well-regulated man's life. Your dinner does not taste well on that day, which accounts perhaps for the Champagne which is brought out on European steamers to garnish the "last dinner on board." The ship, which has been a model of order and quiet while at sea, of a sudden loses her propriety; coils of rigging cumber the deck, and interrupt your contemplative walk; the disagreeable rattle of the chain-cable grates in your ears; the Captain, till now a gentleman of elegant leisure, becomes short-spoken, and hurries past you, hoarsely shouting as he goes some order which you do not comprehend. Your fellow-passengers, talkative before, suddenly fly apart, and with careworn faces bethink them each of his own selfish concerns. There is a general disintegration of society: it is as though doomsday had come, and every man was expecting the angel Gabriel to call out his name from the low headland on your left, which is called Hilton Head.

The moment your anchor is down the little steam-tug *Relief*, which Massachusetts has kindly lent South Carolina, puffs alongside like an asthmatic but determined alderman, and in her a deputy of the Provost Marshal. At once you feel yourself in the grasp of a stern and relentless military despotism. "Death, or such other punishment as a court-martial may declare," is written in every line of this officer's face; and he enforces it by the little squad of soldiers, who leap on board, calmly fix their bayonets on one end of their muskets, and begin to patrol the deck. I had it in mind to propitiate one of these awful beings by the offer of a cigar, but did not dare to do so till several hours of close observation had convinced me that he could both laugh and—eat.

The bay of Port Royal is wide and deep. It has room and to spare for a thousand ships to swing at their anchors: it is not difficult of entrance; and those who know of the dangers which beset the mariner bound to Charleston or Savannah wonder often why this noble piece of water did not secure a share of the Southern trade, and become more famous than either of the rival cities I have named. But when you come to see more nearly the islands which make the harbor, and study upon the map the intricate system of creeks and swamps by which alone connection can be had with the main land, it is not difficult to believe that neither Charleston nor Savannah is likely to be ruined by Port Royal.

The famous Sea Islands, in the midst of which you here find yourself, are low, sandy, and flat. Apparently old Ocean, who has been robbed to form them, has not yet given up his claim upon their site; for along the outer beach of Hilton Head Island I noticed, within the sweep of the tide, large stumps of live-oak sticking out above the sand, as though there had been, at some time not very remote, firm land where now the tide surged and tried to eat away still more of the loose sand.

The soil on which the famous long staple cotton was—and is—grown, instead of the rich black mould which I expected to find it, is a pale yellow sand, which seems to you useless for agricultural purposes, till you notice that it glistens with white particles, which are the pulverized shells, the lime of which gives the soil its strength and substance.

On every hand you see the marks of long settlement, in avenues of fine live-oaks, cedars, and pines, leading up to the plantation houses and bounding the roads. Among these, as well as in the unreclaimed ground, of which there is a far greater area than I had supposed, you find the palmetto—a tree worthless for timber, unfit for fuel, and valuable I believe only to use in the shape of piles for wharves, because the marine worm refuses to touch it. One use the planters made of it: in the broad flat cotton-fields you see large palmettos standing at regular and wide distances like sentinels. Beneath these the slave-mothers left their infants while they labored near by among the cotton; and hither they came, at appointed hours, to suckle their little ones. The planters exhibited a certain ingenuity in selecting this tree for the purpose. A pine or live-oak would in time have grown too large, and, spreading its branches, would have covered a considerable space of ground with its shadow. The palmetto is short, naked to the crown, and there bears but a nar-

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row circumference of leafage. It is worthless as a shade-tree, except in these cotton-fields, where its narrow belt sufficed for the appointed use, and at the same time robbed the master of the very least portion of sun.

I was surprised to find few—if any—of those princely domains here, of which we heard so much in other days, when the "Southern gentleman's" voice resounded through the land singing his own praises. We saw none of those estates of 2000 and 2500 acres, which I looked for; these sea-island planters had the reputation of being enormously rich; but most of the "places" hereabouts are of moderate extent—from 200 to 300 acres; and the universal testimony of the negroes is to the effect that the masters were a "close" set. Perhaps, like the impoverished Venetian nobility in the last century, they spared and pinched at home in order to spend profusely abroad.

Coming from the blustering and bleak March winds of New York the climate here was enchanting. The breezes are soft, the skies have a tropical radiance; the yellow jessamine was in full bloom on the 15th of March and filled the air with its strong perfume, which is much like the delicious fragrance of our spring violets. This jessamine grows rankly in this loose sand and overruns the trees by the road-side, covering them with its profuse canary-colored bloom. In the gardens roses were already in full flower; the orange-trees were white with their odoriferous blossoms, and the splendid magnolia was preparing to flower.

Walking is impossible in these islands by reason of the soft sand; but many of the rides are enchanting. The landscape is, to be sure, somewhat monotonous; but on every hand you come upon magnificent trees; now and then you find a noble grove; and there are quiet nooks and corners, on the roads, which speak of a peace which the surrounding war has not yet succeeded in disturbing. The air is full of the multitudinous song of birds, in which I suspect the mocking-bird plays a various part; you see him flitting from tree to tree, and find him screaming at you, now with the hoarse "caw, caw" of the crow, now with the cheery chirrup of the red-bird, and again with a full burst and prolonged trill which must be his own.

With all these is a fresh, spicy, exhilarating breeze, sweeping from the water through the pines and cedars, which reminds you of the pleasant country-side of old Cape Cod in midsummer, or the spicy gales of the Maine coast in September.

Why could not these wretches be content? I often asked myself, as I rode about among the plantations from which the planters fled in such terror—according to the accounts of the negroes—when, to their dismay, the magnificent *Wabash* drove their panic-struck soldiers out of the forts.

The village of Hilton Head is a place which has grown up since the capture of the forts in November, 1861. The houses are, for the most part, of the "shanty" order of architecture, familiar to Californians and other new settlers. The most prominent and ambitious building was originally a plantation house, to which has been added a curious superstructure—a tower—which is used as a signal station. The quarters of General Hunter and his staff front upon the water, and are simple enough to satisfy the demands of the most exacting democrat. The Major-General commanding the Department of the South gives audience in a room so plainly furnished that citizen Jones of New York would think himself hardly used to occupy it as an office; the only ornaments I noticed were a fine military map over the fire-place, and a pair of well-worn pistol-holsters, suspended from a peg in the wall. If you are an early riser, and chance to take a stroll on the beach, you may see the General practicing with his pistols, and satisfy yourself that he is not a safe man to invite to a duel. I have heard that he is counted among the best shots in the army; and that Mrs. Hunter has as correct an eye and as steady a hand as he. I know that the General is a magnificent horseman—as indeed he ought to be, for he is an old cavalry officer who has spent perhaps the greater half of his life in the saddle.

But I have taken a frightful leap in my story, and must return to my friend the Deputy Provost Marshal, in whose custody we were, some paragraphs back. Do not imagine it so simple an affair to get rid of him. This is a military Department, please to understand; martial law is the only law for the present recognized here; and the first question asked of the newly-arrived stranger is: "What business have you here? What excuse can you give for desiring to land?"

To which the Major coolly replied that he did not, in fact, desire to land; that he meant to stay on board; which answer was duly noted down. "You will see," said he, "that I shall be invited on shore. The way to get a thing is to persuade the world you don't need it." He did, sure enough, receive a courteous invitation to report to the Provost Marshal of the Department, Colonel Hall; but I suspect that his name had something to do with this.

If you are a New Yorker or a Bostonian, you will come upon many a familiar name among the steamboats which move busily across the bay. If you go to St. Helena, it is the *Mayflower* which carries you, looking a trifle less trim now than when, I don't like to say how many years ago, she used to bear me from Boston to Hingham. If you visit Fort Pulaski, it is probably in the *Canonicus*, as neat and bright today as when her jolly captain, W. H. H. Borden, used to carry precious cargoes of pretty Yankee girls in her, on picnic excursions to Martha's Vineyard, and try in vain to divide his heart equally among them. If you should chance to run up to Savannah with a flag of truce, you are passenger in the *Mattano*, which has many a time carried you from New York to Flushing.

Nothing strikes the civilian with such astonishment as the seemingly boundless power of

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military chiefs. The full sense of the old centurion's speech was never before so felt by me as here, where I lived for the first time among men who, like the Roman, were set in authority; and at whose bidding men and machinery moved hither and thither unquestioning.

A pleasanter surprise, perhaps, awaited me in the discovery that the stern business of war does not monopolize entirely the time or the tastes of soldiers; that if the camp has discomforts it also breeds good-fellowship; and that under the shadow of martial law has been born, for Americans, the good word "comrade." Not soon shall I forget those golden evenings at the quarters of the gallant Lieutenant-Colonel Ellwell, Quarter-master of the Department, where wit, and humor, and scholarship lit up the dingy room; where Halpine, "late of Tammany Hall," revived the incidents of a campaign in Missouri —the roughest, perhaps, that has been made in this war, but yet not without its relieving traits of wild fun and brave deeds; where Fessenden told, with quiet humor, the story of how Captain Rhind single-handed captured a rebel fort; where Ellwell, turning our thoughts for a moment to a soberer and sadder strain, told of the last moments of the noble Mitchell, who died, untimely, in the very room where we sat; and in a few simple but eloquent words drew the terrible picture of the plague, which, riveted apparently to that single spot, not a hundred feet in diameter, harmed not a soul outside its limits, but slew with its tainted breath every man who ventured within the mysterious circle. "There were ten men in my office," said a quiet gentleman, who sat at my elbow; "I am the only one left alive." And yet fifty, ay, twenty-five yards, from the accursed spot where the deadly fever thus completely did its work, not a man was harmed.

I would like to picture for you one of those evenings at Colonel Ellwell's. I wish I could make you see the dull, dingy room, with bare floor, into which I was enticed one rainy evening by the tall Colonel, under a promise of coffee; the half dozen shaky chairs, like the stripes on the showman's zebra, "not one alike;" the round table, on which a volume of Mrs. Browning jostled a treatise which doubtless made more difficult of comprehension some deep military mystery; the great fire of pine wood, at which we sat, and by whose light we talked—or rather *they* talked, while I gladly listened.

How little—how very little, we who stay at home know of the war, or of our soldiers! I don't wonder sometimes that Europeans speak of our struggle as commonplace. The men who have written its history in the daily journals have been almost without exception commonplace. They have been reporters in the lowest and poorest sense of the term, smart enough, perhaps, at hunting up "news," having, indeed, when in search of an "item," a nose as acute as the truffle-dog's who smells out champignons in the oak forests of France; and like these wretched little curs they knew nothing, saw nothing, and smelt but one thing; their peculiar and abnormal training gave them only a nose for news. For this reason we know really almost nothing of the romance of the war; the bravest deeds of our sailors and soldiers pass, with few exceptions, unrecorded; they are the talk of the camp, but the outer world scarce ever hears of them. The Crimean war was, beside ours, the most petty and vulgar of contests—without variety, with little incident; with but small opportunities for calling out the greater and rarer qualities of men. Yet see how the pens of a few capable, educated men gathered up every touching or heroic incident, and spread all before the world, till they made the struggle grand, and those who took part in it heroes. This no one has done for our brave fellows. The incapables who are sent by enterprising newspapers to hang on to the camp, and smell out news at head-quarters have neither time nor genius to perform a broader part. They are able to tell us—and the enemy—sometimes the general's plan before it is yet fully formed; they can write for us tedious columns of what we don't want to know; but as to giving us an idea of the war, of what qualities it has developed in American citizens, of what kind of men our soldiers are, how they bear their trials, what they think, what they talk of, what they aim to do, what they really do—scarcely one of them has done this, so far as I know.

Here, for instance, as I write, is this attack on Fort Sumter, one of the greatest events in the history of modern warfare. There have been some ambitious descriptions of it, but none satisfactory to the man who wants to know not only the facts, but the spirit of it. The *Tribune's* correspondent wrote from on board the *Ironsides*, and his account is the only one worth reading. It presents such details as satisfy so far as they go; it has the smoke of battle about it; it left upon my mind an impression that there, in that ungainly hulk, were brave men, entering with unfaltering hearts upon a great experiment, in which, with untried means, they were to assault a place of unknown strength—of men who bore themselves as American seamen always have—most bravely and nobly. In the other accounts which I have seen you read only of smoke and clap-bang, and lay the paper down as wise as when you took it up. And there it is likely to drop. Even the *Tribune* writer, who clearly has the spirit and ability, is content with his one letter; and all that we so want to know, and have the world know, of the conduct of our men, of the behavior of our ships, of the fierce and dreadful trial which both came out of unharmed, is likely to be lost.

Why, in any other country but this that one incident of the little *Keokuk*, assigned to the rear of the file, but steaming up at the first opportunity till she took the lead, and alone for some terrible minutes attacked Fort Sumter, and bore the brunt of the enemy's iron storm, would glorify the whole affair, and the nation would be made to feel prouder and heartier for knowing that such men as her captain and crew

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are our countrymen. When the news first came by way of Richmond that the *Keokuk* was sunk, one who knew her commander said to me, "If Rhind was in the fight at all it is very likely to be true; for he was sure to lead the attack."

So when old Commodore Smith, at Washington, heard that the *Congress* had struck her colors to the *Merrimac*, "Then poor Joe's dead," said he, quietly; knowing that his gallant boy, who commanded her, would never have struck his colors. That story is one of the most precious in our history; it will make men of thousands of American boys. And so will the example of the gallant Rhind, who, though he had the smallest and weakest ship of the fleet, never stopped till he led the line.

Nor are such men wanting. When the *Galena* lay in the James River, her captain, Rogers, one day sent a party on shore to reconnoitre. To protect them he swung his ship broadside to the shore and manned his guns. He had occasion to go ashore *on the opposite side*, meantime, and was called back by a sudden attack, by a rebel artillery and infantry force firing from the bluffs upon his ship. He pulled back as quickly as possible. The *Galena* lay with her starboard side to the enemy; and, according to naval etiquette, this side, which was receiving the fire of the rebels, at close range, is that upon which officers usually go on board. Captain Rogers coming from the other side, steered his gig around the stern of the *Galena*, pulled up calmly to the starboard-gangway, under a pelting rifle and artillery fire, and stepped on board as coolly as though the enemy had been practicing with blank cartridge. The reporters never happened upon this incident; but to me it seems of more value than a battle won—for the man who did that put a spirit into his crew, and established a tradition in the service, which will win us a dozen battles in time.

Last year Rhind, of the *Keokuk*, lay in a wooden steamer, in one of the rivers of Florida. He had received information that the rebels were raising an earth-work on a bluff some miles above him, and that, to escape the miasma, the working party retired at nightfall to a high ridge, a mile and a half inland, leaving only a force of a dozen men to sleep in the bomb-proof, and keep guard. He pulled up one night in his gig, left his boat's crew "in reserve," in a clump of brush, some twenty-five yards from the fort, marched up alone, shot the sentinel on the parapet, rushed up to the door of the bomb-proof, and demanded the immediate and unconditional surrender of the men within, on pain of instant death. The rebels, fifteen in number, imagined him to have a large force at his back, and submissively stacked their arms; whereupon the audacious Rhind called up his boat's crew, and marched his prisoners to the landing.

The history of the siege of Fort Pulaski is written in a brief and dry official report by General Gilmore, the engineer who superintended the construction of the works. Not a hundred unprofessional readers have ever seen this little volume; the whole operation was conducted in the closest secrecy, down to the very day when the batteries opened upon the doomed fortress; and consequently the country knows scarcely any thing of what its volunteer soldiers did there. Yet it was work more glorious to them, and to the nation of which they are a part, than the winning of a battle. There is not, within gunshot of Pulaski, a hillock over ten feet high. The shore, on every side, is a wide beach of flat white sand, with marshes and quick-sand stretching back. Over these marshes and quick-sands our men hauled the planks with which the gun platforms were made, the heavy siege guns, the shot and shell, the powder, and the hundred other objects necessary for each battery, at dead of night, on moonless nights only, working in strictest silence, the orders passed along the line in whispers; themselves at every step sinking knee-deep in the cold mire. In those sand flats they raised by slow and careful labor a few hills, imperceptibly to the enemy, covering over each night's work with sedge and brush to give it the appearance of a natural formation. In this tedious and exhausting labor they were engaged night after night, not for a week but for nearly eight weeks, till at last the batteries were complete, *and the fort was theirs*. For the bombardment was merely a matter of form; the fate of Fort Pulaski was fixed when our guns were in position.

But of all this painful and severe toil, so creditable to the soldierly qualities of our volunteers, the world knows literally nothing.

It vexes me when I hear men say that the Americans are braggarts. If Englishmen had done this the world would not, for half a century at least, have heard the last of it.

The Forty-eighth New York, now in garrison at Fort Pulaski, performed a large part of this work of the investment, and its present Colonel, Barton, described to me the toil and the suffering of his men, and the patience and endurance, the magnificent spirit, with which they bore themselves through it all. We who listened to the recital could, in some measure, appreciate the difficulties of the work; for we had passed that morning close to the slight mounds which mark along the beach the sites of the batteries, and had seen something of the frightful marshes and quick-sands which line the flat shore hereabouts. Half an hour afterward we sat in Colonel Barton's quarters, and heard a West Point General sneering at American volunteers, and praising French soldiers at their expense.

There is no occasion for sneers or faint praise. If splendid fighting alone could have beaten the enemy, the rebellion would long since have been crushed out; but generalship is needed as well: let West Point answer for the lack of that. I am no judge of soldiership, but I heard even West Pointers acknowledge that the Forty-eighth New York was as fine a regiment as any in the service—"as well drilled as the regulars." The men have the look of soldiers; they keep themselves and their accoutrements neat and trim;

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and it was a sight to make water come into one's eyes to stand on the parapet of the fort and see them at evening parade.

The fort was at this time fully prepared not only for a siege, but also to give any rebel iron-clad venturing down from Savannah a very warm reception. The Forty-eighth has been drilled in artillery as well as infantry practice; and the ranges from the fort have been so well laid down and so thoroughly practiced on, that it will be a lucky ship that passes there.

The walls still bear abundant marks of the bombardment. One angle has been built up anew; but along two faces there are still visible shells, their square buts sticking out, but their sharp points fast and deep in the solid brick; as well as deep lines where shells and shot plowed their way, or striking, bruised the hard brick without penetrating.

The rebel officers, to whom General Benham was so very civil, did not behave as well as was reported. They filled one at least of the cisterns with rubbish; they defaced the walls of their quarters by throwing ink-stands and other objects at them; they did, in fact, all the damage they dared, for it is held a crime in military law for a garrison surrendering to destroy its material.

In the evening we went to theatre. Cockspur Island, on which the fort stands, is of small extent—a low sand islet. Outside the fort are a number of wooden houses; and one of these has been fitted up very neatly as a theatre, for the amusement of the garrison, which needs something to while away the tedious and monotonous hours. The scenery, and in fact all the outfit, is astonishingly perfect; there are even two private boxes; there are resplendent chandeliers, curled strips of tin taking the place of cut glass. "Here is the rain," said one of the soldiers, doing the honors of the place in the afternoon, as he turned the barrelful of pease, the rattle of which signifies rain on the stage.

"And where's the thunder?" inquired one.

"Oh!" was the ready reply, "the thunder's down stairs." The "Olympic Theatre, Fort Pulaski, Georgia," is a gem in its way; and the "Barton Dramatic Association" has some really meritorious actors. The following programme of the evening's amusement at which we were present, will show that an attractive "bill" could be presented. In fact we saw, in the Savannah papers of the following day, that on the same evening "Family Jars" was given also in the rebel city. I do not believe it was nearly as well played.

The ladies were admirably gotten up, thanks to the skill and industry of Mrs. Barton and one or two other ladies who are at the fort; and the luckless landlady in "Box and Cox" was so well done, that I fancied the part should always be played by as good an "Irish*man*" as the gallant Whitcomb.

The house was crowded, and the audience appreciative. The music was better than in many New York houses, the regimental band—which is supported by a regimental fund—being in every way excellent. Of course the house will not hold the entire regiment; tickets are therefore issued to a certain number of men in each company for every performance, and every piece is pretty sure of a run of several nights, till all have heard it.

OLYMPIC THEATRE!

FORT PULASKI, GEORGIA,

March 23, 1863.

Performance will commence with the Laughable Farce of

FAMILY JARS.

Mr. Porcelain	Mr. Dickson.
Delph	" Barnes.
Diggory Delph	" De Haven.
Benedict	" Cox.
Liddy	" Murphy.
Emily	" Burr.

SONG ..... Mr. Owen.

After which the comic farce of

THE SECRET; OR, HOLE IN THE WALL.

Dupuis	Mr. Jas. White.
Valaire	" Cox.
Thomas	" De Haven.
Porter	" Owen.
Cecile	" Burr.
Angelica	" Pease.

DUET ..... Owen and Murphy.

After which the 3d Act of

OTHELLO.

Othello	Mr. White.
Iago	" Dickson.

SONG ..... Mr. Whitcomb.

The whole to conclude with

BOX & COX.

Box	Mr. Barnes.
Cox	" Owen.
Mrs. Bouncer	" Whitcomb.

Thus, you see, a soldier's life has also its bright side.

To visit the rebel lines under a flag of truce was so novel an experience that, when it was hinted to us that we might make it, we were but too delighted to accept. The little steamer *Mattano* set out from the Fort about nine o'clock, bearing at her stern the American flag, and at her bow a broad square of milk-white bunting. She steamed rapidly up the tortuous river, till, on rounding a sharp turn, we came in sight of the obstructions by which the rebels have attempted to bar our way up to Savannah. Above them, and apparently close to them, lay a nondescript marine monster, which is the iron-clad battery *Georgia*. She lies there, moored with her broadside down the river, prepared to defend the narrow passage which is left in the barrier of piles for the ingress and egress of rebel craft.

We steamed up steadily nearer and nearer, up to the mouth of Augustine Creek, past its upper bank, beyond it for some distance, and ever nearer and nearer to the enemy, till at last an angry flash from the broadside of the *Georgia*, and presently after a sharp report from her gun, warned us that we were far enough.

"Down anchor!" said the captain. "Stop

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her!" and we swung round and lay still, waiting for a rebel boat to come off to us.

How I wished I was all eyes, and every eye a glass of two hundred magnifying power! It was, I think, the strangest scene I have ever beheld. On the right bank of the river a squad of rebel picket-guards stood near a smouldering fire, in the tall reeds, on the flat and evidently marshy shore, eying us, staring at us, in grim silence. I wonder what was in the minds of these grim and somewhat shabby soldiers? Ahead of us, but a short mile away, were the two rows of piles sticking out of the water; and between them, through the opening I have spoken of, a little rusty-looking rebel steamer passed on her way up from Augustine Creek. I noticed that she did not stop, but steamed right through the narrow passage.

Beyond lay the *Georgia*—to a sailor's eye a monstrous creature, something like, in appearance, to the pictures we have of the *Merrimac;* with sides and ends sloping to the water at an angle of, I should think, 45 degrees, and covered with long slabs or strips of railroad iron; with a long box on top of the deck, which also appeared to be armored; and with her ports open. It is said that she proved unable to stem the tide in the river, and is therefore useless, except as a kind of floating fort, to bar our way to Savannah.

How strange and incomprehensible it seemed that these men we saw standing on the shore were enemies, ready to take our lives; that, had we attempted to pass a hundred yards further up, yonder gloomy *Georgia* would have belched forth shot at us to blow us out of water; that the fellows pulling down in that trim barge to communicate with us would have been glad to cut our throats; that the gallant young captain who was our "flag-of-truce officer" had a price set on his head by the commander of the men who now pull alongside and address him, and would be hanged if Beauregard could catch him and dared fulfill his threats.

There was one of our company—a very civil man I have called him—who knew right well that the rebels would have been but too glad to have him in their possession; and, curiously enough, picking up the Savannah paper which was given to us, the first paragraph which struck his eye was personal abuse of himself as a "venomous viper." Nor was it a less curious coincidence that the paper which was given the rebel officer in return should be a number of *Harper's Weekly*, opening which, eagerly, as their boat shoved off, "our friends the enemy" saw a broadside picture of the loyal negro troops of Louisiana. It was a double hit.

The young captain, who was our "flag-of-truce officer," organized the first battalion of colored soldiers in South Carolina. General Beauregard threatened him and all others engaged in that work with death if caught. "I thought they might as well get accustomed to the sight of him," said General Hunter, "so I send him up whenever we dispatch a flag of truce." It must be a charming thing thus to act the part of red rag to this raging rebel bull. I fear General Hunter does not understand the noble art of "conciliating" the enemy, of which our Copperheads talk so much.

They would not communicate. "Our friends, the enemy, are surly to-day," said the Captain, as we hove up anchor and steamed down the river again. Not even whisky would tempt them. Sometimes, we hear, they come on board and have a jolly time; but returning in a tipsy state, it is probable that the poor wretches get hauled over the coals for their imprudence.

Fourteen miles above Hilton Head lies Beaufort, a pretty village, made up of what in the South are called "mansions," square, comfortable-looking wooden houses, with verandas and large gardens. This was the summer and winter pleasure resort of many of the South Carolina conspirators and traitors. Here, in cool quiet, they hatched their treasonable plot—and I must say the nest seems a pleasant one, and doubtless the labors of incubation were lightened and cheered with many a fragrant "cobbler." Beaufort—pronounced *Bufort*—stands on the bank of a broad river, where it gets a cool breeze in the hottest summer day. It is a retired nook of the world, where contemplative traitors might cozily chat and fear no sudden arrival of prying strangers. Negroes now live in many of the "mansions," and seem quite at home there. Doubtless, if it is true that the laborer is worthy of his reward, they have a better right to these places than the masters who fled from them in such terror, when the panic-struck soldiers from Hilton Head cried, "The Yankees are coming!"

As I walked under the generous shade of magnificent live-oaks, which abound hereabouts, and drank in the quiet spirit of the scene, I caught with it a sense of the base use to which this piece of earth had been put. Here, beneath these live-oaks, in this grove of tall and spreading pines, by these budding orange-trees, in the portico of the rural church, the Rhetts, the Barnwells, the Prescotts, the hundred other leading traitors conferred together; here they deliberated; here they planned, in sober councils, the ruin of their country; here was nurtured that gigantic and inexcusable crime which has made so many children fatherless, so many homes desolate, that a few ambitious and unscrupulous aristocrats might have their fling against free government.

It is a pleasant spot, this Beaufort; but I hope whenever our soldiers leave it they will raze it to the ground, nor leave one stone standing on another of its foundations. The whole place is accursed.

One day came in the *Arago*, and in her certain pleasant-voiced ladies, on a tour of pleasure. Now the sweet smile of woman is a rarity in the Department of the South. The Secretary of War has forbidden her presence here, except as teacher to the colored children. Only a very few of the officers have their families here. Therefore a strange face, and what is more a

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young face, and what is more a pretty face, such a phenomenon was sure to create some stir among the staff. Straightway plots were laid against this celestial visitor—or rather *for* her; and the Adjutant-General of the Department conceived the happy idea of conferring upon her a staff appointment, with what views you will perceive if you read the following "special order," couched in proper military phrase:

HEAD-QUARTERS, DEPT. OF THE SOUTH,
HILTON HEAD, S. C., *March* 25, 1863.

SPECIAL ORDERS, }
A. No. 1. }

¶ I. With her charming looks
And all her graces,
Miss Mary Brooks,
Whose lovely face is
The sweetest thing we have seen down here
On these desolate Islands for more than a year,
Is hereby appointed an extra Aide
On the Staff of the General Commanding,
With a Captain of Cavalry's strap and grade,
And with this most definite understanding:

¶ II. That Captain Mary,
Gay and airy,
At nine each day, until further orders,
To Colonel Halpine shall report
For special duty at these Head-quarters:
And Captain Mary,
(Bless the fairy!)
Shall hold herself, upon all occasions,
Prepared to ride
At the Adjutant's side
And give him of flirting his regular rations;
And she shan't vamoose
With the younglings loose
Of the junior Staff, such as Hay and Skinner;
But, galloping onward, she shall sing,
Like an everlasting lark on the wing—
And she shan't keep the Adjutant late for dinner.

¶ III. The Chief Quarter-master of Department
Will give Captain Mary a riding garment—
A long, rich skirt of a comely hue,
Shot silk, with just a suspicion of blue,
A gipsy hat, with an ostrich feather,
A veil to protect her against the weather,
And delicate gauntlets of pale buff leather;
Her saddle with silver shall all be studded,
And her pony—a sorrel—it shall be blooded:
Its shoes shall be silver, its bridle all ringing
With bells that shall harmonize well with her singing,
And thus Captain Mary,
Gay, festive, and airy,
Each morning shall ride
At the Adjutant's side
And hold herself ready, on all fit occasions,
To give him of flirting his full army rations.

BY COMMAND OF, ETC.

I am sorry to have to add that the Captain proved insubordinate, and retired from the service after some days because she did not receive at once the promotion which she felt herself to deserve.

A more charming spot than even Beaufort, and the coziest nook I found among these islands, is Paris Island. Here stands a low-roofed, somewhat rude, broad-verandaed house, but a few steps from where the surf beats against the shore; it stands in a garden filled with a wilderness of roses, and oranges, and tall oleanders; the negro quarters at a little distance, and not in view; and every thing about it is so quiet, so cool, so shady, the constant murmur of the sea fills the air with so pleasant a dreaminess, that I thought, hither one might come, weary of the busy world, and live contented forever—nor ever long for a New York paper.

But even to this pleasant spot the griefs and cares of the world intrude themselves, as witness this doleful ditty, which will, I trust, tell its own story to the reader; who will hope, with me, that an appeal so touching did not go unanswered:

THE BUTCHERED BULL.

A BALLAD OF PARIS ISLAND.

Dear General H., my heart is full
Lamenting for my butchered bull—
The only bull our Islands had,
And all my widowed cows are sad.

With briny tears, and drooping tails,
And loud boo-hoos and bovine wails,
My cows lament with wifely zeal
Their perished hopes of future Veal.

Sad is the wail of human wife
To see her partner snatched from life;
But he—the husband of a score—
For him the grief is more and more!

No future hope of golden cream;
Even milk in tea becomes a dream:—
Whey, bonny-clabber, cheese and curds,
Are now, ah me! mere idle words!

The cruel soldiers, fierce and full
Of reckless wrath have shot my bull;
The stateliest bull—let scoffers laugh—
That e'er was "Father" called by calf!

A bull as noble, firm, and fair
As that which aided Jove to bear,
Europa from the flowery glade
Where she, amidst her maidens, played.

Quick to Van Vliet your order send
(By Smith's congenial spirit penned),
And order him, in language full,
At once to send me down a Bull:—

If possible, a youthful beast,
With warm affections yet unplaced,
Who to my widowed cows may prove
A husband of enduring love.

One day we sailed over to St. Helena to witness a review of part of the forces. To see several thousand men drawn up under arms, to see them moving at the word of command like one great machine, one vast body of which the general is the head, to watch the thousands of bayonets glistening in the sun, and to feel, in the tremor of the air, the steady tramp of their feet, is surely a stirring sight. But it did not move me greatly, after all; for at that distance from which you see this the men lose their individuality to you; they seem no longer so many thousand men, but so many links in a great chain, so many parts of a great machine. You do not see the whites of their eyes; you do not know whether they are hot or cool, whether they enjoy it or think it a bore, what they are thinking about at all under their blue caps. For me a more interesting study was found in the faces of the soldiers not parading, who lounged around, on the outer circle, looking on at their brethren. Many of our fellows will never make soldierly figures; as they say at sea of a man who has not the cut of a sailor, "the hay-seed sticks to his collar."

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But I saw hundreds of glorious exceptions—enough almost to make a rule for themselves—magnificent, bronzed, full-bearded, full-blooded fellows, who look as though they had but just stepped out of the canvas of one of Paul Delaroche's grand battle-pieces. I was surprised to see so many gray-beards—and to find very many among these who look as though they had been through a dozen campaigns, so firm, so stern, with such sure steadiness of eye, with such genuine soldierly grace and dignity they lounge about.

As those looking on pressed forward and overlapped the line, an orderly rode along and urged them back; and I was both amused and gratified at the words he uttered: "Step back, step back, *gentlemen*," he cried out; "fall back farther yet. I can ride over you if I must," he added, when the men did not give place fast enough; and with a good-natured smile the long line fell back.

As the regiments filed past the General and his staff, once in a while would come along an old worn, battle-stained, shot-riddled flag, and then you would hear a murmur of admiration ripple along the line of spectators, and the eyes of the soldiers would gleam, and their swarthy faces fill with the healthy blood, stirred by the fine sight; and those regiments which bore such flags walked more proudly, and filed by in more solid phalanx, it seemed to me, looking at no one, but soberly following that flag.

But it was when I saw the Sixty-seventh Ohio march up, their brave young Colonel, Voorhees, riding at their head, that *I* was most deeply touched. They were the only Ohio boys there, and though I knew probably not a man of them except their Colonel, suddenly the water came into my eyes, and I felt like shouting out—Hurrah for the old Buckeye State!

Some people tell you that all State pride is wrong in these days; but they might as well assert that you should not love your mother better than any other elderly lady of your acquaintance.

Walking over the field after the review, I came upon the fragments of an unlucky snake, which had got under the hoofs of the prancing staff horses, and now lay crushed into at least a dozen lifeless pieces; a type, I hope, of the fate of that serpent, Rebellion, which has reared its head among us.

Such as I have described is the round we made in a short visit to Port Royal. You may, if you are active, go farther—and very likely fare worse. Army officers are very kind; one gallant Colonel placed me under lasting obligations by an offer to take me out to see the line of rebel pickets. "It's first-rate fun, and a splendid ride! They *do* take a shot at us, as we dash by, sometimes; but then their powder is poor, and they don't *often* hit any one." Such were the words with which he sought to charm me.

I invited him to go to the royal-mast head of the *Wabash* with me: "You get a fine prospect," said I; "and those who get up there don't *often* fall down."

I wonder if it was a mere chance that so many of the officers here have blue eyes. Almost without exception, those of higher rank have fine noses—large, and of that shape and prominence which is the surest indication of power in a man. But among General Hunter's staff there are more blue eyes than black, though the General himself has small, piercing black eyes, which open out wonderfully when he is a little excited. Admiral Du Pont, who is one of the most magnificent looking men I have seen, with a fine grizzly mustache, has blue eyes—clear and cool and determined, as such a man's should be. I have heard that Hooker has also blue eyes; and Rosecrans has, I know. Altogether, at Port Royal, the blue-eyed and fair-haired men seemed to rule—under the Commanding General, who has hair straight and coal-black as an Indian's.

On our return voyage the ship ran in, when off Charleston, to take letters from the blockading fleet. It was a magnificently clear, bright day, and as we stood in to speak to the *Ironsides*, which lay at anchor squarely in front of the harbor's mouth, Fort Sumter was in plain view, and those who had good eyes could distinguish, without a glass, the rebel flag floating above its walls, and the spires of Charleston in the farther distance.

"There's that cursed rag!" said an old man-of-war's man, gritting his teeth as he pointed to it. "How long is it to wave in our faces there?"

The *New Ironsides* seemed a monstrous creature as she lay in battle trim, with masts down and upper deck clear. Such a mass of iron has a singular effect on a ship's compasses. We steamed within a short ship's length of her, first on one side, then on the other; and the pilot called my attention to our compass, which veered nearly three points by reason of the attraction of the iron ship near us, first in one direction, then in the opposite, as we changed sides.

Speaking of letters reminds me of a slip, given us by an officer at Hilton Head, containing the address of a letter sent by one of his soldiers to the post-office. Here it is. I only hope the letter reached its destination:

"To my own Dear Biddy, who is at home, crying out her eyes out because her own dear husband is in the army—Mr. Post Master will you please be kind enough to hand this over to her imadiately after it gets to Uniontown, fayette County, State of Pennsylvania, Ameriky."

The blockading squadron was lying close in, most of the ships at anchor, forming a kind of semicircle about the wide mouth of the bay. Here every thing looked warlike. On one wooden steamer the men were busy lashing the chain cable along the side, to protect the machinery from an ugly shot. Sailing by another, we were hailed and warned not to run over the target; and looking closely we saw a floating mark, set up to practice the boys at gunnery. Those old salts who fancy that the invention of steam has exterminated the race of true sailors should come down here. They will see, on board the *Wabash* and other ships, as fine a set of thorough-bred seamen as any navy ever boasted.

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MISSING.

IN the little, low, vine-covered porch, half dreaming, sits Mabel, the maiden,
And sings to her heart the old music—his farewell (oh, where is he now?):
"Blue eyes true and tender, brown curls glinted gold by love's halo they played in,
Be true to your colors! Belovèd, chase shadow from heart and from brow."

Oh! blithe, trusting heart, recking naught of the future, but resting so wholly
In memory sad of the parting, in hope of the meeting so sweet!
"No shadow!" she singeth; yet ever the Shadow creeps surely and slowly;
Ah! near and yet nearer; now flinging its gloom o'er the sunny old street.

"The postman—a letter! a letter?" "No, lady, but news of a battle—
Sad news for my poor wife—our boy! His name's in the list of the killed.
Our brave fellows fell where they fought, gained nothing, were slaughtered like cattle."
"God help you!" she prayed, as she stood in the Shadow, bewildered and chilled.

'Full list of the wounded and dead." Ah! see how her white fingers falter
In eagerness, dread, and suspense. Poor heart, throbbing wildly with fear;
Blue eyes, that grow dim as they glance at the name of some other one's Walter,
With a full-hearted sigh and a sob, "Thank God, that his name is not here!"

Ay, bless God for that, in the hush of deep sympathy, tender and solemn,
For those whose poor hearts had been broken, o'er words which she hastily read;
Then, fearlessly turning the paper, she sees in the very next column
"The missing, supposed to be left on the field, badly wounded or dead."

Great God! are such shuddering heart-cries the price of a warrior's glory?
"Oh, Walter! *my* Walter! none other's, mine only one, tender and brave!"
The battle-field flashes before her. Dark Night, hide the vision so gory!
She sees him alone in his anguish—she far away, helpless to save.

"It is bitter, too bitter: O Father! have pity; I still am thy creature,
Yet can not look onward or upward. Is heart-breaking agony wrong?"
Dear Saviour, who knowest our griefs, in Thine infinite tenderness reach her
Gethsemane's might and its meekness, to suffer, be still, and be strong!

Young Life, with thy diadem royal, the crown of a love true and tender,
The joy of thy day-dawn has perished, the glory of sunset has passed;
Love's banner is trailing in ashes; like a mirage has vanished its splendor;
For '*Missing*' is every where written. The *Shadow* has fallen at last.

Some murmur, "He was but a private!" Ah! well, to the Master up yonder,
The soul of a private is precious as that of the General-in-Chief;
And the mightiest monarch on earth never knew a love truer and fonder
Than that of the woman who wrestles all night with the angel of grief.

"He died for his country," friends whisper; "and sweet are his slumbers, unbroken
By footfall of friend or of foe, or the dash and the moan of the waves.
Heart-violets spring from his ashes, and tenderest words ever spoken
Are breathed o'er the hero-hearts resting afar from their ancestors' graves."

Ah! yes; but the heart smitten *sorest* is mute amid noisier sorrow,
Unheeding the wail of the nation beside every patriot's tomb.
Oh! leave her, I pray you in pity, alone with her dead till to-morrow,
To bury with him the sweet flowers that never more here are to bloom.

Oh! well for her, poor heart! the angel whose light touch as swiftly doth alter
The full-chorded music of life to a monody thrillingly sad,
Yet holds the mute heart-strings unbroken. Faith looks up and whispers, "Oh, Walter,
You will not be *missing* forever! For that I bless God and am glad."

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ONE OF MANY.

OH! how the music, the wild war-music, rose and swelled as the company marched down the street of the little country town! How the banners shook and the bayonets glittered in the August sunshine! Blue were the skies overhead, and along the way-side the fields were green, and the scent of flowers was in the air. For a moment Margery Dane looked out from her window; then she drew down the curtain, and held her hands over her ears, trying to shut out sight and sound.

"Are they treading on the ground or on my heart?" she cried, with a passionate despair in her tones. "He is marching away, and he will never march back again. Pity me, Heaven; I am losing my last sight at him."

Up again went the curtain, but the last man had gone by. The martial music floated back, softened by distance to pity and tender pain, instead of triumph. Margery was indeed alone.

She had had a lonely life. Not that she had been poor, or ill-treated, or in any wise persecuted. But she had neither father nor mother, brothers nor sisters. She had a fortune of her own; a very comfortable one they called it in that little country town; and the uncle and aunt with whom she lived were kind to her and seldom crossed her wishes. But if you have ever lived just such a life, you know what loneliness means. One would rather have even harsh blame from those whose love is their authority than the cool kindness of people too indifferent to censure. Margery had not been morbid or sentimental in girlhood, or even in childhood. When her heart ached for love, for mother-kisses and fatherly praises, she scarcely understood what she wanted herself, and only betrayed the secret pain by her utter recklessness of danger. No boy in Westville rode such gay horses, or climbed such high trees, because not a boy there but knew some heart would ache if ill befell him. Want of love made Margery reckless.

But when she was sixteen love came. It was the old, sweet story. She grew in six months from romping, reckless girlhood to gentle, reticent, and most graceful womanhood. All the tenderness of her nature, which had waited so many years for its object, overflowed at last: longing, dreaming heart, passionate, earnest soul were satisfied. And for once she built no altar to a false idol. Her nature was so pure it tested those she met like a touchstone. It had no affinity with evil, and her choice fell worthily. Nelson Harding deserved all—love, confidence, tender girlish trust. I think, too, his devotion was not less intense than her own—not less utterly absorbing. He, too, was an orphan, and the new tie was his all.

They had been engaged six months when the war broke out. They were not to marry for two or three years; but they met daily, and so waiting was not wearisome. When the war began Margery had been half afraid Nelson would think that his duty called him; but he told her he would wait until there was more need of him—so many were ready to go then. So she had a year and over to be happy in. Then came the call for the three hundred thousand, and two or three nights afterward Nelson Harding, with the words she dreaded—

"I ought to go, Margery. Shall I?"

"Go home now, Nelson, and come and ask me again to-morrow."

She dared not answer him then, for she was torn between the fear of losing him and the fear of doing wrong. She felt that she must be alone in the universe with God in order to see the truth clearly.

When he was gone she went up stairs to the little room where, for so many years, the solitary child had cried out of her heart's else muttered loneliness to the "solitary God." What was required of her now? When Heaven gave her no father or mother, only Nelson, was it not meant that she should keep the gift? Could it be that already the giver was asking for it back again? And yet were not the chosen people in all ages taught to offer of their best—to lay their first-fruits upon the altar? Ought she not to think it Heaven's bounty that gave her opportunity to make a sacrifice so costly?

All the night she sat there before her window, or knelt beside her bed, until the daily miracle of dawning repeated itself—repeated its tender pink flushes above the hills, its tremulous mists, its airs of balm, its broadening glory of sunrise! Soon he would come. Soon she must tell him what to choose: life and love for her and him, or—the right. With that word her soul grew strong. She would be the consoler, not the temptress.

When her lover looked into her eyes he knew her thought. Still he asked the question,

"What am I to do, Margery?"

"What God and your own soul tell you?"

"And you, child?"

"I am to wait and bear; or, perhaps, I too shall find my work."

So Nelson Harding had marched away in the August sunshine, and Margery Dane was to commence her waiting.

Honor to the brave who fight and conquer, or fight and fall! But is theirs the hardest fate? Do not those suffer more who can not lose in action their fear and anguish?—who must count slow hours, shudder at tidings of onward movements, live on fragments of newspapers? Ay; and is it not true that every bullet shoots double, and the shot which flies farthest makes the sorest wound?

But Margery's waiting did not last long. So soon, that it scarcely seemed as if the regiment could have reached its destination, the news of Antietam came. The Sixteenth were engaged in it, and she read among the wounded the name of Lieutenant Nelson Harding. She was a slight, delicately-organized little thing. Her tall, strong lover had been wont to call her his child; but the child did not shriek or faint. She did not even cry. Some spirit other than her own

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seemed to have taken possession of her—a cool, brave spirit, strong to do and to dare! She went to the room where her uncle and aunt were sitting together. They started when they saw the white, firm face, whence all the pink prettiness was gone as utterly as if it had been touched by death.

"I am going to Washington, uncle. Lieutenant Harding is wounded. He will be in the hospital. The next train leaves in an hour."

"But, child, you must not go alone!" said Mr. Dane, with startled face and wondering eyes. "Do you want me?"

"As you please. It might be a help, if you could get away in time. There is only an hour."

She shut the door. Her uncle and aunt exchanged glances.

"She will go," Mrs. Dane said; "I know her. Of course, you had better go to take care of her."

That settled it. Mrs. Dane's judgments were always final.

When the long journey was over, and Mr. Dane and his niece stood on the threshold of the Baltimore hospital, to which they had been sent from Washington, they met there a Connecticut surgeon whom they knew. Mr. Dane inquired of him for Lieutenant Harding.

"There is no hope for him, poor fellow!" was the answer, and then Surgeon Hunt met Margery's eyes, and remembered that she was Nelson Harding's promised wife. He murmured a sincere but half indistinct apology, which her clear tones cut short:

"Thank you—do not blame yourself. I wanted to hear the truth. It was best that I should know it before I saw him. Now show me where he is, please."

"Nelson!"

She had been standing for a moment watching him. Eyes and mouth were shut resolutely against tear or moan. But his ghastly face was eloquent. She could see in his convulsed features the tortures he was bearing silently. At her voice his eyes opened. The old fond look replaced the pain in them. I think he forgot for a moment that he was suffering when he saw the slight form at his bedside, and heard the voice, the well-known, well-loved voice. He put out his hand:

"Child—love—Margery!"

"Did you expect me, Nelson?"

"To-morrow, not to-day. I had not thought you could be here so soon. I was waiting for your coming to die. I think I should have waited a week if need were. But the agony is horrible."

She bent over him, and left a kiss on the pale forehead. He drew her closer then, and his lips clung to hers with a long, despairing pressure.

"To think after to-night I shall never kiss you again, Margery. If we meet in heaven it will not be as here. I shall love your spirit; but it seems to me I shall miss all this vanished sweetness of tender eyes, loving lips, softly falling hair. God help us, child, how little the best of us know where we are going!"

Then she comforted him with her clearer vision, her stronger faith. It could not be for long, she whispered, their parting. She would be his, through all time and all eternity, just as truly as now.

For hours he lay with her hand in his—waiting. It was a strange feeling he had had when he heard her voice and met her eyes—a feeling that she had brought him his release from pain—that now even Death would treat him gently. But the strange thought may have been true. Through those long waiting hours, with her hand in his, he did not suffer. He only felt his strength ebbing away, and knew that his life was dissolving into moments. Just at the last his face brightened, and he whispered,

"Something tells me you are right, Margery. The future will not be dim and pale beside the present. It will be brighter. My soul before it leaves the body is asserting its own immortality. I know now that I shall live hereafter. Never think you are solitary again, child. I shall live, and I shall love you. Day-times and night-tides will bring you nearer to me, each one."

Then a pause, broken only by her tears, which wet his hair, and her kisses on his lips—then he cried, with one last effort,

"Never be sorry, Margery, that I went. I am not. I fell doing God's work. If I had turned my back upon the right I should have lost more than life. God loves you, Margery. Be patient. One more kiss."

She bent to give it to him, but when she raised her head there was no light in the swiftly glazing eyes—his soul was marching on.

Oh, if I could but have told you that he got better—that her coming brought him healing—that he lived to love her in this world! You would not have thought my story so sad then; but mayhap it would have been sadder. It is the sleep which knows no earthly waking, and not the life of earth which God promises as a reward to His beloved; and is there not something at once nobler and more joyful than life in dying for a good cause? The story of such a death should kindle courage. There are still souls left strong enough to give thanks for martyrdom.

Margery Dane found her work when Nelson Harding died. She is a nurse in a hospital—so grave, so still, so thoughtful, and so tender, that her youth is pardoned and forgotten, even as she has forgotten it herself. I think she will live while her country has need of her, and then she will not be sorry to go to her love and her rest.

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THE SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPH.

IT was the evening of a disagreeable day, the 31st of March, of this present year. Rain and snow mingled together; but the very dreariness of the weather prompted me to call upon the Dudleys, who were suffering a most melancholy domestic bereavement. The servant admitted me without announcement, as I was the confidential friend of the family. Miss Dudley was sitting in a chair with her head bowed over the arm; and, when she raised her face to greet me, I saw she had been weeping. Dudley was walking up and down, back and forth, with slow, dragging steps, his head sunk on his breast. I sat down beside Caroline, taking her hand in mine, for we were engaged to be married when the year of mourning had expired.

"This weather is enough to depress even the happy," I said; "but I wish that I had found you more cheerful. Do you not think that you ought to overcome, so far as possible, this trouble, for Dudley's sake? It is killing him."

"I know it, and that is what gives me so much pain. Of course my grief is nothing compared with his. But it breaks my heart to see him so changed. I fear that, if he does not die outright, a worse calamity will happen. Sometimes I fear for his mind."

The disaster which had brought such irremediable ruin upon the house of Dudley was the loss of his wife. Her youth, her beauty, her devotion to him, and the tragic manner of her death, were reasons apparent to all why his sorrow should be deeper than that of many others similarly bereaved. To me, who knew something of the characters of both, and of the intense love which seemed to blend their beings into one, it was almost a marvel that he survived her at all. When I had seen them together in the freedom of their own home the thought had more than once occurred to me that the existence of each was dependent upon that of the other. Yet she had perished, suddenly—been swept from him by a swift and terrible catastrophe, which had hardly allowed them a parting embrace.

In the autumn of 1862 Dudley had been called to Havana upon business. His wife persuaded him to permit her to accompany him. How well I remembered that splendid autumn day upon which they sailed! Caroline and myself staid with them on the vessel until the last moment. How beautiful Mrs. Dudley looked as she waved her handkerchief to us from the deck, the bright color lighting up her always eloquent face into the loveliest animation! We had watched the noble vessel until it was a speck out in the Narrows; then we had turned away with a sigh, half sad, and yet not sad. We had no presentiment of evil; and when her brother and his wife returned Caroline and I were to be married.

That vessel was fated never to touch the Cuban shores. When but twelve hours from Havana, at midnight, in the midst of darkness and storm, she was run into by another ship, and sank in fifty minutes. Thrown from his berth by the severity of the collision, Dudley seized his trembling wife under his arm, forcing his way through the disordered crowd from the cabins, already filling with water, to the upper deck. Here he maintained his place while the men and officers made efforts to launch the boats. The first of these filled and went down. The second was more successfully managed. A few women, to whom was given the first chance, were lowered into it, by the light of lanterns whose uncertain gleam made the tempest more appalling. Mrs. Dudley clung to her husband, begging to be allowed to stay with him until he, too, should be permitted to make this desperate effort at salvation. But, for once, her prayers had no influence with him. His desire for her safety overruled the pleading of love. With almost rudeness he tore away her clinging arms; the rope was fastened about her waist, and she was lowered down. The lantern threw a strange beam upon her pallid face, turned to him, as she swung off from the ship's side; and that was the last look he had of the countenance dearest to him. The few men who manned the oars put out to get away from the vortex which the vessel would make in sinking; a great wave rolled in upon it; and the cry went forth that the boat had gone down. Then Dudley, caring no more for his own life, jumped into the boiling sea. But the crew of the uninjured vessel picked him up before life was extinct, and he recovered consciousness to find himself in the cabin of the other ship. Until long after daylight the vessel lingered around the spot, until all hopes of rescuing any floating persons who might be clinging to pieces of the wreck were over. Then it continued on its way to New York.

Over four months had elapsed, during which a ray of light had hardly penetrated Dudley's despair. His sister shared his darkened life, deferring our marriage, and withdrawing from society to devote herself to him. I was almost the only one, outside of their near circle of relatives, whom they cared to see.

At times Dudley would be possessed of a strange fancy that his wife might not be dead—that she might have escaped, and be now in some remote portion of the world, whither some passing bark had conveyed her. Facts and theories were against him. The boat which they had seen overwhelmed by the waves had never been heard from. Another boat, which had put out last, had succeeded in landing upon an island coast, after three days of floating on the waste of waters; but in all human probability the first boat had gone down within five minutes after she left the ship's side. Sometimes Dudley would work himself into an alarming state of excitement, avowing his belief that his wife was alive. His only argument was, that if she were dead she certainly would vouchsafe him some token, to put his mind at rest.

This evening of the 31st of March I felt

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light-hearted and joyous, despite the sad faces of my friends. My spirits had risen triumphant over the weather, over the gloom induced by sympathy with others, even over the impatience I sometimes felt at the long-delayed consummation of my wishes. I am sure that my face shone with pleasure, for I had that day received a letter containing news of an access of fortune, which had exhilarated me beyond the power of my ordinary troubles to subdue.

Suddenly Dudley stopped in front of us. His eyes, looking larger and darker than ever from the sunken lines about them, were fixed upon me with an intensity almost unbearable.

"Is it not strange," said he, "that all this time—all this time—she has sent me no message?"

I was surprised as well as startled by his question. Despite his theory that, if she were dead, she would comfort him by some special message, I had not realized that he was really seeking consolation in looking for some palpable token from the spiritual world. It was too much opposed to his previous habits of thought.

"What have you expected?" was all I could, for the moment, say.

"*Any thing* to prove that she is still mine, in death as well as life."

It was just then an idea flashed upon me which I hoped would save him from the madness which, at times, I apprehended might destroy his brain, noble and massive as its structure was. I resolved to lay the details of my plan before Caroline, at the same time imparting to her the piece of good fortune which had occurred to me. For this purpose I drew her away into the library, where, in a brief time, I unfolded my ideas and expectations. When we returned to the parlor she took her brother's arm, walking up and down the rooms with him.

"Have you seen any of these spirit-photographs, brother?"

"What are they?" He ceased walking, looking inquiringly at her.

"There are photographers, nowadays, who fix the shadows of souls as well as bodies—so they say! The spirit of the deceased friend wished for appears beside the picture of the sitter, faint and shadowy, as becomes a spirit, but still quite palpable."

"You smile, Caroline; are you jesting?"

"No, I am only relating the last marvel of spiritualism."

"What do *you* think of it?" directing his question to me.

"It's rather a new thing, even with the spiritualists themselves. I have not made up my mind about it. In fact, I have never inquired much into the phenomena. But when you spoke so earnestly of having expected a message from Eleanora, it occurred to me that it could hardly come in a more acceptable or more convincing shape than this."

"To-morrow we will make the experiment. If there is any such thing possible I know that Eleanora will come to me. I shall be permitted to see her. If she does not come, I shall know she is still alive."

It was decided that we should go at two o'clock the next day to the photographer whom I had selected. When we entered the Gallery we became conscious of a peculiar influence permeating our very souls. As a person in the dark, in total silence and seeing nothing, yet perceives the presence of another who approaches him, so each of us perceived an intangible *something* which thrilled us beyond speech. But few words were spoken. The business-like manner of the operator was in curious contrast to the intense emotions of those who hung upon his movements. In answer to Dudley's question, he said that the day was excellent for his purpose. He arranged his plates, screens, and camera with a matter-of-fact air, as if he were not about to attempt to catch and fix the fleeting shadow of the immortal soul divested of its garment of earth. It struck me as being a strange mixture of the material and spiritual—this preparation of chemicals, this assistance of the ethereal light—itself the nearest to spirit of tangible substances—this arrangement of screens and burnishing of glass, by such palpable apparatus to seize the image of the immortal soul and retain it for the gaze of mortal eyes. I presume no such reflections had place in the mind of Dudley. Soul, thought, and sense were concentrated upon one object.

Obedient as a child he submitted himself to the directions of the operator. When all was ready he seated himself in the chair placed for the purpose. Standing at one side of the room, before the door of a smaller apartment used as a dressing-room for ladies, was a large screen. Caroline had gone into this apartment for a few moments when we first arrived; but she now stood by my side silently waiting for the finale. I knew by her irregular breathing and slight paleness that she was much agitated.

The screen was drawn forward a few feet toward the sitter, and another placed to throw out the back-ground. By the arrangement thus effected the subject was half inclosed in an improvised apartment which shut out a great part of the room from his observation.

The operator then gave him a few directions:

"Fix your eyes and your mind both upon the camera. I will not withdraw the cap until I discern from your expression that your attention is sufficiently concentrated. Only of one thing be sure, whatever you may feel or become conscious of, as you value the result to be obtained do not betray any emotion. Remain motionless and silent until I give you liberty to move and speak. Above all, do not be tempted to turn to *see* that which you *feel* approaching you. Many persons become so agitated in the moment of trial as to render futile their own wishes. I believe you have more firmness."

Dudley made a brief response to the effect that he should fulfill his part. He fixed his eyes upon the camera with a steady gaze. Once or twice his eyelids trembled, and his hands

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clutched each other with the effort at restraint which he made.

Presently the cap was taken off, and—after a moment which might have been years to him—was replaced. Mindful of his promise, he did not speak or turn his head until he was requested to leave his chair. During the time of waiting for the photograph to be brought out on the glass he moved restlessly about.

"It is the best I have ever taken," he said, as he placed the glass carefully in Dudley's outstretched hand.

We crowded close to look over his shoulder. The marvel had been wrought! There was he, with his keen, eager look; and there, a little to one side, and just behind him, a part of her figure hidden by him, was Eleanora. She seemed almost to float, so light was her poise as she bent over his shoulder. Her golden hair, for which she had been so admired in life, wandered about her throat and shoulders as if the breezes of heaven were at that instant stirring them. She appeared to be robed in some ethereal texture, clasped by a girdle at the waist, and flowing in full folds about her limbs. It was Eleanora, the fair young wife, as we all remembered her. She wore a joyful expression, as if it was an intense pleasure to be near her husband; but it seemed to me that the sweet face had a slightly thinner, maturer look, as if she, too, had suffered from having been torn so suddenly from her earthly home.

The photographer was uneasy lest Dudley, in his ecstasy, should press the plate to his lips and mar the impression. He took it gently from him, remarking,

"This is altogether the best spirit photograph I have ever taken. It is miraculous! Mrs. Dudley's likeness is as vivid and perfect as your own."

"And she *was* here," cried Dudley, "as really and truly as I am, or as you are! Oh what happiness is this, to feel that our loved ones are separated from us by so slight a barrier. I tell you I heard the rustle of her garments as distinctly as if, in life, she were coming once more to bless me with her touch and smile. I detected the very odor of violets, the perfume she always used. Yes, as true as God vouchsafed me this token, I felt her breath on my cheek."

At this moment his glance became fixed upon the opposite side of the room. He gazed a moment in silence, then resumed in a rapt tone, like one who speaks in a vision, "I do see her! she is there now. I behold her plainly. Eleanora! She doubts—she hesitates! Do not go—stay with me!"

We looked, and beheld with our own eyes the truth of what he asserted. As distinctly as ever we beheld a friend in the broad light of day, there stood Mrs. Dudley, wavering between flying and approaching. Her hair streamed down as in the picture, her light garments waved about her. He held out his arms and took a step toward her, pausing lest the vision should vanish at too near an approach.

"Eleanora!"

The passion in his voice seemed mighty enough to withhold a spirit from its heavenly destinies. He took another step, and she too, wavering, yet came forward to meet him. She drew close to him. He feared to lay his mortal hand upon her; but love was more powerful than awe. The trance was still upon him; but it was broken when he stretched out his hand and touched her hair.

"Ah! what blessed answer to my prayer is this, my wife!" He half turned toward us, then back to her. "I see her—she comes to me—she smiles—she blushes—I feel her hair—she is weeping—she is warm—she is living!"

For an instant I felt a breathless suspense; but joy never kills the strong, and Dudley was strong.

This was the good fortune which had so exalted me the previous day: I had received a letter from Boston, from Mrs. Dudley, giving me an account of her escape in an open boat; of days of exposure, a long and wearisome voyage in a sailing vessel which picked up the boat's crew and carried them about until it landed them in Boston; and she had written to me, as Dudley's most intimate friend, to ascertain if *he* were alive, and if so, to break to him the news of her safety. Poor thing! during all those months of hardship she had been compelled to endure the uncertainty as to her husband's fate. I had immediately telegraphed to her that Dudley was alive and at home; that she must come on by the night train; that I would receive her at the dépôt, and in the mean time prepare Dudley for the news.

When I had gone to his house the previous evening I had been troubled how to communicate my joyful tidings. I was afraid the greatness of the change from despair to such bliss as this would shake the reason which seemed already on the verge of madness. The chance mention of the photograph suggested the idea to me of gradually preparing his mind, in the manner which I carried out, for the final consummation of his happiness. I intrusted my plan to Caroline, who approved of it. At the most it would only be keeping him from his wife an hour or two longer.

Caroline herself brought the dress, already perfumed with violets, which had once been a favorite dress of Eleanora's, but had long lain among the precious relics of the supposed dead. The privacy of the dressing-room gave the two women an opportunity to arrange the scenic effects. Probably it was as hard for Eleanora to restrain herself as for Dudley when, as he said truly, he heard the rustle of her garments and felt the living warmth of her breath upon his cheek.

All necessity for further restraint was now over happily; the young wife lay sobbing upon the bosom whose every throb had been so constant to her. Caroline was in tears, and I am not ashamed to confess that my own eyes were not as clear as usual.

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

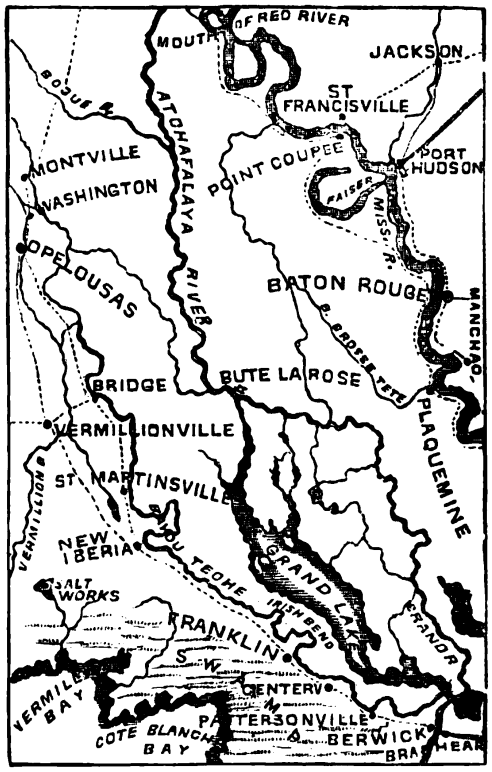
UNITED STATES.

WE close our Record on the 4th of May, while in hourly expectation of events of great importance. The Grand Army of the Potomac, under General Hooker, has crossed the Rappahannock. The crossing was effected during the 27th, 28th, and 29th of April, at some distance above Fredericksburg, the object being apparently to gain the rear of the enemy's strong works, and by threatening his communications with Richmond compel him either to retreat or to fight outside of his intrenchments. The enemy appear to have been completely deceived as to the place where the crossing was to be made, and to have been able to offer no serious opposition, though a series of sharp skirmishes took place at different points. On the 30th General Hooker issued an order announcing that "the operations of the last three days have determined that our enemy must either ingloriously fly, or come out and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him." Of what followed we only know that General Lee, finding his intrenchments turned, marched out to meet Hooker, leaving a comparatively small force behind; that the divisions of our army which had been left crossed the Rappahannock at Fredericksburg, and after a desperate conflict took possession of the positions from which we were repulsed in December; and that on Saturday and Sunday, the 2d and 3d of May, there was terrible fighting going on between the main bodies of the two armies; that no decisive result had then been attained; and that a grand battle was hourly anticipated.

In the region of the Lower Mississippi an expedition under General Banks has met with decided success. It was dispatched to the region of the Bayou Teche, the most fertile portion of Louisiana, where the enemy were collecting in considerable numbers, threatening an attack upon New Orleans. The subjoined map shows the theatre of these operations.

Berwick, near the mouth of the Atchafalaya, was the initial point of the expedition, from which the advance into the interior was commenced on the 14th of April. Their progress was opposed, and sharp engagements took place on the 15th, 16th, and 17th, in all of which the enemy were routed, with heavy loss, among which are nearly 2000 prisoners.

It is certain that possession has been taken of the region as far as Opelousas, and probably still further. It is from this region that the supplies for the enemy's army at Port Hudson have been drawn; and if these are cut off their whole plans of operation will be seriously disarranged. Among the other results of this expedition are the capture of large foundries at Franklin and New Iberia, and the destruction of the salt-works near the latter place, from which a large part of the supply of this indispensable article has been drawn. Of still greater importance is the destruction of the enemy's gun-boats upon these bayous; among them is the ram *Queen of the West*, captured from us near Vicksburg some months ago. She was supposed to be capable of destroying any of our vessels in the region of the Lower Mississippi. She had been sent into the Atchafalaya, and her commander, Captain Fuller, learning of the advance of our forces by land and water, resolved, against the advice of his officers, to attack our gun-



boats, three of which were then in Grand Lake, on the 14th of April. Fire was opened on her as she advanced, with the purpose of running down our boats, one after the other. A shell from one of our boats struck a box of ammunition on the *Queen of the West*, and in an instant she was in flames. The crew began leaping into the water; our fire was suspended, and our boats attempted the rescue of the men; 95 were taken from the vessel and the water; the remainder, about 40 in number, are supposed to have been lost. The vessel burned to the water's-edge, but her guns were found to be in good order, were saved, and are now once more in our possession.

From Vicksburg the most important intelligence relates to the running past the batteries by two successive expeditions. On the 17th of April five gun-boats, one ram, and three transports undertook the passage. All succeeded in passing with little damage except one transport, the *Henry Clay*, which was so severely damaged by a shot that she sunk, and was a total loss. On the 24th six gun-boats and twelve barges attempted the passage, which was accomplished with less loss than was anticipated. Over 500 shots were discharged at the fleet. None of the barges were even struck; but one steamer was so badly injured as to cause her abandonment, the crew being saved; another was damaged, but only slightly. The entire loss in this operation was two men mortally wounded, and about a dozen more slightly injured.

The long threatened attack upon Charleston was made on the 7th of April, and proved entirely unsuccessful. Contrary to expectation, the army was not called upon to take any part in the movement,

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which was confined to the iron-clad vessels under command of Admiral Du Pont. The attacking vessels were nine in number; seven of the class known as Monitors, each mounting two guns in a revolving turret; the *Keokuk*, a much less heavily armored vessel, with two stationary turrets, each having a single gun, and the *New Ironsides*, a large steamer with eighteen guns. These were sent to assail a place guarded by forts and batteries, mounting in all nearly 400 guns, many of them of the largest calibre and most improved construction. The general orders were to commence the attack upon the northwest front of Fort Sumter, at 800 or 1000 yards. The narrow channel leading to this position was known to be obstructed by piles and chains. The Monitor *Weehawken*, which led the attack, had her propeller entangled in this net-work, and for a time her machinery was rendered useless. Finding it impossible to pass the obstructions the assault was commenced at another point. The size and draft of the *New Ironsides* prevented her from manœuvring in the narrow channel, and beyond firing a single broadside she took no active part in the assault, though she presented a fair target to the enemy, and was struck more than sixty times. The *Keokuk*, having greater speed than the Monitors, passed them, and opened fire upon Fort Sumter at a distance of 400 yards. The whole fire from the forts and batteries was concentrated upon her. In a few minutes she was struck more than a hundred times. Her armor was entirely too weak to sustain this close and heavy fire. The shot of the enemy penetrated her as easily as though she had been of wood. She was perfectly riddled, and began to leak, but was able to withdraw from the fire; but soon sunk and was a total loss. She was under fire only thirty minutes. The seven Monitors meanwhile kept up the action with great spirit for an hour, when a signal was made for them to withdraw. The entire number of shots fired by the fleet was only 151, of which there were 8 from the *Ironsides* and but 3 from the *Keokuk*, whose turrets were soon rendered unserviceable; the remainder were from the Monitors, averaging 20 to each. It is estimated that 3500 shots were fired from the forts and batteries, of these something more than 500 took effect. No official report has been published of the amount of damage sustained by the vessels; but the best information accessible leads us to suppose that none of the Monitors were vitally injured. The pilot-house of the *Nahant* was shattered, the turrets of the *Passaic* and *Weehawken* were struck near the base, and so dented as to interfere with their revolving; the others were more or less bruised and indented, but not apparently seriously injured. This unsuccessful assault shows at least the points to be amended in our Monitors, and enables us to estimate their value as compared with stationary forts. Seven small vessels, mounting 14 guns, and having in all hardly 1000 men, threatening Charleston, compel the enemy to keep up an extensive system of fortification, mounting more than 300 guns, requiring fully 10,000 men, besides an elaborate system of harbor obstructions. Indeed there is little reason to doubt that if there had been no obstructions in the channel, any one of the Monitors might have steamed past Sumter and Moultrie, and held Charleston at mercy. We have no means of judging with certainty whether any serious injury was inflicted upon Fort Sumter by our fire. The officers of the *Keokuk* thought the walls were seriously damaged; two embrasures appeared to be knocked into one, and there were indentations in the wall which a few hours' cannonading would convert into a serious breach. The loss on either side was small. On ours it consisted of one man killed, and less than twenty wounded, mostly on the *Keokuk*. The enemy report one killed, and two or three wounded by our fire, and three or four killed by accidents within the works. This general view of the comparative efficiency of mere stationary batteries as opposed to steamers is corroborated by what has taken place before Vicksburg.

In our last Record we gave an abstract of the Report of the Joint Congressional Committee on the "Conduct of the War," in which the failure of the campaign in the Peninsula was directly charged to the inefficiency of General M'Clellan. The evidence upon which this Report was based has been published. The most important portions of this are the testimony of Generals M'Clellan and Hooker, of which we present the leading features:

The testimony of General M'Clellan relates to his whole series of operations from July 26, 1861, when he was placed in command of the Army of the Potomac, to the battle of Antietam, September 17, 1862. When he reached Washington he found affairs in a very unsatisfactory state. The defenses of the capital were imperfect; we had nothing which deserved the name of an army; the three months regiments were being mustered out of service; the old ones were not instructed. If the enemy had advanced after the battle of Bull Run they might have taken the capital; there was nothing to have prevented them from seizing Arlington Heights, from which they could have shelled the city. During the autumn his efforts were directed toward rendering the capital secure and organizing the army. He was appointed Commander-in-Chief on the 1st of November, and turned his attention to affairs in the West, in connection with the proposed movements of the Army of the Potomac. The main design was to gain possession of Missouri, and then move a column upon Knoxville and Chattanooga, in order to seize upon the Memphis and Charleston Railroad, destroying the connection between the Valley of the Mississippi and the Atlantic slope, before making a direct movement upon Richmond. He always thought Knoxville of more importance than Nashville. He supposed that offensive operations in the West might be resumed early in December. But Halleck, who was placed in command in Missouri, and Buell in Kentucky, reported that an immense amount of preparation was to be made. The obstruction of the Potomac by the rebel batteries during these months he considered of no vital importance, as we could obtain all supplies independent of the river. There were only two ways to remove these obstructions: occupying the Virginia bank by our troops, which we were not in a position to do; or by a strong naval force, which could not then be furnished, all of our vessels being required for the blockade. When he took the chief command the Army of the Potomac numbered a little more than 100,000 men, of whom 30,000 to 35,000 were required to defend Washington, leaving 65,000 to 70,000 for active operations. The force of the enemy in Eastern Virginia was estimated at 150,000. If operations had been then commenced the enemy could probably have opposed us with a force of 100,000. The movement upon the Peninsula was planned before the evacuation of Manassas. He regarded this evacuation as a necessary consequence of that movement. He hoped to be able to reach

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the vicinity of Richmond before they could concentrate their forces there, and so compel them to fight at a disadvantage. No one regarded the line to Richmond by way of Manassas as practicable. It was long, presenting great difficulties in guarding our communications. That by way of Yorktown had the advantage of water communication, and required few dépôts, so that the bulk of the army would be available for active operations. The movement upon Richmond was made as early as the condition of the army would permit. About 70,000 men were left behind; he took with him about 85,000; subsequent reinforcements increased this to 107,000, which was the largest number which he had for duty at any time; this was in the latter part of June. When the advance of the army reached the Peninsula the force of the enemy at Yorktown was probably 15,000 or 20,000. The fortifications had probably been constructed some months before. They had works of which we were wholly ignorant. He did not think that Heintzelman could have taken Yorktown by a sudden movement immediately on his arrival. Whenever we advanced we found the enemy intrenched and in strong force. A siege was resolved upon after careful consideration. The siege of Yorktown occupied a month. The enemy retreated by way of Williamsburg. Most of their army passed that point; but their rear-guard being overtaken, they were brought back. We won the battle. The enemy retreated during the night; but the condition of the roads was such that we could not advance in pursuit. For more than 48 hours after the battle we could not even feed the men on the ground where they stood. The march to the Chickahominy was made as rapidly as possible under the circumstances. At this time he thought that we could take Richmond, though the force of the enemy outnumbered ours. After the battle of Williamsburg, May 5, there was no serious fighting until the battle of Fair Oaks, May 31 and June 1. The result of these actions was the defeat of the enemy, but we could not follow it up by marching on Richmond because our artillery could not be taken along. We should have been brought up without artillery before the heavy guns of the enemy's works. This, and the condition of the bridges, was the chief reason for not advancing at that time.—Passing to the seven days' battles, General M'Clellan defends his measures as right and proper. At Gaines's Mills no more troops should have been sent to the support of our right, which was assailed by a greatly superior force. By retaining the troops on the left the enemy were prevented from getting on our flank and rear, so that we were enabled to withdraw the army and materials. Up to this battle he had hoped to be able to hold his ground, though the enemy were in superior force. The retreat was commenced immediately after. Some property was destroyed, but no orders were given for a general destruction of baggage. He made the general dispositions for the battles at Savage's Station and Malvern Hills. The entire loss in killed, wounded, and missing from the 25th of June to the arrival at Harrison's Landing was about 14,000. He brought to the James River 85,000 to 90,000 men. For an advance from this point to Richmond he asked at first for a reinforcement of 50,000 men, as he wished to leave nothing to chance; but he was ready to undertake it with 20,000. He counted for success much on the effect of the battles that had been fought. There was reason to believe that the loss of the enemy greatly exceeded ours, and that portions of his army were much demoralized. The withdrawal of the army from the Peninsula was in opposition to his judgment; he thought that nearly every thing under the control of the Government should have been massed on the James River. After the withdrawal the whole available strength of the Army of the Potomac was sent to the support of the Army of Virginia under General Pope. General M'Clellan sent troops and supplies —every thing but his own guard. Arriving at Washington, he was ordered by General Halleck, on the 1st of September, to take command of the defenses of the capital, but was prohibited from assuming any control of the troops under General Pope. He entered upon the campaign in Maryland without definite orders or instructions. That campaign shaped itself. When the time came, he went out. The tenor of General Halleck's dispatches was, however, that he was going too far from Washington. When he left the capital nothing definite was known of the design and position of the enemy. Our idea was to follow such a direction as to cover Washington, and, if necessary, Baltimore. An order issued to General Hill from General Lee, which was found at Frederick, showed that it was the object of the enemy to go to Pennsylvania if possible, or at all events to remain in Maryland. This was frustrated by the battles of South Mountain and Antietam. These actions are described at length by General M'Clellan. The essential points are, that at Antietam he had something over 90,000 men, of whom 70,000 to 75,000 were engaged; that the enemy were "close upon 100,000;" that our loss was so great, and there was so much disorganization in some of the commands that he did not think it proper to renew the attack upon the following day, especially as he was sure of the arrival of two fresh corps of 15,000 men. He made arrangements for renewing the attack at daybreak on the 19th; but on the previous night the enemy abandoned his positions, and being unincumbered by wagons moved with great rapidity, and got across the river before we could do him any serious injury. "I think," says General M'Clellan, in concluding, "that taking, into consideration what the troops had gone through, we got as much out of them in the Antietam campaign as human endurance could bear."——The purport of General M'Clellan's testimony is that he found the army totally inefficient in discipline and equipment; that active operations were assumed as early as possible; that the movement on the Peninsula was judiciously planned, carried out with all possible energy, failed from causes over which he had no control, and was abandoned against his opinion when, with moderate reinforcements, there was a fair prospect of success.

Altogether different in tenor is the testimony of General Hooker. The leading points of this are embodied in the Report of the Committee as condensed in our last Record. He says that M'Clellan took 90,000 men; he joined him with 11,000, and Franklin's division was soon added. There were then from 8000 to 15,000 of the enemy at Yorktown. Heintzelman's corps could alone have gone right through the works and gained their rear. Their lines could have been pierced with inconsiderable loss. He would have got on the road between Yorktown and Richmond, and compelled them to fight on his ground, not their own. He describes the battle of Williamsburg, which he thinks the hardest fight during the war. He held his position against three or four times his number; the condi-

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tion of the roads being such that he could not get up his ammunition, his men standing their ground with the bayonet and such ammunition as they could collect from the cartridge-boxes of those who had fallen. But he held the enemy in a vice; their guns were commanded by his skirmishers, so that they could not fire. Heintzelman and Sumner, with their 30,000 men, could then have crossed the Peninsula through the enemy's line without losing ten men. This was not attempted; and during the night the enemy evacuated Williamsburg. General Hooker believes that we could have moved right on, and got into Richmond by the second day without another gun being fired. He learned from reliable sources that when the news of the battle of Williamsburg reached Richmond Jefferson Davis and Governor Letcher sent away their families and all the public archives, and only brought them back when it was found that the pursuit had ceased. He knows no good reason for the loss of time in advancing. He thinks also that after the battle of Fair Oaks a march upon Richmond would have succeeded. So, too, he says that if the defeat of the enemy at Malvern Hills had been followed up by our whole force Richmond would have been ours without a doubt. In fact he says that there was no time during the whole campaign in which he did not feel sure that we could go to Richmond. After the order was received to abandon Harrison's Landing he assured General M'Clellan that with the force we had Richmond could be taken, and offered to lead the advance. On returning to his camp he found an order from General M'Clellan to be ready with two days' rations, and the usual supply of ammunition. He supposed that this order meant an advance upon Richmond. He had told General M'Clellan that, if the attack was unsuccessful, it might cost him his head; but he might as well die for a sheep as for a lamb.—After the return of the army from the Peninsula to Alexandria, General Hooker thinks, though he "had no opportunity of knowing the facts in the case," that it might have given far more efficient support to General Pope.—General Hooker gives a detailed account of the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, at the latter of which he was severely wounded. When he left the field he was confident that a great victory had been gained; he thought that nothing could happen which would make it a drawn battle.—The prevailing tenor of General Hooker's testimony, as far as General M'Clellan's operations are concerned, may be summed up in a single sentence. In reply to the question to what he attributed the failure of the Peninsular campaign, he says, "I do not hesitate to say that it is to be attributed to the want of generalship on the part of our commander."—General Hooker's testimony in regard to the battle of Fredericksburg indicates—though his views are implied rather than expressed—that in his opinion the movement was badly planned, and that there was no reasonable prospect of success; the troops were put to a work that no men could do.

Literary Notices.

History of the Intellectual Development of Europe, by JOHN WILLIAM DRAPER, M.D., LL.D. This work is properly the complement to Dr. Draper's "Human Physiology." In that work man was considered as an individual whose growth and decline is governed by fixed and inevitable laws. In this he is considered in his social relations, as a component part of a nation or people. The proposition which Dr. Draper undertakes to demonstrate is, "that social advancement is as completely under the control of law as is bodily growth; the life of an individual is a miniature of the life of a nation:" or, as afterward expanded, "In a world composed of vanishing forms I am to vindicate the imperishability, the majesty of Law, and to show how man proceeds in his social march in obedience to it. I am to lead my reader, perhaps in a reluctant path, from the outward phantasmagorial illusions which surround us, and so ostentatiously obtrude themselves on our attention, to something that lies in silence and strength behind. I am to draw his thoughts from the tangible to the invisible, from the limited to the universal, from the changeable to the invariable, from the transitory to the eternal; from the expedients and volitions so largely amusing the life of man to the predestined and resistless, issuing from the fiat of God." No "argument" so magnificent has been essayed since Milton undertook to "assert eternal Providence, and justify the ways of God to man." We can here undertake to give only the most bald indications of the line of discourse. The intellectual history of Greece is in the outset assumed as the most complete illustration of the life of humanity. This is traced from its beginnings in the old Indian Legends, through the ages of Credulity, Inquiry, Faith, Reason, and Decrepitude. The history of the existing nations of Europe is then treated in the same general order. To demonstrate the majesty of Law in the history of nations, Dr. Draper brings an accumulation of learning and a wealth of illustration for which we know of only two parallels—Warburton's "Divine Legation" and Buckle's "History of Civilization." But Warburton's immense learning was exhausted in maintaining a proposition which nobody denied, with no bearing upon the disputable one, which was essential to the validity of his argument; while Buckle was crushed by the very weight of his illustrative examples. Dr. Draper moves with ease and vigor under the weight of his mighty panoply. He undertakes to give the history of the development of Europe, almost contemptuously ignoring the noisy petty struggles of kings and emperors, touching upon them only when they are exponents of thoughts and ideas. The grand conclusions are, that "The organization of public intellect is the end toward which European civilization is tending;" that "Europe is now entering on its mature phase of life. Each of its nations will attempt its own intellectual organization, and will accomplish it, more or less perfectly, as certainly as that bees build combs and fill them with honey. The excellency of the result will altogether turn on the suitability and perfection of the means.... In an all-important particular the prospect of Europe is bright. China is passing through the last stage of its civil life in the cheerlessness of Buddhism. Europe approaches it through Christianity. Universal benevolence can not fail to yield a better fruit than unsocial pride. There is a fairer hope for nations animated by a sincere relig-

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ious sentiment, who, whatever their political history may have been, have always agreed in this, that they were devout, than for a people who dedicate themselves to a selfish pursuit of material advantages, who have lost all belief in a future, and are living without any God." These pages will not have been written in vain, says Dr. Draper, in closing his volume, "if the facts which they present impress the reader, as they have impressed the author, with a conviction that the civilization of Europe has not taken place fortuitously, but in a definite manner, and under the control of natural law; that the procession of nations does not move forward like a dream, without reason or order, but that there is a predetermined, a solemn march, in which all must join, ever moving, ever resistlessly advancing, encountering and enduring an inevitable succession of events; that individual life and its advancement through successive stages is the model of social life and its secular variations.... The application of this principle to human societies is completely established by a scientific study of their history; and the more extensive and profound that study the better shall we be able to distinguish the invariable law in the midst of the varying events. But that once thoroughly appreciated, we have gained a philosophical guide for the interpretation of the past acts of nations, and a prophetic monitor of their future, so far as prophecy is possible in human affairs."—We are confident that this volume will be at once recognized as the great philosophical work of the age. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Geological Evidences of the Antiquity of Man, by Sir CHARLES LYELL. According to the old opinion, based upon what was supposed to be the chronology of the Bible, an antiquity of less than 6000 years was assigned to our globe. We think that it may be safely assumed that this opinion is now abandoned by all scientific men. The next ground taken by those who adhered to what they considered the Biblical chronology was that it relates wholly to the history of man; and that while the earth may have existed, and have longer been the abode of living creatures, man made his appearance here only about 6000 years ago. To examine this theory in the light of geological facts is the main purpose of this elaborate work. The array of facts is enormous; and the conclusion to which they have evidently brought the author is, that human beings have inhabited the earth for a period of indefinite extent—how long, whether a hundred or a thousand centuries, Sir Charles Lyell does not, we believe, venture to estimate, but certainly for a time reaching far back of that ordinarily assigned. Those who find in this conclusion any thing to shock their faith in revelation will have ample amends in its bearing upon a far more important point—the unity of the human race. The pictures on the walls of ancient temples in Egypt, which were certainly executed more than a thousand years before Christ, show, for instance, that the difference between the Negro and Caucasian physiognomies was as marked as it now is; and the two hundred years during which Africans have existed in America have wrought little change in their physical character. Hence those who advocated a diversity of race argued that the 1500 years which, according to common chronology, intervened between the deluge and the painting of the Egyptian pictures, was wholly insufficient to have brought about the diversities which exist. But, as Sir Charles Lyell says, "So long as physiologists continued to believe that man had not existed upon the earth above 6000 years they might, with good reason, withhold their assent from the doctrine of a unity of origin of so many distinct races; but the difficulty becomes less and less exactly in proportion as we enlarge our ideas of the lapse of time during which different communities may have spread slowly and become isolated, each exposed for ages to a peculiar set of conditions, whether of temperature, or food, or danger, or ways of living." (Published by George W. Childs.)

The month's additions to "Harper's Library of Select Novels" comprise three tales of more than ordinary interest: *Sylvia's Lovers*, by Mrs. GASKELL, is a story of humble life in an English fishing village, notable especially for the careful and elaborate manner in which the character of the heroine is wrought out.—*A Dark Night's Work*, by the same author, is of a more ambitious character. The story turns upon the knowledge which a young girl has accidentally acquired of a great crime committed by her father. This secret darkens her whole life, and is in the end disclosed by her when it is necessary to save an innocent person who has been convicted, upon circumstantial evidence, of having been the perpetrator. Mrs. Gaskell's first tale, "Mary Barton," published a dozen years since, won for her a place among the foremost novelists of the times. She has secured her position by a long series of tales, of which these two are among the best.—*A First Friendship*, by an author whose name is not announced, is a vigorous story. The plot is constructed with a skill hardly inferior to that of Mr. Wilkie Collins; the characters are sketched with a bold and masterly hand; and although the tragic element is largely introduced, there is nothing of the morbid vein which predominates in the tales of the later writers of the "sensation school." The tone of the story is manly and earnest.

Madge; or, Night and Morning, by H. G. B. A child is "bound out" from the work-house to a cold, sharp, shrewd woman, who treats her harshly. The girl, however, has an earnest longing for knowledge, and, aided by the minister's good wife, and more especially by Maurice, her mistress's son, learns to read. At fourteen she runs away from her mistress, gets employment in a factory, saves money, goes to school, and in an incredibly short time grows up to be a most beautiful and accomplished woman. Maurice, who has been acting as Professor in a Southern college, is to be sent to Europe to study for a couple of years. By accident he discovers Madge, who has all along loved him. They correspond, and at last he writes that he is about to be married to the daughter of an English baronet. But the Lady Blanche jilts him, and he discovers that he has all along really loved his mother's "bound girl;" so he comes back and marries Madge. This sketch of the plot shows that the novel belongs to the "Lamplighter" school, so much in vogue a few years ago. The school itself is a poor one, ignoring, as it does, all the probabilities of life and character. "Madge" is, however, one of the best of its class. It is written in an exceedingly pure and graceful style; and is not wanting in indications that the author, who may be assumed to be a young writer, is capable of producing a tale of a far higher order. (Published by D. Appleton and Company.)

A First Latin Course, being Part I. of "Principia Latina," by WILLIAM SMITH, LL.D., revised by Professor DRISSLER, of Columbia College, is the result of many years' practical teaching, and seeks to combine the advantages of the older and more modern

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methods of instruction. It has one great merit of a school-book designed for beginners—brevity. Its compact form and clear arrangement will commend it to the careful attention of those whose duty it is to teach the rudiments of Latin.——Two new volumes have been added to Harper's admirable series of "Greek and Latin Texts." These are Sallust's *Catiline* and *Jugurtha*, and Xenophon's *Anabasis*. The whole series is notable for the perfect accuracy of the text, which has been secured by repeated and laborious revision. As text-books for colleges and academies they are rapidly superseding all other editions. Their moderate cost brings them within the means of every student; while, being simple texts, unincumbered by notes, they can be used in connection with the editions of any commentator.

The Annual of Scientific Discovery for 1863, edited by DAVID A. WELLS. This volume presents a condensed record of the experiments, discoveries, and improvements made during the past year in Mechanics, Arts, and the various departments of Physical Science. Of especial interest at the present time is the resumé of the series of experiments conducted in England to test the relative value of the armor applied to their iron-clads, and the improved artillery which may be brought to bear upon it. The general judgment of the best authorities thus far is that the victory is with the guns rather than with the ships. It is certain that targets representing the armor of the model vessel, the *Warrior*, have been pierced by both shot and shell. It is, however, insisted upon by others that the experiments were made under circumstances altogether favorable to the guns, and that the *Warrior* plates of 4½ inches, backed up by 18 inches of wood, are invulnerable to any shot to which they would be likely to be exposed in actual warfare; for it is said that the guns which pierced the plates could not be mounted on shipboard; and when opposed to land batteries, the vessel, being able to choose her own distance, can keep beyond the range at which the shot will be practically effective, either in respect to force or certainty of aim. It must be borne in mind that the English experiments relate only to solid plates not exceeding 4½ inches. They have no vessels whose armor, like the turrets of our Monitors, is a foot or more in thickness. The question is of the utmost importance, and the essential facts in the case are clearly embodied in this volume, which is almost essential to any one who wishes, with a reasonable expenditure of time, to maintain even a general acquaintance with the progress of the Arts and Sciences. (Published by Gould and Lincoln.)

Dr. WORTHINGTON HOOKER possesses, with Faraday, the rare faculty of presenting scientific facts in a popular and attractive form. Few more readable books have been written than Faraday's "Chemistry of a Candle" or Hooker's "First Book in Chemistry." Under the general title of *Science for the School and Family*, Dr. Hooker has prepared three volumes, treating of Natural Philosophy, Chemistry, Mineralogy, and Geology. The first of these treatises, which has just been issued, is an admirable presentation of the leading features of Natural Philosophy. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Sea-Kings and Naval Heroes, by JOHN G. EDGAR. The author, whose previous "Books for Boys" have made his name a household word, gives in this volume a series of succinct biographical sketches of a score of the principal naval commanders whose prowess has, during a thousand years, contributed so largely to gaining for Great Britain the place which she holds in the family of nations. He begins with Rollo the Norman, and closes with Collingwood and Nelson. It would be difficult to name twenty men whose lives presented more of stirring adventure than those of this score of men. The salient points in their career are presented in a bold and vigorous manner. Altogether the work is one which will commend itself to the special favor of the class of young readers for whom it is especially designed. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Cavalry; its History, Management, and Uses in War, by J. ROEMER. When the war broke out a number of gentlemen formed themselves into a company for the purpose of preparing themselves for cavalry service, and for instructor secured Professor Roemer, of the "Free Academy," formerly an officer in the cavalry service of the Netherlands. This handsome and fully illustrated volume embodies the substance of the lectures given by Professor Roemer. It is designed for practical use. It treats of the value of cavalry in war: its relations to other branches of the service; its proper functions and duties; how this arm is affected by the recent improvements in fire-arms; closing with an elaborate chapter on the Horse, considered as an integral part of cavalry organization. The object of the work is certainly of high importance, and, as far as a non-professional person is capable of judging, it has been worthily executed. (Published by D. Van Nostrand.)

The Astronomy of the Bible, by O. M. MITCHEL. This is the latest work prepared by the author before he exchanged the quiet toils of the Observatory for the stirring labors of the camp and field. Indeed, it is but a fragment of a larger work to which he was devoting his energies. It is marked by the same characteristics which distinguish all his utterances—eager enthusiasm, fervid eloquence, and a devout spirit. He takes the ground that the Bible is true, and that therefore when its teachings are fully understood they must agree with those of science; and consequently if we perceive an apparent discrepancy it is because we misunderstand or only imperfectly comprehend one, or more likely both. He does not assume that he or any other man now is able to reconcile all the apparent discrepancies, but only that one by one they are disappearing before the development of science; and that therefore we are now warranted in stating a perfect harmony to be an increasing probability. (Published by Blakeman and Mason.)

The Fairy-Book, by Miss MULOCK. In this charming volume—for Fairy Tales still retain their charm for young and old—the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman," has undertaken to collect from a wide range of sources the best of those Fairy Tales which have for generations won their way to the popular heart. Those which are originally English, like *Jack the Giant-Killer* and *Tom Thumb*, have been given intact; those coming into our language from abroad have been re-translated; and the different points which occur in various versions have been combined into one, involving not unfrequently an entire rewriting. That this task, which has been a labor of love, has been well performed need not be said. Miss Mulock has, we think, fully carried out her design, which was to make "the best collection attainable of that delight of all children, and of many grown people who retain the child-heart still—the old-fashioned, time-honored, classic Fairy Tale." (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

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Editor's Easy Chair.

THE most striking and memorable events of the month in the city of New York were the two patriotic meetings held on the anniversaries of the attack upon Sumter and of the great Union Square meeting of 1861. They were chiefly interesting as evidences of the sober, unflagging spirit of the people, and for combining upon the same platform men of all shades of political opinion and of every part of the country. When Dickinson, and Frémont, and Andrew J. Hamilton of Texas, and John Van Buren, and the Mayor of Baltimore, and General Sigel, and Postmaster-General Blair unite in a common purpose it argues a very uncommon purpose.

It is always curious to watch a great assembly of the people. It is impressive as a spectacle, but more interesting from the conviction which it enforces that the old Athenian multitude was a much safer ruler than we are apt to imagine. Every man who has watched great popular meetings, and especially every one who has addressed them, must remark a general common sense, justice, and generosity in all their judgments. A crowd knows what is stuff and what is sense. A crowd loves logic. A crowd weighs arguments, and respects the man who uses them. A crowd applauds fine rhetoric, and knows its value. A fine thought, an apt illustration, a diamond-pointed jest, a touching anecdote, an airy humor, are instantly seized and appreciated by the multitude. An orator who has something to say can have no better audience than a crowd of the street which is interested in the question. It was to such a crowd that Demosthenes, the grandest of orators, and Pericles, the most polished and persuasive, spoke. They did not appeal to cultivation, nor to an exceptional sympathy, but to the broad and deep instincts of the common heart. Pericles, in his famous oration upon the Peloponnesian dead, addressed the populace of Athens. Nor will any orator find that popular heart irresponsive to any sincere appeal.

Mobs, as we call them, are not spontaneous developments of what is called the rabble, except when that class is pinched by actual want or injustice. Mobs, in this country at least, have always been engineered by demagogues—that is, by clever, unprincipled men, who play upon the worst passions by the basest means and for the meanest purposes. Ignorant men are told that a certain man or class is their enemy, the disturber of their peace; that he is a fanatic, a fool, a knave; that he is trying to take the food out of their mouths and the work from their hands: they are inflamed by the most frenzied and passionate appeals, stimulated by liquor, maddened by party hate; and then they are ready to break up a meeting, to ride an orator on a rail, to burn a building, and at last, breaking up into general riot, to defy all the authority of the Law. You may go into any town or city in the free States where there has been a mob during the last ten years, and you will find that the mob was really a knot or clique of invisible persons, who used the multitude as Briareus used his hands. Whatever is mean, crafty, and false instinctively hates discussion. For speech is light. Discussion is discovery. The base doctrine, the inhuman idea, aim to put out the light in the only way they can—by brute force. When that is impossible, when the multitude is lifted by a great and generous emotion, the wiles of craft are foiled, and Justice is applauded and becomes possible.

You can not but think of these things as you move among a crowd at one of our vast meetings, or look at it from a window or a platform. An orator loves a crowd as a swimmer the deep sea. The deeper the sea, the more buoyantly he floats; so the larger and rougher the crowd, the more confidently he speaks. When the orator is himself a historic man, a part of the history which every day is making, he is invested with a peculiar charm for the multitude. They called for cheers for Frémont long after he had seated himself and another orator had spoken. They wanted to carry him in triumph upon a platform. And when General Scott appeared upon the balcony, his towering form and venerable aspect—a splendid figure-head for a great meeting—were beheld of all the crowd, and they shouted and huzzaed loud and long, with intense satisfaction.

These meetings were interesting, also, because they were peace meetings. The original Sumter gathering in New York was the greatest peace meeting ever held. Peace is the promised land that stands dressed in living green beyond the swelling flood of war. But through that fiery flood, through the bitter red sea, lies the way, and the heart of the nation does not faint nor fail.

"NEW HAMPSHIRE" writes to the Easy Chair that she "read with surprise and disappointment what you say of Beranger's Lisette. *You*, whom I have always considered a model of propriety and correct feeling, so you would have the name of 'a fallen woman' immortalized because she happened to attract the fancy of a great but sensual poet. Is she any better for this than the thousand poor creatures who walk our streets? Would you say to your daughter, your friend, receive *any* proposals from a great man, because in this way your name with his will be handed down to posterity? What if she did live in an attic and labor with her hands? Many good women have done this, and repented of small sins. Perhaps she, a bad one, repented of great sins. 'Tender and true' to the great poet, was she? Not according to his own words,

> 'What though from whom she got her dress I've since
> Learnt but too well.'

Very tender and true!.....How can you mention this Lisette on the same page with Charles Lamb? You do not, you can not think that they are equally worthy of being remembered. Is sin any the less sin in great men? And why should her 'old hands be spared the hard necessity of work' because she was the partner of Beranger's sins?"

Well, good woman, let us hope that if Christian charity be good for any thing, it is ample enough to fold what you call "a bad one" as well as the virtuous. It is not hard to have charity and forgiveness for saints. Do you know that it is the sinners who try the quality of our humanity? Did I say that I would have her immortalized because she was "a fallen woman?" No, because that does not de-

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pend upon you and me. She *is* immortalized in the music of the poet. Did I say or insinuate that she was a model for women to imitate? On the contrary, was not the paragraph I quoted, and all that I said, an appeal to the sheerest pity? If your "perhaps" is true, and she, "a bad one," *did* repent "of great sins," is there not some joy over one sinner who repenteth, and the greater joy over the greater sin repented? "Tender and true" I did call her, and so would you, good friend, if you knew her story, which, I presume, you do not know. I mentioned her with Charles Lamb. He would not have repudiated the association nor have shunned the woman. But I did not plead for an equal remembrance. And, finally, her old hands should not have been spared hard work because she was a sinner, but because she was a poor old woman. Believe me, friend of the granite State, if this Easy Chair could have his way, every old woman should be spared the necessity of toiling for her food, nor would he keep one at hard labor for her sins. Shall we be fastidious in sin and refine upon misery? You, comfortable doubtless in a happy home, has your heart no warming toward this friendless, deserted, dying old woman fighting off starvation in a garret? Because she *was* a woman, because she *was* "sinful," because she *was* forlorn, and forgotten—are these not the very reasons why you should remember and console her? You need not respect the "good" less, because you pity "a bad one." You need not befriend those who have not fallen because you stoop to wipe the brow of one who has. If you will take the most obvious and superficial view, is it not well for virtue and propriety that the pitiful ending of "sin" should be made plain and emphasized? Only please not ask us to sneer and spurn as well as pity. Only please not assume that, because a woman may have "fallen," she has therefore dropped quite out of human sympathy and the forgiveness of such frail saints as the best of us are. When she is old, wretched, and dead, for pity's sake remember, "all that remains of her now is pure womanly." Do you think that Hood should be arraigned before a court-martial of the moralities for his poem? Do you think it is an apotheosis of prostitution and suicide? Do you think that sorrow, sympathy, and forgiveness are the least becoming of the Christian graces? Have no fear, my friend; no woman is more likely to fall because Lisette ended miserably, nor because this poor halting Easy Chair put in one little word of pity.

If ever you have a daughter whose feet go astray, and she stumbles and falls, and after many years painfully struggling for life from day to day, at last, in a lonely garret, she comes to die—neglected, forgotten, alone—Heaven grant that, if in a foreign land, some compassionate voice shall speak a word of human interest and sympathy, regretting that there was no kind hand to smooth the pillow and close the weary eyes—Heaven grant, I say, that there may be no harsh or even friendly challenging of that sympathy as a tribute to weakness and an excuse for sin! I am very sure, good friend unknown, that your heart secretly cries Amen to such a prayer; and that you would not grieve if your own hand should be the chosen comforter. If the poor old Lisette's grave is to be nameless in the pauper cemetery, let us at least not write "bad one" upon her memory in our hearts.

THE doors of the Academy Exhibition regularly opened in April, and the cheerful Derby Gallery was filled with good pictures. There has seldom been a collection so generally excellent; and it has been a peculiar relief to turn aside from the harassing cares of the time, to be calmed and refreshed by the placid charm of Art. Occasionally a battle sketch, or a camp scene, or a military portrait, reminded the spectator of the war; and, for the first time in this generation, such works were painted from our daily experience. But how easily a great nation, like a single person, adapts itself to a radical change! We all used to suppose that if war should ever come the very aspect of life would be changed. So it was for the first few months, but now it has become chronic, and there are few more signs of our own struggle in Broadway, for instance, than there would be of a European war, except the greater display of military material.

There was not only a greater general excellence among the pictures, but the variety of excellence was more marked. In older times Mr. Mount and Mr. Edmonds supplied specimens of "character" pieces—works neither portrait nor landscape. Mr. Edmonds's quiet life and patient work are ended, and Mr. Mount's negro boys no longer doze and dance upon the Academy walls; but the "characteristic" pictures have increased and multiplied.

The portraits, too, which used to kindle the wit of the critics—the "portrait of a lady" and "of a gentleman," which apparently represented humanity in the abstract—have now developed into individual works full of interest and value. There was a day when Henry Inman reigned supreme in portrait upon the Academy walls. Ingham's velvet fingers also softened the unreal canvas. The popular test of excellence in his pictures seemed to be the nearness of approach with which they could be studied without detecting any trace of the brush or smear of pigment. They had likeness and a soft, feminine feeling; but they were timid and conventional, and the sitter seemed to be always the same person. But young America swept triumphantly in upon the fathers in portraiture, and Page, Huntington, Gray, Elliott, and Hicks, followed by Stone, Carpenter, Wenzler, Baker, Greene, and Cafferty, and these again by Furness, Wild, and Staigg, with the occasional works of Leutze, Healy, and others, now occupy the walls and engross admiration—every year developing newer excellence, and steadily elevating the standard of American art.

The influence of foreign study is every year more evident in the works of our painters. There is occasionally one of them, like Church, who has a reluctance to expose himself to the power of the great masters, lest they should overcome his own individuality. But, generally, if a man's originality is of so slight a root that it can be bent aside by the mere attractive force of another, it may as well be early exposed and suffer the consequences. What is new is achieved by knowing what is old; and the knowledge of methods in every art is of the utmost value to every student. The slight flavor of imitation which is perceived in the early works of many a great artist is very transitory. In the first sonatas of Beethoven the influence of Mozart is plain enough, but Beethoven was all the better for knowing Mozart. The utmost generosity of cultivation always tells. Then, again, the originality of a man who is overwhelmed by another individuality is worth little at the best. It is a tasteless natural fruit, and the tree will be improved by grafting. The study of great works, again, excites a kindred sentiment and development. Thus in Furness's

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portraits the old Venetian and modern French influences are evident. Yet they do not result in an imitation. So in Hennessy's charming small pictures, it is clear enough that he has studied Frere with loving intelligence and sympathy; but his works have an independent value. We learn ourselves from studying others. Among our masters of landscape Kensett has lived long in Europe, studying the famous landscapes upon the canvas and in nature. But there is no Europe, no Claude, no Salvator in his White Mountain or Sea-side pictures. They are American, and his own. The Easy Chair remembers well a long and warm discussion, often repeated, between Story the sculptor and himself upon this very point. Story, in those days—

"In summer, when the days are long"—

used to insist that an American sculptor should live at home, and work upon American subjects in American marble. Story has now lived for many years abroad, and he has lately completed probably the finest and most original of modern works in sculpture, the Libyan Sybil. It has not harmed his genius or his hand that he lives in Italy and has carved his statue in Serra Vezzia marble. In sculpture, indeed, the nationality of any work must be merely incidental. Thorwaldsen's Hebe—a copy of which in marble was one of the gifts of the city of Copenhagen to the Princess Alexandra—is not more Danish than Italian, not more Northern than Southern. Of course in portraiture the case is different. Michael Angelo's Julian di Medici would hardly be taken for a Norwegian or an Englishman. It is our peculiar interest in the African race at this time which nationalizes Story's statue of the Libyan Sybil. If it were another Sybil it might be equally fine, but it might not be very easy to determine whether it were the work of an American, an Italian, a Frenchman, or a Russian. In painting, a national school of landscape is founded upon the nature characteristic of the country; as in portraiture it is based upon the manner of certain masters. Architecture, again, in the severe lines of Greek temples, and the stately elaboration of springing Gothic arches and capitals, conveys the differing sentiment of North and South, of Germany and Greece. But sculpture transcends all these distinctive types, and reveals its time and country only by the characteristics of its subject.

Thus in the Academy Exhibition of this year there could be no mistaking the little clay group, *The Union Refugees*, by John Rogers. It is an American; for nowhere else does the sturdy form of the laborer have the full loftiness of man. It is not English, nor French, nor Italian, nor Swedish, but American. You would hail it as such anywhere, in any gallery. It is a touching illustration of the time. And there is another illustration of the time of an entirely different kind, which the Easy Chair most gladly mentions here upon leaving the Gallery. It is that in a little more than three months there have been a hundred thousand dollars subscribed for the erection of the new building for the Academy, which is to contain its Exhibition and Instruction Rooms, with its collections and all necessary offices. This noble sum has been contributed by those who have not spared their purses for the help of the war, and has been mainly collected by the effort of half a dozen artists. The new Academy will be built at the corner of the Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street.

No late book has excited a stronger interest than Kinglake's "History of the Crimean War." Two or three months since the Easy Chair mentioned its appearance in England; but it has now been republished by the Harpers, and will be very widely read in this country; nor can it fail to have great influence.

For the general public of the world it is the first clear, concise, and complete history of the *coup d'état* of the 2d December, 1851, in Paris, and the foundation of the present French empire. This is, indeed, only an episode; but it is essential to his purpose of developing the causes and conduct of the war. And such a hideous story has been seldom told. *L'empire, c'est un crime.* The old French revolution was terrible, but it was not the work of individual ambitions. The revolution of 1830 was noble. That of 1848 was less a revolution than the tumbling down of a Government that had no party in the state. But the origin of the empire is infamous. It is a mere conspiracy. It was the dash of reckless and skillful adventurers. It is the work of perjurers and assassins.

This, at least, is the empire according to Kinglake, and there is no good reason for questioning the truth of his story or of his judgment. It was a conspiracy which began by seizing and imprisoning the great generals and statesmen—the civil and military leaders of France—and filling their places with desperate and unknown plotters. And now comes the bitterness of the book for English readers. Having set forth the total want of honor and decency and principle and humanity with which Louis Napoleon became Emperor, Kinglake proceeds to show how he entrapped Great Britain into an unnecessary war, compelling her haughtiest nobles to hobnob with midnight adventurers, and bringing the chief of those adventurers as a guest to Windsor Castle, with the privilege of kissing the Queen at her own door. The profound indignation of Kinglake in describing this is the more pathetic from the very restraint which he puts upon his expression of it. He imagines the "gentlemen" of France looking on at the presentation of Lord Raglan to Marshal St. Arnaud at the Tuileries, and apostrophizing England:

"We imagined that you knew how to honor the memory of your Wellington; and that after his death, when you looked toward Fitzroy Somerset (Lord Raglan), or spoke to him, or listened to his words, you looked and spoke and listened like men who remembered. Him, nevertheless, you now offer up. To have brought you down to this is a great achievement, the realization of what they call here a 'Napoleonic idea.' The prisoner of St. Helena is avenged at last. We are classic here, and we strike commemorative medals. You will soon see the honored image of your Fitzroy Somerset undergoing presentation at the Tuileries. Already our artists have caught some glimpses of him, and they declare it is the coloring, the glow of the complexion, which makes him look so English, and that in bronze he will be grandly Roman. Those noble lineaments of his, that upright, manly form, nay, even the empty sleeve, which speaks to you of your day of glory, will worthily signify what England was; and then the effigy of our counterfeit Cæsar receiving the homage of a stainless Englishman, and joining him hand to hand with M. Le Roy St. Arnaud, this will show what England is. We hear that you are well pleased with the prospect of all this, and that—far from shrinking—your 'virtuous middle class,' as you call it, is going into a state of coarse rapture. For shame!"

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Kinglake's history of the Crimean war is the story of the victory of an unprincipled adventurer over England as well as over France. It must make every English gentleman hang his head. It is the most amazing unmasking of the impotence of some and of the blindness of other members of the British cabinet. They actually go to sleep in the summer evening after dinner when the foreign secretary reads them a dispatch which apparently intrusts the power of England and the peace of Europe to the decision of one general in Turkey, to whom, however, the secretary leaves scarcely discretion. Contrast, then, the sleeplessness, the alert activity, the unscrupulous duplicity of the cabinet over the Channel. Do you think Morny and Persigny and Louis Napoleon fall asleep after dinner over a plan of European war? Of course the nation with the sleepy governors falls an easy prey to the policy of the wide-eyed Tuileries. As you thread your exciting way through these painful pages you feel oppressively as if the days of two centuries ago had dawned again—as if the England of Palmerston and Co. were that of the last Charles and James—as if the wily intriguers of France were the men of Louis Fourteenth's court—as if England were once more hoodwinked and despised.

This is the picture which the painter of "Eothen" lays upon the historic canvas. This is the work of which the very praises in the London periodicals confirm the unhandsome opinion it suggests of the condition of England. We have the "luxury of praising without reserve," says one. It is "a great and immortal addition to historical literature," says another. It is "a genuine history." The author takes rank "among the best historians." The work "is vividly true." Is it so? Then it is the story of English shame which the magic pen has made immortal. For if France is depicted as prostrate in the military snare of a perjurer, England is delineated as a great helpless victim of his diplomatic wile. It is sympathy that he inspires for one side of the Channel—it is contempt and pity for the other. Honorable Englishmen will not consent to have such things permanently true. The policy of the French Emperor has been to dazzle or divert all eyes at home and abroad. Here is one eye that has not been diverted, but has looked steadily at the truth, and one firm tongue that tells it. Surely public opinion in England can not rest until it ascertains whether it be the truth. If it is, Kinglake's history will do a work not less in extent and infinitely better than that which he declares the London *Times* did. That paper, he says, helped England into an unnecessary war. His book will help England out of a dishonorable alliance. Louis Napoleon's success in seizing France and deluding or confounding the world into silence has hitherto exempted him from the calm scrutiny of history. But every honest man in the world will be willing that while he yet lives he shall perceive in advance the infamy which must attend his name hereafter. Very few people care how the troops were disposed at the Alma, or by what details of operations the Malakoff was finally carried. But every nation and all honorable men are interested to know that crime is not to be extenuated because it is stupendous, nor a bloody adventurer to be respected because he sits upon a throne and calls himself Emperor.

WHILE Dickens, Thackeray, and Wilkie Collins are silent, Charles Reade fires off one of his brilliant, dashing, rattling novels; full of cleverness and animation, and easily superior to the sensation stories which suddenly achieve a remarkable and utterly inexplicable notoriety.

The mere sale of a book is deceptive. Before you decide upon its probable character or claims ascertain who it is that buys it. Fame is not conferred by the number of copies sold, nor by the multitude of readers, but by the quality of those who read. The London *Journal*, a weekly magazine of stories, sells three hundred thousand copies every week. But it never made a fame. Mr. Pierce Egan is its chief writer. He ought to be a rich man, if he gets his share. We hope he does, and that he is rich. But he is certainly not famous. His stories are probably read by ten times as many people as Thackeray's or Dickens's, but they are not a part of English literature. So with Mr. Reynolds. If you are familiar with the novels that are done up in colored paper, with a wood-cut upon the cover, and sold very cheap, you have often seen the name of Reynolds. Perhaps you have commiserated the unhappy drudge who was compelled to scribble endless stories of nothing for a scanty living. You have remembered Grub Street, and Goldsmith, and Savage, and Johnson. You have been willing to murmur: "Thou poor Reynolds! in what dreary attic do you blot brown paper with this dreary trash? Get an honest toil for an honest pittance." Spare your sorrow, then. The worthy Reynolds, whose name you will find in no Cyclopædia of Literature, "runs" three periodicals, and his income is seventy thousand dollars. His weekly paper circulates a hundred thousand copies.

Now the exact conditions of this success are incalculable. To call the stories trashy does not explain it, for there are plenty of trashy stories which are not in the least popular. There is an American writer who has a large English audience. Probably all the works of all American authors together are not so widely read as those of Mr. Sylvanus Cobb, Jun., who is not exactly known as "an American author," although we are all familiar with his name. If Mr. Cobb's worldly fortunes bear any proportion to the fortune of his writings in finding readers, and we hope they do, he is a very comfortable citizen. Now there are printed every week and every month stories which are apparently no better and no worse than his, whose difference from his it would be difficult to describe or to perceive, and yet they have no particular success, and the editor of the *Ledger* would not probably care to pay very large sums for them. Yet you may enumerate all the conditions of a fine novel, and perhaps not find Mr. Cobb's to conform in a single point. And you may lay down all the requirements of popular success, and still be unable to say why Mr. Corn does not succeed and Mr. Cobb does.

Or take the case of Charles Reade himself. Some years since he published "Christie Johnson" and "Peg Woffington." After a while they had a great success. Their crisp, sparkling, compact sentences went off like the volleys of a well-drilled regiment. There was a dramatic intensity of interest and rapidity of action which were inspiring after the slow evolutions of elaborate plots. The very brevity of the books seemed to be brilliancy. The style had a happy audacity that was irresistible. It was fresh too, and poetic; and there seemed to be a certain earnestness under the stinging persiflage. The books promoted Mr. Reade immediately to a place among the chief living English novelists; and it was pretty clear why he was so popular. At least we all thought

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so. But so incalculable is popularity that Mrs. Wood, who writes "East Lynne," and Miss Braddon, who writes "Aurora Floyd," are the present objects of the public homage.

No man or critic, therefore, however closely he may study popular successes, and investigate its reasons, ought to be censured if he predict the failure of a book which triumphs or the success of one which fails utterly. Fame, reputation, notoriety, popularity, publicity, are terms often enough confounded. What eye is sharp enough to foresee the future, and distinguish in any contemporary novelist, for instance, the page moistened with a drop of the immortal elixir? If any respectable traveler ever seemed to have secured a comfortable back-seat for the through journey it was Samuel Richardson; while of all loitering vagabonds sure to come to grief Henry Fielding was the chief. Our age sees them with different eyes. But we are doubtless as much at fault. Is it Dickens, or Thackeray, or Bulwer, or James, or Wilkie Collins, or Reade, or Charlotte Brontë, or Miss Evans, or Mrs. Gaskell, or Hawthorne, or Mrs. Southworth, or Miss Braddon, or Mrs. Stowe, or Charles Lever, or Sylvanus Cobb, Jun.—or who is he or she who is really first in the immortal race? Perhaps some one whose name we scarcely know. Some have entertained angels unawares. Let us then all read Charles Reade's "Very Hard Cash," in *Harper's Weekly*, and enjoy that sprightly, dashing, rollicking, sparkling story, taking the chances of its being an immortal work.

The Easy Chair presents his compliments to his two correspondents in Pittsburg—both complaining that the contents of the *Magazine* are not what the writers of the notes wish they should be. They find it sometimes "dull." They think some of the authors in these pages "blockheads!" They beg the Easy Chair, in a very friendly way, to try to maintain the good opinion they have always entertained of him. Gentle Sirs, what can a hapless Easy Chair do? If people will write what you gentlemen do not like, but what several scores of thousands of other gentlemen do, what remains for an Easy Chair, who has no voice in the matter, but to bewail the want of harmony in the ranks of his friends? Have the Pittsburg correspondents read our modest remarks in the May number of the *Magazine?* Do they suppose that if this were an editorial Chair, we should be guilty of the ghastly pleasantry of calling it *Easy?* They have never seated themselves in such a chair, or they would not for a moment suppose it to be possible. On the other hand, that all aspirants for literary distinction may know what may possibly be thought of them and their effusions, and thereby be warned in time not to expose themselves, the Easy Chair adds the verses which one of his correspondents quotes as the climax of his complaint against some who have written in these pages. Remember, that if a kind-hearted editor permits your essay to pass, there may be some lynx beyond the Alleghanies who will challenge you, and if he can not get at you, may eat up an Easy Chair to sate his vengeance. Think of these things, oh ready writers, and beware! *Cave canem!*

"Oh pen perverted! paper misapplied
Had Smithers still adorned the counter-side;
Bent o'er the desk, or born to useful toils,
Been taught to make the paper which he soils;
Plowed, delved, or plied the oar with lusty limb,
He had not writ of wars, nor I of him."

Editor's Drawer.

ALTHOUGH every thing in the City of Rocks bears the grim visage of war, *Harper's Monthly* is still a welcome visitor. For the benefit of those who do not enjoy the pomp and glorious circumstance of war, I will send a few "bits" for the Drawer.

First of our mighty chief: A few days since General Rosecrans was dining with his staff at one of our hotels. He unfortunately tasted the Tennessee butter, when he immediately arose and saluted the plate before him, remarking, "Gentlemen, that butter out*ranks* me!"

GENERAL ROSECRANS was reviewing the lamented Brigadier-General Nelson's old division. He took unusual interest in that band of veterans, who so long and so nobly had defended their country. He rode alone between the ranks, talking to the men and inquiring into their individual wants. Some wanted shoes, some blankets, some an increase of rations, etc. Finally the General stopped in front of an Irishman, apparently well pleased with his soldierly appearance:

"Well, Pat," says the General, "and what do you want?"

"*A furlo, plase your honor!*" answered Pat.

"You'll do, Pat!" said the General, as he rode away laughing.

ONE of the fellows in the "Hub of the Universe" writes to the Drawer:

Previous to the destruction of the National Theatre in Boston one of the stores in the basement was occupied by one Patrick I. Grace. A wag meeting a friend in the street, and knowing his penchant for rare and exciting sights, inquired if he had seen "the pig race?"

"Pig race!" repeated Dupee, "no; I never heard of one before. Where is it?"

"Down to the National Theatre; you had better go down: it's worth seeing," was the answer.

Dupee, who had been wishing for something new in the way of amusements, started for the "National" at once, but of course found the doors closed, and no signs of any race around there, except the *human race*. Feeling that he was the victim of a "sell," he turned sadly away, when his eye caught Mr. Grace's sign. The stupid painter had omitted to insert any punctuation, and it read thus: PIGRACE.

"Very good," remarked Dupee; "that does look like a pig race, sure enough!" and off he hurried to find a victim in his turn.

I HAVE a brother—a wee, little chap—who sometimes says things we think very odd. One day, as he was disposing of some bread and milk, he turned around to his mother, and said, "Oh, mother, I'm *full of glory!* There was a sunbeam on my spoon, and I swallowed it!"

THE hero of the following exploit is a son of ex-Commodore T——, now of the rebel navy. The son is loyal:

While ex-Commodore T—— was stationed at Sackett's Harbor, New York, young T—— had a fine opportunity of indulging his passion for fishing and hunting. He was called a very eccentric fellow, and was considerably addicted to the "ardient." One day young T—— came in from the Bay (Black River) in his row-boat, having been out duck-hunt-

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ing, in a decidedly happy state, and informed the crowd of by-standers on the wharf that he had lost his gun overboard while out in the bay. The gun was a very fine double-barreled one. Many expressions of sympathy were offered him, of course, by his friends, whom he effectually silenced by saying, with the greatest gravity and an air of self-gratulation, "Oh, gentlemen, the gun's not lost. I had the *presence of mind* to cut a notch in the gunwale of the boat just where the gun fell overboard," and pointing proudly to a large, bright notch which, sure enough, was there, he added: "Now get us some grappling-irons and a rope, and we'll go out and get it!" It is needless to say that that crowd laughed some, and that young T—— never heard the last of his notch and presence of mind.

THIS is very good, and very like Pat:

In one of the hospitals in the vicinity of Washington a newly-*arrived* patient, by the name of Pat, a veritable son of the Emerald Isle, complained of being quite *deaf*. The next morning after his arrival the physician, while going his regular rounds prescribing for the different patients in his ward, approached Pat, who was at the time whistling a tune called the "Irish Washer-woman." The Doctor accosted Pat with, "What is the matter with you?" but Pat didn't seem to hear, and continued whistling. The Doctor, a little bewildered at Pat's impudence, exclaimed, rather sharply, "How long have you been in hospital?" Pat said nothing, but made more music than ever. The Doctor by this time began to "smell a mice," and screamed out at the top of his voice, "Where did you come from?—what hospital were you in before you came here?"—but it had not the least impression on Pat, who still continued to whistle. The Doctor, after reading Pat's name on his card at the head of his bed, asked, "Pat, don't you want to go home on a furlough?"

Pat's eyes glistened for a moment, when he exclaimed, "*Yes, that's what's the matter!*"

About a week after Pat received a thirty-day furlough.

STEVE WILSON was the most self-important young man in my neighborhood. Though recommending others to volunteer, *he* could not be prevailed upon to enlist until fear of the draft drove him to it. It runs in the Wilson family to be dark-skinned, and Steve is decidedly the nearest to black of all. I received a letter from a little girl of fourteen which thus mentions Steve:

"Steve Wilson wrote home that he was not going to fight by the side of a nigger. I don't know why it is, unless he is afraid if he gets mixed up with them *he won't be known!*"

WE are obliged to postpone several well-seasoned dishes to make room for this from a correspondent of the Drawer:

Your readers may not all of them have heard the "Goose" story, as told by the "Minstrels" at their getting to be quite fashionable soirees.

Two of the colored *gemmen* take their places at the front of the stage, and commence a dialogue.

"Sambo, did I ever tell you about my leaving my last massa?"

"No, Cuffee; how was it?"

"Why, you see, massa would not keep me any longer."

"Why would he not keep you, Cuffee?"

"Oh, you see, Sambo, about two months ago I go down there to hire out as de cook. Massa he ask me I know how to cook? I say yes—I cook in every style. I bile 'em, I fry 'em, I roast 'em, I stew 'em—in fact, I know all about de cook. Well, massa he hire me. So one day massa he come down in the kitchen, and say, 'Cuffee, we have goose to-day for dinner.' I say, 'Very well, massa, we have goose.' In about an hour massa he come down again, and say, 'Cuffee, you postpone the goose to-day.' I say, 'Sir?' Massa he says again, 'You postpone the goose to-day.' I say, 'Very well, massa, we postpone the goose to-day.' Now, you know, Sambo, I cook goose every way but this; and yet I did not want massa to suppose dis nigger don't know it all. So I look in all de cook-books; inquire of Kate and Jim; but I find out nothing how to postpone the goose. Finally I go to Charley, the stable-boy, and ask him. He say, 'Oh yes, easy enough to postpone a goose.' I say, 'Charley, I gim you five dollars you just tell me how to postpone the goose.' So he say, 'You just dress the goose and bake him well, and then get a bushel potatoes, a peck onions, a peck turnips, a pound of pepper, a quarter pound mustard, two quarts salt; boil 'em all and mash up together, and spread it all over the goose, making it so smooth and nice that the goose can not be seen. And this,' continued he, 'is postponing the goose.' And so you see I followed his directions; and when massa come to the table and raise the cover, he say, 'Cuffee, how is this?' and finally bid me eat the mess; and then he discharge me on the spot."

"But, Cuffee, you don't say you ate all that mess, do you?"

"Oh no, Sambo; you see I *postpone* that!"

DOWN in Woburn, in the Old Bay State, we have a friend who relishes the Drawer, and writes to us in this wise or otherwise:

MR. EDITOR,—In reading the Drawer in the April number I was reminded of an incident that occurred to me some years ago, by your anecdote of the Scotch Statistical Society's inquiries concerning "Marriages contracted between May and December."

It was my fortune (or misfortune) at one time to be employed by a well-known Scotch firm of Boston in the dry-goods line. Nearly all of the employés of the concern were Scotchmen also, and could see a dollar easier than the point of a joke. It was a custom there for the employers and employés to unite during the winter and have a sleigh ride. One of these occurring during my connection with them, I made one of the party. After a pleasant ride of about ten miles, we drew up at the L—— House for a supper. With appetites sharpened by the frosty air we did justice to the ample and excellent supply of viands set before us; and then, to my dismay, I learned that each one was expected to give a speech, toast, or song. I was in a dilemma; for I had never made a speech, could not think of an appropriate toast, and was not a singer. Finally, after listening to several of my companions' remarks, which were chiefly in praise of our employers, and claiming much pent-up feeling that they could not find words to express, the thought struck me that I might escape by a few words of a joking nature. So when called upon I arose, and, assuming the manner of those who had preceded me, said that I felt my inability to make a speech, but that *I* also had my *feelings* (placing my hand in the approved theatrical manner upon my heart, and then allowing it to fall so as to indicate that good cheer rather than emotion caused them). Here a burst of laughter that shook

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the building satisfied me that I had made a hit, and I sat down. Judge of my disgust when I found that, to a man, they supposed I was pleading a pain in my stomach as an excuse for not making a speech!

A GENTLEMAN of means, and an enthusiastic sportsman, having purchased a country residence, began (to the astonishment of his neighbors) to devote his time to his gun and hounds, instead of the culture of his land. After a time an old farmer took a favorable opportunity to make some remarks upon his course, that was, in his view, not only profitless but devoid of interest. "If you will for one day go with me," says the sportsman, "I think I can convince you that it is intensely interesting and exciting." The farmer consented to do so; and the next morn, before daybreak, they wended their way to the hunting-ground. The dogs soon took the scent of a fox and were off, and our two worthies followed, through woods and meadows and over hills, for two or three hours. At last the sportsman hears the dogs driving the game in their direction; and soon the pack, in full cry, comes over a hill that had previously shut out the sound. "There! my friend," says the sportsman, "there! did you ever hear such heavenly music as that?" The farmer stopped in an attitude of intense listening for some moments, and then says, "Wa'al, the fact is, those confounded dogs make such a noise I can't hear the music!" Effort to convert him was immediately abandoned.

A READER in Nashville writes: We have the kindest-hearted man in our town in the world probably, named Squire Paul. The Squire is a rich man, has tenants, sells property, and has many debts owing to him. His agent sued a man for a debt, and according to law the debt must be paid when judgment was rendered, or "stayed" by some good man becoming security for the payment of the debt, interest, and costs at the end of eight months. The "poor party" applied to Squire Paul to stay a debt for him, and, according to custom, the Squire could not say no, but complied; and thus, much to the agent's disgust, became the *stayer of his own debt!*

FROM Fort Pillow, Tennessee, a correspondent in the Sixteenth Army Corps sends the Drawer the following:

In looking over an old number of *Harper* I came across an anecdote of the late Judge M'Farland, Circuit Judge for some years in the Northwestern District of Iowa. The Judge was the "Hairy man of the West," who figured somewhat prominently in the Cincinnati Convention. One Woods, of Burlington, was a regular practitioner in Judge M'Farland courts, and was familiarly known as "Old Timber." On one occasion a court was held at the capital of Marshall County. The edifice used on this occasion was a log building, on one side of which was a large window. It happened that a resident of the town owned a jackass, which the mischievous boys had taught to bray whenever they pleased. "Old Timber" was one day "summing up" an important case in his grandest style—which he imagined resembled that of Tom Marshall—and when rounding up one of his finest periods the "Madagascar rabbit" protruded his uncouth head through the open window and into the room, a few feet in advance of the speaker, at the same time braying most vociferously. The Court immediately sung out, "Sit down, 'Old Timber,' sit down! This hon'ble Court will only listen to one of you at a time!"

This interruption spoiled "Old Timber's" speech, and he thereby lost his case. He was deeply incensed, and for months threatened the Judge with a good drubbing; but they finally settled it over a couple of glasses of "corn juice," and became fast friends as before.

Two years ago (writes a correspondent), at the spring term of the District Court at Topeka, Kansas, Judge Rush Elmore presiding, a witness was called upon the stand. After being sworn the counsel for the defense said to the witness—a tall, green specimen, and somewhat embarrassed—

"Now, Sir, stand up and tell your story like a preacher."

"No, *Sir!*" roared the Judge; "none of that; I want you to tell the *truth!*"

Just imagine the sheriff, deputies, and bailiffs trying to keep "order" and "silence."

AN amusing thing occurred in the Twenty-fourth Ohio. A few days since a soldier, in passing to the lower part of the encampment, saw two others from his company making a rude coffin. He inquired who it was for.

"John Bunce," said the others.

"Why," replied he, "John is not dead yet. It is too bad to make a man's coffin when you don't know if he is going to die or not."

"Don't trouble yourself," replied the others. "Dr. Coe told us to make his coffin, and I guess he knows what he give him."

PASSING along one of our thoroughfares a few days since we met a poor soldier, who had lost one of his limbs in battle, slowly walking on his crutches. A friend meeting him, cried,

"I say, Jim, how is it that you went away with two legs and came back with three?"

"Oh, bedad, I made fifty per cent. on it!" was the reply.

HAVING occasion to go to the little town of Newburyport, one Sabbath afternoon I strolled into the grave-yard, where I saw the following inscription. I have copied it literally, capitals and all:

OMNEM CREDE DIOUM TIBI DILUXESSE SUPREMUM.

Sacred to the Memory of Mrs. Mary M'Hard, the virtuous and amiable Consort of Capt. Wm. M'Hard of Newburyport, who amidst the laudable exertions of a very useful and desirable Life, in which her Christian Profession was well adorned and a fair copy of every social virtue displayed, was in a state of health suddenly summoned to the Skies and snatched from ye eager embraces of her friends (and the throbbing hearts of her disconsolate family confessed their fairest prospects of sublinary bliss were in one moment dashed) by swallowing a Pea at her own table, whence in a few hours, she sweetly breathed her Soul away into her SAVIOURS, arms on the 8 day of March A.D. 1780. Ætatis 47.

This mournful stone as a faithful monument of virtue fled to realms—

The rest was hid in the earth, so it could not be read.

THE eccentric Judge Natal has lately died, leaving as many personal friends to regret his loss as any man probably ever did. As a Judge he was singularly out of place; but in private life he was so good-hearted and exemplary that his most determined

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opponents could not help but love him. We send to the Drawer two anecdotes—the one illustrative of that tenderness of feeling which so often led him to violate the laws in favor of any one who had enlisted his sympathy; and the other of his quaint shrewdness in the solution of difficult cases:

A boy of fourteen or fifteen had been indicted for passing counterfeit money. He was in all likelihood guilty; but his appearance and manner were very prepossessing, and at once won the Judge's warmest sympathy. The latter set on foot a subscription among the lawyers and officers of the court, and then calling the prisoner before him, addressed him as follows: "Now, my son, you say that your father lives in Ohio?" "Yes, Sir." "Well, if I let you go home, will you promise me to come back next spring and stand your trial?" "Yes, Sir." "Very well. Mr. Jones has got some money for you; and you must be sure and come back next term and be sent to the Penitentiary, *like a good boy!*"

It need not be said that the young rogue went, but did not come up to time as he had promised.

On another occasion a case was being heard in which a wife was suing for divorce on the ground of ill-treatment. The only fact clearly made out was that *both parties* were equally bad, leaving it extremely doubtful which had inflicted the greatest amount of ill-treatment on the other. His Honor was sorely puzzled, for he always liked to decide for the ladies. But this seemed rather too hard a case; and he was sitting in deep abstraction, pondering the doubtful issue, while the last deposition was being read. Suddenly he started, his face clearing up, and exclaimed, "How is that, Sir? What was that last statement you read? Does the witness say that he dragged his wife out of the house by the *heels?*" "Yes, Sir; that is the statement." "Then I grant the divorce; but [half soliloquizing] if he had dragged her out by the *head* it would have been a different matter: I would not have divorced them."

This at first seems a mere whim, but there is good sense at the bottom of it; for it takes more brutality to drag a woman by the heels than by the head.

A friend in Mound City, Kansas, writes:

Your "Yuba Dam" and "Watt, Sir," reminds me of a similar play upon words. A man by the name of Ammidown had on one occasion imbibed too freely, and before he was aware he was gracefully reclining in the gutter, although not altogether insensible to what was going on around him. A stranger in pursuit of knowledge under difficulties passing along, and seeing our friend in this condition, accosted him thus:

"What is your name, Sir?"

"*Ammidown.*"

"Yes, you are down; but what is your name?"

"*Ammidown.*"

"I see you are down; but what is your name?"

Once more receiving the same answer to his inquiry, he left him, thinking, no doubt, that he was either a fool or *drunk!*

Here is an *epitaph* which I do not remember seeing in print, of one "Mathew Tolup," a stonemason, who on commencing life was very poor, but by prudence, industry, and economy managed to get money enough together to purchase a piece of ground rich in stone. In due time he built him a nice house from the material which was abundant on his premises. As old age crept upon him he thought of where his body should rest; and in the rear of his house he built a vault, and caused a statue of himself to be placed upon it, with one hand pointing to the house. The inscription read thus:

"Here lies Mathew Tolup,
Who made you stones role up;
And when 'God took his Sole up'
His body filed the hole up."

One of our most distinguished Doctors of Divinity sends the following genuine clerical anecdote to the Drawer:

When the late Rev. Dr. John M. Mason was at the head of the Theological Seminary of the Associate Reformed Church it was his custom annually to give a dinner to the students. On one occasion the company filled two tables, at one of which Dr. Mason presided, and at the other Dr. Mathews, Associate Professor, whose seat was at the opposite end of the dining-room. Dr. Mason, after the cloth was removed, proposed, as a toast, "Our absent friends." One of the students, who was seated near the Doctor, added, in a pretty loud whisper, "Sweet-hearts and all." Dr. Mason, overhearing him, turned toward him and said, pleasantly, in a tone that was heard all over the room, "Those are contraband articles in this seminary." Just at the moment a discussion was going on at the head of the other table, on the use of wine, and Dr. Mathews, who was participating in it, supposing that Dr. Mason's remark referred to that subject, rejoined, "Well, it may be contraband here, but it was not so in Paul's seminary." "Ah!" said Dr. Mason, "how do you prove that?" "Why," said Dr. Mathews, "did not Paul enjoin his pupil Timothy to 'take a little for his stomach's sake and his often infirmities?'" "Pretty well indeed!" replied Dr. Mason. "Is that the doctrine you teach your pupils, Brother Mathews—to take a little sweet-heart for your stomach's sake, etc.?" The explosion of laughter that followed may be imagined.

While the Army of the Potomac was making its way into Virginia a party of soldiers, hungry and fierce, had just reached a rail fence, tied their horses, and pitched their officer's tent, when four pigs incautiously approached the camp. The men, on noticing them, immediately decided on their capture. They stationed two parties, one at each end of a V in the fence, with rails to complete the other two sides of a square; two men were then sent to scatter corn before the pigs and lead them along inside the V, when the square was finished and the pigs penned. A cavalry officer, whose men had attempted their destruction with their sabres, came up and said to me, "Ah! the *pen* is still mightier than the *sword!*"

Dear Drawer,—Your story of the "practitioner of medicine in his feeble and humble manner," reminds me of an instance in the military career of Brigadier-General Dumont while in Western Virginia. The General is famed for his peculiarities, not the least of which is his squeaky, cracked voice, which it would be very hard to imitate. One day, while in command of his regiment, before being promoted, an officer of the regiment ventured to suggest something which he thought would greatly add to the discipline and efficiency of the regiment. The General listened to his suggestions very atten-

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tively, but at the close answered him, in that peculiar tone of his, as follows: "I just give you to understand that *I* command this regiment in *my own feeble way*."

Away from Central City, Colorado Territory, comes this pleasant missive to the Drawer:

What a blessed thing it is to be able to make people smile! How doubly blessed are those who have the happy faculty of scattering smiles over this great continent in such a sad time as this! The wild glens and valleys of the Rocky Mountains are not forgotten by you in your monthly distribution. Many a lonely cabin is made to ring cheerily by your irresistible presence, and many a sad exile's heart is made to forget the disappointments and trials past while laughing with you.

Colorado would make a return were there a pen capable of making a report of *our* "good things" as they "turn up." Indulge me while I, who never made such a venture before, attempt to record one or two:

The California Second is now stationed at Fort Lyon, awaiting orders for the States—or America, as the boys say. The officer in command of the fort has an *exquisite* daughter, who occasionally attends her father at review. She has a peculiar pronunciation, which was more common in peaceful times. Wishing to see the boys perform the double-quick, she says, "Pa, please make them *twot*." Accordingly the old gentleman made the boys *twot* for the benefit of the fair one—and they *twotted!*

They arrest folks here for hurrahing for Jeff Davis sometimes. An Irishman who had enough "mountain dew" on board to make him noisy, was perambulating the streets the other day, and asserting his independence of all the Governments in the world, exclaimed, "It's meself that's a rebel!"—(just then he espied an officer a few yards from him, and he finished the sentence)—"from the South—of Ireland, be jabbers!"

A teacher of one of the public schools of this place told the boys not to go near the recruiting-office. A few days afterward the office was vacated, and the boys thought they might then venture upon the forbidden ground. They were called to account for it, however; when one of the delinquents, a chap of about five, made his defense as follows: "Well, thur, the *crooters* wus all gond away, and we thought you wouldn't care."

Not many miles from the county town of "Old Genesee," New York, and upon one of the roads leading to and not far from the beautiful and somewhat celebrated village of that locality, there lived—in the early settlement of the Holland Purchase—neighbors most uncongenial, and among whom were several constant applicants to the courts for a satisfactory settlement of difficulties and the redress of grievances.

The offenses thus frequently committed consisted in letting down fences for the depredation of cattle and swine in neighboring grain-fields; throwing cats, geese, little pigs, and such like, into neighboring wells; shooting neighbors' hens; but more generally—and what was regarded as most desirable by prosecutors—assumed the form of libel suits; damages usually "laid" at one thousand dollars.

The frequency of these suits very naturally caused the formation of "two sides" in the neighborhood—each charging that the other would swear the bark off of a tree; and the first question generally asked by the plaintiff or defendant upon retaining their lawyer was, "Well, what is it necessary for me to prove?"

One of the neighbors, Sol S——, missing an axe one morning, and not being able to find the same after diligent search, remarked to his hired man that he believed Old Wheaton had stolen it. As might have been expected Wheaton soon heard of the charge, and as Sol S—— was not the man to "chaw his words" (using an expression of his own), a "first-class" suit was at once commenced for defamation of character.

The time of trial arriving, able counsel appeared for prosecution and defense, and the court-house was filled with the friends of both parties, each "looking daggers" at the other; and those of the former remarking to the latter, "We'll see if there is any justice in the law." We give the testimony of but one witness, Ben Beebe, the last for the defense, and with which the evidence was closed:

Counsel. "What is your name?"

Witness. "Bees."

Counsel. "This is no time for pleasantry or evasion. What is your name?"

Witness. "You know as well as I do. Ben Beebe, at home or abroad" (putting his hands in his pockets, and ejecting tobacco juice from between his front teeth).

Counsel. "Well, witness, are you acquainted with Mr. Wheaton?"

Witness. "What! old Joe there? [pointing, and, after some little hesitation] *know* him? I should think so!"

Counsel. "Well, what is Mr. Wheaton's general character in the neighborhood where he resides?"

Witness. "I'd rather not testify to that question, Squire. I'm not the man to speak agin my neighbor."

Counsel. "Please answer, witness. What is Mr. Wheaton's general character; and do you think he would steal an axe?"

Witness. "If I must, I must. As to general character, I think the least said about *that* the best; and as to stealing an axe, that's a leading question."

Court. "Answer the question, witness."

Witness. "Well, Squire, don't know that I can swear the old man would steal Sol's axe; but I'll tell you what I can swear to, Squire: *when Old Joe wants an axe he is bound to have it!*"

Another incident of the same locality may not be out of place in the Drawer:

We have a defunct Mutual Insurance Company, still drawing its slimy length along, and the dread of many who gave their premium notes to the same in its days of prosperity. One of its former secretaries was a popular stump speaker. During the campaign of 1844, while addressing a large audience—and among the number was Newt S——, a most worthy man and clever wag—the speaker coming to the question of a protective tariff, and while annihilating its opponents, was interrupted by Newt S—— with the remark that, if not objectionable, he would like to propound an interrogatory.

"Most certainly not," the speaker replied; "it will afford me pleasure to answer, my good friend."

"Well, Squire, will you please to inform me the difference between a high, a *very high* Protective Tariff and the Genesee Mutual?"

In this locality the question and its effect will be long remembered.

An accomplished practitioner of law in Jackson-

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ville, Illinois, having occasion to file in the Circuit Court a legal paper in behalf of himself and partner, affixed to the firm signature the Latin term "*per se*"—thus: "Doe & Stokes, *per se*." His partner suggested that the term meant "*by himself*;" and that, as it was in the singular number, it was not appropriate to accompany a firm signature. Not at all at a loss for the correct term, he changed the signature, and the records there show a paper signed, "Doe & Stokes, *per* 2 *c*'s!"

THAT is no worse than the Mayor of one of our cities, who, on the first day of his being in office, was asked by the clerk to sign his initials (which were P. P.) to a document.

"My vernitials," said he; "what is them?"

The Clerk replied, "Only write two P's."

He took the pen and wrote, "Too peze," and it is on record to this day.

IF any one doubts that the highest honor and integrity reside in the bosom of a Dutch baker, the following adventure of Mr. Kloptenfussen will be a very useful study. A neighboring family recently sent to Mr. K.'s bakehouse a rabbit smothered in onions, to be cooked for the Sunday's dinner; but while this mess stood on a low shelf, awaiting its turn in the oven, Mrs. Kloptenfussen's tom-cat (whose inherent knavishness of disposition no virtuous examples could counteract) slipped in and devoured the rabbit entirely. To remedy such a loss, or to punish such a crime, would have seemed difficult to most people; but Mr. Kloptenfussen accomplished both objects at once, and in the most complete and admirable manner. Though the cat was a great favorite in the family, and of much use as a ratter, his Roman-like master put him to death, skinned and properly prepared him, and substituted him for the rabbit in such a satisfactory manner that the people to whom the dinner belonged ate it with great relish, not suspecting that any change had been made in the ingredients. Here was an unparalleled triumph of equity!—the robber being made to take the place of the stolen article, and full reparation being made to the party robbed, without any of those vexatious delays which usually attend the administration of justice.

ELLICOTTVILLE, NEW YORK, *April* 14, 1863.

EDITOR DRAWER,—The letter of which I send you below a "true copy," names and date of course excepted, came lately into my possession. It is so decidedly Indian in thought and diction that *we* consider it too good to be lost in obscurity—too good for any thing, in brief, but *Harper's* Drawer. The "Juvenalia" following are also at the service of that admirable institution—a strictly charitable institution in these days, when mirth and cause for mirth are sorely needed:

AN ORIGINAL *A*BORIGINAL LETTER.

Nov 6, 1862

HEAD-QUARTERS, 1-2D REGIMENT, N. Y. S. V.,
CAMP C——N, NEAR S——K, VA.

MY DEAR SIR,—I am inform you this time to let you know that I am all right, and I hope it this letter will find you the same. My dear Sir, I want to know why you don't answer my letters. I want you to tell me what that for.

I being fight to Bl—kw—r River last week. We had pretty good fight, and I hope we take another good fight before this month up. I'll fight the rebles as long as I live in God world—that me—my name Jo Parker—ha, ha, ha, ha!—if thent so then I make it so—ha, ha, ha, ha! Me and John Tongo we can't fight good; we can't shoot the rebles any time—we not afraid the emey.

We all well the Allegany Indians except one, C. W. Tongo; he's the best officer we got in our Company—he's sick, very bad, but we hope he will get well. C. W. Tongo he's good man; his kindness to somebody that's all I can't say about him.

Now I want you write back as soon as you can, to your brother Jo Parker. I tell you I want you to write to me, Gor dam; if you don't, let somebody write to me. That all. JO PARKER—for the Union man.

LITTLE NANNIE, four years old, made her appearance in the breakfast-room one morning unwashed and unkempt, and no arguments could induce her to complete her toilet. Her mother expatiated on the enormity of such conduct, and forbade her coming to the table; but I gravely remarked that it wasn't of any consequence about Nannie's being clean. "Kittens and nice little girls washed their faces, but pigs never did. It was just as well." Nannie listened "with meek, attentive face," but with eyes that did not express perfect complacency, to this porcine suggestion; took the plate which her mother handed her, carried it to a corner, placed it on a chair, and breakfasted in the most expeditious manner. Then, catching up her sun-bonnet, she hurried to the outside door, remarking, as she reached it, "Now I guess I'll go out and *root a little while!*"

"KITTIE" possessed in great perfection that power common to genius and childhood—the power of generalization.

In her three years' experience of life she had seen nothing more formidable than a large dog, whose barking filled her timid soul with terror; and when for the first time she listened observingly to a heavy thunder-storm she sat trembling and crying, saying only, by way of gentle remonstrance, "Too bad, bow-wow!—too bad!"

On one occasion, being somewhat loudly and harshly reproved by her father for an unusually startling piece of mischief, she ran sobbing to her mother, who was in another room in blissful ignorance of all that had happened, and who tenderly asked, "What ails my Kittie?" Sobbing still, she answered, "Papa bow-wow at me!"

A CORRESPONDENT has handed us the following for insertion in the Drawer:

A city situated in Massachusetts, on the banks of the Merrimac, is always blessed with a score of aspirants for the Mayoralty, and some of them are ever on the *qui vive* for an opportunity to immortalize themselves by a speech. Not long since one of these worthies attended the funeral of a soldier who had died in the service of his country, and whose remains were brought home for interment. Our orator thought the long-sought-for opportunity had arrived to deliver an impressive address, and, carefully preparing himself for the task, he attended the funeral, which was a private one.

Just as the mourners were about to remove the remains from the residence of the family our orator, after wiping his eyes two or three times with a large white handkerchief, thus addressed the Mayor and relatives of the deceased:

"*Mr. Mayor and friends of the deceased*,—This is a solemn and impressive occasion. The deceased, who lies here before us in this beautiful coffin, did not die of wounds received in battle, but by—by—by death."

Having relieved himself of this eloquent speech our orator sat down, fully satisfied that he had immortalized himself and secured the nomination as the candidate for the next Mayor.

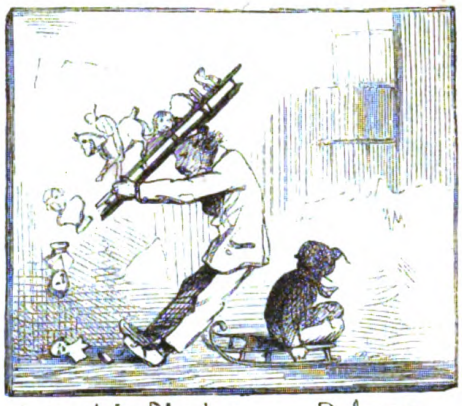
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Mr. Pigg's Picture Gallery.

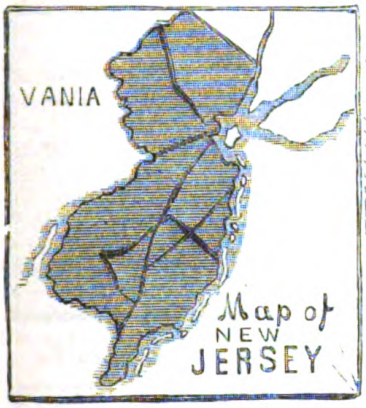
III. North Side.— Original Studies, after American Artists.



A Horn Elliot



A Bust in Plaster Palmer



Map New Jersey. Richards.



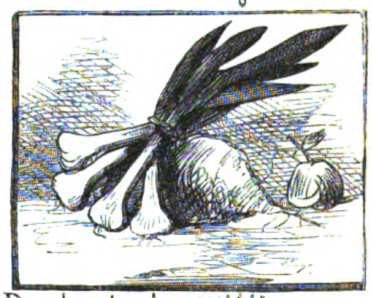
Law! George! Powell.



A Loafer. Steams



Poppies from Nature Hall.



Bunch of Leeks. Williamson



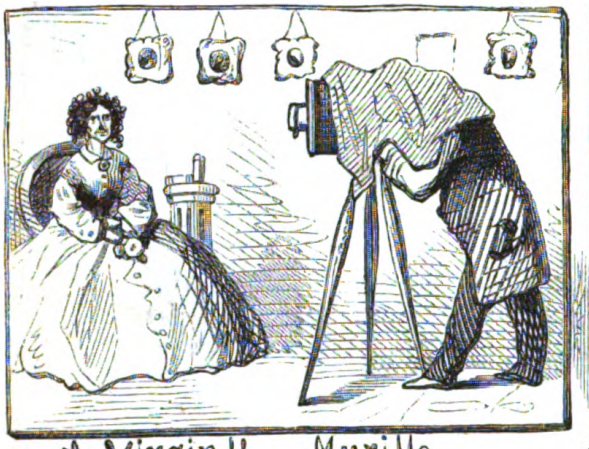
Oh! Moses! Carter.



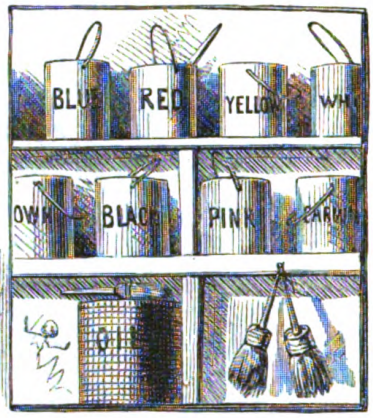
Study of Fish Cafferty

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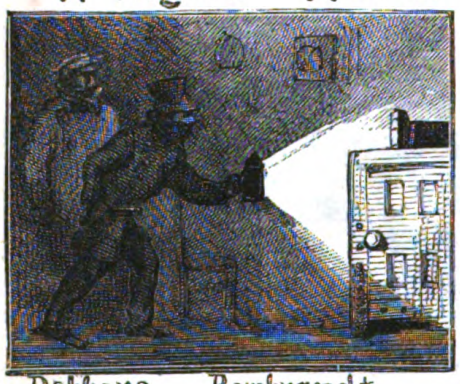
IV. East End.—The Old Masters: From the Collection of A. Levi, Esq.



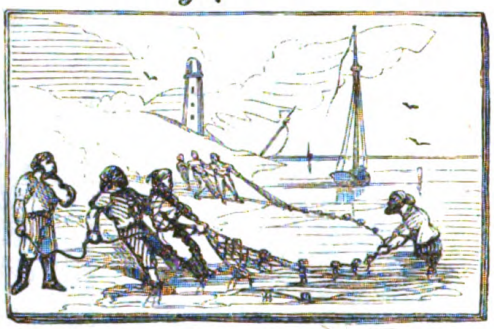
A Virgin!! Murillo.



Study of Color Titian.



Robbers Rembrandt.



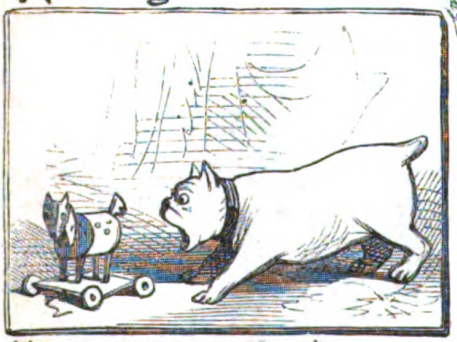
Draught of Porgies Raffaelle.



Morning Guido.



Study of Heads - M. Angelo.



Horse & Dog Landseer.



Madonna — Reubens.

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UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Fashions for June.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figure 1.—Mantilla.

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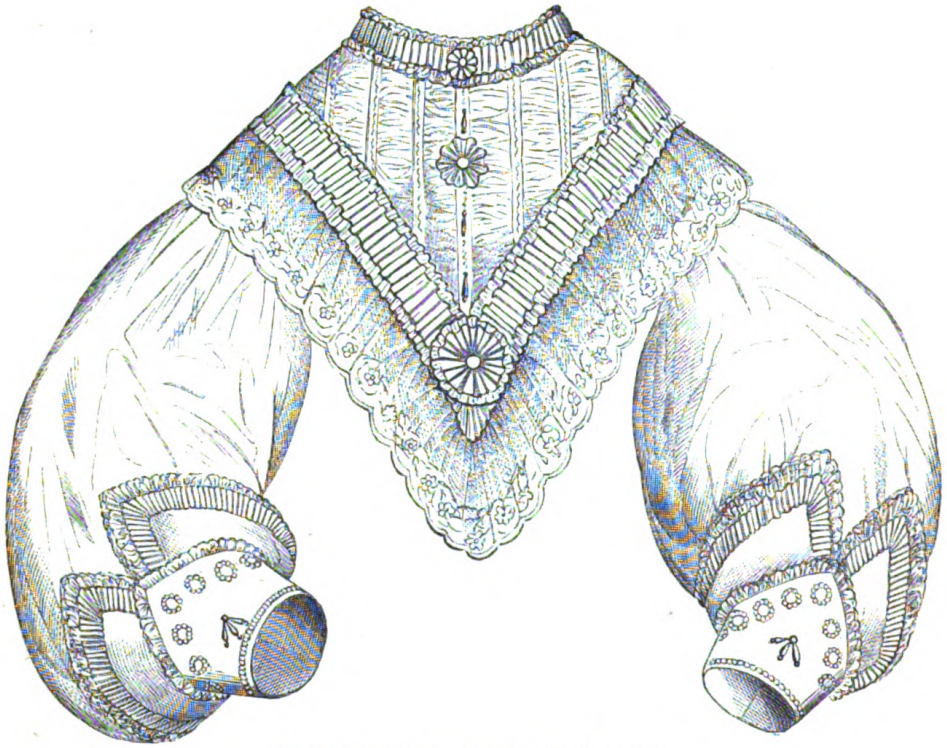


FIGURE 2.—FICHU AND UNDER-SLEEVES.

THE MANTILLA on the preceding page is of black silk, edged with black guipure. The form is shown in the illustration.—Another very beautiful style has heavy reversed plaits, falling entirely from the neck and through the lower portion; these are made flat as far as the waist, which is marked by a *macaron* upon the face of each plait, with drops; from the waist they fall free, the neck and bottom being ornamented with a wide lace fall.

The FICHUS and UNDER-SLEEVES are of tulle and Mechlin lace, with ribbons. The cuffs are entirely of rose-colored or lilac silk, ornamented with white and black lace, with pearl beads upon the backs.

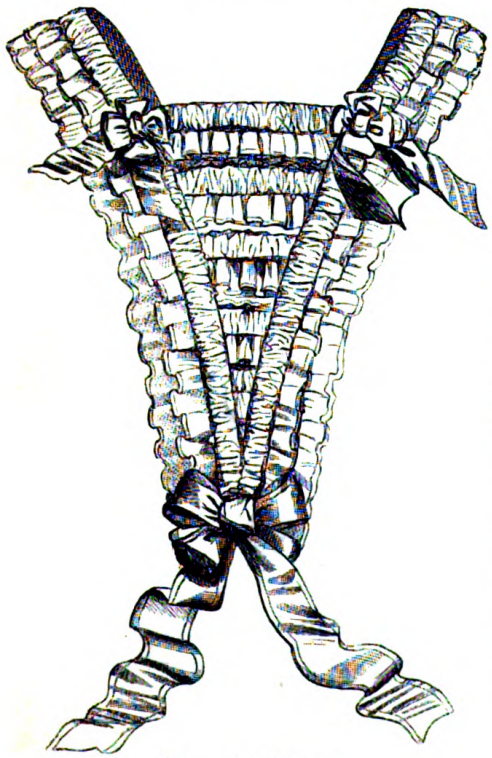


FIGURE 3.—FICHU.

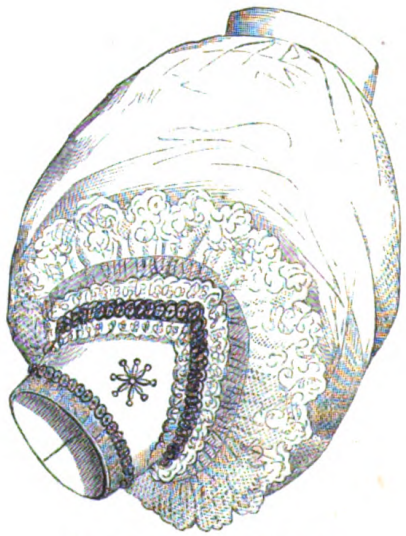


FIGURE 4.—UNDER-SLEEVE.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLVIII.—JULY, 1863.—Vol. XXVII.

SCENES IN THE WAR OF 1812.



TIPPECANOE BATTLE-GROUND.

II.—HARRISON'S CAMPAIGNS.

SEVERAL months before war between the United States and Great Britain was declared the secret savage allies of the Crown had commenced actual hostilities. The Treaty of Greenville, in 1795, after Wayne's severe chastisement of the Indians in the Maumee Valley, would have kept peace with the savages forever had they been free from the influences of British emissaries. The agents of that Government in Canada, largely engaged in the Indian trade, and coveting a monopoly of the traffic, never neglected an opportunity to incite the Red men to hostilities against the White men, always vehemently alleging that the whole magnificent country northward of the Ohio River belonged to the former, and that the latter held possession of it by right only of violence and fraud. They urged the Indians to drive the Americans beyond the Ohio, and assured them that ample aid should be given them from Canada in the patriotic enterprise.

Among the most influential leaders of the Indians of the Northwest in the early part of this century were two Shawnoese brothers, born of a Creek woman, at the same time with a third, on the banks of the Mad River, not far from Springfield, Ohio. These were Tecumtha and Elkswatawa. Tecumtha, or "the wild-cat springing on its prey," was a great and honorable warrior with a statesman's genius. Elkswatawa, or "the loud voice," was a cunning, unprincipled, hypocritical charlatan, who made the obsequious superstitions of his people the fulcrum of his personal potency. One day, while lighting his pipe, he fell to the earth as if dead. Preparations were made for his burial. When his friends were about to remove him he opened his eyes and said, "Be not fearful. I have been in the Land of the Blessed. Call the nation together, that I may tell them what I have seen and heard." His people were speedily assembled, when he again spoke, saying, "Two beautiful young men were sent to me by the Great Spirit, who said, 'The Master of Life is angry with you all. He will destroy you unless you refrain from drunkenness, lying, stealing, and witchcraft, and turn yourselves to him. Unless the Red men shall do this they shall never see the beautiful place

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ELKSWATAWA, THE PROPHET.

you are now to behold.'" He was then taken to a gate which opened into the Spirit-land, but he was not permitted to enter.

Such was Elkswatawa's story, and henceforth he was regarded as a divine messenger and was called The Prophet. He immediately entered upon his mission as a preacher of righteousness. He inveighed against vices, and warned his people to have nothing to do with the Pale-faces—their religion, their customs, their arms, or their arts; for every imitation of the intruders was offensive to the Great Master of Life. Tecumtha, possessed of a master mind and a statesman's sagacity, was the moving spirit in all this imposture. He had conceived the grand idea, like Pontiac, of confederating all the Indian tribes from the Ohio to the Mississippi in a war of extermination against the Americans northward of the Beautiful River, and this was a part of his grand scheme for obtaining influence over them. He went from tribe to tribe, and published in the ears of eager listeners the wonders of his brother's divine mission. At the same time the cunning brother was acting his part with such success that his sway over the people was almost omnipotent.

For several years Tecumtha and his brother, encouraged by Elliott, Girty, and other British agents, were industriously engaged in the Confederacy scheme. Having excited the ill-will of some of the leading Shawnoese chiefs, they left their native valley and seated themselves upon the Wabash, near the mouth of the Tippecanoe, gathered followers around them, and called the village The Prophet's Town. They were within the borders of Indiana, over whose settlements William Henry Harrison watched as Governor of the Territory. He observed the development of Tecumtha's scheme with much concern, and kept a watchful eye upon the movements of the savages.

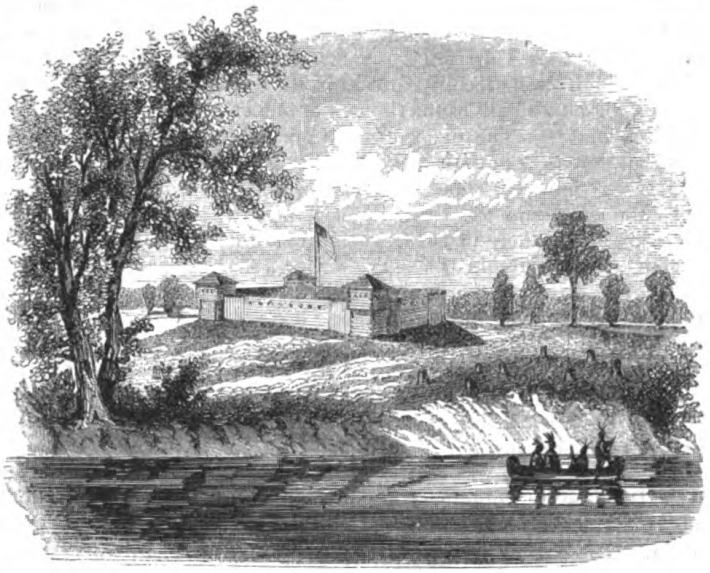
As early as the spring of 1810 the Indians at The Prophet's Town gave unmistakable evidences of hostile intentions. Harrison adopted conciliatory measures toward them. He sent them friendly messages, and received for a time loyal but deceptive replies. His most trusted and efficient agent was Joseph Barron, a kind-hearted interpreter, of French descent, who possessed and deserved the respect of all the tribes. Even he was at length received by the Prophet in an unfriendly spirit. "For what purpose do *you* come here?" angrily exclaimed the impostor on one occasion. "Brouillette was here; he came as a spy. Dubois was here; he was a spy. Now *you* have come. You, too, are a spy." Then, pointing to the ground, he said, vehemently, "There is your grave: look on it!" At that moment Tecumtha appeared, and assured Barron of his personal safety, and promised to visit Governor Harrison at Vincennes. This promise was fulfilled on the 12th of August (1810), when he suddenly appeared with four hundred armed warriors, to the great alarm of the inhabitants. His bearing was haughty, and his words were insolent and defiant. When invited to the Governor's house to hold a council, he said, "Houses were built for *you* to hold councils in; Indians hold theirs in the open air!" He then took a position under some trees in front of the house; and, unabashed by the large assemblage of people before him, he opened the business with a speech marked by great dignity and native eloquence. When he had concluded one of the Governor's aids said to the chief, through Barron, the interpreter, and pointing to a chair, "Your father requests you to take a seat at his side." The chief drew his mantle around him, and, standing erect, said, with scorn-



JOSEPH BARRON.

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ful tone, "My father! The Sun is my father, and the Earth is my mother: on her bosom I will repose" —and then seated himself upon the ground. The council was a stormy one, and some hostile demonstrations were made by the Indians; but it finally broke up with an apparently friendly spirit.



FORT HARRISON, 1813.

Harrison well knew the great ability and influence of Tecumtha, and regarded war with him and his followers not only possible, but probable. He made preparations to meet the savages in battle. A company of United States troops were called from Newport, opposite Cincinnati, to join well-drilled Indiana militia and dragoons at Vincennes. This movement was known to the Indians, and yet, during the ensuing winter, they became bolder and more hostile. The teachings of Tecumtha, the oracular revelations of The Prophet, and the encouragement of the British in Canada, incited them to action; and in the spring of 1811 roving bands of savages plundered the cabins of the settlers, and the wigwams of Indians who would not join them, all over the Upper Wabash region. There was wide-spread alarm. Barron was sent to the Shawnoese brothers to assure them that the Governor was well prepared for war with all the tribes combined, and to tell them that unless they put a stop to the outrages complained of, and ceased their warlike movements, he should attack them. Tecumtha was alarmed, made professions of friendly feelings, and promised to see the Governor soon and convince him that he had no reason to suspect the Indians of hostile intentions. He visited Vincennes at the close of July (1811) with about three hundred followers (twenty of them women), and saw the Governor surrounded by almost eight hundred well-armed soldiers. His duplicity was perfect. He made solemn protestations of friendship, yet left Vincennes a few days afterward and went South to visit the Creeks, Choctaws, and Chickasaws for the purpose of inducing them to join his proposed league against the white people.



COLONEL J. P. BOYD.

Harrison now increased his military strength by calling to Vincennes the Fourth Regiment of United States troops, under Colonel John P. Boyd. He was authorized by the Government to employ these troops and the entire militia of Indiana, if necessary, in attacking the savages on the Tippecanoe; for it was evident that The Prophet's Town was becoming the rendezvous for an Indian force that might soon imperil the whole white population of the Territory.

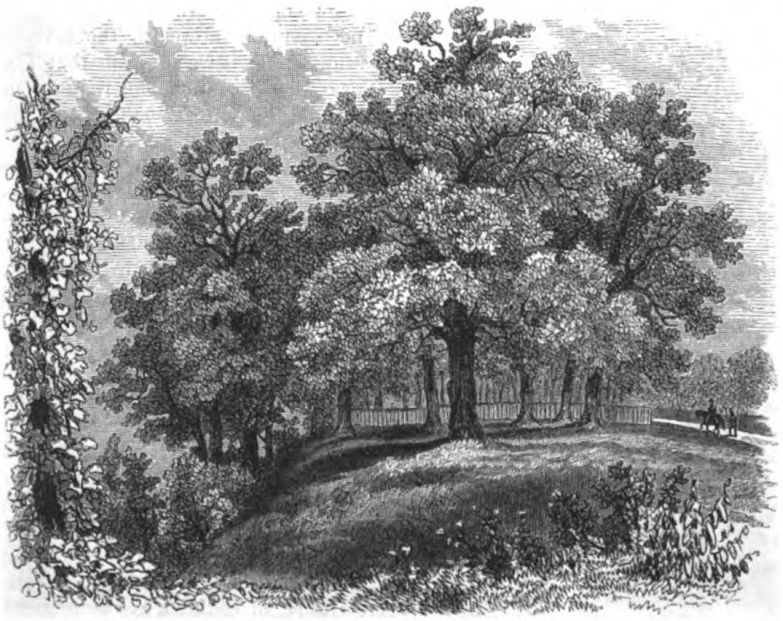
As the autumn advanced this cloud became more and more threatening, and Harrison determined to disperse it. He called for volunteers, and was delighted with a quick and ample response. He was very popular in the West, and his voice stirred the people like the sound of a trumpet. Old Indian fighters like General Wells and Colonel Owen of Kentucky instantly started for the field, accompanied by the eloquent Kentucky lawyer, Joseph Hamilton Daviess, and many others whose names are among those that Americans love to remember. On the 26th of September Governor Harrison was enabled to leave Fort Knox, at Vincennes, with about nine hundred effective men. With these he moved up the Wabash Valley; and on the eastern bank of the river, near the present village of Terre Haute, in Indiana, he commenced the erection of a stockade fort early in October.

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It was completed at near the close of the month, and by the unanimous request of the officers it was called "Fort Harrison." A few mounds only now indicate its locality. Within its area stands a log-house built of the timbers of one of the block-houses. The old sycamore and elm trees that were then in their early maturity when the fort was built yet stand along the bank between the canal and the river, living witnesses of stirring scenes there in 1813, when a handful of men, under Captain Zachary Taylor (the twelfth President of the United States), sustained a siege against an overwhelming body of Indians.

Governor Harrison, by virtue of his office, was Commander-in-Chief of the expedition, and Colonel Boyd was his second in command. The army, when it reached the Vermilion River on the 2d of November, was composed of regulars under Boyd, sixty volunteers from Kentucky, and between five and six hundred Indiana militia. The command of the dragoons was intrusted to Colonel Daviess, and the riflemen to General Wells, both bearing, in this expedition, the relative rank of Major.

On the evening of the 5th of November the little army encamped within eleven miles of The Prophet's Town. Now, for the first time since they left Vincennes, were Indians visible. They were observed hovering around the camp and caused great watchfulness. As the troops moved forward on the morning of the 6th the forest seemed alive with them. The approach of the army had been made known to The Prophet, and his scouts, numerous and vigilant, watched every step of the invaders, who now marched in battle order after the manner of Wayne's army on the Maumee in 1794, which the present leader then suggested. When they were within a mile and a half of The Prophet's Town a deputation came from the alarmed savage to ask for a parley. It was granted. The deputies assured Harrison that a friendly message had been sent to him, but that the couriers had missed him by going down the opposite side of the river. They hoped he would not advance any further, nor disturb the women and children by occupying the town. They pointed to a triangular ridge back from the Wabash, about a mile, which he would find an eligible place for an encampment. It was mutually agreed that neither party should commence hostilities until Harrison and The Prophet should have an interview the next day. The little army then marched to the ridge at the present Battle-Ground station on the Louisville, New Albany, and Chicago Railway, about seven miles north of the city of Lafayette, Indiana, and there encamped. It was described by Harrison as "a piece of dry oak land, rising about ten feet above the level of a marshy prairie in front, toward The Prophet's Town, and nearly twice that height above a similar prairie in the rear, through which, and near to this bank, ran a small stream [Burnet's Creek] clothed with willows and other brushwood. Toward the left flank this bench of land widened considerably, but became gradually narrower in the opposite direction, and at the distance of one hundred and fifty yards from the right flank terminated in an abrupt point." At that "abrupt point," delineated in the engraving as it appeared when I visited the spot in 1860, the railway strikes the "bench of land." On the right the little figures show the place of the road along the bank of the wet prairie. On the left is seen the steep bank of Burnet's Creek, now, as then, "clothed with willows and other brushwood," and vines. In the centre are seen the oaks and a portion of the fence that now incloses the battle-ground of Tippecanoe.



VIEW AT TIPPECANOE BATTLE-GROUND.

Harrison arranged his camp with care on the afternoon of the 6th, in the form of an irregular parallelogram on account of the shape of the ground. On the point was a battalion of United States Infantry under Major G. R. C. Floyd, flanked on the left by one company, and on the right by two companies of Indiana militia under Colonel Joseph Bartholomew. In the rear was a battalion of United States Infantry under Captain William C.

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Baen, acting as Major, with Captain R. C. Burton of the Regulars in immediate command. These were supported on the right by four companies of Indiana militia, led respectively by Captains Josiah Snelling, John Posey, Thomas Scott, and Jacob Warrick, the whole commanded by Lieutenant-Colonel Luke Decker. The right flank, eighty yards wide, was filled with mounted riflemen under Captain Spear Spencer. The left, about one hundred and fifty yards in extent, was composed of mounted riflemen under Major-General Samuel Wells, commanding as Major, and led by Colonels Frederick Geiger and David Robb, acting as Captains. Two troops of dragoons, under Colonel Joseph H. Daviess, acting as Major, were stationed in the rear of the front line near the left flank; and at a right angle with these companies in the rear of the left flank was a troop of cavalry, as a reserve, under Captain Benjamin Parker. Wagons, baggage, officers' tents, etc., were in the centre. Such was the disposition of Harrison's troops on the evening of the 6th of November, within a mile of the hostile savage camp at The Prophet's Town near the mouth of the Tippecanoe. Having established the guards and sentinels sound sleep soon fell upon the remainder of the camp. There was a slight drizzle of rain, and the night was intensely dark.

But there was no sleep in the camp of the savages. Unmindful of his solemn promise not to commence hostilities until after a parley to be held the following day, the treacherous Prophet, as soon as the darkness came on, prepared his followers to fall stealthily upon the American camp and massacre those who had confided in his honor. He brought out a pretended magic bowl and string of holy beans, and with the latter in one hand, and the flaming "medicine torch" in the other, he required his duped followers to touch the talismanic beans and be made invulnerable, while each took an oath to exterminate the Pale-faces. Having finished his incantations, he turned to his highly-excited band of warriors, about seven hundred in number, and said, holding up the holy beans, "The time to attack the white man has come. They are in your power. They sleep now and will never awake. The Great Spirit will give light to us and darkness to the white man. Their bullets shall not harm us; your weapons shall be always fatal." War-songs and dances followed, until the Indians were perfectly frenzied, when The Prophet said "Go!" and they rushed forth into the midnight blackness to fall upon the unsuspecting Americans. Stealthily they crept through the long grass of the prairie in the deep gloom, intending to surround the camp, kill the sentinels, rush in, and massacre the whole army.

It was now about four o'clock in the morning. Harrison was just pulling on his boots when the crack of a single rifle at the northwest angle of the camp fell upon his ear. This was instantly followed by the loud yells of numerous savages from that quarter. "It was Stephen Mars," said Judge Naylor of Crawfordsville, Indiana (who was in the fight), to me, "who fired that first alarm-gun. Poor fellow! He discharged his rifle, rushed toward the camp, but was shot dead before he reached it." The whole camp was immediately aroused by a cry "To arms!" and in the pale light of smouldering watch-fires the officers formed their men for battle as speedily as possible. But some of them were compelled to fight singly at the doors of their tents, for a number of the frenzied Indians had penetrated to the centre of the camp. These savages were slain every one of them.

Harrison was soon in his saddle; his own fine white horse, frightened by the horrid yells of the savages and the cracking of musketry, had broken from his fastenings, and could not be found. He mounted another horse that stood snorting near, and with his aid, Colonel Owen, hastened to the point of attack. Other parts of the camp were soon assailed; and the gallant Governor galloped in all directions, and made such dispositions for defense as were possible in the darkness. The battle raged for some time upon the front, rear, and flanks of the camp. The men behaved with the greatest gallantry and coolness, notwithstanding nineteen-twentieths of them had never been under fire before. Many brave men fell. Daviess, while leading a party at the angle on the front and left flank of the camp to dislodge the savages, fell mortally wounded. Spencer and his lieutenant on the left flank were killed; Warrick was wounded past recovery; and not far from the same spot the gallant Owen, who bore honorable scars received in battle with Indians, under St. Clair, precisely twenty years before, was slain.

Dawn brought relief. The lines of the camp remained unbroken. The foe was now visible. He was in greatest force upon the two flanks. Harrison strengthened them; and was about to order the cavalry under Parke to charge upon the savages on the left, when Major Wells, not understanding the Governor's intentions, led the infantry to perform that duty. It was executed gallantly and effectually. The Indians were driven at the point of the bayonet, and the dragoons pursued them into the wet prairies on both sides of the ridge on which the battle was fought, as far as the soft ground would permit their horses to go. On the right flank the Indians had been put to flight in the same manner, and driven into the marsh beyond Burnet's Creek. They were scattered in all directions; and on the following day Harrison advanced upon The Prophet's Town, and laid it in ashes. The dispersion of the savages and the conflagration were thus alluded to by a poet of the day:

"Sound, sound the charge! Spur, spur the steed,
And swift the fugitives pursue!—
'Tis vain: rein in—your utmost speed
Could not o'ertake the recreant crew.
In lowland marsh, in dell or cave,
Each Indian sought his life to save;
Whence peering forth, with fear and ire,
He saw his Prophet's town on fire."

Looking eastward from the site of the battle-

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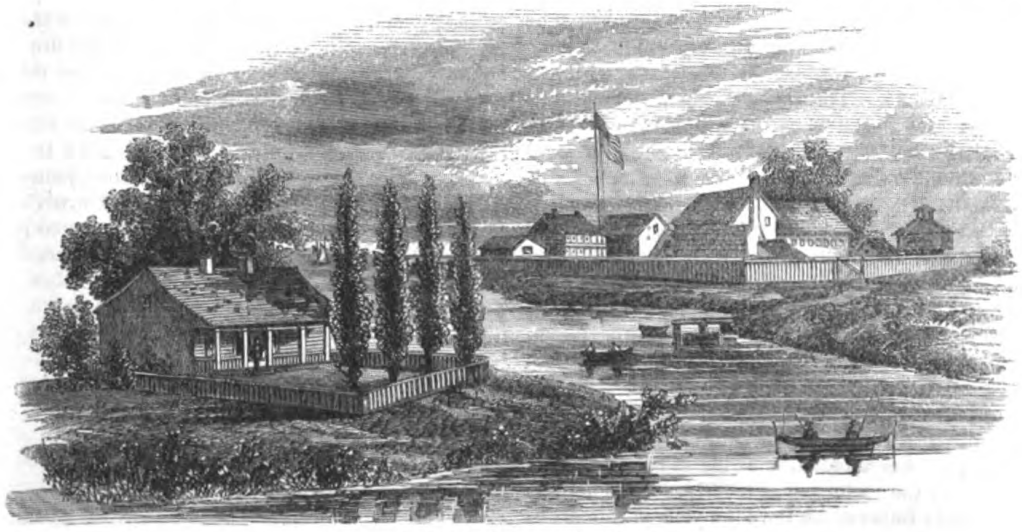
ground, over the "wet prairie" (now a fenced and cultivated plain), toward the Wabash, the visitor will see a range of very gentle hills covered with woods. On one of these the Prophet stood while the battle was raging on that dark November morning, at a safe distance from danger, singing a war-song and performing some pretended religious mummeries. When informed that his followers were falling before the bullets of the white man, he said, "Fight on! it will soon be as I told you." When, at last, the fugitive warriors of many tribes—Shawnoese, Wyandots, Kickapoos, Ottawas, Chippewas, Pottawatomies, Winnebagoes, Sacs, and a few Miamies—lost their faith, and covered The Prophet with reproaches, he cunningly told them that his predictions had failed because, during his incantations, his wife touched the sacred vessels and broke the charm! Even Indian superstition and credulity could not accept that transparent falsehood for an excuse, and the dishonest charlatan was deserted by his disappointed followers, and compelled to take refuge with a small band of Wyandots in another part of the Wabash region. The spirit of the Northwestern Indians was broken, for many a brave warrior lay prone in death around the American camp. But the white people had suffered terribly, having no less than one hundred and eighty-eight killed and wounded. This loss produced wide-spread exasperation, not only against the Indians of the Northwest, but against the British, the instigators of hostilities, and greatly strengthened the war-party in and out of Congress.

The battle-field of Tippecanoe is now a beautiful spot, and has become classic ground. It belongs to the State of Indiana, and is soon to be inclosed in an iron railing in place of the wooden fence that now surrounds it. The same oaks are there that looked down in the pride of their strength on the morning of the battle; but instead of standing in the midst of a vast wilderness, they are surrounded by the varied forms in which civilization is manifested. The fiery locomotive, with its magnificent chariots, courses by them daily; and upon the very spot where Major Wells charged upon the foe and drove them to the tangled prairies is a flourishing college, called "The Battle-ground Institute," and a little village large enough to deserve a charter.

In the spring of 1812 it was determined in Congress to declare war against Great Britain. That act was performed late in June, at which time Brigadier-General Hull was at the head of a little army, destined for the invasion of Canada. The expedition not only failed to accomplish its object, but was disastrous in the extreme, for the army was captured at Detroit, at the middle of August, and the whole peninsula of Michigan passed into the possession of the British. Mackinack, an important post between Lakes Huron and Michigan, had already been seized by the British; and the day before Hull surrendered, Fort Dearborn, at Chicago, was taken possession of by the Indians, many of its garrison were massacred, and the whole country northward of Fort Wayne was left free to roaming bands of savages.

The events at Chicago formed a fearful tragedy. Our space will allow only a meagre outline record of them. It was a trading post in the remote wilderness, where the great city of Chicago now stands. The first white settler there was John Kinzie, an enterprising Indian trader. Early in the present century the United States Government built a fort there; and on the 4th of July, 1804, it was formally named Fort Dearborn, in honor of the then Secretary of War. It stood on the south side of the Chicago River. Kinzie's pleasant residence was on the north side and opposite. Both appear in the accompanying engraving, made from a sketch by a daughter-in-law of Mr. Kinzie, the authoress of "Wau-bun, or the Early Days in the Northwest."

At the time we are considering there was a small garrison at Fort Dearborn, commanded by Captain Nathan Heald. He and his family,



THE KINZIE MANSION AND FORT.

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his officers and men, held the most friendly relations with the surrounding Indians. In the spring of 1812 a coolness was observed on the part of the savages, and early in April a scalping party of Winnebagoes, from the Rock River, committed murders in the neighborhood of Chicago. The alarmed inhabitants took refuge in the fort. At length the Indians disappeared, and for several weeks the dwellers at Chicago experienced no further disturbance.

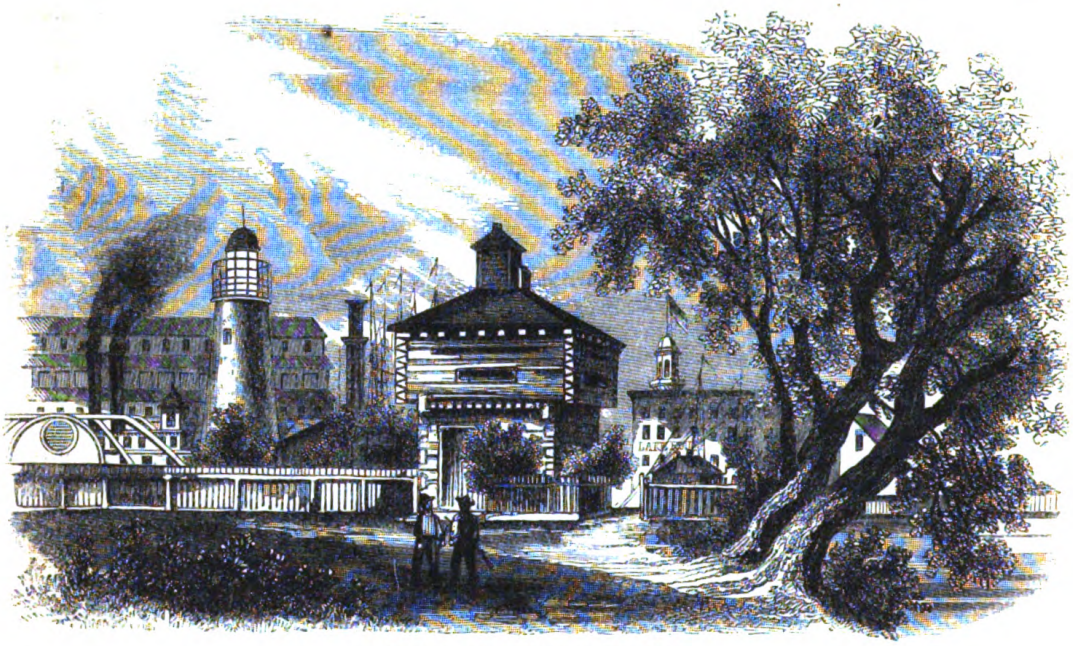
Early in August a message reached Captain Heald from General Hull, by the hand of a friendly Indian, ordering him to evacuate Fort Dearborn if practicable, and distribute the public property there among the surrounding Indians, as a peace-offering. The courier, a friend of the white people, who knew the Indians well, advised against evacuation. Tecumtha had informed them of the fall of Mackinack, the withdrawal of Hull from Canada, and the probable success of the British at Detroit, and assured them that Heald was in their power, and they must not let him escape. Heald's officers also advised against evacuation. They had plenty of ammunition and food, and might endure a protracted siege. But Heald determined to leave the post and distribute the property. Had he done so immediately, before the Indians could gather a force to oppose him, all might have been well. But he delayed, and they prepared. At length, on the 13th of August, the distribution was made, and the garrison, with the women and children, prepared to march out the following morning, to make their way to Fort Wayne, under an escort of Pottawatomies, who pretended to be friendly. That evening Black Partridge, a really friendly chief, said to Captain Heald, mysteriously, but plainly in warning, "Leaden birds have been singing in my ears to-day; be careful on the march you are going to take." But Heald heeded not the warning. That night he destroyed the powder, muskets, and whisky, in the fort, which the Indians expected to have, the discovery of which, the next morning, greatly exasperated them.

The morning of the 14th dawned brightly, but the dwellers in the fort were impressed with a presentiment of impending destruction. They were preparing to leave when Captain Wells, Mrs. Heald's uncle, was seen approaching with a band of Miamies. He had pushed forward from Fort Wayne as rapidly as possible with reinforcements for the post, well knowing that certain destruction would follow evacuation. He was too late. All means for maintaining a siege had been distributed or destroyed. The day was passed in gloomy preparations; and on the morning of the 15th, at nine o'clock, they all left the fort in solemn procession, the band playing the Dead March in Saul, for they had positive information that the Indians intended to massacre the white people. They had not gone far along the margin of the lake when the escort of Pottawatomies turned upon them. A short but desperate fight ensued. The cowardly Miamies fled, and the battle was sustained against the savages on the open prairie by fifty-four soldiers, a dozen civilians, and a few women. Of the latter Mrs. Heald and Mrs. Helm (a step-daughter of Mr. Kinzie) were the most conspicuous. They were both mounted. Mrs. Heald was an excellent rider, and expert in the use of the rifle. This she used effectively. She received some wounds. Faint and bleeding, she managed to keep the saddle. A savage raised his tomahawk to kill her, when she looked him full in the face, and in his own language, said, with a sweet, melancholy smile, "Surely you will not kill a squaw!" The appeal was effectual. Her life was spared. Mrs. Helm had a severe personal encounter with a powerful young warrior, who attempted to tomahawk her. By a quick movement she seized him around the neck and endeavored to get hold of his scalping knife, which hung in a sheath on his breast, when she was dragged from him by another Indian, who, in spite of her desperate resistance, bore her to the lake and plunged her in, at the same time, to her astonishment, holding her so that she would not drown. It was a friendly hand that held her. It was that of the Black Partridge who gave Heald the warning. She too was saved. But Captain Wells and two-thirds of the white people were slain or wounded. When the captives were taken back to the Indian camp near the fort a new scene of horrors was opened. Proctor had offered a liberal sum for scalps delivered at Malden; so nearly all the wounded were deliberately killed, and the value of British bounty—such as is sometimes offered in new countries for the destruction of wolves—was taken from each head. On the following morning the fort was burned, and Chicago became a desolation, while the prisoners were taken eastward. A new fort was erected there in 1816. One of its block-houses remained in Chicago, at the river termination of Wabash Avenue, until 1856, when it was demolished. The city of Chicago now covers the entire theatre of events just alluded to.

When the post at Chicago was annihilated by this one terrible blow, Black Bird, the leader of the fierce Pottawatomies, who accomplished it, pressed on toward Fort Wayne, to attempt the capture of that important military station, while Tecumtha, with the zeal of a patriot and enthusiast, sent emissaries to all the tribes to incite them to go out upon the war-path, and exterminate the white people north of the Ohio. He and Proctor resolved to capture Forts Wayne and Harrison immediately, as the first important step toward the accomplishment of the long-cherished design of the British authorities and the great Indian warrior. To divert attention from these posts and prevent their garrisons being reinforced, the savages were directed to prosecute warfare at distant points in their usual mode, namely, murdering isolated settlers, with their women and children.

Early in September Fort Wayne was invested by about six hundred Indians, and at the same time Major Muir, of the British army, was mov-

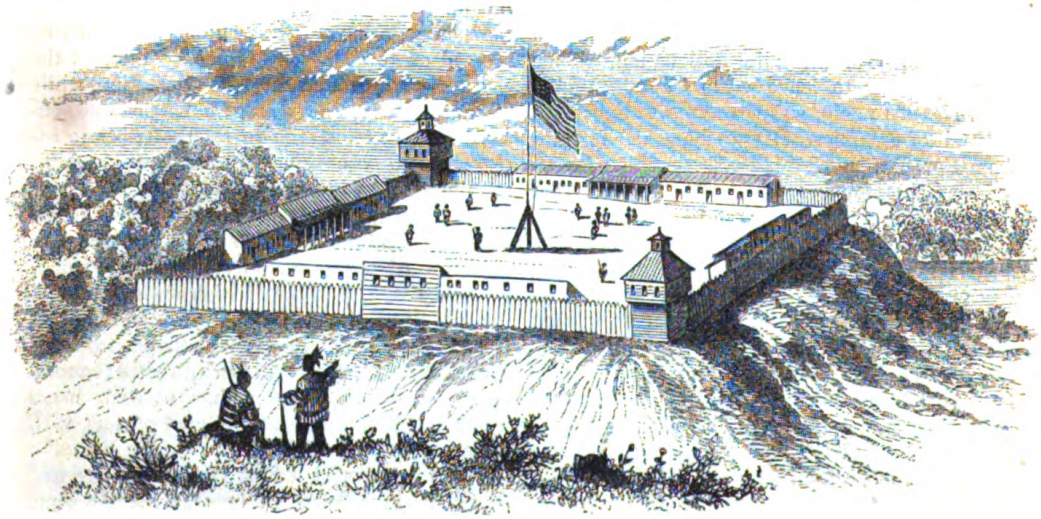
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BLOCK-HOUSE AT CHICAGO, IN 1856.

ing in that direction with regulars, Canadian militia, and Indians from Malden. The garrison of Fort Wayne, under Captain Rhea, numbered only seventy men, and the entire amount of heavy ordnance there consisted of four small field-pieces. The savages attacked the fort on the night of the 6th with great vehemence. They attempted to scale the palisades, but so vigilant and skillful were the garrison that the Indians were not permitted to do the least damage. In the morning the assailants tried strategy. Two logs, made to imitate cannon, were placed "in battery," and a half-breed, with a flag, was sent to the fort to inform the commander that the British had sent them two siege guns, and that if the post was not surrendered immediately the stockade would be battered down and the garrison would be exposed to massacre by the Indians. He also assured Captain Rhea that a reinforcement of seven hundred Indians was near. The Americans were not alarmed by the "Quaker guns" nor the fabled reinforcements. A courier had brought intelligence that friends were on the way to relieve the garrison. The assailants seem to have received similar intelligence, and on the 12th they fled precipitately from before the fort. On the same evening the deliverers arrived and Fort Wayne was saved.

While these demonstrations against Fort Wayne were in progress similar attempts were made to capture the new Fort Harrison, on the Wabash, then in command of Captain Zachary Taylor, who was just recovering from a severe attack of bilious fever. The garrison consisted



FORT WAYNE, IN 1812.

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of only about fifty men, of whom, on account of the epidemic sickness, not more than a dozen were fit for duty. Only six privates and two non-commissioned officers were able to mount guard at a time. Warning of danger had reached the post, and added strength to the convalescents. Preparations for an attack were made, and toward midnight of the 4th of September Captain Taylor was aroused from his slumbers by the firing of his sentinels. Every man was ordered to his post. It was soon discovered that one of the block-houses had been set on fire by the assailants, who were chiefly Winnebagoes, Shawnoese, Pottawatomies, Kickapoos, and some Miamies, who still adhered to the fortunes of The Prophet, then seated at his old village near the Tippecanoe. That block-house was extremely important, for it contained most of the provisions for the garrison. For a time there seemed little hope of safety. The block-house was consumed, and the fort was opened to the host of savages without, whose exultant yells for a moment almost paralyzed the little garrison. All seemed lost. The flames were touching the barracks when the commander, whose courage and resources were always equal to any emergency, shouted, "Pull off the roofs nearest the block-house; pour on water, and all will be well!" His voice was like inspiration, and several of the men, led by Dr. Clark, the surgeon, climbed to the roof, cast off the boards, and by great exertions, in the face of a terrible fire of bullets and arrows from the savages, subdued the flames and saved the menaced buildings. In all this heroic action only one man was killed and two wounded. Before daylight the breach had been covered by a high traverse of earth; and at eight o'clock in the morning, after a conflict of eight hours, the disheartened savages retired beyond the reach of the guns of the fort. The wearied garrison were thus allowed some repose. Toward noon the Indians, after having destroyed some of the live-stock belonging to the fort, fled up the Wabash, taking a number of horses, cattle, and hogs with them. Fortunately for the garrison the standing Indian corn around the fort was left untouched, and on this they subsisted several days, until relief came to them from Vincennes.

We have observed that troops arrived at Fort Wayne and saved it from destruction. Whence came they? Let us see.

The sad disasters in the Northwest caused the most intense feelings of indignation, horror, and mortified pride throughout the whole country, and especially westward of the Alleghany Mountains. The frontier was exposed to raids, if not formidable invasions of the British and their savage allies; and the instinct of self-preservation as well as the sentiment of pride called for immediate and effective action. An intense desire was created to drive the motley enemy from the soil of the Republic.

Even before the declaration of war Kentucky had made military preparations for the expected event. As early as May, Governor Scott had organized ten regiments of volunteers, making a force of five thousand men. Governor Meigs, of Ohio, had been equally active, and the ever-vigilant Harrison, with his accustomed forecast and energy, had caused several block-houses and stockades to be erected within his Territory of Indiana. His popularity was unbounded. "The hero of Tippecanoe" was a standing toast among the Kentuckians; and when, at the request of Governor Scott, he visited Frankfort to join in a conference on military affairs, he was honored with a public reception and the cordial greetings of the principal men of the State. His views of affairs in the Northwest were so comprehensive that Henry Clay and others desired him to lay them before the Government. He did so in a letter on the 10th of August, in which he predicted the downfall of Detroit if General Hull should not be reinforced. Before that letter reached Washington Detroit and Chicago had both fallen.

At this critical moment the veteran Isaac Shelby, the hero of King's Mountain, suddenly appeared upon the scene as the successor-elect of Governor Scott. He had felt the public pulse with a master's touch. He knew that Kentuckians were eager to be led northward for the reconquest of Michigan and the expulsion of the enemy, and that the volunteers were anxious to be commanded by Harrison. Governor Scott responded to their wishes by appointing him Major-General of the Kentucky Militia. By a commission dated three days earlier President Madison had appointed him a Brigadier in the army of the United States. Harrison immediately entered upon his duties under the authority of the Governor of Kentucky, hastened to Cincinnati, sent troops northward from there on the 29th of August, and on the 31st overtook them forty miles on their way toward Dayton, and was received with great demonstrations of respect. On the following day, at Dayton, he received his commission from the President of the United States, with instructions to take command of all the forces in the Territories of Indiana and Illinois, and to co-operate with General Hull and Governor Howard of Missouri.

Harrison was perplexed by his instructions from the War Department. Hull's army was annihilated, and General Winchester, of the regulars, was in chief command of the army of the Northwest destined to co-operate with the unfortunate invader of Canada. He wrote to the Government for new instructions under the circumstances, but pushed forward in the path of duty to Piqua, expecting to meet General Winchester there, and to resign the command of his troops into that officer's hands. Two thousand soldiers were with him, and as many more were following. On his arrival at Piqua he was informed of the perilous situation of Fort Wayne. He sent a trusty Indian to promise relief to the garrison. General Winchester had not arrived. Delay might be dan-

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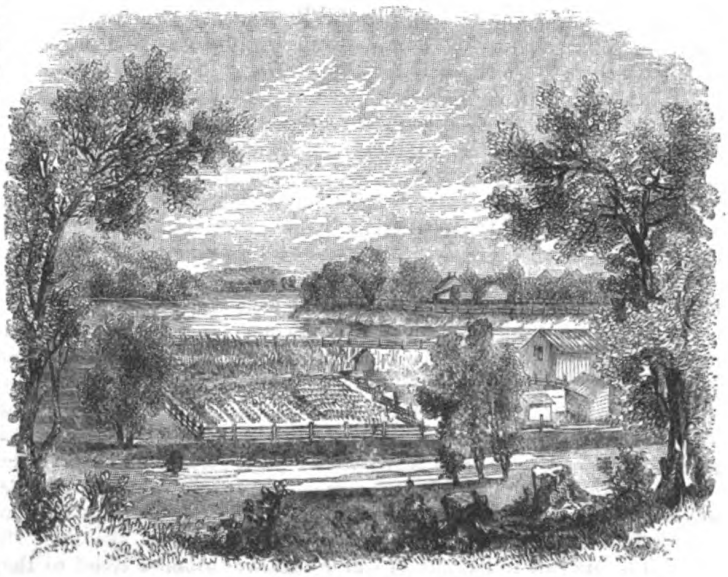


WILLIAM H. HARRISON.

gerous; so he sent a detachment toward Fort Wayne, with instructions to make forced marches. The whole army with Harrison speedily followed, and on the march were joined by a corps of mounted Kentuckians under Colonel Richard M. Johnson. They were also joined by some Ohio troops pressing in the same direction. On the morning of the 12th, being near Fort Wayne, they formed in battle order, and thus marched cautiously. But no foe was to be seen. The savages had fled, as we have before observed, and Fort Wayne, on that warm, bright September day, was the scene of great rejoicing. These were the deliverers. The question, Whence came they? is answered.

From Fort Wayne Harrison sent out detachments to smite the Indian villages in various directions, and spread terror through their country. These were successful: and a forward movement down the Maumee was about to be commenced, when General Winchester arrived at Fort Wayne, assumed command, to the great dissatisfaction of the soldiers, and Harrison returned to Piqua, where he intended to collect the mounted men from Kentucky and prepare for an expedition against Detroit. There he received a dispatch from the Secretary of War, saying: "The President is pleased to assign to you the command of the Northwestern army, which, in addition to the regular troops and Rangers in that quarter, will consist of the volunteers and militia of Kentucky, Ohio, and three thousand from Virginia and Pennsylvania, making your whole force ten thousand men." He was promised artillery from Pittsburg, and was invested with extraordinary powers. "Exercise your own discretion," said the Secretary, "and act in all cases according to your own judgment." This appointment gave great satisfaction to the army, and the soldiery expressed their willingness to go wherever Harrison might lead them. Winchester acquiesced in the change, and with two thousand men left Fort Wayne on the morning of the 22d of September for the Rapids of the Maumee, fifty miles distant, to co-operate with the division under Harrison in intended operations against Detroit and Malden. He advanced cautiously, had some bloody skirmishes with Indians in the van of a larger force of White and Red men under Major Muir and Colonel Elliott, a notorious Indian agent, and at the close of the month reached the confluence of the Au Glaise and Maumee rivers, where Wayne built a fort in 1794, and called it Defiance, near where the village of Defiance now stands. Muir and Elliott, taking counsel of prudence and their fears, had fled at his approach, and were then at the Maumee Rapids, a point of great strategic importance, the possession of which would be essential to the Americans in successfully prosecuting their designs against Detroit and Malden.

While Winchester was making his way toward Fort Defiance Harrison was pushing on through the wilderness from St. Marys, in the present Mercer County, Ohio, toward the Maumee Rapids. The difficulties in the way of transportation of supplies over that swampy region, with inadequate means, were enormous. The base of operations, having the Rapids as the first object to be possessed, was a line drawn



SITE OF FORT DEFIANCE.

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along the margin of the swampy region from St. Marys to Upper Sandusky, the former to be the principal deposit for provisions, and the latter for artillery and military stores. The army was to march in three divisions, the right column to be composed of the Virginia and Pennsylvania troops, to rendezvous at Wooster, the capital of the present Wayne County, Ohio, and proceed from thence by Upper Sandusky to the Rapids. The centre column, to consist of twelve hundred Ohio militia, was to march from Urbana to Fort M'Arthur, and follow Hull's road to the Rapids. The left column, to be composed of the regulars under Colonel Samuel Wells, and four regiments of Kentucky volunteers, were to proceed down the Au Glaise to the Maumee from St. Marys, and join Winchester, and from thence press onward to the Rapids.

The plan was well arranged, but supplies lingered. Winchester's troops, composing the left wing of the army, were made a corps of observation, and Fort Defiance was designed as an important deposit for provisions, preparatory to the grand advance on the Rapids. That movement was to commence as soon as the artillery should arrive at Upper Sandusky, and other supplies had accumulated along the base of operations.

While Harrison was engaged in these preparations, he heard, almost simultaneously, by expresses, of the departure of Muir and Elliott from Malden with British regulars, Canadian militia, two thousand Indians, and two pieces of artillery for Fort Wayne by way of the Maumee, and of the meeting of the dusky vanguard of the foe by Winchester between Fort Wayne and Fort Defiance. These reports produced great commotion in the camp. The troops were immediately provisioned and ordered to march rapidly toward Defiance. Three hours after the order was issued Harrison was in the saddle, and his whole corps were following him into the wilderness in a drenching rain. That night officers and men slept in the cold damp air, without tents, and nothing between them and the water pools on the surface of the ground but brush from the beech-trees. There Harrison was informed by Winchester of the flight of the enemy down the Maumee. The march was stayed. Some of the troops were ordered back. Others moved forward to make a road to Defiance; and the mounted men, a thousand strong, rode forward in five lines, making an imposing appearance in the stately forest, where the leaves were just assuming the gorgeous autumnal tints. Harrison visited Winchester's camp, and found the troops in almost open mutiny. By cheering words he soon restored order and comparative good feeling. They were willing to endure much now that they were informed that the beloved Harrison was the commanding General of the whole army.

After ordering the construction of a new fort (which was named Fort Winchester) near old Fort Defiance, Harrison returned to St. Marys to complete his preparations for a general advance on the Rapids; and he soon afterward established his head-quarters at Franklinton, on the Scioto River, opposite the site of the present city of Columbus, then covered by the primeval forest. It was an eligible point for the concentration and forward movement of troops and supplies. Owing to unavoidable delays, caused partly by the tardiness with which supplies reached him, and partly because of the wretched condition of the roads, made so by the autumn rains, he spent several weeks in laborious preparations for an advance, resolved, if he could do no better, to undertake the perilous enterprise of a winter campaign. He knew that much was expected of him, and day and night his head and hands were at work. Taking all things into consideration, his task was Herculean, and to some men would have been appalling. He was compelled to create an army out of good but exceedingly crude materials. He was compelled to reconcile many differences and difficulties in order to insure the harmony arising from perfect discipline. He was compelled to concentrate forces and supplies at convenient places, while perplexed with the greatest impediments. His operations were necessarily three-fold in character; namely, preparative, offensive, and defensive, in a wilderness filled with hostile savages, controlled and supported by British regulars. A frontier hundreds of miles in extent must be protected at all hazards from the hatchet and the knife. The season was becoming more and more inclement. From the fortieth degree of latitude northward (the direction of his projected march) was a region of dark forests and black swamps. The autumnal rains had commenced, filling every stream brimful, and making every morass overflow with water. Through these roads must be cut and causeways constructed for the passage of troops, pack-horses, provisions, and artillery. Block-houses were to be built, magazines of provisions established, and a vigilant watch kept upon the savages prowling on his flanks. All this had to be done with undisciplined troops prone to self-government and independence, with a great uncertainty whether volunteers would swell his army to the promised number of ten thousand men. Yet, in view of all these difficulties, Harrison was hopeful, and worked on with faith. Governor Meigs, and Generals Wadsworth and Perkins, and others of Ohio, gave him all the assistance in their power; and Brigadier-General Tupper, with a corps of mounted men of the same State, performed valuable services in pioneer movements toward the Rapids.

In November Tupper made a bold attempt to capture the British post at the Rapids. He had quite a severe contest there, but was compelled to retreat on account of a lack of provisions. His sudden appearance alarmed the enemy; and while Tupper was hastening back toward Fort M'Arthur the enemy were flying down the Maumee, and abandoning the Rapids to the next comer. At about the same time expeditions were moving against the Indians elsewhere. One of them, sent out by Harrison, under Col-

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onel Campbell, destroyed four Indian villages on the Mississinewa, a tributary of the Wabash. Winchester meanwhile moved down the Maumee from Fort Defiance, and established himself and strengthened the post at the Rapids.

A cry for help soon came from the settlers at Frenchtown (now Monroe, Michigan), on the River Raisin. The Indians, exasperated by late reverses, and believing the inhabitants there to be in complicity with the Americans, had vowed speedy vengeance. On the 13th of January messengers from Frenchtown reached Winchester's camp. They were made almost breathless by alarm and rapid traveling. They brought intelligence that British and Indians were about to fall upon and destroy their village, and begged Winchester to send a sufficient force for their protection. The troops, touched by the earnestness of the men and the peril to the villagers, were anxious to move instantly toward the Raisin. Winchester had no authority to go beyond the Rapids. Harrison, the commander-in-chief, was at Upper Sandusky, more than sixty miles distant, and could not be consulted. A council of officers was called, and it was decided to send troops immediately to the Raisin, thirty-five miles distant by the route they must travel. On the morning of the 17th Colonel Lewis with five hundred and fifty men started for Frenchtown, instructed to attack and beat the enemy, and "hold the place." These were followed a few hours later by Colonel Allen and one hundred men, who joined Lewis at Presque Isle, a point on Maumee Bay a little below the present city of Toledo. There the troops passed an intensely cold night. Strong ice covered the bay and the shores of Lake Erie, and over that glittering bridge the little army moved early and rapidly on the morning of the 18th, and were within six miles of Frenchtown before they were discovered by the scouts of the enemy, then about five hundred strong on the Raisin. On the shore of the lake, in snow several inches deep, the Americans calmly breakfasted, and then moved steadily forward through timbered lands to an open savanna, in three lines, so arranged as to fall into battle order in a moment.

Frenchtown, at the time in question, was a flourishing settlement containing thirty-three families, twenty-two of whom resided on the north side of the Raisin. Gardens and orchards were attached to their houses, and these were inclosed with heavy pickets called "puncheons," made of sapling logs split in two, driven in the ground, and sometimes sharpened at the top. These formed no mean defenses. The town had been taken possession of by the enemy immediately after Hull's surrender; and at the time of Lewis's approach it was held by two companies of Canadians, one hundred in number, under Major Reynolds, and about four hundred Indians led by Round-Head and Walk-in-the-Water, eminent chiefs.

Lewis's force numbered less than seven hundred men. The Raisin was hard frozen, and when he reached it the enemy on the north side stood ready to dispute his passage. He moved steadily forward in the face of blazing muskets, and at a signal made a furious charge upon the foe with bayonets. The Americans gallantly rushed up the banks, leaped the "puncheons," dislodged the enemy, and drove him in confusion toward the forest in the rear. Colonel Allen attacked them on the left, and pursued them more than half a mile. The enemy formed behind fallen timber and brushwood in the forest, and a warm encounter ensued. The battle lasted from three o'clock in the afternoon until dark, the enemy all the while slowly falling back before the brave Kentuckians, but gallantly contesting every foot of the ground. The Americans returned to the village in the evening, and occupied the camp abandoned by the enemy. The Indians gathered up their dead and wounded, and the allies retreated toward Malden.

Lewis hastened to inform Winchester of his success, and that officer dispatched a courier with the good news to Harrison at Upper Sandusky. Lewis and his officers in council resolved to hold Frenchtown and wait for reinforcements from the Rapids. These were not long wanting. The expulsion of the enemy from Frenchtown was hailed as a harbinger of success at Detroit and Malden. The troops were eager to press forward; and on the evening of the 19th Winchester, accompanied by Colonel Samuel Wells, of Tippecanoe fame, with less than three hundred men, marched for Frenchtown, leaving a sufficient force to guard the camp and stores at the Rapids. They arrived at Frenchtown at three o'clock the next day, crossed the river, and encamped in an open field eastward of Lewis's force, which lay chiefly in the picketed gardens of the village. Winchester established his head-quarters at the house of Francis Navarre, on the south side of the river, half a mile from the American lines. I am indebted to Mrs.



WINCHESTER'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

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BATTLE-GROUND OF RIVER RAISIN.

Noble, of Monroe, for the sketch on the preceding page of the house, as it appeared in 1813.

On the morning of the 21st, Winchester sent some scouts on the ice toward Malden for information. They met a Canadian Frenchman, who had escaped from Malden, making his way speedily toward Frenchtown, to inform the commander there that the British Colonel Proctor would be at the Raisin that night with a large body of Indians. Winchester was soon apprised of the fact, but a traitorous resident of Frenchtown, in the interest of the British, persuaded him that there was no truth in the story. Other rumors of the approach of the enemy reached head-quarters toward sunset, yet Winchester was incredulous, and retired to bed without making any efficient arrangements of sentinels or pickets to watch for the approach of the foe.

Late in the evening word was brought to Lewis's camp that a large force of British and Indians, with several pieces of heavy artillery, were at Stoney Creek, only a few miles distant, and would be at Frenchtown before morning. That vigilant officer immediately doubled the picket-guard and sent word to General Winchester. The Commander-in-Chief did not believe the report, and composed himself for slumber. Lewis's field-officers did believe it, and remained up for some time, but they finally partook of the incredulity of the commanding general, and retired. Before midnight as deep repose rested upon the camp and at head-quarters as if some trusted power had guaranteed perfect security. The small hours of the morning passed in sweet quietude, and Colonel Lewis, who had scarcely dared to slumber, began to doubt the truth of the last rumor, when suddenly, just as the *réveille* was beaten, between four and five o'clock in the morning, and the drummer-boy was playing "The Three Camps," the sharp crack of the sentinels' musketry firing an alarm was heard by still dull ears. These were followed immediately by a shower of bomb-shells and canister shot hurled from several pieces of ordnance, accompanied by a furious charge of almost invisible British regulars, and the terrible yells of painted savages. The sounds and missiles fell upon the startled camp with appalling suddenness, giving fearful significance to the warnings and a terrible fulfillment of the predictions uttered the previous evening. Night had not yielded its gloomy sceptre to day. The character and number of the assailants were unknown. All was mystery, terrible and profound, and the Americans had nothing else to do but to oppose force to force as gallantly as possible until the revelations of the dawn should point to strategy, skill, or prowess for safety and victory. The exposed reinforcements in the open field had been driven in toward Lewis's picketed camp, after a severe conflict, and all was confusion.

Just at dawn Winchester arrived and endeavored to rally these flying troops, but utterly failed. The British and their allies were pressing too heavily upon the fugitives, and when, at length, a body of Indians appeared on their right flank they were thrown into the greatest disorder and fled pell-mell across the Raisin, carrying with them a detachment of one hundred men which Lewis had sent out for their support. Seeing this, Lewis and Allen joined Winchester in his attempts to rally the troops behind the houses and fences on the south side of the river, leaving the camp in charge of Majors Graves and Madison. But all attempts to stop the flight of the soldiers were vain. The Indians, more fleet than they, had gained their flank and swarmed in the woods in the line of their retreat. The

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fugitives were met by hideous savages at every turn, and a terrible massacre ensued. Scarcely one escaped. Within the space of a hundred yards, near Plum or Mill Creek, nearly one hundred Kentuckians fell under the hatchets of hired butchers, who snatched the "scalp-locks" from their heads and afterward bore them in triumph to Fort Malden to receive the market-price for that precious article of commerce. Winchester and Lewis were made prisoners by Round-Head at a bridge about three-fourths of a mile from the village, where they were stripped of all their clothing except shirt, pantaloons, and boots, and in this plight were marched through the snow in the keen wintry air, to the quarters of the British commander, who proved to be Colonel Henry Proctor, the unworthy successor of the gallant and generous Brock, in the command at Amherstburg and Detroit.

While these bloody scenes were in progress on the south side of the Raisin, the remainder of the troops under Graves and Madison were manfully defending themselves in their camp. The British had planted a howitzer within two hundred yards of the camp, behind a small house on the road to Detroit, but it was soon silenced by the Kentucky sharp-shooters behind the stout "puncheon" pickets. The conflict was maintained until about ten o'clock, when Proctor withdrew his troops to the woods with the intention of either abandoning the conflict or awaiting the return of his savage allies from their feast of blood beyond the Raisin.

The Americans now quietly breakfasted. While eating, a white flag was seen approaching. Major Madison, supposing it was a token of truce while the British might bury their dead, went out to meet it, when, to his astonishment and mortification, he found it borne by Major Overton, one of General Winchester's staff, who was accompanied by Colonel Proctor, with an order from Winchester for the unconditional surrender of all the troops as prisoners of war. Proctor, as was afterward proven, had dishonestly taken advantage of Winchester's situation to extort that order. He had assured the General that a surrender was the only way for the Americans to escape utter extermination when the Indians from across the Raisin, excited by the bloody scenes in which they had just been engaged, should return. Totally ignorant of the condition of the remainder of his little army, and their proven ability to cope with the foe, Winchester, horrified by the butchery he had already been witness of, yielded, and sent Major Overton on the errand just mentioned.

The gallant Madison refused to obey the order for surrender, except on conditions. "It has been customary for the Indians," he observed, "to massacre the wounded and prisoners after a surrender. I shall therefore not agree to any capitulation which General Winchester may direct, unless the safety and protection of all the prisoners shall be stipulated." The haughty Proctor stamped his foot and said, with a supercilious air, "Sir, do *you* mean to dictate to *me*?" "I mean to dictate for myself," Madison replied with firmness. "We prefer selling our lives as dearly as possible, rather than be massacred in cold blood." Proctor, who was scorned by Brock for his jealousy and meanness, and is remembered by Canadians who knew him as cruel and cowardly, quailed before the honest, manly bravery of Madison, and solemnly promised that all private property should be respected, and ample conveyance and protection to the prisoners in their transfer from Frenchtown to Fort Malden. Ignorant of Proctor's poverty in all that constitutes a soldier and man of honor, Madison trusted to his promises, and surrendered. But the word had scarcely been passed to the foe before the Indians began to plunder. Having secured his object by fraud, Proctor, true to himself, forfeited his word, and with a coward's heart counseling him, fled before the Americans who, it was rumored, were pressing on from the Rapids. He abandoned the wounded prisoners, and left them to be murdered by the bloody savages on the day succeeding the battle. Most of them had followed Proctor toward Malden. The kind-hearted villagers had taken the wounded into their houses, and the morning of the 23d dawned with hope for all. Sunrise brought a fearful change. Instead of sleds, which Proctor had promised to send for the wounded prisoners, came about two hundred half-drunken savages, their faces painted black in token of their fiendish purposes. Their chiefs held a brief council and determined to kill and scalp all the wounded prisoners. With horrid yells they went out upon their bloody errand. They plundered the village, burned several houses, and killed and scalped all the prisoners they could find.



LA SALLE HOUSE.

Among the prisoners was Captain Hart, a brother of Mrs. Henry Clay, who offered a friendly Pottawatomie chief a hundred dollars if he would conduct him in safety to Malden. The chief attempted the service. Hart was placed on a horse, and

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had just started, when, near the house of Francois La Salle, a Wyandot claimed him as his prisoner. A quarrel ensued, and it was settled by an agreement to kill the prisoner and divide his money and clothes between them! So says the most reliable recorded history. Local tradition asserts that the Pottawatomie attempted to defend Captain Hart, when the Wyandot shot and scalped him. The house of La Salle, near which the murder was committed, is yet standing, in modified form, in Monroe. I am also indebted to Mrs. Noble for the sketch of the La Salle House, as it appeared in 1813.

Proctor and his bloody horde returned to Detroit. From Sandwich, on the 26th, he sent an official dispatch to Sir George Prevost, the British Commander-in-Chief in Canada, in which he highly commended the conduct of his savage allies. The Assembly of Lower Canada passed a vote of thanks to him and his men, and Sir George promoted him to Brigadier-General, "until the pleasure of the Prince Regent should be known." That "pleasure" was to confirm the appointment, and thereby the British Government officially justified his conduct.



GENERAL SIMON PERKINS.

The loss of the Americans in killed, wounded, and prisoners, in the affair at Frenchtown, was nine hundred and thirty-four. Of these three hundred and ninety-seven were killed or missing. The event was a terrible blow to Kentucky. It caused mourning in almost every family. The first shock of grief was succeeded by intense exasperation, and the war-cry of the Kentuckians after that was, "*Remember the River Raisin!*" It was uttered with such terrible emphasis on the River Thames in the following autumn, that the cowardly Proctor—denounced as a "squaw" by his brave and more humane ally Tecumtha—fled before the battle had fairly begun, and was disgraced by his Government, the Prince Regent reprimanding, by implication, the court-martial for not passing a more severe sentence on him than it did.

General Harrison was censured by some of the politicians and newspapers of the day, who possessed about as much military knowledge as ideas of justice, for not more promptly supporting Winchester on that occasion; and in the political campaign in 1840, when he was a successful candidate for the office of President of the United States, his enemies revived the old slanders, mainly for political effect. But contemporary history, and the well-settled convictions of his surviving companions in arms whom I met in the Northwest in 1860, as well as his gallant engineer, Colonel Wood, who afterward fell at Fort Erie, fully acquit him of all blame or lack of soldierly qualities on that occasion. It was not until the night of the 16th that he was informed, by a messenger, of the arrival of General Winchester at the Rapids, and that he contemplated a forward movement. The latter intimation alarmed Harrison, for he knew the perils of such a movement. He made every exertion to push troops forward from Upper Sandusky where he was then quartered, sixty miles from the Rapids by way of the Portage River, and seventy-six miles by Lower Sandusky, now Fremont, Ohio. He immediately ordered his artillery to advance by way of the Portage, with an escort of three hundred men under Major Orr, with provisions; and he pressed forward himself, as speedily as possible, by the way of Lower Sandusky, where one regiment and a battalion were stationed, under the command of General Simon Perkins. This battalion was ordered to march immediately under Major Cotgrove, and Harrison determined to follow it next morning. He was just rising from his bed when a messenger came with the tidings of the advance of Lewis upon Frenchtown. Perkins was immediately ordered to push forward to the Rapids the remaining troops under his command. After hastily breakfasting, Harrison and Perkins proceeded in a sleigh. They were met on the way by an express with intelligence of Lewis's victory at the Raisin. This nerved Harrison to greater exertions. He pushed forward alone and on horseback through the swamps filled with snow, in daylight and in darkness, and after almost superhuman efforts he reached the Rapids early in the morning of the 20th. Winchester had departed for the Raisin the previous evening, and Harrison could do nothing better than wait for his oncoming troops under Perkins and Cotgrove, and the artillery by way of the Portage. What remained at the Rapids of Winchester's army, under Colonel Payne, were sent forward toward the Raisin, and Captain Hart, the Inspector-General of his army (just mentioned as having been murdered at Frenchtown), was sent to inform Winchester of the supporting movements in his rear.

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Alas! the roads were so almost impassable that the troops moved very slowly. After the utmost exertions they were too late. News came to Harrison at ten o'clock on the morning of the 22d of the attack of the British and Indians on the Americans at Frenchtown. The fraction of Perkins's brigade which had arrived at the Rapids was sent forward, and Harrison himself hastened toward the Raisin. He met affrighted fugitives, who told doleful stories of the scenes of the early morning, and assured the commander that the British and Indians were in pursuit of Winchester's broken army toward the Rapids. This intelligence spurred on the reinforcements. Other fugitives were soon met who declared that the defeat of Winchester was total and irretrievable, and that no aid in Harrison's power could win back the victory gained by the enemy. A council of officers was held at Harrison's headquarters in the saddle, when it was decided that a further advance would be useless and imprudent. A few active men were sent forward to assist the fugitives in escaping, while the main body returned to the Rapids. There another council was held, which resulted in an order for the troops, numbering not more than nine hundred men, to fall back to the Portage (about eighteen miles), establish there a fortified camp, wait for the arrival of the artillery and accompanying troops, and then to push forward to the Rapids again.

The latter movement was delayed on account of heavy rains. On the 30th of January, Colonel Leftwitch, of Virginia, arrived with his brigade, a regiment of Pennsylvania troops, and the greater part of the artillery; and on the 1st of February General Harrison moved toward the Rapids with seventeen hundred men. He took post on the right bank of the river, at the foot of the Rapids, opposite the site of the present Maumee city, upon high and commanding ground, and there established a fortified camp, to which was afterward given, in honor of the Governor of Ohio, the name of Fort Meigs. All the troops that could be spared from other posts were ordered there, with the design of pressing on toward Malden before the middle of February; but circumstances caused delay, and the Army of the Northwest tarried for some time on the bank of the Maumee before opening the campaign of 1813 in that region, events of which will be recorded in another paper.

AN AMERICAN FAMILY IN GERMANY.

[First Paper.]

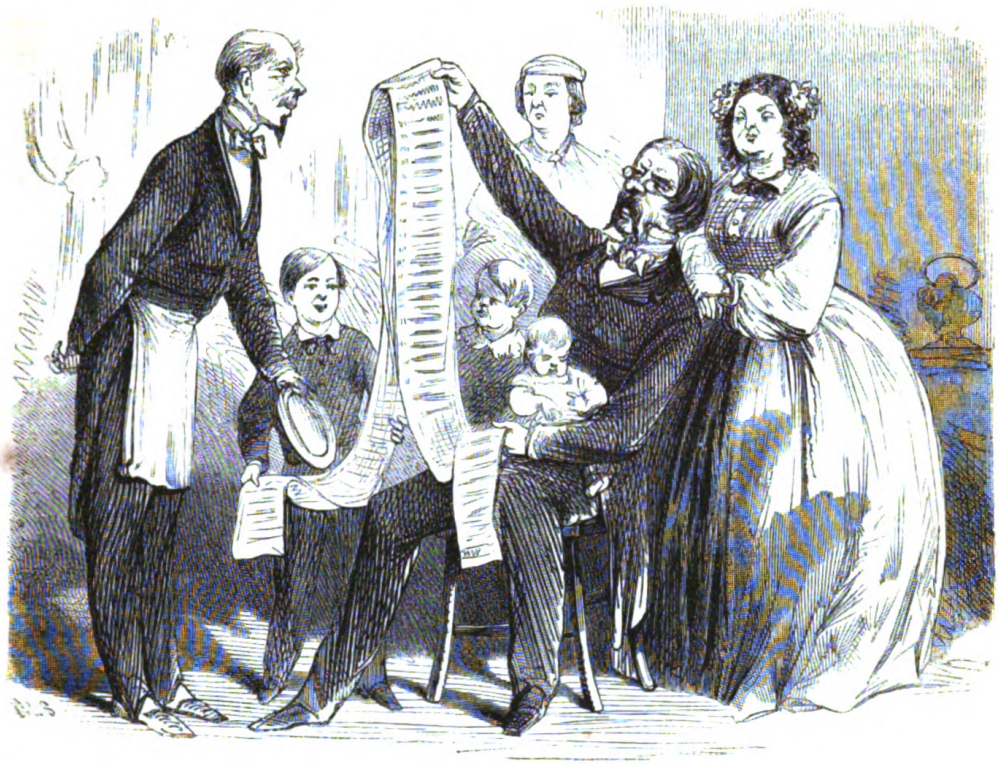
ON my return from Washoe, it was quite apparent that great changes had taken place in the home department. The simplicity of our daily life in Oakland was gone forever. Rumors of the enormous interests I had secured in the Gone Case and Deadbroke ledges had preceded me, and I was not a little surprised to find Mrs. Brown awaiting me on the wharf, in a magnificent carriage drawn by two spirited horses. "Now, John," she cried, "the dream of my life is to be realized! You are rich, and must take us all to Europe! The children must be civilized. It will never do to have them grow up like little savages. Let us start at once for Germany."

I am not going to waste time on this part of our career. Where there is a will there is a way, with women. I held out for two weeks, but finally gave it up. Mrs. Brown had both the will and the way; and I was compelled to surrender at discretion. Besides, I had large interests to dispose of, and was assured by my excellent partner that Frankfort-on-the-Main was the very centre of financial operations in Europe. Through my Washoe connections, I would unquestionably become a millionaire in the course of a few years. I have already intimated, in a series of papers on that subject, that the capitalists of Europe are somewhat wary about investments in Gone Case and Grizzly ledges; but that is nothing to the present point. All I have in view now is, to give to the world, for the benefit of the rising generation and of all posterity, a succinct account of our domestic experiences in the Faderland.

We sold out our furniture, horses, carriages, and chickens, in the city of Oakland; and what we did not sell we gave away; so that the net result was satisfactory—we got rid of a vast accumulation of rubbish without any expenditure of means for the transportation. Being myself the auctioneer, I adopted the old Dutch system, and knocked down every thing to the lowest bidder, provided he would take it away at his own expense. By this judicious arrangement we made a clear start for Germany.

Arrived at the beautiful city of Hamburg, I was recommended by the guide-book to put up at the Hotel Victoria, which was said to be clean, eligibly located, and moderate in prices. Friends and countrymen, you who base your expectations on prospective incomes to be derived from Gone Case silver mines, never trust to guide-books in Europe on the subject of hotels. The notices are generally paid for, and few people pay for notices without getting back their money some way or other. The Victoria is very fine, very clean, very eligibly located—just in front of the Alster Basin, where the view of the old wind-mill and the gardens on the opposite side is wonderfully picturesque and refreshing after a long sea-voyage—but the prices are not moderate. No, not even moderate compared with the rates charged by the Hotel de Haystack in Virginia City. At the expiration of three days, when a waiter, elegantly dressed in black, with a crop of hair that would have been an ornament to any barber's block, entered our drawing-room—the identical room recently

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THE LONG BILL.

occupied by the Emperor of Russia—and with a graceful bow presented a paper, neatly folded, on a little black tray; when I opened that paper, and found that it was a bill measuring precisely three feet in length; that every inch of it was filled with items, written in the French language; when I looked at the general summing up, and called to mind that Mrs. Brown had informed me on many occasions that Germany was a cheap country, you will not be surprised to learn that my eyes rolled in a manner quite horrible to behold; that my under-jaw fell; that I gasped for breath; and with one convulsive effort uttered these impressive words: "Mrs. Brown, be ready with the children to depart for Frankfort at six o'clock to-morrow morning."

Unbending in this stern resolution I at once engaged a carriage for Harburg, and, on the following day, the cars conveyed us to Düsseldorf; thence we steamed it up the Rhine as far as Bieberich. It rained all the time and was exceedingly cold. I have my own opinion of the scenery of the Rhine, as compared with that of California; but deem it irrelevant to the material purpose of these memoirs.

From Bieberich we availed ourselves of the railway to Frankfort-on-the-Main, where we arrived and were safely deposited at a fashionable hotel on the night of July 4, 1860. After three days' additional experience of first-class German hotels, I must be permitted to say that I have no further confidence in gentlemanly proprietors and stylish waiters with oily hair parted in the middle. I was obliged to pay an elegant-looking man dressed in uniform, with a brass band on his cap, the sum of fifty cents per day for bowing gracefully to Mrs. Brown and the little ones every time they entered the dining-saloon—couldn't resist it, upon my honor, the fellow did the thing in such a magnificently deferential manner, as if he knew by instinct that I was on a mission from Washoe to the Court of His Imperial Majesty, the Autocrat of all the Russias.

Now commenced the interesting part of our career—the search for a house. Strange as it may seem, in a country where houses are plenty and rents comparatively cheap, nothing is more difficult in Frankfort and the suburbs than to procure a small house, suitable for a single family. The Germans are essentially gregarious; they live in crowds. The peculiar interpretation given by us to the word *home*, embracing something of domestic privacy and comfort—a retreat within the circle of one's family rather than the walls of a building—is but imperfectly understood in Continental Europe. A reason for this may be found in the fact, that in the principal cities at least the better classes find it convenient to live in rented lodgings. A large proportion of the houses in Frankfort and the suburbs are splendid and substantial edifices, three or four stories high, and containing three or four separate suits of apartments. Each floor is considered a family residence, and is cut off from the main stairway by a glass door. It is usual for several families to live in the same house, and many reside in this way for years who have but a nodding acquaintance with their

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fellow-lodgers in the same house. The stairs are the common highway to all the tenants.

Attic rooms for servants, and cellars for coal and wood, are allotted to each family. The wash-room and rain-water are used in common, and all tenants enjoy the privilege of the garden. The best summer-house goes with the best apartments, and so on, in regular gradation. Where there are many servants and children it seems rather strange that people can live in this way on terms of harmony. Yet they contrive to do it in Germany. Accustomed to it all their lives, they learn forbearance, and cultivate good-humor as an essential virtue.

One reason for living in this gregarious way may be found in its superior economy. A family can certainly enjoy a more stylish residence and at a cheaper rate by combination than alone in a smaller house. But apart from this, the Germans abhor isolation. The noise, confusion, babbling, and jostling of crowds—the tramp of feet overhead, underneath, and on the stairways—the music in one part of the house, and screaming of children in another, seem to please them. It is the opposite of dullness. They consider it life. I think, as a general rule, they are deficient in the sense of hearing; at least boisterous talking and the jarring of multitudes afford them no inconvenience.

The manner in which the houses are furnished is a little odd to us, who are accustomed to quite a different way of doing things. The windows are tastefully decorated with curtains, presenting a very pleasing effect from the street; but the floors are destitute of carpets. In winter, perhaps, a loose piece of carpet, about a fourth the size of the room, fringed around the edges like a large rug, may be spread in the middle of the floor. A rug lies in front of the sofa. Little bits and scraps of matting, rugs, and carpets scattered about in this way give a motley and comfortless effect to the room, when one is not accustomed to it, and suggest the idea that it must be difficult to navigate among so many shoals and quicksands. The furniture is plain and substantial, but not so rich and elaborate as in the best houses in the United States.

The bedsteads and beds are the smallest, narrowest, and most uncomfortable one can possibly imagine; abounding in fanciful trimmings, but very badly adapted to sleeping purposes. Great wedges are placed at the head, so that one sits up all night rather than lies down. A full-grown American can not possibly stretch out in such a contracted space without making a bridge of his body. With a feather-bed beneath and a bed of feathers on top, it must be admitted that the beds are warm enough—especially in summer. I call this sleeping double. A man ought to be able to sleep twice as much in two beds as in one. The kitchens are usually on the same floor with the parlor and bedrooms. Here you find the head-quarters of German civilization. To say that they are neat and clean would be to pay but a poor compliment to the lady of the house. Every room is a miracle of neatness and cleanliness. Washing of windows and floors is the predominating mania of all German ladies. I have been driven to the verge of lunacy on several occasions by the excessive energy with which Mrs. Brown has gone into the business of house-cleaning. The floors are forever bathed in slops; and I seldom can see out of the windows in consequence of the floods of water with which they are deluged. Visions of incurable catarrhs and neuralgic affections constantly disturb my peace of mind; and I am not at all surprised that the children are subject to alarming attacks of the croup. The kitchen is literally a gallery of art in Germany. Visitors on familiar terms with the family are conducted into it, and expected to admire its neatness and the elegance and variety of its culinary utensils, as if it were the grand consummation of artistic wonders. The display of burnished kettles, coffee-pots, pans, dippers, graters, plates, and platters, hung upon the walls and ranged upon the shelves in this department of the household, would astonish an American housekeeper, and strike an American cook with dismay. It is a pleasant thing, at all events, to know that what we eat passes through a course of preparation conspicuous for its cleanliness, and that we are not forced by the cook to devour our "peck of dirt" in a concentrated form.



CHIMNEY-SWEEP.

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THE YOUNG IDEA.

In due time we rented a "*Wohnung*" of six unfurnished rooms, with kitchen, cellars, etc., in one of these domestic palaces, outside the gates of the city. The neighborhood was delightful. Fresh air, beautiful gardens, and pleasant walks gave us promise of an unlimited amount of health and recreation.

With considerable trouble we found a *möbel* establishment, where ready-made furniture could be had; and, having selected a small assortment, calmly awaited its arrival. Next day we received a table; day after half a dozen chairs; day after that a looking-glass; fourth or fifth day some beds, and so on. In the course of a few weeks we got the full amount of our purchase, all wheeled in a little hand-cart by two men, at intervals varying from one to three days. It is no use to lose patience. This is the German way of doing business. Nothing is so valueless in the various transactions of life as time. We Americans live too fast, as all the world knows, and thereby wear ourselves out; but the same fault does not attach to these people. Hence I think the Yankees and the Germans make the best possible amalgamation of races. We drag them on a little with our nervous energy; they drag us back a little with their weight and steadiness; so that a progeny uniting these valuable traits forms a very happy medium. In the progress of time the house is ready for occupation — not, indeed, as houses are furnished in Germany, where various articles of use and luxury grow like barnacles on the walls and into all the crevices and corners, thus accumulating from generation to generation; but it will serve the purposes of a temporary sojourn.

Now the lively time comes—the hiring of the cooks and nurses. Plenty to hire, but some trouble to make a choice. All bring their police-books and show you that they are "*treu und fleiszig*"—faithful and industrious. When you make your selection you pay two gulden contract-money; that clenches the bargain. In two weeks, if the servant be already in employment, she is allowed to come. The rate of wages is not high, compared with California, where we paid from thirty-five to forty dollars a month. In Frankfort it averages from thirty to sixty gulden a year—twelve to twenty-four

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dollars. In other parts of Germany compensation for labor is still lower. There is this to be observed, however; it requires a great many servants to do a very small amount of labor. People of all classes take life easy—work a long time, but never hard. Much of the housework has to be done by miscellaneous persons employed from the outside at stated intervals. For instance, the stove-cleaner must clean the stoves; the washerwoman must do the washing; the ironer must do the ironing; the baker must do the baking; and several extra women are required to do small miscellaneous jobs about the house. This aggregate of experts must be paid at extra rates, and stipulations are entered into by which they are entitled to bread and butter so many times a day, and coffee at stated intervals. Mrs. Brown has made contracts with her employées of such a complicated and stringent character that an attempt to comprehend them has on more than one occasion effectually addled my brain. Mrs. Brown is a woman of remarkable sagacity and won't be cheated. Besides, she considers it a master-stroke of policy to do in Germany as the Germans do—which, I am free to admit, is the best possible way of learning the language and enjoying all the advantages to be derived from a residence in the country.

The next grand move was to put all the children to school. This is soon accomplished; and now nothing remains but to give you an account of our ordinary daily life.

We breakfast on small-bread and coffee; butter is not allowed except on brown bread, and meat, eggs, and other food of a stimulating nature is prohibited at our morning repast as injurious to health. Water must also be very sparingly used, and in no case until half an hour has elapsed after taking the least exercise. At *Mittag*, or noon, we dine on soup and a species of boiled rag (originally beef), with subsequent dishes of a varied and complicated nature, such as herrings, beets, potatoes, anise seed, vinegar, and sugar compounded in one dish, nutmeg, caraway-seed, rice, and gravy in another; sour beef, spiced and sweetened, and many other strange and incomprehensible mixtures. We have a different kind of soup every day; and we have Pancake-days and Noodle-days when meat is prohibited as a matter of custom and economy. On no account is hot bread allowed on the table. It is not customary, and whatever is not customary is rigidly tabooed by Mrs. Brown as inconsistent with the grand object of our visit to this country. Apart from the consideration of health, she is conscientiously of opinion that the prevailing dishes have a material influence upon the tongue, and greatly facilitate the acquisition of the language.

For my part I have no particular antipathies in the matter of food or cookery. I enjoy the German way of living. It is cheap and wholesome, keeps the head clear, and the stomach free from dyspepsia; but there are some of the favorite mixtures of the country that I don't "yearn after" as a simple matter of flavor.

It is wonderfully striking to a labor-worn American, whose life has been devoted to the pursuit of some vain object—wealth, fame, or power—how smoothly the Germans spend their lives; how little they concern themselves about the progress of the world; how innocently they amuse themselves, and what trifles afford them pleasure:

"Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."

After church, of a Sunday afternoon, the cities seem literally to pour out their entire population. The public gardens are thronged to overflowing; the excursion-trains to all the neighboring towns and watering-places are packed full; the country for many miles around is alive with gay crowds of pedestrians; music is heard in every direction, and the air vibrates with sounds of revelry and rejoicing. It is a grand gala day for all classes. In the gardens, especially, the most characteristic traits of German life are to be seen of a fine summer's afternoon.

Make yourself comfortable, good friend, at a little board table, under the hospitable shade of this noble linden; with the flowers blooming around you, and the soft air fanning your cheek; a band of music discoursing sweet sounds from yonder pavilion; call for "*ein Flask Bier*" or "*ein Tasse Kaffe*," or whatever else may suit your taste, and observe the peculiarities of the company. They are all decently clad and respectable—mostly substantial citizens with their families, who come here of an evening to pass away the time. No such thing as quarreling or jarring is ever known; seldom a case of intoxication; and never any thing like rowdyism. All are good-humored, genial, and jovial; enjoying their simple amusements with the gusto of children; free and hearty, yet not boisterous; drinking their beer and their wine, eating their sausages and cheese and bread; passing their compliments, and enjoying the music and the flowers and the fresh air, with a perfect abandonment to the occasion; many of them old enough to be dead and buried twenty years ago, yet as hale and healthy and full of slow wit as they ever were; the young and the old on terms of perfect equality, yet due respect paid to age; and all as childlike as if just out of school.

Now observe that group of merry old burghers sitting at the opposite table. The whole cost of their refreshments would not exceed fifty cents. Beer, nuts, brown bread, cheese: this is all it requires to make them happy. With what an overflow of good-humor they rally each other—all old fogies past fifty years of age! laughing, joking, poking, and smoking in most innocent harmony. It is their Paradise on earth. Beyond the present hour of enjoyment they have no visible aspirations; yet, with all their jollity, they are as prudent and cautious a set of old stagers as you could find if you were to search the world over. What a subject for a caricature is each face! Observe that fat old fellow, with the knotty and piebald cheeks, all puffed into grotesque smiles; his nose as much like the but-end of a sausage as nose can be; his

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GARDEN SCENE.

mouth opening and shutting by mechanical jerks; the back of his neck overhanging his coat-collar, his twinkling little eyes, half-buried in fat, rolling about in search of some subject of jest. That is an Ex-Burgomeister. Another of these genial old boys, his pate all grizzled with the frost of years, rattles off the most antiquated jokes upon his friends; sets the table in a roar with stories that he has probably told a thousand times over, and punches his nearest neighbor in the ribs at precisely the same points which have ever before been marked by similar punches. These are the dots, commas, and climaxes of his discourse.

Rich and poor, high and low, meet in these gardens and places of public resort upon terms of perfect equality. There sits a peasant family—the rough, burly father, the decent homely wife, and promising son—in full peasant costume; as free, easy, and sociable, as much respected and as politely attended as the wealthiest banker on the premises. Your tailor or your shoemaker takes his seat near you with as kindly a greeting and as much easy confidence as if he were your most aristocratic friend; never intrusive, however, for none take their seats at the same table without politely asking permission. Nothing like cringing servility is manifest on the one side; no assumption of superiority on the other.

I really think that we, a people professedly democratic, have much to learn from the Germans in respect to social intercourse in public places.

Yet, strange to say, there is considerable formality among them in private life. One is led to suppose, from their friendly and congenial manners, that nothing is easier than to form agreeable social intimacies, as in our own country; but the icy crust of ceremony can only be broken by long acquaintance. To a certain extent they are sociable and unaffected; but beyond that there is a barrier of reserve which keeps even members of the same family aloof to a degree that seems almost inconsistent with the kindly and genial character of the people. This doubtless arises from their careful and economical habits of life, and the peculiar re-

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ENGAGED.

strictions imposed upon society by the density of the population and the political institutions of the country. In all things they are necessarily cautious and conservative. New alliances and associations can not be made or thrown off in a day; business is not subject to sudden vicissitudes; whatever is done is done for generations.

Unceremonious visiting; dropping in of an evening to see the young ladies; a cozy, haphazard dinner, or a sociable little frolic gotten up on the spur of the moment; an invitation to stay all night should your residence be somewhat remote, are rare and exceptional events in German society; and whatever is exceptional is regarded in the light of a barbarism.

A tea-party is pleasant enough to a stranger, because peculiar and characteristic. The ladies take their work with them, and sit around the table sewing, patching, knitting, and gossiping, while the gentlemen amuse themselves in a quiet easy way with cards or dominoes, joining occasionally in the conversation, but not wholly dependent upon the beauties of creation for their pleasure. In the matter of ornamental work the German ladies excel; it is one of their ruling passions; and to see them thus seated around the social board, working away as if for the dear life, one would almost imagine he had fallen into a millinery establishment.

Young gentlemen do not visit young ladies, as in our country; and young ladies are rigidly prohibited from all social intercourse with the male sex except in the presence of their parents and guardians, and at public balls. Antagonistical relations of the most stringent character are thus established between them. I don't know for the life of me what dire offense the first young gentleman who was admitted into European society committed, but it is certain his successors all over the Continent are sadly mistrusted by the gentler sex. Men seem to be regarded as ferocious cannibals, ready, without the slightest remorse, to pounce down upon and devour tender and defenseless young maidens. The married ladies are free and sociable enough—having discovered, probably, that the danger is not so great as they originally apprehended.

Even young ladies who are engaged—and how they ever arrive at an engagement is a mystery

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to me—seem to become immediately reconciled to their fate. Not only do they enjoy the sacrifice, but they take pleasure in letting all the world know that they enjoy it. Without the slightest fear of consequences they start off with their intended, visit all his relations, supervise the arrangement of his house, and resign themselves wholly to his commands. To all intents and purposes they are as good as married—a little better, in fact, for they are privileged in all domestic assemblages to fondle and caress each other, and hug and kiss at discretion, by way of encouragement, I suppose, to the rising generation. I have witnessed some scenes of this kind that would startle our daring young ladies in America, who are self-relying and fearless in their intercourse with gentlemen.

A betrothal is considered as sacred as a marriage. The friends of the parties are notified of the fact as soon as it occurs, and it is the custom to call upon the fortunate maiden who has succeeded in winning a husband, and congratulate her upon the happy event. With the young gentleman it is quite a different matter. His good fortune consists principally in the amount of property and ready cash which inures to him from the sacrifice of his liberty. The compliment is paid by him, and must be appropriately acknowledged by the lady and her friends. He is not exacting. Unconditional submission to all his caprices in the matter of dress, demeanor, and social intercourse during the term of the engagement will be entirely satisfactory.

The effects of this peculiar arrangement are strongly marked upon the manners of the gentler sex in Germany. They are not rated so high in the scale of humanity as with us; and however well educated, do not possess that easy grace of manner in their intercourse with gentlemen which distinguishes American ladies. Every thing with them is literal. There is no playful raillery, no badinage, to give a charm to the halcyon days of courtship. Marriage is rather a matter of business than of love, though, in the main, they make good and faithful wives, and affectionate mothers.

The country people and lower classes seem to have the best of it, so far as regards the affairs of the heart. They may possibly be restricted from making love in private, but they enjoy the largest latitude consistent with the police regulations in public. Any afternoon, during a ramble about the suburbs of Frankfort, you can not fail to meet some dozens of couples walking along the public highway, lovingly intertwined in each other's arms. It is no uncommon thing to see a stout young fellow, returning to his village after a hard day's work, with his arm cast devotedly over the neck of his sweet-heart; a broad grin of satisfaction on his honest face; while the unresisting damsel staggers along under a load of vegetables, skillfully poised in a huge basket on the top of her head. The unmannerly lout professes to love her with all his might and main, but never offers to relieve her of her burden. "*Ach, du bist so schön!*" he cries—"thou art so beautiful!"—and then he snatches a kiss from under the big basket. "Ja! Ja! Hans," says the girl; "but where is that new handkerchief



ACH, DU BIST SO SCHON.

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FATHER, SON, AND MOTHER.

you promised me?" "Ach, Gott!" cries Hans, "you are so sweet you make me forget every thing!" But Hans does not offer to take the basket, with all this excess of devotion. He always forgets that women are weak as well as pretty.

I have seen more than once a mother, father, and son, on their way home—the mother, aged and decrepit, wheeling in a cumbrous wheel-barrow a huge load of beets or turnips from the field; the father and son walking leisurely behind chatting sociably, smoking their pipes, and apparently as unconscious of the sighs and struggles of the poor old woman as if she were a part of the wheel-barrow.

There is something very peculiar, take it all together, in the relations of the sexes in Germany. With much that is commendable in the frank and genial manners of both, there is, in my opinion, an utter absence on the part of men, whether in high or low life, of that chivalrous respect for women which prevails in the United States. There seems to be a separation of interests and pursuits, of pleasures and associations, every where perceptible. A barrier appears to exist between them. Somehow they are not as inseparably bound together by "passional attraction" as in most other countries.

Thus we find that, even on the public promenade, their affinities are antagonistical. The ladies walk in flocks, and the gentlemen in herds; and if all start out together, they are pretty sure to separate before long. I think, too, as a general thing, men are more polite to each other than they are to women. Often a party of elderly burghers meet on the Glacis, and while describing a series of magnificent semicircles with their hats, bow down at each other in a manner so profoundly respectful that it would not surprise you to see their heads come in contact and their brains butted out. Such a spectacle would be very shocking; but it is likely to occur at any time. I have myself worn out the crowns of two good hats by banging them against my knees, and incurred considerable personal risk by rapidly passing gentlemen of my acquaintance, with the top of my cranium aimed at them like a battering-ram. The marvel of it is, that this excessive display of suavity is performed in utter silence. A galvanic smile, which accompanies the dodge, is the only token of recognition. Not a word is spoken, except on special occasions. One can not but indulge in curious speculations when he witnesses a scene of this sort. Suppose for a moment the polite and ponderous old burghers represented on the opposite page should accidentally, in pursuance of this dangerous custom, bring their bald pates in collision, what a singular report would break the dead silence of the occasion, and how entirely impracticable it would be to save their brains from utter destruction!

A charming feature in the domestic life of the Germans is the mingled respect and affection of children for their parents. This is seen in every grade of society. The parental influence is always apparent; yet the utmost latitude is allowed to children in the enjoyment of all the pleasures appropriate to their age. The

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cultivation of their affections is regarded as a sacred duty. Doubtless human nature is much the same every where. So far as my experience goes, there is but little difference between children in one civilized country and another. The original propensities for good and for evil are implanted in them by nature in about the same proportion. Climate, education, and political circumstances produce nearly all the subsequent characteristics of nationality. There can be no doubt that reverence for parental authority is very much the result of proper training. A due regard on the part of parents for the welfare and happiness of their children is generally rewarded by love and obedience.

Upon this point I think we have much to learn from the Germans. We are apt to complain of the want of respect for age manifested by children in our country, their insubordination and disregard of parental authority, their early distaste for the quiet and wholesome influences of the domestic circle, and all the attending evils of precocious independence and irreverence for the proprieties of life. But it is unreasonable to attribute this to any thing naturally depraved in our children. They have no more of the original leaven of sin in them than those of other countries. The fault lies with the parents. Neglect and bad training produce all the trouble. The period of childhood is shortened by a system of cultivated precocity. Knowledge of vice is mistaken for intelligence, and the prevailing spirit of Young Americanism is regarded as the spirit of enterprise and progression. Children are encouraged in most things that should be discouraged. Girls become young ladies before they possess the elements of an ordinary English education, such as would fit them for any useful sphere in life. They are glib enough in worldly knowledge, but very deficient in that kind of knowledge which has the most refining influence upon their sex. With boys it is still worse. To be forward, rude, cunning, and unscrupulous, is too often thought to be manly and spirited; and to be simple, innocent, and childlike, delighting in the amusements natural to youth, is considered puerile and effeminate. Parents can not justly blame their children, under such circumstances, for a want of proper respect and affection.

In Germany it is refreshing to witness the genial and unreserved intercourse between parents and their children. The growth of the affections is encouraged by innumerable customs beautiful in themselves, and refining in their influence. Among these, one of the most attractive is the constant interchange of kindly remembrances and souvenirs of affection. Whatever has a tendency to foster the generous impulses of the heart and encourage an appreciation of the beautiful, is cultivated with the most sedulous care. It is held that children should be made happy in order to be good; and love and honor to parents is taught to be a sacred duty.

In this connection the best practical illustration I can give is a chapter from our own experiences. I have already intimated that Mrs. Brown and the children are becoming somewhat infected with the German way of doing things.



THE PROMENADE.

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"WILLKOMMEN!"

This is quite natural, and I have no particular fault to find with it; but I really begin to apprehend, from what happened a short time since, that they are rapidly losing their nationality.

I had been somewhat dispirited in consequence of news from home, and thought a pedestrian tour through the Schwarzwald would do me good. Bidding good-by to Mrs. Brown and all the little Browns, I shouldered my knapsack and took passage in the cars for Baden-Baden. From that point I struck out on foot in the direction of Wildbad; and thence followed the windings of the mountains down through the beautiful little kingdom of Würtemberg, as far south as Friburg. It was a delightful ramble of a hundred and twenty miles, occupying about a week. Without company, however, I found it rather solitary. During the whole time I never heard a word of English spoken. On my return to Frankfort, somewhat surfeited with the quiet monotony of country life, and worried by my ignorance of foreign languages, I hurried home brimful of delight at the prospect of being once more at my own fireside, where I could see familiar faces and hear the music of my native tongue. As I ascended the stairway it struck me as a little peculiar that the passage was decorated with evergreens. Over the glass doorway was a wreath of flowers, beautifully interwoven with green leaves. In the centre of a gorgeous circle was written in tall, stiff letters, very much like a regiment of soldiers, the mysterious word:

"WILLKOMMEN!"

Naturally enough, I was astonished. What could it mean? There was something pretty and pleasant about it, to be sure; but it was strange. I peeped into the parlor. Festoons of flowers and evergreens were hung in marvelous profusion upon the walls. I entered cautiously. Wreaths and festoons of flowers again were gracefully swinging from the window-frames. The floors were newly scrubbed, and looked amazingly clean. [I must here mention that Mrs. Brown always takes occasion to have the floors scrubbed during my absence. I have a natural antipathy to scrubbed floors. They look barren and unpicturesque.] Little bits of carpets and rugs were tastefully littered about in

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front of the sofas and under the tables. The walls were decorated with small statuettes of Göethe and Schiller, Beethoven, Mozart, and Handel, besides many other great poets and musical celebrities, neatly executed in plaster of Paris. Over the piano was a magnificent device, encircled by gorgeous bouquets of roses, hyacinths, and arbor-vitæ, to this effect:

"Willkommen, lieber Vater!"

The lamps were glittering with spangles of silver and embroidered net-work; the ceilings were hung with fancy-colored paper, beautifully and artistically cut; the terra-cotta stove was a perfect master-piece of elegant ornamentation. It was very pretty—very much like some fairy scene! I was strangely affected, and stared around me with wondering eyes. Where was I? Had I by mistake gotten into somebody else's house? Was I somebody else's "lieber Vater?" Was I no longer plain John Brown, of California? A remote suspicion crossed my mind that I was bewitched by those ridiculous little German fairies of which I had been reading for the last three months. I carefully wiped my spectacles, put them on, and looked again. No: there was no mistake about it; there was my old Washoe hat; there was my meerschaum hung upon the wall; there was a photographic group of the whole Brown family, not to be mistaken for any other family within the range of my acquaintance. The only difficulty about it was that I could not imagine what it all meant. While I was wondering at the unwonted and bewildering aspect of things, a joyous and familiar burst of laughter greeted my ears, and in rushed seven small Browns, clapping their hands, and shouting, "Willkommen, lieber Vater! Willkommen! Willkommen!" Next, with a ponderous rush through the crowd, came the amiable Mrs. Brown, who, casting herself weeping on my neck, ejaculated, with many broken and hysterical sobs, "Ach! Ich bin so froh! Ach! mein lieber Mann! Mein Herz! Mein liebes Herz!"

Simultaneously with these outbursts of emotion rushed in Katrina, Lenchen, and Marie, the three servant-girls—healthy and substantial damsels, weighing in the aggregate some five or six hundred pounds—their ruddy faces aglow with excitement, the most enthusiastic delight beaming from every feature. They laughed and cried, and then laughed again, while they made violent efforts to close the flood-gates of their tears with the corners of their aprons, and then thrust out their honest red hands to be shaken, exclaiming, "Ach! Herr Braun! Ach! Wie gehts! Wie gehts! Willkommen zu Haus!"

Affected to the last degree by these extraordinary bursts of emotion, I gulped down an involuntary torrent of weakness, and begged to know what the deuce was the matter?—who was killed, maimed, married, or arrested by the police? The mystery was quickly explained. Seven eager mouths belonging to the seven small Browns explained it in a single breath. It was the German style of welcoming home the father of the family. They had learned it during my absence. It must be done. It was absolutely necessary. Fathers would be very much hurt in Germany if they were not greeted in this manner. To confess the truth, I was rather tickled with the whole proceeding. I had no objection to being festooned with flowers; it amused me. I was not insensible to the tender demonstrations of Mrs. Brown; nor could I but feel flattered at the tremendous sensation created by my return after so brief an absence. It occurred to me, however (though I did not mention this to Mrs. B.), that if the effects were to be heightened in proportion to the duration of one's absence, it would be rather a trying ordeal to get home after a year spent in some distant country.

Upon sitting down to dinner a new surprise awaited me. I was among strangers. Not one of the family spoke my native language. Mrs. Brown gave utterance to her commands exclusively in the German tongue; the little Browns spoke nothing but German; the Kindermagd was confined to the same medium of communication; in short, by a rigid regulation introduced during my absence, no other language was allowed at the table under the severest penalties. Not a morsel of food could the hungriest little Brown eat, however convulsed by the agonies of hunger, without asking for it in German. Even the smallest baby Brown was expected to cry for its natural aliment in the Frankfort dialect.

In utter despair I turned to my man Friday—a Digger Indian whom I had brought with me all the way from California. Surely the Digger had not become infatuated. "I suppose you speak English?" said I, doubtfully. "Nein!" said Friday, with great dignity—"nix furstay Inglees!"

I heaved a profound sigh, gulped down my soup in silence, and inwardly resolved that, if ever I got back to my own country, where the barbarous languages were not so generally spoken in civilized society, I would request the authorities to fasten me up somewhere, so that I could not get away again. It might be all very well as a matter of education; but a man liked to be at home sometimes, especially in his own house.

The unkindest cut of all was that Yuba Friday, whom I had picked out of the wilds of Nome Cult, and upon whose education in English I had spent considerable time, should all at once be transformed into a squatty little Dutchman. He wore a blue coat with brass buttons, and a very tight pair of trowsers, and seemed possessed with an idea that he was a general subject of admiration, which, by-the-way, was not altogether untrue. The Germans take a great interest in Indians, chiefly in consequence of reading Cooper's novels; and Friday never went down the street, or visited the Zoological Gardens, without attracting public attention. Launitz, the great sculptor, obtained my permission to make a magnificent bust of him,

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which now graces the studio of that distinguished artist; and he was in great request as a model for portrait painters. But this was not the worst of it. The servant-girls took a profound interest in his German studies. They naturally supposed he must have been a distinguished Tyhee in his own country—a prince at the smallest calculation—and were continually teaching him how to conjugate the verb "lieben." "Ich liebe" and "du liebest" were all that could be heard about the kitchen for months. In short, utterly regardless of his color, they fell desperately in love with him. Vanity seized upon the soul of the flattered Digger. He dressed in the height of fashion; polished his shoes every morning; combed out his long black hair; held up his head; constantly admired himself in the glass; practiced all the German modes of salutation and graces of manner; and began to intimate a desire to prosecute his studies at the University of Heidelberg. For the cleaning of knives, scrubbing of floors, polishing of other people's boots, and such like drudgery, he began to manifest considerable aversion. Indeed I had strong grounds for suspecting him of matrimonial designs. There was no doubt, from the manner in which the servant-girls made love to him, and certain passages of reciprocal tenderness on his part, that it would result in his final subjection to the alluring snares of matrimony. Should he make his way back to the United States with Mrs. Yuba Friday, all I have to say is that I wish no obstacle interposed to the happiness of the loving pair. The blankets and jack-knives that I originally expended upon the purchase of Friday from his tribe may be considered in the light of a small contribution to the great cause of civilization.

Some time after this agreeable little episode in our Frankfort life I was again absent on my duties as agent of the Washoe Mines. As usual, Mrs. Brown kept me advised of the progress of events within the home circle. One of her letters has so direct a bearing upon the present branch of my subject, and illustrates in so charming a manner a very beautiful German custom, that I am constrained to incur the risk of her displeasure by quoting it. I have a strong presentiment that Mrs. Brown will be both astonished and indignant at this breach of confidence; but, as I carefully refrain from disclosing her age, and still pronounce her the most captivating of her sex, I do not despair of her ultimate forgiveness.

"I must tell you, John," writes this most excellent lady, "what a beautiful little surprise the children gave me since you left. The night before, I noticed some whispering among them, but thought it was only some of Egerton's mischief. You know how fond of quiet fun he is. I pretended to pay no attention to what was going on, and bedtime came as usual. When I awoke in the morning, which was about six o'clock, I found that the children were all up and dressed, and making a great stir about the passage. It was not common for them to be up so early; they like to sleep in the mornings, poor little things, and I hate to disturb them, they seem to enjoy it so much. Hearing the pattering of their dear little feet, I peeped out, and merely asked what made them get up so early. All the answer I got was a joyous laugh. Not wishing to spoil their fun by appearing to expect any thing—though I knew they meant to surprise me in some way—I quietly dressed, and walked out in such an unconcerned manner that they were completely fooled. It was still some time before daylight. The first thing I noticed upon entering the parlor was that the room was brilliantly lighted up. All the children and the servants were standing in a semicircle before me, the happiest looking set you ever saw. Their faces actually beamed with delight. I looked around, and saw hanging over the big looking-glass numerous wreaths of arborvitæ and bouquets of flowers tastefully arranged, and ever so many little scraps of colored paper cut in the shape of angels hovering all about. A large cake, nicely powdered with sugar, was temptingly placed on a clean white napkin in the middle of the little table that stands beneath the looking-glass. Around it were worked collars and cuffs made by May and Nina, and inscribed to their 'Dear Ma;' and ranged in due order were some five or six beautiful pieces of note-paper, upon which were written appropriate verses from the Bible, and selections of poetry from the German poets. The writing was in both English and German, and was really beautiful. You have no idea, John, how the children have improved. They can write just like copper-plate. All these quotations and selections were addressed to their dear mother. At each end of the table was a worked pin-cushion made by Marie and Lenchen, our nurse and cook; with T. B. (Tabitha Brown) worked upon them in the most gorgeous red letters. Marie's had the American flag elaborately embroidered upon it (you know what an American she is, and how she wants to go with us to California). She could not quite get all the thirty-four stars on the flag, so she had to work them on the back of the cushion. I think she made about seven of them in that way.

"Well, John, I could not conjecture what all this meant, till I looked up and saw pinned to the frame of the looking-glass a white paper, upon which was written in large letters:

'MUTTERS GEBURTSTAG.'

"Then I recollected the children having asked me some two weeks ago what was the date of my birthday; and that I told them I had heard my mother say it was just a week before Christmas. The whole matter passed from my mind, and I thought nothing more of it till this happy morning. As it was the first birthday ever kept in my honor, I scarcely knew what was to be done. Well, I supposed I must do as every body else does here or the children would be disappointed; so commencing with little Mitché, who was the first to come to hand, I took his

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MOTHER'S BIRTHDAY.

verse and read it aloud, exclaiming, '*Wie schön! Ach, wie schön!*' and then gave him a kiss and many thanks for his affectionate remembrance. Then searching out each loving token, I read it with renewed delight and astonishment, kissing and thanking each of my treasures with a mother's pride, for I felt truly proud of them, John. The surprise, in short, was complete. Never before had I seen the children in such a whirl of excitement and delight. I was happy to think the first birthday I ever had celebrated was by my own children. It was a beautiful day to me all the day long. Spenser played some of his best pieces from Mozart on the violin; and all the others united in a glee so sweet and touching that it brought the tears to my eyes. After this some of us took a walk over to Ginheim, and enjoyed the pure country air. It was one of those lovely German afternoons, when the trees are covered with a white frost, and the icicles glitter like stalactites of diamonds in the sun. I felt that it was a great blessing to have our children trained up in the ways of innocence and affection. When we got back I was received at the door by four loving little arms that clung around my neck; and this was another joy—to be so welcomed by my own sweet little angels. After tea we all sat around the table dressing dolls and making pretty things for Christmas; and so, dear John, passed one of the pleasantest days of my life."

Though I say it, who perhaps ought not to say it, this is a sweet and truthful picture. It represents German life in one of its most charming phases. The only apology I can make to Mrs. Brown for surreptitiously availing myself of her aid in the matter is, that it requires the delicate touch of a woman's pen to give it those exquisite lights and shades which alone can make it reach the heart; and I am sure she would much rather mine should be touched by her pen than by that of any other of her fascinating sex.

Since these sketches are designed in the main for the information of families in the United States who may wish to avail themselves of the advantages afforded by the German schools for the education of children, a brief review of our experience in Frankfort, on this point, with such impressions as I have derived from various tours of inquiry through other parts of the country, will not be uninteresting.

Although Frankfort is one of the most costly places in Germany, either for the education of children or the sojourn of a family who desire to spend a few years abroad, it is cheap enough compared with the principal cities of the United States. There is no great difference in rents and the price of provisions, but the average of expenses is considerably less than with us. By judicious management and some knowledge of the language and German mode of living, the cost to an American family of six or seven children with their parents, inclusive of clothing, tuition, etc., need not necessarily exceed from two to three thousand dollars a year. This may seem high; but it should be taken into consideration that it embraces all the advantages of a superior European education. Within the past ten

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years Frankfort has become a fashionable resort of English and American tourists, and the usual consequences have ensued. Prices have risen in proportion to the extravagant habits of both classes of visitors. The general increase of Continental travel, arising from the extension of the railway system, has also had something to do with it; but this has affected all parts of Germany in nearly the same ratio. Places which, a few years ago, were sought out for economical purposes, are now almost as expensive as Frankfort, and without any compensating advantages of climate or position. Heidelberg and Geneva are the head-quarters of English residents and students. These cities have almost ceased to possess a national character. Dresden is a favorite place of resort on account of the excellence of the schools, the beauty of the gardens and neighborhood, and the attractions afforded by the galleries of art. Of these three places Geneva is the most expensive and the least desirable, except for fashionable amusements, and the acquisition of a knowledge of the French. An insuperable objection to it, in my opinion, is the prevalence of the goitre. It is a mistaken idea that strangers are exempt from this terrible disease. The cause lies in the water. After a residence of two or three years it affects all persons alike. I know of several American families who are now incurably afflicted with it. Heidelberg is subject to severe and unpleasant winds from the surrounding gorges of the mountains during the winter, and is generally too crowded with gay and fashionable tourists and dissipated students to be an agreeable place of sojourn for a quiet family, who seek to enjoy the advantages of a thoroughly German education. It is a little cheaper, perhaps, than Frankfort, but not sufficiently so to make the difference any object. Dresden is certainly one of the most delightful cities on the Continent, and not an expensive place, considering the advantages it affords. Many foreigners prefer it to Frankfort. The smaller towns, such as Darmstadt, Stuttgart, Wurtzburg, and Nuremberg, present many advantages as economical places of residence, and an excellent education may be had at any of them. Of these I should give Wurtzburg the preference. It is cheap, cleanly, and healthy, and the schools and colleges are admirably conducted. The polytechnic school and the public hospitals render it a desirable location for students who desire to acquire a profession. Göttingen and Carlsruhe are more suitable for young men than for families. Cassel, Hanover, Magdeburg, Braunchweig, and the various second-rate cities throughout Northern Germany, are excellent places for educational purposes. The society is good, and the purest German is taught in the schools. In other respects they are not generally so pleasant to Americans as the cities farther south. Of course Berlin takes a high rank for the superior order of accomplishments. Where economy is an object, it is not desirable for large families; nor is the society so genial and accessible as in the smaller towns. Along the Rhine, all the way from Düsseldorf to Mayence, there are many delightful places for this purpose. The principal objection to them is, that they are generally overrun with English tourists during the summer, and infested with Continental adventurers. This renders the rate of living extravagantly high. Vienna is a delightful city to visit, but a very bad place of residence for a family. Society is frivolous and corrupt to an extent almost unknown in other parts of Europe. In summer the heat is excessive, and in winter the temperature is exceedingly raw and variable. Munich is one of the most beautiful cities in Southern Germany, and possesses many attractions in the way of schools and academies of art. Formerly it was a very cheap place, and it is still less expensive than most cities of its size. The climate, however, is abominable. Situated on a high plain, surrounded by a system of snow-capped mountains, the whole neighborhood is subject to piercing winds and sudden changes of temperature. Fever and malarias in summer, and pneumonia and catarrhs in winter, are the prevailing diseases.

For these and many other reasons I prefer Frankfort to any other city in Germany as a place of sojourn for educational purposes. The climate is equable and comparatively mild. There are no extremes of heat or cold, no unusual causes of disease. The citizens are substantial and intelligent. Society is based upon a good foundation of morals; and the facilities for the acquisition of languages, music, and the various accomplishments which families usually desire to attain by a residence in Europe, are not to be surpassed.

The schools throughout Germany are excellent—in some respects the best in the world. They are conducted with great care, and under strict municipal regulations. The teachers are generally persons of superior ability and thorough education. The business of teaching is a profession in itself. A great feature in these schools is the amount of oral exercises through which the children are required to pass. No mere learning by rote is permitted. Every study must be thoroughly understood; and however little a pupil may acquire, he at least comprehends it as far as he goes. Superficial show is altogether disregarded. Until a boy is duly qualified in a primary class he can not enter a higher one. Great attention is bestowed upon those studies most likely to be of use to the pupil in future life—as, for example, the modern languages, mathematics, civil engineering, geography, drawing, book-keeping, natural philosophy, geology, etc. Due regard is also paid to the health of the pupil. He is required to exercise at frequent intervals; to bathe, sing, walk, and hold himself in an erect position. Very little time is allowed for idle and disreputable practices. The school hours in summer are from seven in the morning till six in the even-

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SCHOOLMASTER'S PAY-DAY.

ing, with an intermission of two hours for dinner; in winter, from eight to seven. All the studies are performed in school, with the exception of such extra lessons in music and the languages as may be desired. In this way there is but little opportunity for street playing and rowdyism—too common a practice in our country. At schools for boys all are considered boys, big and little, and so treated. Precocious young gentlemen of sixteen are regarded with special disfavor. Neatness and cleanliness in dress and person are imperatively required. These remarks will apply in general terms to schools for girls.

The relations between teachers and their pupils are of the most kindly and affectionate character. The same interchange of friendly souvenirs which so frequently takes place in families is also a prevailing custom in this connection. Birthday and Christmas presents are made to the teachers, and on those occasions the whole school unites in doing them honor. Affectionate addresses are delivered on both sides, and there is always a very happy scene of rejoicing.

On a certain day of the year the boys are privileged to scourge their teacher with birchen switches in satisfaction of old scores. This is a grand time, as may well be supposed. Every boy in the school comes prepared with his individual switch, which he uses with a zeal and energy that does credit to his gymnastic education. Unlucky is the pedagogue who has laid up a heavy score to his debit, for he is sure to get it with interest. There may be such a thing as future retribution, but boys are not apt to think of that. Delighted at the opportunity afforded them by this day of unrestrained pleasure, they repair to school with their switches, gayly tied up with ribbons; and after an affectionate greeting of the master and ushers, who are especially civil on these occasions, they soon begin to lay about them, with joyous shouts, and the school-room becomes a scene of uproar and frolic that baffles description. Generally the master begs off, after a pretty lively warming, but the younger teachers are compelled to run and jump, struggle and implore, till quite exhausted. Big and little boys shower down

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upon their backs and shoulders a torrent of energetic blows; hold them by the skirts of the coat; drag them out of their fortified retreats behind the desks; hop up on the benches to get effective positions, and shout with unmitigated delight when they set the unlucky pedagogues a-roaring with real or imaginary pain. It is a scene of glorious and enthusiastic fun. The teachers seem to enjoy it as much as the pupils; and after it is all over, and the old scores are fairly paid up, hands are shaken all round, and the boys are patted on the head, and complimented for their zeal and activity in this essential branch of their education. An unreserved and affectionate relationship is thus kept up between the teachers and their pupils, and I have never known it to degenerate into disrespect. During the summer holidays pedestrian tours are made through various parts of the country, having in view health, recreation, and instruction. Sometimes these tours extend into the mountains of Switzerland and Bavaria. The classes are accompanied by their teachers, who omit no opportunity of instilling into their minds a practical knowledge of geology, botany, entomology, and such other studies as come within the sphere of their rambles. Each boy carries with him a tin case, in which to preserve the specimens picked up by the way-side. As they wander along through the most beautiful and picturesque parts of the country they sing glees and choruses, make sketches of the old castles, or bathe in the mountain streams. They are the happiest set of beings in existence. Knowing no troubles, overflowing with health, and in the full enjoyment of liberty, they present a picture of pure and perfect happiness, if such a thing can exist upon earth. Will any one pretend to say that such a life as this, innocent and refining in all its tendencies, is not infinitely better than the holiday life of our American children? Here there is no dissipation, no encouragement to idle and profligate habits, no morbid and unwholesome excitements. A love of nature in its most attractive aspects is encouraged. Not a stick, or stone, or flower on the way-side but has its meaning. The beautiful legends of the country are the subjects of song and story. Health earned by exercise brings with it an increased capacity for study. The mind and body are refreshed; and when the holidays are over the teachers and pupils return to their duties with clear heads and strong nerves. In this way the Germans acquire those robust constitutions which are the admiration of the world; and among our Teutonic citizens we find the best civil engineers, draughtsmen, chemists, botanists, and geologists to develop the resources of our country.

But of all the traits in the character of the Germans none strikes me more forcibly than their economy. They are economical in every condition of life. Nothing goes to waste. To an American, accustomed as he is to prodigality in his household, prodigality in his pleasures, and reckless extravagance in all his expenditures, the extreme cautiousness of the Germans has the appearance at first of a stingy and penurious spirit. But this is far from the truth. No race of people in the world are more charitable to the poor, or more liberal in the expenditure of their means; but they do every thing in a judicious and systematic way. The wealthiest citizens of Frankfort are as close and saving in their sphere as the poorest. They throw nothing away. Every thing is made to tell; and even their pleasures are conducted upon a judicious system of economy. The result is, the poor are well taken care of, and every family enjoys the greatest possible amount of pleasure at the smallest expense, and without exceeding their permanent income. All are happy and comfortable, and free from anxiety. I am rejoiced to say that Mrs. Brown and the children have greatly improved in this respect. Since the rise of exchange it has become a necessary feature in our domestic system. A brief reference to this portion of our experience in Frankfort will afford a very good idea of the prevailing economy practiced by all German families.

On our arrival at Hamburg during the prodigal times, when we were fresh from California, I was persuaded by Mrs. Brown (rather against my own judgment) to purchase a fine Leghorn hat. It was nicely trimmed with brown silk, had a stylish twist about the brim, and cost the sum of six dollars. This led to the extravagance of a fine traveling suit of broadcloth to match the hat, and a pair of fine heavy shoes to match the traveling suit, and a handsome walking-cane to match the shoes. Shortly after our arrival in Frankfort this costly outfit was stolen from my room; but by dint of persevering applications to the police office I recovered my property by paying about half its value in the way of expenses. Since that flush period, now nearly three years past, we have learned many of the bitter lessons of life. The hat has been dyed black, to suit the cold weather, and by Tabitha's own industrious hand thoroughly lined with the remnants of an old silk gown, already worn by the girls, in the shape of black bodies, on various festive occasions. True, it gets rustier and rustier every day, and begins to show symptoms of fagging out about the brim; but Tabitha is a woman of remarkable resources, and declares that by an expenditure of twenty-four kreutzers she can make it hold out another year. In spite of all conjugal endeavors, little spots in front of the thick-stuff trowsers show that there are brass buttons hid behind; and they grow shorter and shorter in the legs; and bag-formations about the knees indicate that their master is a great pedestrian, while the coat-sleeves give evidence of his literary labors. Finding that no further sponging with alcohol or Flecken-wasser produces any permanent effect, Mrs. B. has, for some time past, begged me, with tears in her eyes, to turn these articles of apparel over to our oldest boy, Spenser; but I have contrived, up to this date, to ward off her importunities by

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such terrible pictures of Exchange (which she conceives to be a species of carthquake) that she sometimes controls herself for several days, though it is evident she is constantly meditating some scheme by which I may be induced to purchase a new outfit. Weather-beaten and travel-stained, the hat is nearly gone; the braid of the coat hangs about it like a gorgeous fringe; the pantaloons clearly indicate that Americans wear drawers; the buttons generally begin to show their shiny brass faces; and the double-soled shoes now have two or three soles apiece, entirely independent of each other. Mrs. Brown and the girls make some melancholy efforts to laugh off my appearance on the public promenade, to which their attention is frequently called. They profess to regard it as one of my peculiarities, derived from long experience among the Indian tribes of America. With an embarrassed simper Mrs. B. assures her friends that they can form no idea what a queer and careless man Mr. Brown is; that he has a strange attachment to old clothes, and greatly prefers them to new ones. "Oh, he is so queer!" she says; "he thinks about nothing but Indians and camp-life in California;" and then she starts off into such a labyrinth of reminiscences about our wild mode of life on the Pacific coast as completely to captivate the imagination of her unsophisticated German friends, and lead them entirely away from the point at issue.

I now come to our German aunt on the Professor's side, who lives in the village of Housen, three miles from Frankfort, and whose influence upon the domestic economy of our family will be duly acknowledged before the close of these memoirs. Tanta Sette is a remarkable woman, and would be a remarkable character in any part of the world. She received an excellent education in her youth, and grew up an accomplished young lady. Before her maturity, however, she was attacked with a disease which culminated in a terrible chronic headache, that kept her in bed for many years. She broke off an engagement on account of her health, and is therefore to-day an old maid. Every moment of her life, when not incapable by sickness, she has employed in doing good to every body, and especially to poor people. She brought up several forsaken children—among them a poor idiotic girl, of such hideous appearance that her friends almost shunned her house, for she was ever there by the side of that unfortunate girl, tending and nursing the overgrown, silly creature by day and by night; talking to her, and imagining there were gleams of intelligence in the few inarticulate sounds uttered by the poor idiot. For fourteen years Tanta Sette nursed that stricken child; then the poor girl died; and to-day, on the anniversary of her death, you may see the old lady, in her neat black dress, carry a garland of flowers to the graveyard, and, with many tears, put it on the little hillock beneath which "her Anna" sleeps.

One fortunate event happened to Tanta Sette several years ago. The seams of her skull gave way, and her brain got more room. From that moment she was rid of her headache, though her head became rather tender, and the bandages necessary to protect it from the changes of temperature give it enormous proportions. Subsequently she lost one eye; but all she did was to bind a clean white handkerchief over it, so as to save the feelings of the beholder, and was as happy as before, undaunted in her activity to relieve the suffering in mind and body. The biography of this woman and her exploits—how, she herself poor, fitted out whole households—how she brought back to their duties drunken and dissipated husbands and slovenly wives, and saved forsaken children—yes, even managed to open prisons and let out political offenders—would fill volumes. One can easily imagine how proud we are of our German aunt, especially since she has undertaken to be the guardian angel of our own family. From some cause unknown to me she has taken up a notion that Tabitha was once upon a time a very fine lady, who never did any thing but sing and play the piano, ride in a fine carriage, and enjoy all her heart could wish for. I think this idea must have originated in the placid and resigned expression of Mrs. Brown's countenance. How can any body expect this fine creature, so delicately nurtured, to submit all at once to the heavy cares of a household, with but one insignificant little nurse, and seven children, and the whooping-cough, and the measles, and scarlet-fever, and chicken-pox, all in the family, and such a queer, half-civilized man for a husband!—this has been Tanta Sette's governing thought for the past two years. If Mr. Brown only understood a little more German, and if she could understand a little more of his French, she would soon convince him of the error of his ways, and the absurdity of expecting from such a wife all that he expects. But she can make nothing of him; she can only try to lighten the burden of Tabitha's domestic cares; and forthwith she sets about curing the whooping-cough as a preliminary measure.

First, she goes to a butcher and begs a hog's bladder "for charity's sake"—it won't do to purchase it; then she takes half a pound of rock-candy, also a charitable gift, and puts it in the bladder. This done she fastens the precious parcel to a long string, and precisely at sunset lowers it down into a draw-well before her cottage-door, with invocations to the three highest names. Next day, exactly at sunset again she draws it up. Through organic influences it has become a sirup; through higher influences it has been blessed with special properties to cure the whooping-cough. In a little brown pitcher she puts it and carries it three miles to town; and with many blessings pours it down the throats of the little Browns. Three days thereafter they are greatly improved; before the expiration of a week they almost cease to whoop; and in due course of time are as well as ever—thanks to Providence and the kindly aid of Tanta Sette!

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But the full benevolence and pity of this tender-hearted old lady were only thoroughly aroused when she heard, or discovered through her remaining eye, that an event by no means uncommon in our family was about to transpire. With indefatigable zeal she wandered to and fro from her village to town and back again, bringing with her at each visit a bundle of fine old linen—antique shirts and chemises long since cast aside, old sheets and handkerchiefs and petticoats of the finest texture. It would never do, she said, to have the silken skin of the little stranger touched by any fabric that was not mellowed by age. Such a monstrous thing as new linen upon a new baby would not be sanctioned by public opinion in Germany. Then she set her servant to work upon the raw material, manufacturing little shirts and swaddling-clothes and such like articles of convenience and luxury, so that when the little Brown opened its eyes for the first time to a consciousness of existence, it found itself pretty well off as to nether garniture. The permanent decoration of its outside and upper works has not to this date been deemed necessary. The nurse, in the vanity of her silly heart, bought out of her own money a little white worsted cap with pink ribbons, and a thin worsted net for a veil. These are put on the baby when it is exhibited to strangers; and when thus appareled and wrapped up in its mother's summer shawl it is supposed to make a very fine appearance.

Tanta Sette does not do things by halves. She discovered that the reason the children caught all the epidemics that were floating about school was, that they were too thinly clad. Straightway she went to work and begged a vast collection of old silk and calico gowns. These, with her own hands, aided by her servant, she fitted and fixed, and dove-tailed, and wadded and quilted, till, in due progress of time, the three girls, May, Nina, and Sea, were amply provided with the most unique petticoats ever invented.

But you must not suppose the word "unique" applies to the colors of the same; for in that particular they outflash the flashiest Balmoral. "They are warm at least," says Tanta Sette, "and nobody sees them." She was right in the first part of her proposition; but the last was frustrated by that element of human nature inherent in the female race. Little Sea, who is only four years old, upon repeated contemplation of her petticoat of plaid, calico, merino, and velvet, silk, satin, and bombazine; with its dazzling patches of green, blue, red, and yellow; its ornate and flowery effects in general, thought it so very fine that she could not permit her light to be hidden under a bushel. To the great dismay of Mrs. Brown, who is a little sensitive in these matters, and the exceeding discomfiture of May and Nina, the delighted child lifts her frock to every young gentleman and lady that enters the house, exclaiming, "Oh, thee my beaufu toatie! Oh, thee my schön petti-toat!"

While Tanta Sette thus evinces her care for the health and comfort of the family, in the manufacture of substratum coverings for their bodies, Mrs. Brown and her sister Dart exercise their ingenuity in the matter of external adornment. There never before was such a turning and cutting up of old gowns; and it must be admitted that if the stuff does not often bear a critical examination, this slight defect is more than counterbalanced by the fit and style. Many a little girl on the promenade envies May when she flaunts by in a silk skirt with flounces, a coquettish little sack trimmed with velvet, open in front; and one of Spenser's shirts worn *à la Zouave* underneath; nor will that little girl's mother quite succeed in pacifying her by remarking that May is an American girl, and only the Americans dress so fine. On gala days no exception whatever can be taken to May's dress, for then she wears her Aunt Dart's real Zouave, and her Aunt Dart's real lace, judiciously tacked to it, and perhaps a borrowed ring of pure gold from the same source. I can assure you my daughter Mayotta on these occasions is a stunner. Poor Nina fares worse. Other people's things on her look like other people's things. There is not so much millinery work done for her as for May; and when May has outgrown the skirts with the flounces, and Nina tries them on, they come to pieces and are laid by to make dresses for Sea, who is chiefly solicitous about the colors. Necessity is the mother of invention. Nina helps herself. She is a great needle-woman; so she saves all the little bits of cotton she can pick up and works them into sets of collars and cuffs, with neat colored edges which she embroiders around them; and then washes and starches and irons them with her own hands. Many a time when May comes to Aunt Dart to beg the loan of a clean collar, Nina stands by with a nice clean collar on and a pair of beautiful cuffs to match, in the proud consciousness that she owes her fine appearance to nobody but herself, and the judicious exercise of her own talents.

It is pretty much the same thing with the boys. Mitché wears a big coat, transmitted to him from myself over the backs of Spenser and Egerton, subject only to a graduated system of reduction. This coat, though greatly curtailed of its original proportions, hangs down to his heels, so as to hide his (literally) inexpressibles, which are not deemed by Mrs. Brown fit to be seen by the public eye. Egerton sports a pair of my old trowsers, cut off a little below the knees, and carefully spunged with Flechenwasser, together with a jacket ingeniously constructed out of Spenser's last coat. From the fact that there has existed for some time an incurable hole in the left elbow, it has become a habit with the lad to walk on the left side of the street, and to make the crossings with his right hand over the afflicted part of his coat-sleeve. Spenser comes heir to my cast-off apparel without those trying intervals of wear and tear which militate against the interests of his younger brothers, and in consequence, aided by his own careful habits, generally succeeds in making rather

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a decent appearance, though he is sometimes compelled to resort to the miserable subterfuge of buttoning his coat to hide his linen.

Tabitha manages excellently. With her placid dignity she always looks the lady, even when she wears her cook's dresses. You must not understand me to say that she borrows dresses from her cook; but she has acquired a certain economical art very prevalent here in the ranks of reduced gentility. When a poor servant girl enters a dry-goods store she is turned over to the youngest hand in the establishment. This youngest hand lays before her such things as he imagines a poor servant girl ought to wear. The poor servant girl selects, and then jews down the young hand a few kreutzers on account of her depressed condition in life. Now, you perceive, when Tabitha wants a dress, and can no longer do without it, she sends her cook down the street on economical thoughts intent. Through the above-described system of diplomacy the cook makes a cheap purchase, carries it home, and turns it over to her mistress, who is thus a walking specimen of her cook's *taste*—which happily coincides with my own most of the time.

MARGARET FREYER'S HEART.

I.

FOUR years ago last summer Margaret Freyer was one of the season belles at Newport. She was then two-and-twenty. A slender, graceful girl, whom men spoke of as "that charming Miss Freyer;" of whom women wondered "what men could see in Margaret Freyer to admire so much." I have known gentlemen to come from her presence, where they had been lingering a brief call into a visit, and go into raptures, in the hearing of lady acquaintances, over Margaret's hair, and her eyes, and her teeth; or her color, her form, and her grace.

"Such dark eyes! Such brilliant hair! Such dazzling teeth!"

And the fair hearers would look in amaze. Why her eyes were light-blue eyes. And her teeth so uneven! And she was so sallow; and the outlines of her face so irregular! And as for her color, why that was quite as irregular. When Margaret wasn't under some excitement she was pale as a ghost, and showed great hollows in her cheeks. Handsome! *They* couldn't see Margaret Freyer's beauty.

Yet Margaret Freyer possessed the power of great beauty. For she was one of those persons who had all the effects of beauty without its perfect possession. So men and women differed about her. To the former, after leaving her electric presence, where they had watched that vivid coming of color, the kindling eyes, the quick flashing smiles, the flitting expressions, Margaret was beautiful. To the latter—women whom Margaret mostly saw, gay girls, who chatted and gossiped over last night's party—Margaret Freyer was only "a plain, sallow girl, rather stylish, but so peculiar!"

And what was the reason that this "sallow girl" transformed herself so brilliantly for these men instead of these women? Was it the common incentive of coquetry that roused her to animation? No. But in the position of life in which it was Margaret's fortune to be cast, as a general rule, the sons took wider ranges of thought and speculation than the daughters. And naturally enough, as being men, they came in contact with all the contrasts of life—touched at all its points in their intercourse with their fellows; while their sisters revolving in their narrower circle, which custom has rendered exclusive to one class or "set," have little knowledge, and less interest for any other.

And Margaret, an only daughter, associated with her father and two brothers from her early girlhood, partook of their spirit most cordially—a spirit which by nature and education embraced broad grounds. So it happened that she became more companionable to "these men" than to "these women."

So it happened that she stood talking on one of those summer nights four years ago with Matt Dillon and Harry Smythe and Mr. Garruth, three of the finest fellows you could have found at Newport that season, or any other season.

And across the room, leaning on their partners' arms, and waiting for the next waltz to strike up, were some of those fair dissenters, who wondered "what Matt Dillon and Harry Smythe and Mr. Garruth could see to admire in Margaret Freyer."

One of these partners—a tall, slight, and dark man, with a promise of greater breadth in the well-knit frame for the days that were to come—was evidently not so surprised at the admiration as the pretty blonde who hung upon his arm; for as he listened to Bertha's light graceful talk with courteous response of smile, or word, or bow, he shot out from under black brows a curious inquiring look at Margaret opposite.

But Madison Wythe was too much of a tactician to betray his interest to his lady companion. Much too wise and witty to say as he felt, "Who is that brilliant girl across there with Dillon and the rest?"

No, he waited. Went through the long waltz with that tireless Bertha Downes, swung off near the supper-room as the last flute sounded, met Dillon coming out, and made him go back again while he transferred Miss Downes to one of the Smythes. Then at liberty, he linked his arm in Matt Dillon's, and sauntering down the floor, asked,

"Who was that girl you stood talking with, Matt?"

"Which girl?"

Matt had been talking with a dozen, certainly, and this rather widely-put question wasn't easily answered.

"Which!"

There was sarcastic emphasis in this repetition.

"It's my opinion there is but one girl here with whom we can *talk* for the space of fifteen minutes, Matt."

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"Oh, I know now;" and Matt laughed and then looked at his companion oddly.

"Well, who is she?" Wythe was getting impatient.

"A slender, sallow girl, with heavy eyes and an abstracted manner—"

"Pish!—no, no. A girl with clear skin, a vivid color, and splendid dark eyes, that talked with her tongue. And she wore some sort of scarlet vine running like fire through her hair."

Matt laughed again.

"Yes, I know—I know, Wythe; but what *I* said is what the women say about her. It's Margaret Freyer."

"I want to know her."

"Yes, I see you do," returned Dillon, significantly. "But I warn you, Madison, that you won't agree with each other. You'll quarrel. She's radical; comes of a radical family. Full of isms, and that special ism which you hate specially—"

"Come, Matt, you are wasting time. Will you introduce me?" Wythe interrupted, laughing himself now.

"Then I warn you again," proceeded imperturbable Matt. And here a tragic look. "There's two obstacles. Smythe and Garruth are in the way."

"In the way of what?—an introduction?"

"Oh, only an introduction!" with a quizzical look. "I thought— Oh, Miss Margaret, did you get your fan? (There she is now, the other side of the table, Wythe," in an under-tone.) Then again, louder:

"You promised to drink that Marcobrunner with me, and hear my Spanish pledge over it. It's a secret I can only give to you. I'll come round, or over, which is it? There seems an even chance."

And for a second the sparkling fellow looked about, as if in debate with himself.

Then a gentle jostle here, a setting aside in some remarkable manner of square shoulders, and a parting of seas of silk and muslin—smiles, bows, and "I beg your pardons"—all with that inimitable good-humor and charming grace, and Matt Dillon had found his way through the throng, and was bending over the Marcobrunner, speaking low and rapidly to listening Margaret Freyer. Madison Wythe, across the table, knew what the ruse of the Spanish pledge meant.

He knew, as he lent an ear to a gay little talker beside him, that he was under discussion between the owner of those splendid dark eyes and Matt Dillon. He knew Matt was proposing his acquaintance, and he felt the splendid eyes in a glance of curiosity—it seemed to him like measurement; and he colored so fiercely that the little talker thought she had bewitched him.

Presently the throng thinned, and Matt Dillon returned, took him by the arm, with these words:

"Smythe and Garruth will want to kill you, and then perhaps you'll want to kill them. If it comes to that, you know, you can wait till you catch them in the Carolinas, and settle it in a compound duel. I'll come on and play the second."

"Which side?"

But by this time they stopped in front of Miss Freyer, and Dillon stopped his nonsense to say, "This is my friend Mr. Wythe, Miss Freyer: Miss Freyer, Mr. Wythe."

Margaret Freyer looked up and caught that glance again—a glance that, half an hour ago, had struck athwart Bertha Downe's blonde hair, as that dark face went flashing above it down the measures of a waltz.

"I wonder who he is?" she had thought then. She knew now; that is, she knew his name was Wythe—Madison Wythe, Matt Dillon had said. But that wasn't much to know. It was something, but not every thing. And Margaret liked to know a great deal about people whom she cared to know at all. She liked to study character, and she was really a very clever student. Here was a face that promised plenty of study. A dark, deep face, that wore its dusky beauty like a mask, and kept cool control somewhere beneath of the fire that leaped to the eyes in those flashing glances.

He didn't say much, as they stood there in the supper-room; but, as they moved away, he followed directly; and when again in the hall he managed to draw her apart from the others, in some perfectly unnoticeable manner—a certain silent power, which was not stratagem.

Then a French horn began piping Strauss's sweet Zamora; and as the clear whistle of a flute closed in he bent his head to her. It was curious. The mere motion was of deferential entreaty, which made the words that followed a surprise:

"I want you to waltz with me."

There was not only a simplicity about this, but there was a dreamy, confidential tone in it.

The music seemed to suggest some fine conditions of thought and feeling, which he felt that she could share. That was the expression of his manner, his tone. And Margaret accepted the invitation it involved as she put her hand in his. Down through the cool spaces of the hall, just without the circling dancers, he held their way.

Sure, silent, and with profound repose of action he bore her on. And ever through the tender deference of his air there was that confidential tone which drew her into his thought.

Softer and clearer blew out the clear notes of the horns Finer the fine shrill whistle of the flute. Sweeter the strains of the violins, and nearer, sweeter yet, the harp's low, golden twang.

But what strange story were they pouring forth? What "thoughts that breathe and words that burn" did horns and flutes and harps express as she floated on? And was this an island breeze that wafted in to her? It felt like the balmy breath of the south. And she was sure she scented the odor of magnolia groves. And this sighing wind. It seemed to bring a sound

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of rustling pines, and broad-leaved foliage in luxuriant thickets. Was this the effect of Strauss's Zamora? She had kept its sweet measure a hundred times with a laugh and a jest. But now she kept its rhythmic beats with a pulsation that thrilled responsive to the new story the horns and harps and flutes were telling.

So floating on she lost the time, the place; and thus rapt away, what is it she hears, what is it she says in two or three questioning words of dreamy tone?

"Miss Freyer!"

And the dream was broken, the spell was dissolved.

They were just gliding past a window. There was a door beyond. Her companion dropped into a walk, and putting her hand over his arm, led her out under the night and the stars.

"Miss Freyer, I have tired you."

He did not wait for her to answer, but leaning over the balustrade with a deep respiration, as if in the scent of the sea and its hoarse murmur, he recalled something foregone. He said,

"I have not heard that waltz since I heard it played at Wythe Willows. It was just such a night as this, and my cousin, Raymond Wythe —you may have met him last summer here: a splendid young fellow; he was lost at sea, yachting, after he left the North—it was just such a night as this that he played the Zamora;, and for the last time at Wythe Willows. When the band struck up its familiar notes a few moments ago, I thought of that time. I remember I was sitting in a far window while he played, and could only see the outline of his head and his beautiful face, which came out into the moonlight; all the rest was in shadow. And as I listened and looked he seemed to me the personation of some beautiful, strong, womanly soul. All the sweetness of a woman, you know, and enough of the strength of manhood—not masculinity, you see—Raymond had always suggested something like this to me, but never so completely as at that moment. His youth aided the feeling, not then nineteen, and lovely as any girl. And so, as I say, I listened and looked, and fancied impossibilities perhaps:" he ended suddenly, with a strange, impatient smile breaking the dream upon his face. Then turning to her as suddenly with a look of contrition and a manner full of softness and kindness:

"But you are fatigued. I tired you—I kept you there too long. Sit here, and let me get your shawl."

Before she could assent or dissent he had disappeared; and returning, brought, fluttering across his arm, a shawl of white wools fringed with a curious mingling of pale green chenilles and strings of pearly beads, which glistened and shone and clashed together with every movement in a little soft tinkle such as you might fancy for fairy bells. She looked in surprise.

"How did you know my shawl?"

"How? Well, I can hardly tell. I certainly had never seen you wear it; but there were twenty shawls lying in a chair—blue, red, and black; all the colors of the rainbow, and every style of stripes and checks. I shook them over, and came to this scrap of a mermaid's drapery. The moment I heard the tinkle of the fringe I knew where it belonged—I knew the sound of the sea. On what nautilus shell for a boat did you sail for this, Miss Freyer?"

He looked down at her as he spoke; his mouth smiling, and his eyes alight with sportiveness. She laughed, caught his spirit, and answered, quoting.

"'On the broad sea-wolds I' the crimson shells
Whose silver spikes are nearest the sea.'"

He was leaning against the balustrade opposite her, and laughed gayly back again as she quoted.

"Yes, it is veritable sea-foam," he said: "all that white, and green, and pearl. And how it suits you! Just as if I should not have known its owner. There isn't another inside there who could wear it. I know people's belongings when I see them." Just then she raised her hand. A diamond flashed upon one of her fingers, and he went on with his fanciful mer-talk.

"Ah! I see a merman has left his kiss upon your finger. Is it a pledge or a bond? and why didn't he give you for keepsakes 'turquoise, and agate, and almondine?' Those are more of your rightful belongings."

The band was playing again other waltzes, and they both stopped to listen. Gay tunes these were, dashing along in mirthful measure, swift and jubilant, for they were the last. The dances were nearly done.

Margaret was beating her fan upon her wrist to these swift gayeties, and thinking of that sweet Zamora, and the strange spell it had brought, when her companion broke the silence. He had only been waiting.

"Miss Freyer"—and his voice was soft and deep, as the softest and deepest strains of the music—"will you tell me of what you were thinking when the band played the Zamora just now as we danced."

A flush rose to her cheek.

"Did I speak as we waltzed?" she asked.

He came forward and sat down upon the second step of the flight, and leaned his elbow on the floor at her feet. Looking up he answered: "You asked once, 'What is it you were saying?'"

Margaret returned his gaze. It was a fine face upturned to her. A dark face and deep, but Margaret trusted her skill in reading character, and she felt that the character here was one to have faith in. There was depth of nature and philosophy in it, and something else—a sympathetic sense that won her on to speak honestly, if not fully.

"I think I must have followed your thought in a measure," she said, not without some fluctuation of feeling which flushed her cheek there in the moonlight, so vividly that he saw it, and dropped his head for delicacy to her.

"Or, perhaps your thought followed me;" and she smiled faintly. "I think the intensity of your

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remembrances must have reacted upon me and impressed my mood. I am not specially impressionable, but sometimes my sense of sympathy is touched and I get into a person's state more nearly. So it was, I suppose, that I received a certain tone from you, and my own mind shaped it to my own needs; or perhaps that is not the word I should use."

He flashed a quick glance at her as she uttered this a little hesitatingly, then bent his head again.

"And you thought I had spoken?" he said, musingly. "What?"

"No, no. I can't recall. I—" She stopped.

Again he lifted his eyes involuntarily. There was such emotion of color and expression upon that expressive face that in an instant he understood. It was a revelation to him.

Immediately he spoke. "I will tell you frankly," were his words, "that as we stood there, and the music began with that familiar 'Zamora,' and brought up with it the old association, the old dreams and fancies, I felt—how can I express it?—that your nature was so friendly and kind and genial, that you would understand, any peculiarity of mood, and become consciously or unconsciously a sharer of that mood, and so heighten instead of lessen its vague yet intense charm. But why strive to explain the inexplicable? Why strive to reduce to words what can only be felt? I hope all this will not bring any regret to you. I hope you will not feel that I have been intrusive. I see what you think, that I am specially magnetic. I am not. I must tell you fairly that I do not understand its laws, that I have never tried to. I am only conscious of indirect magnetism, such as any sensitive person possesses—such as tempers, likes and dislikes, repulsions, etc. I have never met with the person before that I have impressed as I have yourself."

They all at once became conscious here that the horns, and harps, and flutes had ceased, and the dancers were leaving the hall. He rose instantly, and with quick transition of tact turned any possible feeling of embarrassment by gay recurrence to her mermaid claims, as the shining sea-foam fringe clashed its soft music.

As he bade her "good-night," or, I think, it may have been "good-morning," at the carriage door, he leaned in a moment to ask,

"May I come round and see you to-morrow?"

She gave assent, smiled, bowed, the sea-foam fringe sounded in his ear, and she was gone.

What were Margaret Freyer's thoughts that night as she unbraided her hair, sitting there in her room, as she laid her head upon her pillow, and gazed through the open window upon the fading stars? Whose words did she remember most vividly? Whose face shone out beyond the others? Was it Harry Smythe's, earnest, refined, and manly? Was it Garruth's, elegant, eloquent Garruth's? Was it Dillon's — Matt Dillon, the most sparkling and graceful of her friends?

Not one of these. Margaret's remembrances of that evening dated from the time when the band began playing Strauss's Zamora; when she found herself drifting down the hall, upheld by a touch, light yet firm; when she found herself dreaming a dream whose vividness mocked reality; in which she seemed to hear tones, new, yet familiar as life; in which she seemed to hear even the shaping of sentences—faint utterances—and then she half murmurs, "What is it you were saying?" And the dream passes.

This is what Margaret thinks of as she unbraids her hair—as she lies down upon her pillow. And falling asleep she dreams it over again. And all through these sleeping fancies still winds and steals Strauss's sweet Zamora.

II.

"Where did you disappear last night? I saw you waltzing with Wythe after we left the supper-room, and that was the last of you for my vision. Bertie Downes, with feminine sagacity, declared you had gone home on the strength of a white and green shawl being missing."

Margaret didn't care to contradict Bertie Downes's sagacious declaration, so she kept silent.

Dillon was too gentlemanly to ask the question again, so went on covering the pause with his sparkling talk. And Margaret, while she listened, held a little thread of thought apart from what she gave to him.

Here it was nearly the end of the day and he hadn't come. It was rather odd, after his request. Smythe, Garruth, and Dillon. Dillon not yet departed. The day had been sprinkled thickly with calls. All but the one she looked for with the newer, therefore the greater interest. It was rather odd.

Margaret Freyer, what are you doing? You have a hundred friends, a hundred interests running far back of this new one. Why should you think so much of this? Why should you trouble yourself to feel annoyed? Ah, Margaret, you are proud, and so you think yourself secure. But do you know what you are doing, Margaret?

Margaret is too proud even to ask this question. And so she sits and swings the fringe of her shawl, and listens to the sea-foam sound, and the bright talk of Dillon, and lets that small thread of doubt, and wonder, and annoyance clash all the fairy bells out of tune.

And then, just as Dillon was saying,

"Where's Wythe? I haven't seen Wythe to-day. Strange fellow Wythe is. There's something so spontaneous, yet reserved, about him. The best fellow in the world, but—you know the story—the hand of steel in the velvet glove."

Just then a clear tone, whistling softly as if in abstraction—a waltz tune—the Zamora. Then a step turned upon the gravel path. Then a figure came in view, and Dillon exclaimed,

"There he is now!"

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A moment, and he stepped in over the low sill of the window. Madison Wythe.

And, "How do you do, Mr. Wythe?" very quietly, a trifle coolly. And,

"How do you do, Miss Freyer?" very warmly; and Matt Dillon, who always had his eyes open, looked up and caught a blush just stealing off of Miss Freyer's cheeks.

I don't know by what train of reasoning Mr. Dillon, from this, came to the conclusion that Bertie Downes was mistaken in her assertion last night; but it is very certain that he did come to the conclusion, and said to himself,

"She was flirting somewhere with Wythe on one of those confounded piazzas all the time I was looking for her. Hang Wythe, how he steals the march!"

If Margaret Freyer had heard the name he gave to her *tête-à-tête* she would have been scornfully indignant, for Margaret never consciously flirted, whatever the world might call her occupations. The next thing, Dillon asked by way of talk,

"Where've you been all day, Wythe?"

"In my room sick. One of my rare headaches. It goes with the sun. So I am out for the first time to-day. I could have spared yesterday better."

Twice had this last guest made Margaret's pulse beat quicker in this brief sentence—once in sudden relief at the reason of his absence; again, "I could have spared yesterday better."

Oh, Margaret! Did you confess to yourself what strange pleasure that simple sentence gave? No; you only thought, Margaret, "I like that it is so earnestly said."

Yes; there was that subtle charm about Madison Wythe. He never said a thing of this kind but that he was in earnest; and the careless admission of his earnestness in tone and manner—that one-thoughted, dreamy manner—was not its least charm.

Matt Dillon saw it all—the blush, the smile, perhaps the heart-beats; and he drew his conclusions again—wise conclusions.

Ay, Matt, go home. The sun has gone down, and night has come on, and there are no stars in the heavy sky. Go home; you will not be missed, though you have missed so much. Go home, old friend, and leave the new. It is bitter; but the world is full of such bitterness, and it is sure to touch warm, generous natures like yours. So Matt goes home, whistling softly as he goes through the green fields, and along the lovely lanes, snatches of that same "Zamora." A little while since, from other lips, it sounded like a song of happy triumph. Now it is like a dirge of hope.

It was not long after that, in his very footsteps, through the green fields, and along the lovely lanes, followed those two—Madison Wythe and Margaret Freyer. They were going down to the sea. There was a storm coming up. Margaret had never witnessed the effect at the beaches, and he had proposed her going now; and, wrapped in her hooded cloak of tweed, Margaret was ready for the wildest expedition.

She had a fit companion for the scene she sought. Madison Wythe possessed all the elements of strength and softness. He was full of passionate power and the most delicate romance. With what intensified appreciation, then, did she stand there upon the rocks, and listen to the roar of the waves, every moment growing nearer and deeper, until they broke their silver walls against cliff and shore with the booming as of cannon, and the thunder of a hundred drums. It was a wild and splendid sight. Black reaches of land, lying in the background like some couchant monsters of the deep; and before that trackless waste of water, lashed into foaming fury, its towering waves lit into sublime exaggerations by the constant play of lightning. The very earth seemed to heave under them in this increasing convulsion.

Nearer and nearer dashed the waves, louder and louder their derisive scorn, and the wind, and rain, and thunder joined the tempestuous cry.

Nearer and nearer the waves, until a fierce dash, and they who had stood a moment since untouched were almost overwhelmed. Their rock of refuge was a rock of refuge no longer. But a strong arm upheld Margaret, and not a fear or a misgiving entered her heart as it bore her backward, though the waves followed closely, shouting for their prey. For how could fears live in such a presence as his who held her there?

He had the very qualities to be brought out most buoyantly on an occasion like this. Thoughtful, speculative, and given to imaginings, with all his social genius and natural earnestness, he would quite likely fall unconsciously into silent dreams amidst the gay pageantry of a ball-room. But amidst the excitements of the outward life, the roar of the elements, or any suggestion of peril or adventure, his spirits rose exhilarant. So now, as he bore her backward from danger in all that wild commotion of Nature, he grew gay and jubilant. A certain airy fantastic grace played about his words as he jested and laughed at every fresh assault of wind or wave. To Margaret this fearless gayety, this laughing security, where every thing else seemed so insecure, was fascinating to the last degree. She too became gay and jubilant. She too laughed and jested at wind or wave.

And at length, far out of the reach of the hurrying, hungry tide, they rested in their homeward flight for a few moments, and looked back upon what they had left. The storm was breaking. The rain had ceased to fall, and the moon was drifting up through the clouds.

Its faint light showed the flooded shore, all landmarks of familiar rock and stone obliterated; one wide vast expanse of sea, lifting fearful heights of angry tide; and evermore that ceaseless song which the sea wails solemnly by night or day, in storm or shine, piercing through the raving of the wind.

As Margaret listened to this solemn chant,

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and looked where she had lately trod, her gayety fled, and with a little shiver she sang out suddenly that tragic verse which seems to be the very expression of the sea:

"The creeping tide came up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see;
The blinding mist came down and hid the land,
And never home came she."

And as she ended the salt sea-spray, as if in solemn mockery, dashed "blinding mist" athwart her face.

She turned with an exclamation that was half a cry. Her floating hair, caught up by the wind, streamed across her companion's hands and brushed his cheek.

Soft, tender touch, clinging and caressive, breathing the faint violet odor which he remembered as one of the mystic thralls of last night; it was enough to kindle a less ardent imagination, to thrill a less sensitive heart than this young Carolinian's.

Did Margaret think of this as she saw that "tress o' golden hair" crushed with vehement pressure against those bearded lips? Did she think that though any man of gallantry might kiss a "tress o' golden hair" under such circumstances, that none other could so have thrilled her own heart as this young stranger, whose acquaintance dated by hours only?

Oh, Margaret! your cheek was pale; your breath came quickly; and a blinding mist, which was not of the sea, hid the land for that moment. Yet, blinder in your pride, you would not read these signs.

It was a wild hour. The drifting lights and darks, the moaning wind, the moaning sea, which evermore sang its restless song. And in her thrilled and pensive mood Margaret asked no questions of herself.

And half in silence, half in some broken poetic talk to fit the night, they wandered home through the green fields and along the lovely lanes.

How many such nights—how many such hours as these before Margaret would comprehend her heart?

III.

It was the last of September. The "melancholy days," the "saddest of the year," were neither melancholy nor sad in this loveliest isle of the sea. The grass wore its deepest green; the trees, though full of flaming hues, yet held the life of summer; and golden skies smiled down on golden asters and the rich refluence of the dark-eyed dahlias.

Tardy is the coming of the "melancholy days" to this favored spot, whose shores are bathed by that warm south current, which the Gulf Stream, in its tender partiality, suddenly diverging westward, brings.

It is thus that summer lingers late, and there are those who are wise enough to linger with it, and enjoy its last loveliness.

So on this summer, four years ago, Margaret Freyer and her friends lingered.

The last of September, and there are no signs of flight in that group who sit round a morning fire of sea-coal. Girls knitting, netting, and *crocheting*. Young men leaning in at open windows, chatting, or scanning newspapers and letters, as the "boy" brings them in.

And Margaret—where is Margaret Freyer? These are all her friends. There is Bertie Downes, and Helena Bell, and the three Gale sisters. And there is another three—Harry Smythe, and Mr. Garruth, and Matt Dillon.

By-and-by somebody asks the very question:

"Where is Margaret? I thought she was coming round this morning. She promised to show me a new stitch."

Bertie Downes gave a little giggle, which made Matt Dillon grate his teeth. He always grated his teeth when Bertie Downes gave one of her giggles. He said he always knew something disagreeable was coming after one of these performances.

But Bertie only said now,

"I guess you'll wait for your stitch, Helena. I saw Madison Wythe going in at the gate as I came by."

Was there any thing disagreeable in this? Matt seemed to think there was, by the way his brows drew down into a dark wrinkle over his great honest blue eyes.

Helena Bell dropped her *crocheting* into her lap, and said, earnestly,

"I wonder if Margaret *will* marry him."

"Of course she will!" answered Bertie, decidedly. "I never heard of a girl's declaring she *wouldn't* marry a man with such and such qualities or circumstances or peculiarities but what she was sure *to* marry him;" and Miss Downes settled herself complacently, as if she had had all the experience in the world.

A strange gleam passed over Matt Dillon's face; and,

"What do you mean by that, Miss Bertie?" he demanded, in rather a sudden and imperious manner.

"Helena can tell you best. Helena remembers the conversation."

He turned to Miss Bell.

"Why, it was one day last month, just before Madison Wythe came. We were talking about Carry More's Southern marriage; and Sarah Kingsley, who had spent a winter with her, was telling how comfortably Carry took the 'peculiar institution'—Carry, who had such prejudices and principles against it only a year before!—and Margaret, who was listening, declared she thought it was shamefully weak, if not wicked, in Carry to take it so. Sarah was a little provoked at this, and asked Margaret if she wanted Carry to make discord between herself and husband for the sake of opinions. You should have seen Margaret's look at this! and she said, in that low, intense voice of hers, 'We were talking of *principles*, Sarah, not merely opinions. And I say that it is either weak or wicked, if

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not both, for any person to voluntarily place themselves in such positions, where they must live a constant lie, and deny themselves the protest against what they know to be evil.' Then Bertie said pretty much what she said just now. Told Margaret that she had never been tried; that if she should fall in love with a Southerner, as Carry More did, that she would quite probably follow the rest of the programme. 'Never, Bertie! never!' she answered, with the most vehement earnestness. 'Well, we shall see,' Sarah Kingsley retorted, in her skeptical tones."

"Yes, we *shall* see!" Bertie Downes now interrupted, triumphantly, as Helena paused.

What made Matt Dillon so insensible to Bertie Downes's sharp triumph just then? What made that sudden color flush up along his cheek? What made the dark wrinkle over his brows melt away, and leave that misty, far-off look in his eyes? He was thinking! And while he thought, yes, and while they had been talking, Margaret was passing through the sorest trial of her life. She was proving the very question of which they talked.

"But you love me, Margaret—you love me!"

These were the fateful words that Madison Wythe flung down at her feet as the one weapon of truth which beat through all her resisting armor.

"Yes, I love you! I love you!" And as she spoke she wrung her hands together in woeful passion.

"You love me, and yet you sacrifice that love for an abstract theory—or, well, a belief then. But upon what is your belief founded?—a mere matter of circumstance, of education."

"And I thank God that I was educated in a portion of the country where that point of belief is not obscured by self-interest. It is God's belief, Madison!" and her voice rose out of its tears as she uttered this.

He leaned forward—soft fire in his eyes and fond persuasion in his tones: "But, Margaret, love is beyond every thing. What strange, sweet proofs have we had from the beginning that to us had come that rare revelation of fitness which proved us the two halves of one soul! Oh, Margaret! my Margaret! do not turn away from this. Is love not sacred? Is love, such love as ours, not the first consideration—the greatest possible gift?"

So he shook her soul with his impassioned pleading, and tears came as she listened; but in a moment she returned:

"And you, Madison! If it is above every thing—if it is the first consideration—why not give every thing to it? Why not give up that inheritance which is the barrier between us? Would you give up your slaves, Madison, for love?"

His dark cheek flushed.

"Margaret, if I 'gave up my inheritance I could not give up my conviction. I could not yield *my* belief to yours—"

"Nor could I," she interrupted.

"And I do not ask you to," he went on, eagerly. "Keep your faith, keep your beliefs. They shall be sacred to you. You shall live under my roof, you shall lie in my bosom, Margaret, as free and untrammeled in thought and action as you are at this hour."

Margaret was weeping silently behind her clasped hands. He moved nearer, and touched her head with a motion that was like a blessing.

"Oh, Margaret, come!" he entreated. "My lot is cast by all the laws of Nature in the land of my ancestors. Come and share that lot, Margaret. Every instinct of your heart tells you that your place is here." And he suddenly but gently gathered her to his breast.

How much easier to resist would have been impatience, anger, or reproach: any thing but this unvarying sweetness, this loving persistence! And here lurked Madison Wythe's power. Here, the hand of steel in the velvet glove. His spirit was strong; and where heart or intellect aroused themselves to conquer or win all lesser passions were subdued by the greater. With Margaret, therefore, though she resisted him on that one ground, where resistance would have seemed most irritating, yet the mere point of resistance kindled not the least spark of anger. And so doubly powerful in his calmness, united to his undoubted love, and his deep underlying will, did he set himself to break down this resistance.

So intrenched was this man in his own pride of belief that opposition or denunciation, even from strangers, rarely moved him to anger. He seemed to regard this opposition or denunciation as one from his superior heights of knowledge and wisdom might look down upon the ignorant offenses and follies of a child.

This was the man with whom Margaret was brought into such woeful resistance. Would she yield to him? He never doubted as he gathered her into his arms there that she would.

But a moment, and then she lifted her head; her face pale but resolute; her voice once more clear, though faltering with her struggle; her eyes meeting his eyes, dark, mournful, and pathetic.

"It can not be," she began, slowly. "No, do not interrupt me," lifting her hand beseechingly. "I know all that you would say; but it can not move me from my decision, it can only wring my heart, and you are surely too generous to inflict needless suffering. Hear me once for all, Madison; let me speak fully. You think that my reason of resistance is a theory, a sentiment which your influence may overcome; but it is belief, religion; it rules my whole character, and holds place in my heart. How, then, can I put myself in a position where my daily life must be either an unspoken lie or open discord? You tell me, 'Keep your faiths; keep your beliefs: they shall be sacred to you.' But I could not keep them silently. Ah, if in the vain hope that my constant thought might influence yours, I should be tempted to become your wife, how dare I break the covenant of my own soul, and for another generation, perhaps, perpetuate a

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race of those who may hold another race in bondage?"

Firmly rang her voice now as she concluded, and her face wore the look of one who has passed "near to danger."

In the pause that followed he did not attempt answer. Her noble earnestness had touched him with a momentary despair of his power. But when again she spoke his heart leaped. He little imagined that that sudden softness was the last expression of her love, and the final seal of her renunciation.

"Ah, if I had but known it would have come to this I would have guarded my heart and yours; but I was proud or blind. I had never loved before, and I did not recognize love's signs. I had had so many friends, and I thought you only another. If I had but known—if I had but known! But no, it was Fate, it was Fate! or God's providence. Heaven forgive me! perhaps I needed this sore trial," she broke in upon herself with sudden passion. And then all the impassioned tenderness of her heart overflowed in glance, and word, and tone, as she said:

"And you, Madison—ah, I have made you suffer! But I loved you, I loved you: remember this. And remember always in the days that are to come, when we shall be no more together, that there must be God's truth in a principle that could give me strength to sacrifice what I have done to it. Think of this for my sake; and think I loved you, Madison, I loved you all the time." And then, as one in a dream, he felt her breath passing down his cheek, and the soft swift pressure of her lips upon his own.

Touched, thrilled beyond words, at this seal of her confession he held her for a moment to his heart. And as she clung there, silent, breathless, what dim presentiment of her meaning struck darkly athwart his soul! What vague uncertainty of his own success!—what

"——Never, never, whispered by
The phantom years"

rung its warning knell there!

But the next moment all this passed away in the clear certainty of the present. She loved him. His presence was dear to her. From this sprang the vision of success; and again the belief in his own power rose triumphant. Yes, he would win her; not by relinquishment of his ground, but by constant, unwavering persistence in a devotion that was unexacting and generous. His presence was dear; it should become necessary. He would subtly, but surely, in some imperceptible ways, overcome her thought by his own. This was his vision of success; this his plan of conquest.

Thus he left her after this interview, confident of many interviews that would follow, where his suit should never be pressed, but where the patient persistence of his love should finally prevail. And as he went out of her presence—her kiss yet thrilling his lips—that day, his soul was jubilant over his vision of victory. "I will see her again to-morrow," he said to himself.

"To-morrow! Ah, proud and passionate heart, gather up all your sweetest memories, all your strength of love and endurance, for the to-morrow that is to come will find your will thwarted, your power defied, and your pride laid low! For while, a few hours after, you pace the beach in the trembling starlight, and fancy that to-morrow will find you in HER presence, upon the deck of a steamer, watching the same stars, and perhaps fathoming your thoughts at this very hour, Margaret is speeding away from you. Ay, go to that cottage door on to-morrow's night. Those left behind can give you little clew to her destination. And if they could, of what avail? You are much too proud to follow where she has voluntarily fled from you. Ay, fled from you. In all your far-reaching thought, you had not thought of this alternative.

"O! sweet, pale Margaret,
O! rare, pale Margaret,
What lit your eyes with tearful power,"

that through all this fair temptation you did see so clearly? What inward ken revealed to you the danger that beset your path in that fine and fascinating presence?

"O! rare, pale Margaret," very wisely you interpreted that daring spirit. Very surely you read the meaning of the "velvet glove." That deep underlying will, that would yield nothing of its own decisions, yet with soft and subtle power seek to overcome whatever resisted it. Very wisely you saw that your only hope of peace was out of the sight of those eyes whose alluring glances must follow you in vain; out of the hearing of tones in whose sweetness lurked a charm that you must ever resist. "O! rare, pale Margaret," for conscience' sake have you chosen a heavy cross; but you shall wear a golden crown!

IV.

Mrs. Dillon held high festival in honor of her son's return; only a seven-days' furlough, and Captain Dillon would gladly have evaded the compliment intended him. But Mrs. Dillon was not unlike the rest of her country-people, who, upon the least provocation, run madly to serenades, and dinner-parties, and all manner of feasting. So it happened upon this night that the old Dillon mansion was resplendent with the blaze of chandeliers and the "gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls." All Matt's old friends were bidden to the feast, and most of them obeyed the bidding: all the old friends. But who is he looking for with that expectant face? and now and then he consults his watch, and again glances toward the door, restless, eager, watchful. Who is it he is looking for?

In this preoccupied mood he suddenly starts: "Ah, Bertie Downes! How do you do, Miss Downes?"

"That was three years ago, Captain Dillon. Mrs. Dupuy at your service;" and she sends him a curious smile as she drops him a courtesy.

"How can one help forgetting the flight of time, and so fancy himself three years younger

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when he looks upon Mrs. Dupuy?" And Captain Matt bowed over his gallant speech in the most gracious manner.

"So you fancied yourself three years younger, Captain Dillon? Three years ago? Where were we all then? Oh, I remember. It was at Newport. I haven't been there since—have you? Oh no, I forget you have been in Europe all this time, and come back to become a hero. I congratulate you. It seems to me every body went away very suddenly that season. Margaret set the fashion first, flashing off without a good-by to any body. Do you remember that night when Harry Smythe walked in and asked if we had heard the news about Margaret Freyer—how we all thought we were to hear of her engagement to Madison Wythe, and how amazed we were when Harry said she had gone away? And Wythe—did you meet Wythe in Paris, Captain Dillon? He left for Europe just before you did, I believe."

"No, I didn't meet Mr. Wythe in Paris, Mrs. Dupuy. I met him nearer home a month ago, when he came over to our lines under a flag of truce. It was Captain Wythe then. Mrs. Dupuy"—and he lowered his voice a little and looked straight into the lady's bright eyes—"you must allow that you were mistaken in your estimates of Miss Freyer's character. She *did* maintain her theory it seems."

"Oh yes, I was mistaken *there;* but I am not always mistaken, Captain Dillon:" and the bright eyes had a triumphant glitter.

The brave, honest Captain met these keen rays very steadily as he answered, quietly, "I am glad you are not, Mrs. Dupuy."

Mrs. Dupuy colored, and looked a trifle disconcerted. What did he mean? That he was glad she knew him to be hopelessly in love with Margaret Freyer? It was like his cool audacity.

But there came a clash of music here; it broke the current of talk. There was a movement of silk and the flutter of lace; and the next moment Mrs. Dupuy had another companion—Helena Bell of the old days, now Mrs. Harry Smythe. They withdrew a little from the crowd; and overlooking it, Mrs. Dupuy watched her host saunter indifferently past the prettiest girls of the season—girls fresh and fair—with that preoccupied restless manner.

"Did you know that Margaret Freyer is at home, Bertie? Going back next week, her Aunt Anne said."

A new light suddenly dawned upon Mrs. Dupuy's mind.

That preoccupied restless manner was explained now. It was clear for whom he waited.

"How strange that she should like that horrid wearing life, don't you think so, Bertie?"

"Margaret was always doing odd things you know, Helena."

"Yes, I know, but to become a hospital nurse. How could she? Then it must tell upon her looks so. And Margaret isn't very young now. She must be twenty-five or six."

Mrs. Dupuy made no reply; she was too much absorbed, for just then she saw that restless expectant face change with the flash of a sudden swift smile, and then the handsome military figure was bending in greeting toward a lady entering. Margaret Freyer. If Mrs. Dupuy had expected to see Margaret looking worn and old, perforce of her hospital service and her twenty-five years, she was mistaken.

To women of Mrs. Dupuy's temper and tone, these twenty-five years of maidenhood were suggestive of waning beauty, and exhausted wit, and womanly fascination; instead of which, to natures like Margaret Freyer's, at once deep and ardent, earnest and elastic, it was the prime of beauty, of wit, and of fascination. Mrs. Dupuy wondered at her secretly as she looked upon her there. She saw the slight but rounded figure of other days; the face full of eloquent meaning, with not an added line, a sharper curve. There was about her, too, a fair aspect of freshness, from the tint of her complexion to the motions of the supple form, clad in soft folding silk and floating lace. There was a little wonder too in the gaze with which Captain Dillon regarded Margaret. He did not wonder at her changeless aspect, because of added years and arduous occupation; but he knew how she had suffered sacrifice and loss in the past. He remembered a night when he had nearly risked his fate by outward confession; a confession that stayed his own, by words that dropped from quivering lips, like "slow wrung beads of agony." He had repaid her generosity by the most generous friendship, and buried all warmer hopes beneath that sacred bond. But now her bright, almost radiant face, her pleased and interested manner! She showed no scars of her wound! Perhaps, perhaps she may

"Overlive it and be happy."

Perhaps, if again he should risk his fate—

"What is that? You are not going back to the hospitals again, Margaret?" and he stopped suddenly, arrested by her words, under the flying flags of the doorway.

"Yes, certainly. Did you think I had offered my services from mere restlessness or curiosity, and had grown tired by experience? I have enlisted for the war, you know;" and she laughed a little, in a certain arch way that was peculiar to her.

But Captain Matt didn't seem to see where the laugh came in; for his own mouth was drawn down into grim disapprobation, and there was that ominous wrinkle between his brows which presaged opposition. So Margaret was prepared for what followed:

"How absurd! You'll kill yourself or ruin your health, Margaret."

She laughed again, glancing up into his face.

"Do I look so much the worse for the wear, then, for this year's service? I certainly don't feel on the road to decay."

But Matt was not easily soothed into complaisance. Still he carried an outward gruffness of friendly displeasure to hide the secret

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pain. And still she laughed and lightly answered him, until he exclaimed,

"But what is the use, Margaret? There is surely a sufficiency of nurses without you."

Then a strange change came upon her. A look of pain and perplexity clouded over the brightness of her face, and, "Do not say that," she answered, quickly: "I should be sorry to think I was not specially needed by some natural fitness for this work. I have been glad to believe that it was so. Do not, I beseech you, by a single word, try to shake this belief; for I have found in it a contentment, a relief, from almost—"

She broke off, agitated, in a still, breathless passion, which revealed her heart.

Her listener was silent. His glowing fancy of the moment before—that bright, half-formed hope—had suddenly become obscured. And this second pang of loss perhaps was bitterer than the first; for by its means he had caught a nearer glimpse of the fond and faithful nature, so womanly while so strong, whose wealth of love he could never hope to win.

Silent, with his head dropped into his breast, he moved on through the rooms with her, until a sudden stillness, in place of the murmurous hum and the clang of music, aroused him. Unwittingly he had strayed aside into a vacant apartment, where the lights shone softer, and the atmosphere was full of the breath of flowers. As he lifted his head the shadow of bitterness passed. The brave and generous spirit was again triumphant. He was not a man to evince much emotion, to betray his sensibility; but when he broke the silence there, with the brief, vehemently-spoken words,

"God bless you, Margaret, in any work, in any life you may choose to lead!"

Margaret, looking up, saw all he meant, knew that again he suffered and lost, yet was ready again to give her the loyal service of friendship. She did not speak, but her face was eloquent. They understood each other.

Bertha Dupuy, talking gayly with Harry Smythe, saw the two re-enter the rooms. "Margaret Freyer looks remarkably well to-night," she commented to her companion.

"Yes, I was thinking so myself. Remarkably well; but I always admired Margaret."

Bertha glanced from Harry Smythe's face, with its "admiration," to that of Captain Dillon's. Her subtle keenness of insight penetrated much of the truth. As she had said, she was not always mistaken.

"Ah," she thought, as her quick vision contrasted these two men's faces, "we blundered at more than one guess there at Newport that summer, when we put Harry Smythe and Garruth into the lists before Matt Dillon. Harry Smythe has contented himself with Helena Bell's pretty amiability, and Mark Garruth is desperately in love with Harry's sister. But Matt Dillon alone, that unsentimental Matt Dillon, has persisted in his constancy. He has actually had a grand passion for her all this time. And who would believe it if I told them this discovery? Bah, what a blind, stupid world it is! But you may persist, Matt Dillon; your constancy will never win what you want; for, spite of your gay looks, Margaret Freyer, you are fretting over what you have lost."

So shrewd and worldly Bertha penetrated the truth, but stumbled in her final conclusion. Her shrewd and worldly instincts did not serve her in the summing up.

Fretting? Did Matt Dillon think the glimpse he got of that sacred sorrow could be thus translated?

V.

The cool sweet wind of the early March morning blew up over wide ranges of field and meadow with faint suggestions of budding tree and flower in its wild frolic currents. It bent the branches, it swept the lawn, and sung its song of spring up the garden slopes and around the windows of the stately house upon the hill, and fluttering down, it wafted breaths of bulb and root and crocus scent away from their winter shrouds of straw through lifted sashes, where feverish patients, suffering "war's cruel curse," in mangled limbs, or slow disease, were lying, sleepless and restless, in the long and cleanly-garnished wards.

But in the stately house upon the hill, which looked across to the hospital, there was one as sleepless as any under the roof of pain. She had awakened long before light, and lying there in the darkness, had listened to the wind, and thought of other times and more peaceful days perhaps. Perhaps as the wind sung its song of spring, she dreamed, in waking visions, of springs and summers when, listening, she had heard far sweeter songs, wherein no under-note of funeral wailing went over the land. Perhaps, as the gray dawn came creeping on, she remembered dawns when to some soft good-night, spoken while the sweet clash of music was yet lingering in her ear, she had gone home to dream of some bewildering waltz or moonlight *tête-à-tête*. All of these memories might have kept her company as she lay there listening to the wind, but none of them brought her sleep again. No morning slumber with its tender train of fancies blessed her. Still she, waking, watched the coming of the dawn. It came at last white and clear, and showed a fair womanly face, whose dark eyes looked wistfully out toward the waving flag that flung forth its stars and stripes across the hill. Lying there, the wistful look grew deeper, and the wind seemed to bring newer and nearer thoughts and fancies as she listened. Into its wild frolic currents had stolen another tone—a plaintive tone of entreaty, which whispered and moaned with sobbing insistence. And somewhere out of the lonely garden thickets, all bleak and bare, a bird began piping a faint, shrill, melancholy strain. It mingled with the insisting wind like a cry or call for companionship. Now near, now far, it swept with the sweeping breezes from hill to hill.

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It seemed to stir strange depths of emotion in the soul of her who lay there listening. Her face put on a restless expression. Her eyes strained eagerly beyond the flying flag, as if otherwheres her vision would fain have pierced.

Still the wind kept on its insisting tone; still the little bird piped its urgent cry; until a bar of gold struck suddenly athwart the sky. The sun had risen. She, too, rose now, dressed herself hastily, and, without disturbing the sleeping inmates of the house, descended the stairs and went out into the "wild March morning."

Into the "wild March morning!"

She shivered a little as the willows sighed and brushed her cloak in passing, and half under her breath murmured out:

"The trees began to whisper and the wind began to roll,
And in the wild March morning I heard them call my soul."

Mechanically she stooped as she saw a clump of frail anemones and the bright blooms of the crocus, and gathered bud and blossom into a hasty bouquet before she proceeded down the avenue. And inhaling their dewy freshness she went on, singing in the same half-absent way the same sweet mournful verse.

The sentry touched his cap, with a little look of surprise, as he let her pass. The Doctor smiled a welcome smile, but,

"You are early, Miss Freyer," he said.

"Yes; not too early, I hope."

"No; I am glad you have come. There has been a fresh arrival. The beds are all occupied now." He gave her some directions in a lower tone, and she went in.

Stopping here and there for kind soothing word or tender office, she came to the last in her round, a bed divided by curtaining from the others.

Some unaccountable tremor arrested her steps here.

Her heart beat; her breath came quicker. What did she dread, who had faced for months all woeful spectacles of sabre-cut or gun-shot wound? She did not know; but her mind was in a whirl of confusion.

A low groan, proceeding from within the curtained space, broke the spell, and gave her resolution to penetrate the seclusion. What did she see? No fearful sight, surely. A tall, straight figure, lying all its comely length along the low white cot. A head of dark, dark hair, a face pallid but dusky with natural tint of climate and added bronze of marches and camp exposures. A face stained with clay and gore, sharpened with pain, but lit into life and courage by the unfading fire that beamed forth from the burning splendor of the deep black eyes.

These were the eyes that met Margaret Freyer as she entered, with a glance that thrilled every pulse. And beneath the slender line of dark silk beard that fringed his lip the pale mouth smiled with rapturous greeting, and the faint sweet voice articulated,

"Margaret! Margaret! I knew you would come."

She knelt beside him; she put her arms about him, and laid her cheek to his. No need for her to speak; but he kept on:

"So I find you at last, Margaret. I thought it would be so. The bond was vital. I knew you must feel when my life was going out. I knew you would come. Kiss me, Margaret. Ah, my love, my love, I have waited for this!"

Once more he gathered her to his breast, folding her fervently with strength that seemed garnered up for this last embrace. Once more. Then the old soft smile, the old sweet gay voice faintly falling, as he wandered back to other scenes:

"How the wind rises, Margaret! Will you go down to the beach? The wind and the rain will never harm my mermaid. And the sea-foam drapery—where are the fairy bells? Oh! you have decked yourself with flowers instead. They are wet, wet. Is it the spray, sweet?"

His eyes closed. A moment more—then all fancies left him. He looked up, clear, conscious, and irradiated by the passing spirit.

"My darling, do not weep. This is better than all the world for us. Yes—I see—I see it now—you were right, Margaret—you were true!"

And Madison Wythe lay dead.

EASTER FLOWERS.

IT is one of the obvious marks of our American religion, that we are noticing more habitually and affectionately the ancient days and seasons of the Christian Church. This tendency does not seem to us to come so much from any change of doctrine or discipline as from domestic and friendly and devout dispositions, and often shows itself unequivocally in quarters where the most independent thinking prevails, and even where the straitest Puritan theology is professed. That Christmas should be every where gaining ground, and that Saint Nicholas should be held in honor where all other saints are discarded, is not to be wondered at, so far as the attraction of Christmas festivities is concerned; for children will be children, and parents will be parents, and whatever brings the two parties lovingly together is in the line of Nature, and is sure to prosper. Yet we believe that with the natural glee of that great holiday a great deal of devout faith and affection mingles, and the gayest carols and the wildest sports have something about them that does not end with flesh and blood, but which partakes more or less of the higher spirit. Humanity, too, mingles with every true Christmas feast, and the poor are every where remembered, not only for their own sake, but for the Holy Child who became poor that we might become rich. For our own part, we confess to having a great liking to a religion that is not afraid of a little laugh and fun—not fearful that the church windows will break, or its walls shake at the explosion of any amount of innocent natural spirits. We believe that young and old are never in so good a way for enjoying

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themselves as when they are upon solid ground, and can sing and dance a little without fearing that the earth will cave in under their feet. On this account we can commend a good sound platform of faith and fellowship as giving a safe footing for mirth as well as worship, and are quite sure that we can move more merrily as well as more effectively there than when on doubtful ground; as skaters glide on more boldly and play off their most antic evolutions when perfectly sure that the ice will not give way beneath them.

Whatever may be the cause or the effect we are quite sure that Saint Nicholas is making his way into universal regard, and is likely to stand as high upon the Puritan as the Catholic Calendar, at least so far as home observances are concerned. Less attention has been called to the second great festival of the ancient Church, Easter; yet there are unmistakable signs that it is fast gaining upon the religious affection and public regard of our people. Like Christmas, it is winning our household feeling as well as our religious respect, and is sacred to the memory of departed kindred and friends as well as to the rising of our Lord from the grave. We have carefully noted the gradual increase of observance of the day, and can remember when it was a somewhat memorable thing for a minister, not Catholic or Episcopal, to preach an Easter sermon. Now Easter sermons are very general in all pulpits, and Easter flowers are making their way into churches of all persuasions. One of our chief Presbyterian churches near by decked its communion-table and pulpit with flowers for the third time this Easter season; and we, who have some ways of thinking and acting quite our own, made our church beautiful with lilies, roses, geraniums, camelias, etc., for the seventh time. We were considerably among the florists at this time, and they uniformly reported that such a demand had never before been known for the products of their conservatories. The resources of the city and neighborhood were exhausted, and appeals were made to Philadelphia and Boston to supply the deficiency, and in some cases great prices were offered in vain, a dollar being the price for single lilies.

The cause of this new love for Easter is to be found partly in the unquestionable growth of church feeling in our people; but this feeling is greatly enhanced, and, in some cases, almost wholly created by family affections. Easter is becoming rapidly the festival of sacred remembrance of departed friends, and the remembrance is all the more sacred by remembering them in God and the Beloved Son. It is interesting and impressive to observe how powerfully our congregations are affected, when this use is made of the day, and the great sentiment of home love is brought into keeping with devout faith. It is quite a revelation to note the response that is made by the people when asked to bring to the altar some memorial of departed kindred and friends. At first we asked for flowers to make the church bright and beautiful for the afternoon festival of Sunday-school children. The gifts came in great abundance, but even then the flowers often had a memorial character; and no parents who had lost a dear child could fail to think of him or her more tenderly in the midst of that cheerful flock, and the flowers themselves, as they sent up their incense to the mercy-seat, seemed a message to the lost ones as well as our offering to heaven.

The good effect is not lost but rather helped by making part of the service decidedly genial and festive, and quite in keeping with the cheerful temper of children. An Easter carol or two, a distribution of little gifts, with pleasant remarks from the pastor, and other like features, may give the day greater compass and attractiveness, and do much to enlarge the often too sombre and restricted character of our ministrations. It is well to take a hint from good Mother Nature as she speaks to us in these charming pets of her bosom, the blossoms of spring. The blossoms are the pictured cradle of the fruit; and if we would have the fruit we must first have the blossoms. We have too often forgotten this stubborn fact, and expected a harvest of substantial fruit without a childhood of blossoms. We do not believe that the Creator has put forth so much of his wisdom and power to make the earth beautiful with fragrant blooms, merely to amuse our idle hours; and we regard the beautiful in nature, as in art, as the ally and handmaid of all that is good and true. In the economy of creation it is evident that the exquisite tints and odors that attend all vegetation in its fecundating and fructifying seasons are intimately connected with the welfare of the future fruit and seed. It is true, also, that in the germinating seasons of human thought and feeling and purpose, the element of beauty is very powerful, and society and religion are stronger as well as purer by the graces of art and beauties of nature that are enlisted in their behalf.

Children very readily fall in with all usages that combine cheerfulness with reverence, and do it all the better if treated as if they were expected to acquiesce in church ways as a matter of course and affectionately, instead of being everlastingly argued with or scolded into obedience. It is really touching as well as amusing to see how earnestly very little ones will do whatever is required of them when asked to help out a sacred festival. Three little girls distributed our baskets of nosegays to the scholars with charming grace, and the smallest of them—a four-yearling, who can usually hardly keep still for a moment—did her part famously, and dealt out the bunches of flowers with an odd sobriety, as if she were one of the pillars of the church or shepherds of the fold.

The art that is most characteristic of our modern ages is undoubtedly music, and antiquity is searched in vain for any instrument that can be compared with the organ or piano, or any compositions that can be named in the same breath with our great oratorios, symphonies, and operas. Vast sums of money are every year spent

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upon music, and time, far more valuable than the money, is given without stint to musical education. More is to come from this art probably than we are now aware of; and we are not only to be entertained but refined, moulded, assimilated, and uplifted by its influence as never before. The Creator is not chary of the gift, and not only the taste but the talent is bestowed with a bountiful hand among our people; and sometimes the backwoods give us specimens of song from native human genius that are as refreshing to our city connoisseurs as the gushing melody of the wild mocking-bird is welcome to ears sated with the trained notes of our canaries. We were at a little amateur concert a few weeks since, where an untutored girl from the country rivaled the pupils of our first masters in her singing, and after once hearing the opera of the *Trovatore* she gave the famous *Miserere* with a pathos and vitality that would have done honor to a practiced *prima donna*.

God has been even more bountiful surely in those elements of beauty that minister to the eye; and flowers, that are scattered beneath our feet almost as freely as the grass, are the music of vision, and their notes can be read by every body at sight without any study of the gamut or counterpoint. Yet within the reach of almost all of us as they are, where land is so abundant and the country so accessible, they not only admit of the most careful and skillful culture, but they may be arranged and employed with the highest art. We need not undertake to show that gardening may be raised to a place among the fine arts, but we will affirm, what is far less frequently acknowledged, that the effective disposition of flowers requires a taste decidedly artistic, and even a good bouquet may claim the dignity of being an original composition. There is all the difference between a well and an ill arranged nosegay that there is between a piece of manufacture and a work of art; and the eye and hand of art will make every flower and leaf speak its own word and tell upon the general effect, and so secure to the whole arrangement the essential of all beauty, diversity in unity, instead of the set patchwork of the common bouquets of the shops, which look as if they were made by machinery or colored by blocks, like calicoes or floor-cloths.

In one respect flowers are like music: they both speak a language of the heart that is at once personal and universal, or capable of conveying an individual sentiment, and at the same time appealing to a common taste and imagination. A lover can sing a serenade under his lady's window that shall tell her virtually of his love, and at the same time charm every chance listener, and no more obtrude his own personality on the ear than does the light of the moon, which shines on the swain and the passer-by with the same impartial splendor. Quite otherwise would it be if the swain undertook to tell his emotions in prose speech, which, if heard by a stranger, could not but be ridiculous or impertinent. Equally expressive is the language of flowers; and the bouquet that a beauty carries in her hand or wears in her bosom may speak to her of the love or friendship of the giver, and at the same time delight every beholder with its own intrinsic loveliness. This characteristic of flowers fits them especially for the use of religion, as they at once express the private affections of the givers, and enrich the symbolism of the altar. Nothing would be more offensive to a delicate sensibility, for instance, than an inscription of personal feelings or attachments upon the church walls upon festive or solemn occasions, and the common devout conscience would protest against such an obtrusion of private life upon hours of public worship. But the basket or cross of flowers can say all that the heart wishes to say, and say it without any obtrusion of personal feeling. The beauty that speaks for one worshiper speaks also for all, and each rose or lily is like one of those old litanies that come down to us from time immemorial, and are so inimitable alike by being free from all egotism and full of wholesome piety and charity: thus being common prayer to all devout souls. The flowers are of older birth even than those ancient prayers, and are primeval litanies from the creative breath of the Eternal Word.

We find their eloquence growing upon us from year to year, as our charming Easter festival comes round, and enriches our church with gathering remembrances and associations that enlist our household loves and griefs, in the offerings that are brought to us with unstinted hand. Some of the gifts that were lovely of themselves were most impressive in what they suggested. That beautiful cross of lilies upon a shield of green, and surmounted with a crown of camelias, is a fit memorial of Helen, who went from us some three years ago, and who has ever since been similarly remembered in our Easter festival. She was a rare woman, with a mingled delicacy and dignity in her face and bearing that made you doubt whether she was born to be a nun or a queen. God took her to himself soon after her marriage. Her family rightly commemorate her thus in the church by whose minister she was baptized and married and buried. That font, too, in its wonderful beauty, with the profusion of white flowers of rarest kind in its basin, the ivy and roses and carnations that twine the shaft, and the cross of lilies and violets that hangs in front, is a brother's memorial of his sister, and its Easter adorning is in memory of one of Helen's neighbors and friends, a young wife lately called away from the earth. In those compositions on evergreen shields on each side of the pulpit, the designer veiled a personal affection under the garb of a sacred symbol. The anchor of white camelias, with its top in the form of the cross, represents *faith* with *hope;* and the heart of red bavardias and carnations that rests upon the centre of the cross symbolizes *charity*, while it also stands for *Cordelia*—a good old name for a daughter, and derived from the Latin for heart, and

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in this sense undoubtedly it is used by Spenser and Shakspeare, to mark the loving daughter of Lear from her hard-hearted sisters Goneril and Regan. Over the whole parterre that cheered and scented the entire church personal affections thus mingled with religious sentiment, and a family that had been for years most generous contributors found their gifts this year ministering to their grief, as before to their joy; and the beautiful offerings that so often had come from the cherished wife and daughter's conservatory, threw the fragrance of the garden over the place where the burial-service had been said over her remains.

We are well aware that in all matters of sentiment like that which we are treating, there is great danger of falling into sentimentalism, and pampering a morbid and egotistic sensibility that tempts people to dwell upon their own emotions in a kind of self-pity or self-admiration, very much like that of one looking into a glass and enjoying the reflection of a gala dress or a mourning costume. We are not fond of sentimentalism, and we believe that one means of curing it is to be found in giving fitting and healthy expression to every genuine feeling. Every form of true affection should have liberty to manifest itself; and sentimentalism ceases the moment the heart, instead of turning in upon itself in morbid introversion, goes forth to its rightful object in the rightful way. Thus marriage is the honest and healthful utterance of love; and the simple, solemn words of the marriage-service adjusts fitly the relation of two beings who else might have gone mad with passion or silly with sentimentalism. Every great affection should also have its wholesome utterance; and undoubtedly a great deal of discomfort and suffering always exist in a community where material interests are so supreme, or religion is so harsh and dogmatic, as to shut the spiritual world and its people out of our thoughts, or at least out of the commemoration of the church. We do not profess to have sounded the alleged marvels of "Spiritualism," as it is called, to the depths; but we are convinced that most of its power over our people comes from its recognition of the reality of the unseen world and its inhabitants, and of their relation to us. The adherents of this new faith are said to be numbered by thousands, and even millions, and their existence should, if nothing else, teach us that, in this age of natural science and material enterprise, there is a yearning after things unseen—a craving for some comforting fellowship with souls departed this life. We note signs of this disposition in the palaces as well as the common homes of Christendom; and the beautiful volume of Meditations on the Future State, lately published under the auspices of Queen Victoria, from the German of the genial and devout Henri Zchokke, is one among the many proofs of the tendencies of home affections and griefs to rise above their seclusion into the fellowship of universal truth and devotion. The church is wise that gives voice and nutriment to all the great human experiences and emotions, and has by no means exhausted her arts of giving comfort to the bereaved.

Every great sentiment tends toward some organic method; and thus it is clear that love, patriotism, and devotion all have their characteristic manifestations in the family, the nation, and the church. How we are to treat the dead is a question that every year is doing something to settle for us, not only by establishing and adorning cemeteries, but creating new forms of memorial art. Tennyson's "In Memoriam" is thus not only a monument of literature, but a sign of the times, and marks a new era in the consecration of memory. The poet finds that the thousands of readers who can not rival his invention can enter into his feelings; and what he writes of Arthur Hallam is read so as to mean thousands of cherished sons and daughters and friends, whose graves are found in every land the sun shines upon. It is certainly much to be desired that a taste as pure as this poet's should be carried into all forms of memorial art, for there is nothing for which many are so ready to spend time and money, and nothing in which so much time and money are often thrown away. In this country our monumental art has made great advances; yet a man of taste is often tempted to wish, as he walks or rides through our cemeteries, and looks upon the most costly structures, that the sculptor had stayed his chisel, and the bountiful and graceful hand of Nature had been left to make her simple and beautiful memorials in trees and grass and flowers.

We make a great mistake in limiting the bearing of memorial tributes to persons of public service and name; for even these, although they are known widely, are not as deeply loved by the community as by their own kindred, and the affections never ask Fame to tell them whom most to lament. Often the very qualities that most shrink from publicity most win love; and the eulogies paid to our heroes and statesmen and authors are a feeble expression of the debt of the living which is constantly paid to the dead. Probably most men and most families, if called to name the dearest of all names of those no longer seen on earth, would speak some word that has little meaning out of their own home circle; for love, unlike admiration, lives by nearness, not by distance, and asks to tend a flower rather than to adore a star. We confess to sharing the common lot in this respect; and the flowers that we place in the church at Easter tell us more of dear and lowly names in our own home than of the great characters of history. We may be permitted to speak here a word of personal experience, and our humble "In Memoriam" of a gentle, loving, and devoted sister can not but have heart and scope enough to rise above all personality and come home to the household affections of readers.

Why should we middle-aged, hard-working, practical, and sometimes care-worn people be

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ashamed to confess that we do retain some relics of what usually goes by the name of the heart, and are very often tempted to believe, in spite of the world's teaching to the contrary, that this organ gains instead of losing vitality with time, so as to compel us to love and to crave to be loved more instead of less as the shady hours come on, and the evening of life, like the closing day, calls us home and opens to us anew the thoughts, affections, and sociality of the morning? I have ventured to put this question to many shrewd, well-balanced persons, and have generally found the answers all on one side, and that the affirmative side. I once asked a very pleasant little circle of married friends whether they thought they had more or less heart as the years rolled on, and they all said that they lived more and more in the affections; and I am quite sure that the grayheads in the company, both men and women, said so with the most emphasis. It certainly ought to be so; and as our nature ripens, and our life enriches its experience, and the living and the dead claim a stronger hold upon us, we ought to love more, and of course desire to be more loved. The old home of our childhood comes nearer to us as we climb the hill from which we can see our whole journey hither at a glance; and all new affections touch the old chords afresh, and waken the music of the old voices and the old familiar faces.

These Easter flowers are a kind of color and odor music that revive my play-days, more than twoscore years ago, in that little garden that was the whole world to me then, and the little playmate who was my constant companion. We were left fatherless in early childhood, she being under four years of age, and I but two years older. With our father's death our means were stinted, and we left the more costly central home for the humbler of our two houses in a retired part of the town. Here, however, we had a garden for our play-ground, and a river-side for our rambles, and with these, children can not be wholly unhappy, and can not, though fatherless, be always under a cloud. I remember very well that little garden—its few grape-vines and fruit trees and vegetables, and above all its flowers. They were not the rich blooms of our recent horticulture, and we could not boast of any conservatory for pet plants in winter. The old-fashioned inhabitants of those beds and walks were of a very hardy, democratic race, and the roses and pinks did not scorn to associate with their plainer neighbors, and the sweet herbs, the balm, the sage, and marjoram were the connecting middle class between the flowers and the turnips, and onions and potatoes. The peony was a great favorite because it was so large and so bright to our childish eyes, and because, moreover, it was the first to peep out of the ground and let us know that spring was coming. The lilac, too, was a dear old plant, and its smell now always brings back those days, and the flower itself has more poetry for me than the rarest and costliest of our new exotics. Then, too, that pale yellow flower, that opened at evening before your eyes, sometimes as suddenly as the wings of a butterfly, and exhaled a sweet and powerful fragrance that filled the whole garden, we called it the evening primrose, was much prized, and although not of any great beauty, it was very suggestive, soothing, and dreamy; quite in the tone of the calm, and pensive, and sometimes melancholy hour, when it unfolded its leaves and sent out its odor, as if to serenade us in its own humble little way. All these old favorites the Easter flowers bring to mind, yet only two or three of them keep their place in our day in favor; and the roses, carnations, and geraniums on our altar, were the only flowers that could claim direct kindred with the growths of that old garden in that long since deserted home.

It is well for our children to know how simple were our pleasures in those days, and how little it took to set young hearts beating with glee. Pennies then went as far as dollars do now, and at any time two pennies would bring from the old dame's candy and fruit shop near by enough of her sweet confection, that went by the name of Gibraltar, to make an Eden in that garden, whose two little children had thus early learned that sorrow and death are in the world, and all is not always paradise here now. Then what a different value was once set upon books from what is now set upon them? A shilling would buy a story with a picture or two that was enough to charm the whole year with its pages read time without end. And a two or three shilling book, merciful Heavens, what a god-send! When could we exhaust its riches, or be sufficiently grateful for the treasure? Museum, circus, theatre, and the like, were unheard of for years to us; and when, in time, we ventured upon a visit to the neighboring city and saw the snakes, and birds, and beasts, and wax-figures of the museum, and, most marvelous of all, went for the first time to the theatre, and beheld the melodramatic splendors of Timour the Tartar, we had as never since the idea that we had found the world, and our wisdom-teeth were cut. I have never yet got over that play, and am still of the opinion that it is the greatest of dramas, and am afraid to test my impressions by sight.

We grew up, my little sister and I, and had a good education from elder brothers and sisters, who were in the place of parents, and whose care deepened after our mother's death. My little playmate always kept the humility of her character, and sometimes her humility bordered on timidity. Yet, in all matters of positive duty, she was plucky enough; and no storm nor heat, no pleasures nor dangers, could keep her from her post. The lowliest of us all, she rose above us all in the scale of worldly privilege; and the shrinking little girl learned to rule her hundreds of loving pupils by her persistent, judicious kindness, and in time passed from the school-room to a goodly mansion of her own, with her carriage always at her command, and one of the best and kindest of men for her husband. Her garden always smiled under her touch, and she

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was one of those, like St. Rosa of Lima, who have a charmed hand and eye for flowers. She loved our Easter festival, and when with us on visits she contributed generously to its beauty. To me its coming always brings her near, and these sweet blooms and odors are full of her words and smiles. Since she died, her favorite flowers in her garden and conservatory seem to have something of her life, and to speak of the loving hand that so carefully and wisely tended them. When I look at her pet plants—such as her fine collection of fuschias, which were in bloom when I saw them last—I can almost believe what some theologians teach, that all creation is waiting the hour of deliverance, and plants and animals have a dormant soul, that one day shall show itself and rise into the life of our humanity. It would have been no absurd transition, had those fuschias, with their drooping, pensive heads, passed first into songbirds, then into fawns or antelopes, and then into playful children.

Her death was sudden, but not surprising; and in this, as in all her trials, her gentle spirit proved its strength. On the night before she passed away, when her watchers thought her asleep, she startled them by repeating, in a sweet, and clear, and penetrating voice, some exquisite lines that a friend had lately brought from England, and which deserve a place among the permanent treasures of our language:

"Oh! for the peace that floweth as a river,
Making life's desert places bloom and smile;
Oh! for that faith to grasp the glad Forever,
Amid the shadows of earth's Little While!

"A little while to wear the veil of sadness:
To toil with weary steps through miry ways;
Then to pour forth the fragrant oil of gladness,
And clasp the girdle round the robe of Praise.

"And He who is Himself the Gift and Giver,
The future glory and the present smile,
With the bright promise of the glad Forever
Will light the shadows of earth's Little While."

I arrived in time to see my sister before she died. We spoke cheerfully as well as devoutly together, and remembered the old times, and plays, and talks in the intervals of our Scriptures and prayer. She was the same gentle, lowly, faithful, devoted, loving creature when she was dying as during her whole life, and even the approach of death could not put away from her look and lips the pleasantry that always mingled with her comforting. Her brother repeated to her as she died the ancient communion hymn, "Therefore with angels and archangels, and with all the company in heaven," etc.; and the blessed comforter of so many years, the most angelic spirit that I have ever known on earth, went to fulfill her ministry in brighter worlds. Very sober and prudential people say that her monument tells only the simple truth when it says of her,

"She kept God's Commandments
And lived Christ's Beatitudes."

At our Easter festival we usually send to bereaved families some little memorial of those who have gone. Besides the token sent to her husband on the Easter after her death, we sent to the Orphan's Home, of which she was the presiding Manager, an illuminated tablet with words of Scripture and a cross of unfading flowers. I saw it there in the parlor last summer, while the orphans were heard singing in their school-room beyond.

I know very well that it is very perilous to indulge in personal griefs and remembrances apart from great principles and associations; and this very peril we would shun by making our home and church life such allies that all our private affections may be consecrated instead of being crushed at the altar. We need a religion as large at least as the human heart; and we protest against that prosy, dry, technical theology that is forever making the sanctuary a battle-ground or a logic-mill, and shutting out the facts and affections of life, the living realities of man and God and heaven. We do not ask for sentimentalism, sensationalism, scenes, or pageants in the sanctuary; and we believe that whatever is against good sense can not help religion. But we do claim that whatever is beautiful, as well as whatever is good and true, belongs to God, and is of the essence of the Christian religion. We are confident that the new age is in some way to restore to the ministry of the beautiful its rightful alliance with goodness and truth, and that we can make no greater mistake than to take it for granted that religion must be of necessity rude and ugly, and leave to superstition and priestcraft the work of illustrating that there is such a thing as the beauty of holiness.

We have made great advances in the arts of beautifying our private houses and grounds, but are but beginning to carry the good work into our public life. We are yet to learn that no task is complete, no principle is established, no institution effective until beauty gives the finish and perpetuates the use. What is painted and carved and sung is ever fair and ever young; and the lines of grace are lines of power. The aim should be to make the truths and scenes and characters of religion move in lines of beauty, and so win our private experiences and personal affections to join in these movements, and so lift our home interests into fellowship with the universal faith and communion. In many ways this good work may go forward; but our present office is not a very ambitious one, and we are only trying to say some of the thoughts that came to us as, among the happy children, with the cheerful carols that spoke the great hope, we looked upon our Easter flowers, and saw Christ's cross and crown set before us in such wealth of bloom and sweetness as to make every sepulchre a garden, and lift us all up to Him who is the Resurrection and the Life. Every rose and lily, nay, every blade of grass and leaf, means more after the lessons of such a day.

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ROSEMARY.

IN THREE PARTS.—PART III.

ROSE LEAVES WHEN THE ROSE IS DEAD.

THE long delicious twilight sank slowly down the sea; the tide was out; and, over the sole safe anchorage, against the tinge that yet gilded the west, one sail flapped idly and one mast blackened. A boat with lazy strokes put in toward shore, and the rowers erected their oars far out on a tongue of the reef. Then the slaves shouldered their burdens and sprang along the slippery rocks till they resigned them to others, and once more the oars flashed, and the monotonous strain that timed them died in distance.

Ambrose had been lying on the sand, listening to all the braided harmony of sounds, the sea's soft wash, the waving bough, the mellow choral. Something dissonant disturbed him; it was the grating pebble sliding beneath a foot and splashing in the salt pools. He looked up and saw a female form approaching, cloaked and hooded in the twilight color; and now she was beside him.

"Mr. Ambrose, I am sure," said the voice, which had the inner ravishment of tone that voices can not have unless they were meant to sing. "You have never seen me, and so I must tell you that I am Flora."

It is true he had never seen her face, although he had forgotten the fact; but there was not a curve of the outline, a shadow in the drapery, that did not recall to him the form he had once found by the nightshade-vine in the dim garden walk. "You need not tell me," he said. "I should have known it if I had met you in a star."

The eyes, dark as olives, yet lustrous as jewels, had been shining on him while he spoke. She turned to catch the air, and, tossing back her hood, there rolled thence a wanton luxuriance of shadowy curls; great ringlets, dark yet gold-threaded with that positive amberous light that seems like life; clusters that clung, fine-tendriled, upon the cheek, and fell in globy masses round the perfect throat: the cheek whereon the rose was crushed; the throat curving outward proudly-graceful as a swan's. She seemed to him the creation of the twilight and that lip of lustre not yet vanished from the west. The old negative repulsion with which she had once affected him was so extinct that he seemed to remember in its stead some entertained passion. Perhaps it had needed this torrid life to make him capable of receiving her impression. His mood, at the instant, was like that fruit whose too luscious ripeness the sting of a single insect can thoroughly impregnate with decay. She was to him that noxious full moon of which he had spoken in the morning, and all the poison of his nature rose beneath the ray. They remained in this singular relation, each so silently affecting the other, for several minutes; then she bared the ivory hand, gathered the folds of the mantle, and moved forward. Ambrose moved forward beside her.

When the first rapturous greetings were over, and after having talked gayly with Grandpa Aubichon, Flora sat quietly in pensive fatigue. Melicent's arm was laid on the shoulder of Ambrose.

"Isn't she beautiful?" she whispered.

"Perfectly so," he replied. "Perfectly. I can't keep my eyes away—"

"Any more than from a Vandyke or from a Titian."

"How she changes! A moment ago the cheek was a carnation-stain; now it is passion-pale. The eyes were sea-colored; now they are dark as the *reflets* of pansies."

"What did she remind you of when she talked?"

"Five hundred things. Waves in the sun; a beam that lights up a glade, glancing now on the moss, now on the spring, now on the leaf—"

"And soon will burst on some great blossom of a song!"

"Not till she is rested—not to-night."

"Dear love! to admire her so! I was afraid you mightn't perhaps, and that would make it unpleasant for you. I seemed to remember that she expressed some antipathy; but it's so long ago. And she took such care of me when I was ill. But she couldn't help coming now, whether she would or not; for Grandpa Aubichon is such a cloud-compelling Zeus. Nobody can resist him, you know."

"Ah! she'll send a sparkle through the dark quiet of this life we lead."

"But you love your little Melicent?"

"I love my little Honey Dew."

The next day Ambrose, sunning himself in a lazy luxury high up on the flowery peak—out so early that he met no one, and returning so late that every one was at siesta—saw no more of Flora till the warm fair evening again. She wore some thin silvery texture the color of moonlight on shoal water; her hair looped with chains of amethysts, each gem a drop of purple fire; and, standing on the veranda, she trilled echoes with a mocking-bird deep hidden in the recesses of the grove. She ceased as Mr. Ambrose approached, and, sinking into the deep chair, remained silent, and absently flirting a fan that seemed to be the petal of some great water-lily still shedding abroad its perfume. Ambrose was hardly awake himself: this form of languid grace and melancholy beauty seemed to slide upon the edge of his dream, and touch him while yet all else was blank. He talked with Grandpa Aubichon as he stood leaning against the column, thick tapestried in lush verdure, and his arm was thrown over Melicent's shoulder, while her head nestled against his heart; but he looked only on Flora.

Falling from the veranda above, round Flora's head hung trailing wreaths of the purple jasmine, that seemed to inclose her in a sphere of fragrance; and gradually the surrounding darkness floated up till all but her face and

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throat was bathed in a shadow that enhanced still more the alluring air of mystery that never left her. Still she did not speak, and in the long pauses they all listened to some night-bird's lamenting lay, as, far away in the green depths, he sung the sorrow of the enchanted place. Silent, and splendid, and sweetly sad, she never once broke the spell which her manner had woven about his fancy; and when he closed his lids at night he seemed still to see the darkly-beautiful face under its drooping sprays of purple blossom. His insatiate sense of beauty at length had reached an inexhaustible source; but, though he could not know it, it was only in resting utterly on the calm and strength of Melicent's love that he might suffer this wandering star to throw her strange lights, and suffusions, and tints about him. And in Flora—pride a master chord, and principle an irregular yet asserted development—if there were any coquetry, it was unconscious and the involuntary play of her nature. Day after day stole away, and with every one she had turned upon him a new phase of bewildering beauty or of enticing melancholy. Where Melicent healed, she intoxicated. Science, with all its savors, had been but an unsatisfying draught, till her knowledge, her sympathy, her trick of imagery, dissolved a pearl therein. Poetry had filled him with most bitter yearning till she stood before him an incarnation of all song. Music lay in sunless deeps at the foundations of his soul, and he knew that when she should open her lips to sing an angel would trouble the waters, and springs would somewhere gush to light. Her experience, which had been the reverse of his own, therefore filled his vacancies and received his growth. The thirty years of her life, not wasted, had yet been spent in the reception of indolent joy—joy that had never been an interior, but always an external thing. Asia had distilled in her alembic to produce it; the sea that broke at her feet had washed it up; so long as a scale of mica sparkled in a slab of granite she hived honey from the rocks; and this very affluence of pleasure, this exterior thing, had, as it were by a necessary polarity, left her inner nature veiled in a soft dejection. Here, when she spread before Ambrose the results of no study, but of apt wit and exhaustless memory, it seemed as if one of the beautiful great fairies of the Arabian Nights led him through her labyrinths, and loaded him with her treasures, and went sparkling along beside him. From a dialect of the jungles which she had heard she told him strange, weird stories of the eternities before life and the abysses of death; and striking a little mandolin, would repeat in a swift monotone, that held the sweetly-shrill confusion of the clang of silver, wild and bounding dreams of the desert. Then, too, in some ennuyeux moment, she would leave them and reappear in the magnificence of stage array, and, though never singing, would yet stamp on their conception the most vivid impersonations; or, sitting quietly among them, would suddenly burst into a little trilling hum of overture, and by the subtlest sleights of voice, by the most keenly dramatic air, now the sinner and now the saint, giving the burden and the by-play, she would unroll before them every scene of some opera which they had never heard. Yet in all this she did not once allow her voice freely to play: she could have done it as well had she been scantly provided therewith as Melicent; and at the conclusion she would come before the imaginary curtain, catching the while, as they sucked the nectar from the jasmine tubes, the tiniest humming-birds that ever flashed, jeweled atoms of splendor, hanging them to flutter on silken threads from the diamond in her ears. For in these times she seemed transformed by a sudden gust of gayety, like that gust of forgotten fragrance that once in a while blows across us if from the lost bowers of youth. But when she had melted Ambrose most thoroughly, vivid and glowing to the seal, she sank back, as if with a transmuting stroke, and was the thing of shadowy impenetrability again. Meanwhile Melicent, lulled in sweet unsuspicion, sat at Ambrose's feet, her head resting on his knee; and Grandpa Aubichon, the most keenly awake of all, vaguely unhappy with prescience, wandered about the group.

Restless and vagrant now, unable to sleep, Ambrose roamed the house like a familiar spirit at the hours when all others were lost in dreams. He had never known peace in his life till within a year, and as if that were but the ominous calm he was now in the midst of tempest. The very world seemed sapped, his newly-found faith in woman vanished; all objects that he met seemed phantasms, and he the veriest shadow among them all. From the lack of kindred and the absence of care he had been little better than a misogynist in his youth, and here, infatuated and misled, he was fast distrusting deity itself. Hours of Melicent's love he remembered like a tender dream, but Flora was the personality of to-day; each moment near her was precious; in vain he sought to discover her emotions. His life while the first shone above it had flowed in rest untroubled; now all was gloomy and turbid. He went about gnawing his heart.

A book was open at Fatima, a gold-veined ball of lapis-lazuli lying between the leaves, and over both streamed the hot noon sun that not all the deep jalousie could exclude with its flickering film of flowers. He paused to read the passionate words—words glowing with a white heat, and then to gaze on the dreamer, where she had sunk to the floor, only a cheek and a shoulder seen under the clinging darkness of the lace shawl tossed about her; for in sleeping Flora hid her face, as in waking her heart. The heavy vines that matted the roof had also entered the house in their splendid audacity, and this room was like a moss-lined cradle. The little mandolin hung here, and among sheets full of slumbering song lay torn fragments of music-paper ruled for the writer, and there a strange insect, like an elfin meteor, brilliant as an arrow of

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gems, struck the wall and dropped. He drew the paper nearer to inspect the living ray, when with a flash it was gone, and there remained instead only the faintly purple shadows of the golden acacia globes. She stirred in her sleep, while a scarlet stung the curve of cheek, and lifted a hand as if she warned one to listen to a strain of breaking melody from some far-off low-sighing flute.

"Do not listen in vain," murmured Ambrose, bending as he stood; and when he went out the ink was yet wet on the paper.

So all seemed to wait for some great hand to interpose; and when a month had slipped by the relations of the group were no longer as at first. Ambrose and Flora were silent, he still restless and eager; her face wrapped in melancholy like a mourning veil, a depression of proud humility; while Melicent lay in Grandpa Aubichon's arms, overcome with an oppressive languor, not ill, not well, but for the first time feeling the loss of all the life she had given Ambrose. As for him, he had indeed been gaining such health, such strength, such sweetness and genial delight; now the bountiful accessions drained themselves away as rapidly. He grew thinner, pale as a cloud from which the light withdraws; his words were bitter, his motion rude, his whole soul steeped in misanthropical satire.

"My petals have fallen," he muttered once, pained with remorse for some thrust, "and here is the thorny stem. I am not so well. I die, and I am glad I die!" But then he turned to Flora, sat on the step below her, breathed the breath of the broad-bosomed blossoms that seemed always to bend and surround her, opened all his nature widely to receive her influence.

Grandpa Aubichon paced the veranda with Melicent in his arms. Suddenly at the other end—glancing back at the other where she sat, the temple resting in the hand—he staid and stamped his foot. "She's killing him!" he said, between his teeth. "She's absorbing all his vitality! She's the sun to drink the sea. By Heaven! send her away."

"No, no, Grandpa Aubichon," murmured Melicent, lifting her little hand to his face. "Let her stay. Indeed she is the sun, and I am but the waning moon that dissolves in her light."

They said no more. But these few words had been a great outlet for Melicent's trouble; after them she could endure; and she had yet a constant faith that he would one day return to her. One day, but not now or to-morrow; for still he went, hourly wandering further from her, with no unkindness but that of forgetfulness, for she seemed to drop out of his existence.

Still Flora led where he followed. Up the peak to sit among the blazing cacti and watch the sea foam far without in its hot noonday dream; down the valley, brushing between thickets of passion-flowers; and with their impetuous feet at nightfall crushing the tuberose and breaking the globes of dew that, steeped in sweetness, sent shafts of odor through the brain. It is true the others were seldom distant, but these two were always together, and in their oblivion of the world always alone.

Melicent, so submissive at first in resigning what had been so unexpectedly vouchsafed, now compelled to daily torture, became strung with fevered anxiety. Her strength returned to her, whether naturally or nervously she did not consider, but probably because she was called to suffer; yet the only way in which she manifested it was by keeping herself controlled as with a hand of iron. Flora was an incapable: it was Melicent yet who in every thing ministered to the comfort of Ambrose. She allowed him to feel in her nothing but the sweetest cheerfulness. A heavenly patience shed its halo about her face; and if despair lay in wait in her heart it was stifled beneath a firmly-fastened lid. She wasted an unregarded devotion, for she saw now the truth that he denied to himself, and that the remaining three walked toward the valley of the shadow of death.

One night Ambrose, in his unquiet wakefulness, went out alone; the roof seemed to oppress him like a coffin-lid, the whole arch of heaven was not wide enough for him to breathe in. He thought the others all asleep; and, surprised, he followed the sound of a voice that came, unbroken as bell-notes, in the perfect air. The mystical midnight that soared in such awful depth over flight after flight of great tremulous stars; the wide air every where still in rich warmth, and heavy with brooding perfumes set afloat by his motion as they hung in lazy volumes half down the great bells and tubes, and in the honey-dripping cups, all the color that hushed itself to dimness every where else only to break into fantastic vagaries wherever the orchids fluttered in gay freaks of elfish transformation, or slung their bright buckets to catch the starlight; the repose, the voluptuous abandon, the delicious sense of the hour, the mere luxury of life, entered his soul, soothed him and yet fired him, and led him forward. Instinctively he followed the voice, but it had long since ceased—the low sad measure warbled in some abstracted thought—yet still he followed. It led him to the southwestern edge, where, walled on two sides by a cleft of the key's granite, on the rest by the bedded banks and a ridge of reef that, forbidding all sea-monsters, slowly suffered one great wave and another to break dreamily across, slept a dark lagoon. It seemed to him, as he stood an instant in the shadow here upon the bank, that the Nereids had forsaken the Ægean waters; that the Undines of more northern seas, the water-witches, the Lurleys still peopled the under-world, and now and then rose to carry back report of the stars and the flowers to the deep sea-caves. One floated before him now, some vestment streaming in the transparent tide beneath, a face and shoulder rising above, all the shadowy hair trailing back in rings of broken lustre on the swelling and falling wave.

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For down the depths sparkled a subdued phosphorescence like the dark brilliance of wine; and as one beautiful arm after the other raised itself, face and arm were bathed in light as if some star had burst to let this radiant creature forth. Slowly her motion broke the gloom into ripples of splendor as she swam round the curve and out of sight.

Ambrose was yet standing in a bewilderment when from the cove beyond arose the voice once more. Ringing notes that seemed as if they might soar to heaven were they not weighed down with such ineffable sadness; a resounding volume of tone full of such subtle sweetness that it rapt the soul away; a depth, a richness that filled and overflowed the night. As he listened he felt his identity swooning wildly from him and moulding into hers. It seemed as if a sphere of heaven inclosed him. He forgot the moment of despair in which he had written, nor did he ask where she had found it. He heard no tune, he lived in its atmosphere; the words were breathing up from his own spirit like an aroma.

Long, low wind so sadly streaming,
  Where those shadows wave—
Purple shadows darkly dreaming
  Round a distant grave.

Flying gleams of starlit showers,
  Dew-damps' close caress,
Wandering breath of wide-blown flowers,
  Midnight loneliness.

In that grave a life forbidden,
  To its meaning woke,
In that grave my heart is hidden,
  Hidden where it broke!

Before the voice had fainted into the shivering silence again, he had turned upon his steps. He had spoken it himself. This then was the end. It struck him like an open hand. His heart felt the eternal circle of death and life as if for the first time, and with a mighty pang. Into this vanished all the gorgeous drama of the season. Here in this labyrinth of beauty, so long as he should wander, he would find each new maze leading only to that great centre—the grave. He fell on his face, buried in bountiful blossom, wishing to shut out fragrance, and flower, and sense itself, stifling his soul in the inane. Let us eat and drink, said a taunting voice within, for to-morrow we die. He rose, and he thought the moon was rising, for a figure all light approached under the fringing palm-trees. Round her attire was flung a web of gauze, whose double folds imprisoned living things that flashed out jets of fire, sapphires, carbuncles, and chrysolites; one hand gathered the cloak of light to the bosom, the other grasped a sheaf of dark blue-bells lined with silver dust. A floating flame, a sun-cloud, she glided on and might have passed him half kneeling on the grass. But there she paused. Something told her of his presence, his nearness; she looked vaguely about, yet when their eyes met a joyous surprise welled up and overflowed the sorrow of her face. She hung so a moment; he rose and held his arms toward her; slowly, hatingly, she swayed. But neither the honey of the lip nor the carmine of the cheek for him—two hands grasped and washed in passionate tears. Then Flora tore the hands away and fled toward the house; and while keen lightnings flickered round the shaft, the night, heavily crowded with ominous warmth and balm, broke in thunder and drenched him with its rains.

Then the floods fell. Under curtains of darkness fierce scourges hissingly lashed the rock, and downright sheets of storm seethed in the sea. Torrents plunged from lowering skies and evoked a verdure vivid as malaria swamps; the valley became a pool; and the cascade roared as hoarsely, behind the loud rustle of the rain, as Grandpa Aubichon did in apostrophizing fate. And when the light, after many days, put out a wan hand and swept aside this pall, down slipped the silver showers; every leaf shook off spray like a wave, each tree was in itself a fountain, rivers were drained in an hour through the loose soil, and the earth steamed back again in clouds beneath a more fervid sun—a sun that took possession of the island and planted its legionaries of budding spice and exuding gums, its balsams, frankincenses, and myrrhs. And with the rains life also seemed to ebb indeed from Ambrose, for from that night was visible to all the vast wing outstretched above him. He had refused the treatment of an invalid, and had walked and stood till he fell, but now at length he endured passively and lay motionless under whatever deep-roofed shade Grandpa Aubichon chose to pillow him. Let what thoughts come would, he uttered no sign, yet Melicent suffered nothing to escape her; she knew what meant the dew on his brow, the tremor on his lip; she again prevented a want, lifted half the gloom from his moods and divided the pain which the other doubled—for Flora sat all day at his feet and threw her shadow across him, seldom speaking, never singing, while yet he clung to the deep light in her eyes as if it were existence itself. Regret at Melicent's wrong tore her away; but could she torture so a dying man? and she came to meet once more the already hazing gaze. On the next morning from that night she would have gone, but Ambrose turned to Melicent in imploring silence. He knew that his soul could conquer yet; and perhaps Melicent also knew it, for whether in magnanimity, or in the pathetic pride of love refusing to accept the advantage of absence, she would not allow the departure.

The weather grew warmer; summer hung heavy in the air and ready to fall; even now wide heats branded the sky and lapped the land. It was not worth while to remove him even had they been able, and so they all waited—waiting which is a sanctification. But Ambrose wearied; being forsook the objects on which he gazed; this monolith sitting at his feet; he closed his eyes at last that he might see her no more.

And so to close his eyes was to open them in light within his spirit.

The pomp of the tropics seemed rooted in decay, the perpetual rushing to life and rioting in

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death made a bustle in the air that he had grown to loathe; he longed for that northern forest with its cool fresh greens and golds, its pale sky ever springing in faint vapor: he would have given all these fervid sun-born corollas, with their spice, and savor, and overpowering strength, for one little blossom of the May. Melicent, sweet, and glad, and gay, as when they two haunted the wood alone, stole back into his memory. He lifted himself on one hand and sought for her. She sat behind, fanning over him the full draughts of air, pale, and quiet, and waiting; and then, because he had remembered her, her sweet smile broke forth and troubled her halo with a tinge of earthly happiness. He did not smile or murmur in response, but sank back again and lay like one in trance. It seemed to him then that he rested deep in beds of darkest violets; their cold dew touched him, their breath swathed him, the night above them bent starless to caress him. A wide voice somewhere beyond the void called him—"Ambrose!" His soul felt buoyant, as if lifted by great soft plumes. "I am coming!" he cried.

Flora swept forward and grasped his hand; he did not suffer her to bend it, but lay rigid and cold, and she flung herself wildly away, crying out that he was dead. Then he lifted his eyes, and their look beckoned Melicent. But when she bent he said nothing, only gazed as if his soul would pass in gazing. Suddenly, half lifting himself and shutting in her hand the rose just laid on his pillow, low and brokenly he exclaimed,

"'Her hair was brown, her sphered eyes were brown,
And in their dark and liquid moisture swam
Like the dim orb of the eclipsed moon—'"

This was the lady who alone could reply to the soul of Athanase. Some gleam of the day when her pencil's play unwittingly sketched him had crossed his remembrance. To *his* soul she alone could reply. For some such thought, such word, had she waited. Here, then, was she crowned, invested with royalty that could never forsake her. As he sunk back she clung to him with a clasp that death could hardly have unloosed. He murmured then in her ear fragmentary sighs, but even the fine sense of love could not connect them, till at length again he opened his eyes on hers.

"Melicent, I believe in you," he said, "and so I believe in God!"

Late as the murmur was, it clothed her with peace. She could resign him now. She scarcely wished that he should live. Twice in no life could such bliss come, bliss so sharply pointed with woe. Her brow grew calm in joy, bathed by a light like the sun's through showers of snow.

"Sweet heart," he murmured once more, "forget the misery, remember only the joy—the joy I would yet give—because I am yours—if you will take me, I am yours. I could not be false to you a second time. Have I been false, darling? Oh, weak and wretched!—I can only die—and that is best—I need the long purification of the early grave, that my spirit may be white as yours when you come. Believe that I wait for you—that then we shall be one. Earth has no such union. I love you, dear delight! Melicent, I love you! It was in dying that light struck Athanase. I, who long ago forsook the light. Rejoice that I find it, that I mount in it. Kiss me, Melicent," he said, and said no more. For on the breathless moment when she was bending there eternity broke, and life went out at his lips.

When Melicent rose her face was radiant as if the gates of opening heaven had left their glory there. She shed no tears then or ever after. Sorrow is not for her; she lives in a kind of holy joy, and still is waiting. Believing that Ambrose is ever ascending, she bends herself in sacred ardor that she may raise her life here to equal levels. She has but to sift through her fingers the fallen petals of a withered rose to put herself into communion with the dead; and that communion is beyond all that she could have held with the living, for it is perfect and perpetual. He is so constantly near her that she never is alone; she lives, in fact, the life of a spirit, and meanwhile she does the work of a saint. She still makes sunshine for Grandpa Aubichon, and when Flora comes to rest in her mild light she never whispers of her enduring gladness, but serves her as if she were the chosen queen.

But Flora has long since forsaken lamentation. Those who have genius need not have wretchedness; they bury their grief in their art, and if it ever rises the resurrection is that of a splendid ghost that haunts the sense of the world with its outgoings and incomings. When she sings, a violin wailing after, if by any chance her voice forgets itself and floating out into personal depths rises on the burden,

"Purple shadows darkly dreaming
Round a distant grave,"

those whom the spell involves know well that her soul too has sounded the gulfs of infinity and found echo in song. A sublimated sorrow has condensed anew in her nature into imperishable art-jewels. She has no need of any material and merely outward experience of pleasure now, and if a grave nourishes the root of all her splendid power, she does not feel it or care for it—it is only the starry blossom at which she looks, for which she lives, fed with its perfume of perennial triumph.

Flora sings to crowds, crowned with flowers, centred in light and all pungent fragrances. She knows the inner beauty of creation, and her voice is its revelation; she sings the song of the rose, and of the rill, and what the clouds say as they salute in the sky; she has heard the sad secret of the invisible winds, and the sea has poured over her its great moan; she scatters delights that when hearts are more desolate than then rise in remembrance with healing on their wings. But she has no anchor in any one's actual life. A thing of art abjuring memory and hope, yet embalming what they teach, she

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seems hardly a human creature, but floats above the world, free, at ease, and, in the brooding bliss of the lotus-eater, sufficient to herself. One calls her irresponsible; perhaps, after all, in the night when she played Undine she lost her soul.

Melicent rises and watches in the dewy, peaceful dark that seems to open deep over deep at her gaze. Below slumbers the rose-garden under the hush of June's midnight; the petals folded, neither damask nor cream nor virgin snow, one soft reach of silent shadow that exhales its sweet in clouds to the fainting air, its incense rises before her as if she knelt at an altar. She knows, at the price of never turning to look, that her lover is beside her; as her rapt soul beats heaven's gate in prayer she feels his prayer ascending too; she sleeps, and his breath warms her cheek. She lives his life indeed, two lives in one—his here, how can she when she wakes to the wider spheres without be any thing but his immortally?

FORWARD AND BACK.

"HOUSEKEEPER?" suggested one student to another; but evidently to his comrade's disgust. *Housekeeper!* hanging on the august Professor's arm! "Sister?" said another. "*Sister!*" as if those two could have sprung from the same stock! "*Wife*, perhaps?" "The Prophet's *mother*," wagered one daring young fellow. Now "the Prophet" was a member of the juvenile division, who, though in the first year of his university life, had his eyes already peering into graduates' books, with understanding in them.

The Prophet was the lad who was down with those frightful hemorrhages a fortnight ago.

It was indeed sufficient to arrest the attention of these young men when the grave Doctor of Laws, etc., walked abroad with a lady hanging on his arm. They did not know, perhaps not one of them knew, that he had actually once been a married man—that his bride died of cholera on her bridal tour. They merely knew that he lived alone in his handsome house; and when he sallied forth one pleasant Sunday morning, escorting this stranger to his chapel pew, it was enough a spectacle to arrest all eyes, and set many tongues to questioning.

Who *was* she? We will make no secret of it. She was the Professor's wife. But such was the fact.

One day, not long ago, he was walking in an obscure path of the University garden; his hands were crossed behind him, his head was slightly bent. He seemed lost in meditation. Suddenly appeared, from an opposite direction, a young man with a book in his hand. The young man did not perceive the older. He was buried in his book, he was delivered over to the dominion of an idea—the dominion of the absolute. He *looked* like a spirit, bloodless, flaming. His cap was under his arm—a hand-waive swept his hair from his forehead. Shadowy trees, silent path, the young moon shining softly through the flushed sunset sky: these things were nothing but conducives to the silent hour and the retirement he sought.

The Professor saw this illuminated Thought, this Ardor approaching, and stepped from the path to the grass under a tree and stood there watching. When the student came abreast of him he stretched out his long arm and quietly took possession of the book he read. "I am told you are getting lawless," said he. "We are law-abiding subjects here. You had three hemorrhages last week."

Now this address, source considered, was remarkable. It might sooner have been expected of any other member of the Faculty. It evinced an observation and consideration for which this student was wholly unprepared. He stood where he had been arrested, silent and beautiful as some fine statue of valor and of youth. He said not one word. He was not disconcerted. His hands were folded, a smile was on his lips, but the rest of his countenance had a repose that time would make impressive and majestic. The Professor was constrained to go on.

"I repeat it, you are lawless. *We* don't want our young men to ruin themselves here. This is not Golgotha. You have already mastered three of the text-books out of five, and you've been less than three months doing it. Now you have had your warning. You might go on so for a year or two. But Nature told you last week what you must expect. I have known three young men pursue the course you have set out upon. One of them went home and died; the second went from this place to a mad-house; the third managed to live by becoming a drunkard. He was recommended to use stimulants, and he used them as he had done every thing else, without limit. Now I take it, you do not wish to die yet; neither to retain life on such conditions as I have mentioned. You have not pledged yourself, I trust, to carry off every honor of the University? Nobody expects such folly of you?"

The student smiled. He spoke. It was the first time the Professor had heard his voice, and the voice seemed to startle him. It was the richest contralto you ever heard. Such a voice as controls a multitude—a voice whose whisper may be audible to a thousand men in the same instant of time.

"I have never thought, Sir, whether there were any prizes."

"That is well! I was fearful of the contrary. Young men sometimes come here burdened by the expectations of their friends. They have more than an honorable hope to justify. They have the ambition of father and mother or other kin."

"My mother never spoke to me of prizes, Sir."

"Wise woman! but what would she say if she saw your face to night, and knew how you have suffered? I have not been misinformed, have I?"

"The report has been strangely exaggerated,

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Sir. It was a very slight attack. Besides, I am of a strong stock. I have the blood of men and women in my veins who all lived beyond threescore and ten. At manual labor I could outdo any body in the University, if you searched from one end to the other. It is nonsense to talk. I regard the reporter as malicious. The University has degenerated, it would seem, into a school of gossips."

"That may be," said the Professor. "But if I invite you to go home with me to tea, you will not regard that as a proof of malice, and resent it, I trust. Come."

The Professor drew the student's arm within his, and they walked to the end of the garden. The student's head towered above the lofty head of the Professor.

From the garden they passed through an iron gate into a handsome street, crossed that, and approached a square stone house on the north corner. The student felt the honor of this invitation. Well he might. It was like placing in his hands credentials that would open the most guarded doors in all the land to him. And he was walking up the avenue of a vast reputation as one walks who feels at home.

They went directly to the library, where the Professor spent his leisure. When he had closed the door behind him he turned to the young man, and said,

"You are now my prisoner. I have brought you here, intending you shall stay here until you get well. If you attempt to work at any thing that will retard your recovery, in any way, by any insanity, I shall write your friends to come and take you away. It is against my judgment that a suicide should be left at liberty."

While he spoke the Professor had wheeled a large easy-chair from a recess to the table, he now turned about and left the room.

Duncan stood looking at the chair a moment. From it his eyes slowly lifted, and he surveyed the room. It was very spacious—spacious and lofty almost to magnificence. Divided into various compartments, not an inch of room was lost. Treasures of art and literature were there, and every appliance a scientific man might need or wish in pursuit of his studies. Twice his eyes performed the circuit of the place; then, as if exhausted, Duncan threw himself into the chair, and hid his face in his two palms. He seemed endeavoring to recover himself. Two or three tears dropped from his eyes. This grand Professor's kindness fell softly upon him as a mother's tenderness. He felt now as if he could almost dare to write her of his recent illness, for already he regarded it as past, since he could also add that he was now in such a place as this, under such care as every thing assured him he should find here.

He began now all at once to feel that he had been very ill, in a very cold and barren region; and with the acknowledgment all the lassitude attendant on such an illness overwhelmed him.

He fell asleep in the charmed silence. By-and-by a light touch broke his slumber.

"If you sleep now that will be an excuse for lying awake all night. Besides, Mrs. Crowly is waiting for us."

Duncan looked up. Again it was as if he had heard his mother speak, surprising as when one finds on the great mountain height little blue flowers reflecting heaven's purity.

But if he seemed dwelling in enchantment, not less so the Professor.

The slight acts that seemed godlike, the brief conversations that were worthier the graver of Azaleel and Aholiab than this poor pen of mine, I attempt not to report.

Two spirits grand in fullness, reverent yet aspiring, one simple as a child, one strong as Michael, had met. The child would fain sit at the feet of the strong one; but the strong one was bowed for embracing. This library seemed paved with crystal and domed with sapphire. The elect were gathered. Soft fragrances stole on the atmosphere of the sanctuary of the man of books. It was Eden to him.

But the richest in sweetness, it is seen, are evermore humblest. What could surpass the humility of Duncan? They will tell you at Madeira, when you step on their shores, eyes blinded with the snow-hills of home, hands numbed, and feet frozen, "But this is not with us the season of flowers." Yet will they throw open to you gates of gardens whence issue floods of fragrance, and invite you into paths that are shadowed by blossoming heliotrope, oleander, and japonica, with jasmine every where. Not the season of flowers, when you are like to be buried by them! So Duncan had nothing to bring this rich Professor—so rich in all riches! Nothing? Why he gave him love, rose sweet, lily fair; he gave him spring that was warm as summer, and yet fresh as May.

Such a nature as this the man had never before encountered. He was continually surprised by the culture—amazed at the depth of this young angelic nature. Quaint, queer, to be jostled aside easily, to be crowded out of sight by common and everyday characters; but as inevitable in rising, as unquenchable in shining, as the sun. Ay, it is not reaching far for figure to compare a young sovereign intelligence, that may die when God dies—surely not before—to the sun that at last shall be dispensed with, when mortal need is no more.

One day the Professor wrote a letter that should bring the mother of Duncan to his house.

He had said to himself, in solemn reflection, "This boy must never cross the threshold of the University again." And he wrote, accordingly, to the mother. "He must travel," he said, and he made out in his own mind the route the lad must take. "He must have a companion," he said, and he made all preparations for resigning his professorship. He did not think that in this was sacrifice. Love knows not the meaning of sacrifice. "He must be saved at any hazard, any cost," said the Professor; so he bowed his pride into the dust, and sent for the lad's mother.....

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Well, well! Let us go up to Craig's quarry.

A curious scene transpired *there* one afternoon. The old man, Craig himself, sat on a rude bench, quietly surveying his laborers at work. He was, at the same time, estimating the market value of a heap of granite slabs that had been taken within the past week from the quarry, and was now lying, piled and corded, as so much lumber, chiseled, or waiting for the chisel, at the further end of the yard.

Into the yard came young Mr. Isaac Henderson. He was the schoolmaster of Pesth, a man twenty years of age perhaps, though he looked not that. He had once been a workman in the old man's quarry, and during the past three years had spent his vacations chiefly in the same honorable labor. Craig surveyed him, as he advanced along the yard, with a curious mixture of deference and disrespect. For the young man's "learning" he had a superstitious appreciation; for himself not one particle of courtesy.

He could easily find in that slight figure, scrupulously dressed person, and abstemious youth, matter for ridicule. He had various names to apply to the school-teacher on occasion: vagrant, milksop, idler, were among the mildest. Craig was practical. If a man wanted to hammer at rocks, why didn't he sit down there in his quarry and go at it with a will?—work to some purpose?—earn a living by it? It was enough to make one sick to see a fellow pecking about among the rocks as if he expected to find nuggets of gold at the very least, and then finally stroll off, with a bit of "stun" in his hand, as satisfied as though he had discovered diamonds.

Henderson's coat-pockets were pretty well weighed down this afternoon. Craig saw a hammer and the point of a small pick protruding from one of them. The sight didn't put him into a good-humor. He wondered if the fellow was going at his silly business again under his very eyes.

When the schoolmaster came near he got up slowly from the bench, straightened his short, stout figure, and said, "Pretty steep climbing up here this afternoon." It was precisely as if he had said, "So it's true that you don't know enough to go in when it rains!" for a cold, dismal rain was falling.

"Oh, we tough fellows don't mind a little rain, do we?" was Henderson's pleasant response. "Your coat is as thick as my cape—water-proof, I see. A capital invention."

"Yes; when a man gets old, and can't work hard enough to keep him warm, he's got to make a woman of himself or take the rheumatiz." That was *his* apology. But what was Henderson's? *He* laughed.

"I've been round by M'Coy's to-day," said he. "That's pretty good work, if you take it on the top of school-teaching."

"It's a good ten mile. And pretty tough on shoe-leather. Those boots of yourn won't stand many such pulls. What did you find at old M'Coy's, then?" Old M'Coy was thirty years Craig's junior, if a day.

"Something to make you laugh." Henderson had found a flake of rock that bore the perfect impression of a toad. He produced it for Craig to laugh at; for himself he valued it as treasure. The old man just glanced at it.

"Hi! you might a' picked up wagon loads of 'em when I first came into this country." Craig wasn't going to own that M'Coy or Henderson had the advantage of him in the matter of "toad stones." So, after the boast, he got up and went into the quarry, and took from a ledge of rock a round gray stone, which he brought to Henderson.

"*That's* the biggest one of them kind o' things I ever found about here," said he, and he eyed Henderson with a keen curiosity as he gave into his hand an enormous trilobite.

It was clear that Henderson surveyed it with wonder. He turned it in his hands, and passed it from one palm to the other, not endeavoring to conceal his surprise.

"Putty good heft," said Craig.

"You must let me have it," said the schoolmaster. "I've got half a dozen of them, and I want a king."

"What d'ye call um?"

"I call it a special trilobite."

"Trilobite?"

"Yes."

"What'll you do with it?"

"Keep it."

"So 'll I. It won't rot. I've kept it now these ten years."

"But you let it lie there in the rain. I'll take it into the house."

"Well, I guess rain won't hurt it. How old do you calculate it may be, that ere?"

"Oh, one or two thousand years, perhaps. What will you take for it?"

"I knew of a womun who was turned to stun once. To white marble. Coffin and all. You would a bargained for *her*, I reckon!" Craig laughed.

"I wouldn't, unless the race happened to be extinct, as this creature's is. You can't find animals of this order on the face of the earth, you know."

"It's its own monyment like?"

"Yes."

"And you want to buy?"

"And you're willing to sell?"

The old man's head sunk as if it were about to disappear in his chest. He reflected. Presently he looked up squarely into the young man's face, and said, with apparently the most serious meaning,

"Lizzy has been plaguing me lately about a cook-stove. I'll take a cook-stove for it."

"Well," said Henderson, apparently not in the least surprised by this answer, "how much may a cook-stove cost?"

"Twenty-five dollars. The one I was looking at. You'll go that."

"You'll go less, I take it," said Henderson.

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"Not one cent." The old man had not estimated wrongly the young man's appreciation of this wonder, so worthless to himself; neither his sharpness in driving a bargain.

Henderson reflected a moment.

"Craig, you think I am a fool."

"Do I?"

"You shall have your cook-stove, though. If you say so you shall."

"You're crazy!"

"You are if you take it. But if that's your price, why I want the trilobite. I'll stand by the bargain."

"Very well."

Craig had no compunctions. So Henderson carried home his treasure, sold his watch, bought the cook-stove, and the quarryman made a wonderful bargain with the dealer who bought his old iron.

One day, some weeks after this transaction, a gentleman rode up to the school-house door.

It was just as the children were dismissed. Well they knew that beautiful black animal and the stately figure of the gentleman who was seated thereon. This gentleman was Mr. Harris, who lived in his fine old country seat well known to all the dwellers of this region. He had timed his arrival with intent to find the school dismissed, yet the teacher within, and he was not disappointed.

"Come away, children," said a voice—the voice evidently of one who had authority with the children, albeit a girl's voice.

It was Elizabeth Craig who summoned the youngsters. Elizabeth remembered that the quarter had now nearly ended, and *she* supposed that the visit of Mr. Harris had some reference to that fact. For of course she too must speculate on a proceeding so unusual as his coming to the school-house.

Mr. Harris dismounted, and tied his horse to a tree near by the well. His presence meanwhile was unsuspected by the teacher ten paces off.

Henderson was standing before a pine case whose doors were open, so busily engaged in labeling his specimens that he did not hear the gentleman's approach till the step ceased by his side—then he looked up, perceived a shadow—looked around—a figure—behold Mr. Harris!

"I am in good time," said that gentleman, approaching nearer, with his riding-whip in his hand. "I wanted to see you before you got away. Have you any business, any engagement just now?"

"My work is done, Sir, for the day."

"I don't know. Doesn't that hammer in your pocket mean five or ten miles before dark?" asked Mr. Harris, with a smile.

"It only meant Craig's quarry. But it don't mean even that to-day, Sir—necessarily."

"I'll not detain you long. I came on business," the gentleman paused, and the silence was grave. "I am told, Sir, you have quite a turn for hunting up curiosities, minerals, fossils. You have a pretty collection here. Do you know what this is? I picked it up on my farm this morning as I was riding about—riding about."

"If you had time to wait, Sir, till I could cut it open and polish the surfaces you would be surprised—it is serpent-stone. Like this." He took from the shelf before him beautiful specimens of conglomerate. "Like this."

The eyes of Mr. Harris, handsome blue eyes, a little proud, it might be, in their glance, yet not cold or selfish, ran up and down the "cabinet," and he said:

"I'll leave the specimen with you then. I wish it had more value. Where is your trilobite?"

"These are all on this shelf, Sir, trilobites."

"But *the* one! Old Craig's that you paid a round sum for, I'm told. A cook-stove, ha! ha! What an old Jew!"

"This one," said Henderson.

"Was it worth as much?"

"Double the sum, Sir. I mean by that I can not find in any scientific report that any collection has one half the size that is as perfect as this. This one has not a blemish."

"Well, but what do you propose to do, Sir?"

Henderson looked at the gentleman who stood twirling his riding-whip, and asking these very abrupt questions. He did not half like the investigation. Mr. Harris waited a moment for an answer—not longer—then he said, smiling,

"Excuse me, but you seem to take such unusual interest in these things, do you mean to push your studies as far in this direction as a man can go?"

"I did—once. Yes, Sir, when I was younger."

"Do not think me rude, but pray how old may you be, that you give up the project so easily?"

"I was twenty in May."

"Ah: you worked for Craig a while ago, I think?"

"He has never forgiven me for quitting his service."

"You'll live in spite of that. The vacation is just at hand, I believe."

"The term ends with this week, Sir."

"Right. I have a young man in my mind who can teach this school as well as you can, probably. You must not waste time here."

Henderson's eyes flashed—he looked exultant. That passed, and he said,

"That would be giving up bread for stones in serious earnest, Sir."

"Daren't you do it? Haven't you such kinship with the elements as to compel your choice? Is there any body who would suffer if you chose to invest yourself in science?"

"Not that I know of, Sir."

"No ties, no obligations—father or mother, brother or sister?"

"None."

"Then be courageous, and attend to what I say. I am going to found a library for the University of my native city. I want to have the finest and most complete collection of min-

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cralogic specimens, fossils, and the rest that can be made. There is my brother Ithamar. It is said that a sea voyage may save his life; nothing else will. He must start immediately. A vessel sails for Havre on Sunday. He has tastes like yours, and is thoroughly educated. You can procure what books you need. Paris is the place to go to. You may take what measures are necessary for making my money most efficient in your hands. I know about you. I trust you, for *my* part. If you have a mind to carry out this scheme of mine you shall have the money needful. I have devoted portions of my income to this object, and have set my heart on having it accomplished. I have been looking a year or two for the man, and here he was under my very eyes."

Now and then such wonderful things happen. A soul who feels its right to wings is furnished all unexpectedly with powers of motion as unhoped for as an eagle's. Henderson said:

"Sir, I am perfectly astonished. I never dreamed of such a thing."

"All the better. You accept my terms?"

"Terms! I haven't heard any."

"If the collection you shall make is such as I expect, you shall sell it to me at what price you will. You are a free agent. Meantime I pay your expenses."

"If it is possible, Sir, I'll beat the British Museum itself."

"I'm told there's a tolerable collection there," said Mr. Harris, with a smile; and then continued: "You will come to my house this evening, and we will arrange with Ithamar. You shall lay down your plan, and we will consider it."

Elizabeth Craig was going up the mountain —so they called the hill in the midst of which her father's quarry lay. She meant to go no farther than the spring, and there to wait. Mr. Henderson said something to her as she left the school-room that made her think he wished to join her there. So already, before coming to that place, her footsteps began to loiter, and for the first time in ascending she looked back. But she saw no one in the path by which she had ascended, though one was coming in an ecstasy.

She had her books under her arm and a flower in her hand. She was walking very slowly, when she met Alick Trail. This Alick was at least six feet in height, florid as summer, strong as a young Titan. Elizabeth smiled toward him as she might have toward a child; her heart was always soft with pity for "poor Alick," his lot had been so hard, his life was so laborious, his aspirations were so strong and dumb. She sympathized with him as if he were a captive. She would dare much to set him free. He saw she was his friend—his best friend, and he loved her in his own gigantic, unutterable way.

As they approached each other she ceased to smile.

"Why, Alick," she said, "what can be the matter?"

He had evidently not seen her till she spoke, and it was now too late to escape, or to conceal the dishevelment in which he came. In any ordinary trouble he would have sought her at once; but now, when she spoke, he stared at her, and then seemed about to plunge on down the hill. Suddenly he stopped, steadied his swaying figure, and looked fixedly at her.

"Well," said he, "what do you want? What are you looking at?"

"I'm looking at you," she answered.

"You may just go on, then." He lifted his arm. There was threatening in the gesture as well as in his face. "Go on!" he repeated; but with the repetition the rigid arm moved with a waiving irresolution. He was now less savage than the instant before.

"You are in no such great hurry to have me go, I reckon," said she, not resenting his words, but speaking as if to soothe him. "This path is wide enough for us two, isn't it, though they couldn't get down here with the ox teams and the big wagons?"

"Go on," said he, yet more faintly. And as they stood looking at each other it seemed as if he were about to break into weeping. As to Elizabeth, a soft wonder was beginning to shine from her eyes. She laid her hand on Alick's arm.

"I don't know what's the matter with you," she said. "Has any thing happened?"

"No," he answered, fiercely; "only I've lost my year's wages."

"Oh, Alick, how?"

"I'll tell you, good Lord! if you want to know." A relentless, determined fire now shone in his light blue eyes. "I did it playing with the old man, that's your father."

"Playing with father! playing what?" Again he hesitated: she looked like Justice as she stood there—as if she would exact the penalty of an infraction. As if *she* would be with him while he passed through the deep waters. A strange hesitation appeared now in his manner; dimly he was seeing that the penalty was his own affair—that she ought not to know what he knew. But he was a desolate man, and she seemed to promise every consolation religion extends to exalted Christian faith. She was here fulfilling the promises which his needy nature was beginning to comprehend and believe in.

No wonder, therefore, that he said with hesitation, more ashamed that she should know than that the fact existed,

"Betting—cards. He's got every shilling."

"Oh, Alick, that can't, can't be!" She covered her face with her hands an instant. Then again she was looking at him with those pure, steady, piercing eyes.

"Why not?"

"Father could not."

"Ask him."

"Yes, of course, I mean to."

"It wouldn't be safe—" he reflected. He recalled the passionate purpose of half an hour ago. "It wouldn't, if I meant to stay here any longer; but I don't. I mean to go."

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"You will not go!"

She said this with thoughtful slowness.

"I will not—why?"

"Because I think that you had better stay."

He looked at her. It was the unfolding of the new heaven and the new earth. Old things were passing away. He seemed to have heard her say, "You will stay because you must for my sake:" and all things became new. But she was not looking at him—her eyes were cast down—the deepest sorrow was upon her face. At last she said,

"How long have you been doing it? How long did it take for you to lose all that money, Alick?"

"Since last Monday, Lizzy."

"Alick, come back home with me."

"I swore I'd never go back to that yard again."

"I don't want you to go to the yard."

"Your father has gone off with Harry to the flats."

"Where are you going then?" she asked. How pale and distressed she looked! "I'm afraid the next thing I shall hear you slept all night at the tavern, on one of those dreadful bar-room benches—or under!"

"What difference would it make? My mother is dead!" She saw his tears, she heard his trembling voice. As if she spoke for that dead mother, she said,

"*I* should care. I should hear of it, and I should care when I heard any body say such things of Alick Trail."

"Then I won't go."

"And you'll come back to the yard."

"And get robbed again." Yes, that was what he said.

She turned to him with a ghastly face.

"You'll never need to fear that. You won't be robbed again. Will you come back?"

"If I do it's because you ask me."

"Yes, I know, come for that. I should be miserable if you did not come back. There's nobody could do so well as you could there. Besides, I should feel lonesome without you."

"You would get over that soon."

"I never should."

"If I came I might want to stay forever where you were."

"Then stay."

"Yes, I'll go back! I could endure any thing sooner than be away from her." He was speaking to himself—she shuddered, yet she smiled.

Alick was looking down the path, and Elizabeth's eyes followed his; at one moment they seemed to discover the figure of Henderson, as in the windings of the path it ascended to view. Alick turned to Elizabeth:

"You stood here waiting," said he; "are you going to walk with him?"

"Perhaps: I don't know *what* he wanted."

"Then," he hesitated, "perhaps I'd better go on." She did not object to that. She said, "I have such a nice book, Alick, I want you to read. If you'll go back home you'll find it on the table, and don't lose the mark."

"I'll wait till you're through with it."

"No. I'd rather you'd read it to-night. It is such a pleasant book. Then we can talk about it."

He yielded to the persuasion of her eyes, and went away. The schoolmaster had now approached within a dozen paces.

His face, when she last saw it, was grave and thoughtful, hers peaceful and content. How much had passed within them, and over them, to change both so much within these few moments! While he looked into the future exultant, she was oppressed and appalled by the present. A glance at Elizabeth's face—a sharp, quick glance—succeeded by an authoritative kind of searching she did not resist, brought from him this question:

"What has that splendid young savage been saying to you?"

"Poor Alick—he has met with a misfortune, that's all."

"Not such a very little matter either, judging from your face. You mustn't stand so ready to bear every body's burdens, Elizabeth. There are lazy people enough who haven't a bit too much pride to prevent their throwing 'em all on you, if you'll only take them. I don't believe, either, that you will be half as ready to take up mine as you were his—and that makes me jealous."

"What is yours then, Sir?" Already his voice had eased her heart. She smiled when she asked his trouble.

"There's to be a new teacher down there, it seems, next quarter—and here are the things to blame for it." He showed her the hammer and the pick. "My child, do you repent?"

How gayly he spoke for a man who had been disgraced!

"Repent what?" she asked, astonished.

"Having respected your teacher, and for believing that he had good common sense."

"Who is going to take your place?"

"I don't know. Some young man Mr. Harris has in his mind. I am to trust to my good hammer it seems. So I am going off—every where."

"And not stay here any more! With your hammer, looking for specimens—is it for that?"

If he said it was even for that, she would trust the wisdom of his choice. He reflected.

"It's a secret yet," said he. "But I may tell Elizabeth. I am going to travel with Mr. Ithamar Harris—he for health, and I for specimens. Perhaps we shall run all over the world in our search. I think we shall."

"You will never come back then?"

"Who said that? It may not be for a long time though. If I live I shall come back."

"Yes—I think you will."

Now the teacher loved Elizabeth. He would have told her so this night had not Mr Harris startled him by the visit and proposition. As he walked slowly up the path to meet the girl

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his heart said, "Wait." His heart! Something disguised as Love, who said, Would it be right to speak when a dazzling uncertainty was all he could see before him; when—who could predict the future?

He might sometime give the name of Prudence to this voice. Enough that he could not now hear and heed it without doing damage to his Life.

When Elizabeth said, "I think you will," the words sprung from a conviction that might have declared itself with still more authority. She *knew* he would come back. And was the assurance sufficient to take away her grief at his going? For he was going who had been her pillar of cloud by day, of fire by night, since she went into the school-house and was taught of him. She did not love him—oh no! How should she bring such a charge as that against herself—or make such an acknowledgment? It was impossible. But let him name that name now; speak one word; she would have heard angels sing; she would have hailed the Advent: Elizabeth Craig! Craig's daughter! Alick's compassionating tender friend. Oh, what a baptism had that been for her! Oh, to what a life had she awakened and arisen, at one word from Henderson!

But he said to himself, "Five years, perhaps, and who can tell?" And to her merely,

"Let us go now and see what we can find in the gravel pit before dark. And remember, *I* shall never, in my searches over the face of the earth, forget this evening. We may not have another such before I go."

So they went to the gravel pit. And there they found Alick Trail.

"How like one of the old fabled monsters he looks!" said Henderson to Elizabeth, when they caught the outline of his figure. He was sitting on a projecting boulder reading the book Lizzy had recommended. Uncouth, gigantic, he did look, indeed, to her as well as to him. "Savage!" "[illegible]nster!"—would she ever forget such names as these by which *he* had called "poor Alick?" She trembled when she saw Trail—her pitying heart sickened—her kind eyes turned away from him; her impulse, which the teacher seemed to divine, was to go away as they had come, and not disturb him. But they had not retreated a step when Trail closed the book and looked up.

He did not rise when he saw them; he sat still and looked. A happy dream had rendered him oblivious to what had passed between him and his master. He had also read in vain. He was only recalling continually Elizabeth's kind words. They made amends for loss. Yet was not his belief in his good fortune so established that the appearance of Henderson must fail to strike him with dismay—though, of course, he supposed that they were somewhere walking in the mountain paths together.

"Don't laugh at poor Alick!" said Elizabeth, as they came near.

On their nearer approach Trail made ready for them: there was unconscious self-defense in his action. Without rising, he thrust his hand into one of his side pockets and brought thence two shining lumps of ore. They lay in their integrity on his broad palm, extended toward Henderson; and a new spirit seemed to be in the man, a dignity and a power strange to him, as he asked,

"Can you tell what this may be, Sir?"

Henderson, greatly surprised, took the specimens. He did not need to examine them; as to their nature or quality there was no room for doubt.

"Pure copper, of course," said he; "but how long have you had it?"

"Not more than twenty-four hours," said Trail, looking at Elizabeth. He wanted to see the effect of his discovery on her.

"I have often said I was sure there was copper in this region. Somebody is well off. You won't tell where you found it, I suppose, Trail?"

"I'll tell the old man," said Trail. Lizzy looked at him with wonder. He saw such admiration in the wonder that he said again,

"Nobody but Craig. I'll take back those bits."

Henderson laughed, and gave them back. "You're right," said he; "it isn't every man that can keep a secret. This may be well worth keeping." He now looked about him; that was his habit of search. He arrested it speedily.

"It's plain," said he, "that I must now keep my eyes to myself, or Trail will think I'm trying to scent his game. You will have to blindfold me, Alick!"

"Don't be afraid," said Trail. "There isn't any danger. Open your eyes and look which way you please."

"Then we will walk on to the bush, Elizabeth."

So they left Trail with his book and his copper mine.

At dusk, when Henderson went back alone to the village, he had said to her that since his pleasant memories of life began—since the beginning of his better experiences—he had always thought of her as one who had the best right to know of all that gladdened and encouraged him. He could remember her as a child, almost as an infant; he should never forget her as a woman. The thought of her would bring him back from the ends of the earth, if there was nothing else to bring him. She would not forget him?

At dusk Trail came to the kitchen where Lizzy was getting ready the supper. He looked in and saw that she was alone.

"Lizzy," he said, "I'll tell you about the copper. There's no end to it."

"Then, Alick, you will have back all you lost." That was her first thought; for the secret of discovery was *his*. "Perhaps it would be safest not to tell me yet."

"I shall tell you. Why don't he get back, I wonder?"

"Come in here, and sit down and wait. He

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will never come if you watch that way. But if you shut the door and give over looking, you will hear his horse-hoofs the very next minute."

Trail obeyed her. Then she said:

"Father must pay you back as much as you have lost for that secret, Alick. You must sell at a good price."

"Never mind about that."

"You have made the discovery, and you ought to have a share in whatever it is worth."

"It's a strip of land. Oh dear, how strange it seems that such a strip should come to any thing! Why, Lizzy, if I hadn't been a fool and throw'd away my earnings, I might 'a bought that strip of him any day!"

"Yes," said Elizabeth. "Well, it's likely."

"I am going to talk with your father."

"And you won't get in a passion. Because *now* it is all changed."……

Craig was surprised, amazed, when he came home and found Alick in the kitchen, reading quietly. He had left the young man in a state of frenzy, full of threats and rage; but here he sat as unruffled as if he had never known a storm.

After tea Elizabeth went out of the room, and found some work to do.

She had no sooner closed the door than Trail took the pieces of copper and laid them on the table, pointing at them, and opened his book again without speaking. Craig also, without a word, put on his spectacles, looked quietly at Alick, and took down a pair of scales from the wall.

"One pound," said he. The weight was one pound and one half; but that was his style. "Where did this come from?"

"Henderson says it's pure copper."

"Where did it come from?"

"Why, I found it."

"Where?"

"Where you'd never think of looking, Mr. Craig."

"On my land!"

"I didn't say so, Sir."

"It is, of course. You found it prowling about."

"Talk like a man!" exclaimed Trail, in a passion. He couldn't forget that he was a master now. "I stumbled against it as I walked along. I picked it up and brought it here."

"Henderson is in your secret, I dare say: the pup."

"Lizzy is. *He* isn't. He couldn't buy it of me, either."

"I can—maybe. Liz knows, eh? That's smart!"

There was no honest purpose in the man who spoke. Trail didn't mind. He got up and walked about the room. He was happy, soul and body. For once he felt himself a man.

"What would you be likely to pay?" asked he.

"You're thinking of what you've honestly lost."

"I'm not; nor of what a devilish fool I've been."

Trail suddenly remembered that old Craig was not merely his master—he was the father of Elizabeth. He came back to the table and sat down again. Thinking of Henderson made him uneasily mindful of the fact that he was perhaps now risking the opportunity of making the old man his friend.

"I am thirty years old," said he. "I have worked here in this quarry twenty years, Mr. Craig. And though I've never rigged myself up fine, like some, nor drank any, I haven't got a dollar in the world. Wouldn't you think I was a fool if I'd be satisfied with such a kind of working? I've got as big hands as any body, and as strong; but what good will they do me if I let every chance go by?"

Craig looked at Trail as if for the first time in his life he saw in him a being to be dealt with as a man.

"Come now," said he, "what are you driving at? Speak your mind. But don't think you're going to come any game on me. If it ain't all clear and straightfor'ard, 'tain't no bargain." Craig said this because he suspected that, after all, this discovery of Trail's was on some other land than his: if so, of course he would buy it and its precious secret.

Trail didn't make any undue haste in answering. He said, slowly,

"I don't ask you for one dollar, Sir; but for what is worth more to me than all the copper mines, and gold mines to boot, this side of Jordan: I mean Lizzy Craig."

Craig laughed. The terms were easier than he had expected. But, after a little reflection, he said, "That depends on what *she* says about it."

"She's your daughter." Alick *was* a savage, and he spoke according to his light. There are a great many civilized people not affronted in any sense by precisely the thought that brought these words from him.

Craig reflected a moment. The thought had perhaps surprised him, but it struck him now as felicitous.

"Done!" he exclaimed. He was rid of Trail—he had given the girl away, and bought a most capable slave at the same moment. His eyes shone with satisfaction.

Then said Alick, for the first time in his life addressing Craig with confidence,

"It's just across the gully, up the bank. I pulled up a bush there trying to get along, and this stuck on. The ground there is chuck full of it."

"The moon is fulled," said Craig, striding to the window. "I'll see about that story."

Alick seemed for a moment disposed to object to the night survey; but he then put on his cap and followed. So they went like friends.

Lizzy looked out of her window when she heard the door close behind them; their voices had a friendly sound. She might cease to think with trembling of poor Alick.

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Alas, then, what a flight imagination took! She was walking with Henderson again—she was repeating to herself those last tender words of his. Breathless she paused before the thought of his last kiss, which also was his first! You see how it was with Lizzy—what a dream this was! And the law of life up there excluded dreaming. What stories do the ancient books of the rocks reveal? Produce me the evidence of perfect fruits and flowers, and beautiful organisms, from those venerable tomes.

One day old Craig said to young Trail, wondering:

"How do you get on with the girl? There's no use of letting such work drag. Why don't you make an end?" Trail, you perceive, was in favor.

The young man at this word at once left the mine—that mine of marvelous richness, the wonder and envy of thousands of men—and went into the house. Was this indeed Alick Trail? Then the "savage" was civilized.

It was mid-day, and the heat was great. He sat him down in the porch to rest.

Elizabeth, who saw him coming, brought a pitcher of fresh water from the spring. She now stood for a moment in the doorway looking out on the parched land across which he had come.

"Lizzy," said he.

"Well, Alick.

"Lizzy," he began again.

This time she looked at him; and if he proceeded it must be without her further encouragement. He felt her silence and shivered, but he went on the faster for it.

"Shall I build up on the slope this summer, where your father thinks I'd best?"

"Build?" said she; but it was a question, and not a decision.

"Lizzy," he began once more, "There's only one thing keeps me here."

"The mine," said she. Of course it was the mine.

"It isn't the mine, or the quarry. Have you forgotten when I was going once? I don't mean to talk about that time, but you bid me stay."

"Yes," she said; "I wouldn't for any thing have had you go then, Alick."

"Would you say the same thing now?"

She hesitated.

"If you could fare as well. You have been here a long while. Change is good for a man, they say. You might go and fare better."

"I don't want any change. I don't want any thing but what I find here." Alick had never urged his suit as if he had the right—such a right, even, as Craig had conferred. Indeed, the sense of authority he had for a moment rejoiced in had utterly passed from his soul. He remembered his "bargain;" so did Craig; but Alick only remembered it with shame. But if he might *win* Lizzy! "It is time I went or staid," said he. "If I go, it must be right away; but if I stay, I shall build a house of my own, and stay forever. And you must say the word."

She understood him, and he saw that she did; but he trembled before the quiet of her face and her voice's perfect friendliness.

"You have grown so strong," said she, "there wouldn't be the danger in your going now there was once."

"More," said he.

"Why, Alick, why?"—was this the same voice that spoke just now so quietly?

He gathered hope from her agitation, though *it* sounded like alarm.

"Because I should leave you, Lizzy," he answered. There it was.

"But then—but danger—only for leaving me!" Oh, to be rescued from the conviction that he spoke the truth!

"Leaving just every thing—every thing good, and carrying off a load of hell. I haven't loved any thing in this world but you. Never! And I can't give you up."

"Then, Alick, you must stay." Of course, for he loved her. That was her argument!

"And build my house?"

"I suppose so."

"Then you've saved God for me!" He hid his face in his hands and wept.

Elizabeth looked up to Heaven and prayed.

He had a score of happy years before he died.

She was the mother of Duncan Trail.

When Henderson came back, after years of travel, bringing with him his Rival of the British Museum, and heard that Elizabeth Craig had married "according to her station," he acquiesced, and said she had done wisely. And he followed her example. "Forward!" was his dream. So he married his patron's daughter.

Then he had his professorship, his honors, his house on the corner.

There he paused. Nature rested. At last she waxed strong for the sudden and great growth of love that was able to surrender all things for the sake of Elizabeth's son—that could sigh for more honors than he had to lay at Elizabeth's feet. So he went "back" to her.

The son was saved.

MR. BLAZAY'S EXPERIENCE.

I.—THE LADY IN BLACK.

I HAD walked through the train, carpet-bag in hand, without finding an eligible seat. So I walked back again, looking very hard at all the non-paying bandboxes, bundles, and babies that monopolized the cushions and kept gentlemen standing with tickets in their hat-bands. Not a child was moved, however, by my silent appeal for justice. Not a bandbox flinched before my stern reproving gaze. Only one proprietress of such encumbrances deigned to take the least notice of me.

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"There is a seat, Sir!" she said, in a tone extremely mortifying to my self-respect, while her overfed carpet-bag appeared choking with merriment at my expense.

A lady in black filled the designated seat with wide-spread mourning apparel and an atmosphere of gloom. Every body seemed by a natural instinct to avoid intruding upon her melancholy privacy. The place seemed sacred to sorrow. But as she of the babies and bundles spoke she of the voluminous ebon skirts gathered up their folds, with a mournfully civil gesture inviting me to sit down. I sat down accordingly, awed and chilled by the funereal presence. Her bonnet was of black crape, a black veil eclipsed her face, and she wore a mourning ring over the finger of a black glove.

"Will you have the kindness to open this window, Sir?" she said to me, in a voice which also appeared clad in mourning—so sombre, so soft, so suggestive of lost friends.

I opened it.

"Thank you," she said; and putting aside the woven midnight of her veil, revealed the most perfect mourning countenance I ever beheld, black hair, black eyes, long black eyelashes. It was a youthful face, however, and rather plump and smooth, I thought, for such stunning woe.

"Will you have the shade raised, madam?"

"Oh no, thank you." And out of the cloud of her countenance shone a smile, a very misty, tender, pensive smile.

I remarked, with appropriate solemnity, that the weather was fine.

"Oh yes!" she sighed, "it is too beautiful for one that ain't happy."

The lady in black soon grew communicative, and told me her story. She was the widow of a physician in one of the Western States, who, besides his regular practice, had purchased lands which had increased in value, and dying suddenly had left her a widow with twenty thousand dollars. She was going, she added, to visit her uncle, in Shoemake.

"In Shoemake!" I repeated, with a start of interest. For I must mention here that I was going to Shoemake. My errand was to woo, and of course win, Miss Susie Thornton of that place, whom I had never seen or communicated with on the subject of matrimony or any other, solely on the recommendation of my friend Jones, whose praises of his country cousin had induced me to venture upon the rather unusual procedure.

"Is Shoemake a pleasant place?" I inquired.

"Oh yes!" with another sigh, and another of those smiles, so very attractive, that would have charmed even me, had I not considered myself already engaged.

"Do you know the Thornton family?" I asked, carelessly.

"What!" said she, "do *you* know the Thorntons?"

"Not at all; only a relation of theirs has intrusted me with a package for them."

"Susie Thornton is a very pretty girl."

"Indeed!" said I, gratified to hear my wife commended.

"At least, she was five years ago. But five years make such dreadful changes!"

"How far are the Thorntons from the village?"

"Oh, not far! A nice little farm down the river. A charming situation."

II.—MR. THORNTON.

That afternoon, having dressed, dined, and finished my cigar, I sallied forth from the "Shoemake Hotel" to call on my future bride.

I found the cottage: a neat little cream-colored house on a bank of the river; doors and windows festooned with prairie roses; an orchard behind, and maple-trees in front; and an atmosphere of rural beauty and quietude over all.

I opened the little wooden gate. It clicked cheerily behind me, pulled back by a rusty plow-share suspended by a chain. The sound of the gate summoned from the orchard a laboring man in rolled-up shirt-sleeves, who approached as I was lifting the brass knocker under the festoons of roses.

"How de do, Sir? Want any thing o' Mr. Thornton's folks?"

I looked at him. He might have been a porter—at least, he was a brown, stout fellow, not above five feet five, and rather familiar for such a short acquaintance.

"I would like to see Mr. Thornton," I said, talking down at him from my six-foot dignity on the doorstep.

"Oh, wa'al! just walk right in! We're all in the orchard jest now, gitting a hive of bees."

"Be so kind then, my good fellow," said I, producing Jones's letter, "as to hand this to Mr. Thornton."

He received the letter in his great, brown, horny hands, stared at the superscription, stared at me, said, "Oh! Jones," and opened it.

"I am Mr. Thornton," he informed me, before beginning to read.

When the letter was read he looked up again, smilingly.

"This is Mr. Blazay, then!" he said.

"Delighted to meet you, Mr. Thornton," *I* said.

He reached up, I reached down. He got hold of my hand as if it had been a bell-rope, and wrung it cordially. I knew he was glad to see me, as well as if he had told me.

"Will you step into the house or into the orchard?" said Mr. Thornton.

House or orchard, I felt my foot was in it, and it made little difference which way I stepped.

"Wa'al," said he, as he was taking me to see the bees, "so you've come up here, thinking mabby you'd like to marry our Susie?"

I stopped, aghast.

"I—I wasn't aware, Sir, that Jones had written any thing to that effect!"

"A private letter I got from him yis'd'y," said Mr. Thornton; "he seemed to think's best to kinder explain things 'fore you got along. I

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think about so myself. He gives you a tolerable fair character, and, far's I'm concerned, if you and Susie can make a bargain, I sha'n't raise no objections."

"Have you," I gasped, "mentioned it to Susie?"

"Oh, sartin!" said Mr. Thornton. "Mother and I thought best to talk the matter over with her, so's to have every thing open and aboveboard, and save misunderstandings in the futur'."

"And, may I ask, how did Susie regard a—such a—very singular arrangement?"

"Singular? How so? Mother and I looked upon it as very sensible. You come and git acquainted and marry her, if agreeable; or if not, not. That's what I call straightfor'a'd."

"Straightfor'a'd? Oh yes, to be sure!" I said, and essayed to laugh, with very indifferent, if not with quite ghastly, success.

A little too straightforward, wasn't it? It was well enough, of course, for a couple of hardened wretches like Jones and myself to talk over a matrimonial project in business fashion, and for me to come up and look at the article of a bride he recommended, to see if she suited; but to know that the affair had been coolly discussed by the other party to the proposed bargain made it as awkward and unromantic as possible. I even suspected that I was the victim of a hoax, and that Jones was at that moment chuckling over my stupendous gullibility.

III.—SUSIE AND THE BEES.

"That there's my darter, and them's the bees," said Mr. Thornton.

"What! that thing in the tree?" said I, using my eye-glass. "It looks like a shocking bad hat!"

"That's the swarm stuck on to the limb," said Mr. Thornton. "We'll have Susie to thank if we save 'em. She heard 'em flying over, and ran out with the dinner-bell and called 'em."

"Called 'em to dinner!" I said, absent-mindedly.

"Ringing the bell called 'em down, till bimeby they lit on that tree. A swarm 'll gen'ly come to such noises. And Susie's a master-hand to look arter bees."

"What's she doing up on the ladder there?"

"She's cutting off the limb. It's curi's," said Mr. Thornton, with fatherly pride, "bees never tech her, though she goes right in among 'em. Sting me, though; so I keep a little back. Susie's mother, Mr. Blazay!"

At that a freckled, good-natured woman, who stood at a little distance from the tree, with her arms rolled up in a calico apron, took them out to shake hands with me, and rolled them up again.

"What are these little negro boys doing?" I inquired.

"Nigger boys! Ho! ho! ho!" laughed the paternal Thornton.

"Them's *our* little boys, Sir," said the maternal Thornton, with an amused smile. "What you see is veils tied over their faces to keep the bees from stinging 'em. That's George Washington holding the ladder for Susie; and that's Andrew Jackson tending the clo'es-line."

"This is the second swarm Susie has stopped this season," said Mr. Thornton. "Both wild swarms from the woods, prob'bly. We consider it quite a prize."

"Hive of bees in May, worth a ton of hay; hive of bees in June, worth a silver spoon; hive of bees in July, not worth a fly. That's the old adage," smiled Mrs. Thornton.

"But Susie has good luck with her bees, let 'em swarm when they will," said Mr. Thornton.

"Look out down there!" cried a clear, shrill, feminine voice from the tree.

The fibres of the bough began to crack; and somewhat to my alarm I saw the great, black, hat-like mass swing down, as if about to fall to the ground. But I soon perceived that it was secured by the rope, which was passed over a limb above, and then down to Andrew Jackson's hand, who stood looking up through his veil, waiting for orders. Susie severed the bark and splinters that still held the branch, then dropped her little hand-saw on the grass.

"Now, Jackson!" Slowly the boy payed out the line, and slowly the bough descended with its burden. "Hold on, Georgie!" Georgie held on, and down the ladder came Susie.

Animated, agile, red as a rose, she ran to her bees, I regarding her meanwhile with anxious interest. Taking hold of the bough where it hung, she ordered Andrew Jackson to "let it come," lowered it almost to the ground and shook it. The bees fell off in great bunches and clusters, which burst into buzzing, crumbling, crawling multitudes on the grass—wave on wave dark surging. George Washington stood ready with a bee-hive, which he clapped over the living heap. And the job was done.

"There, father!" cried Susie, merrily, "what are you going to give me for that? Hive of bees in June—"

She stopped, seeing me.

"You shall have your silver spoon," said Mr. Thornton. "This is Mr. Blazay, Susie."

Determined to perform my part with becoming gallantry, I advanced. Unluckily I am tall. My bow was lofty; the bough of the tree was low. Before I could take off my hat it was taken off for me. Attempting to catch it, I knocked it like a foot-ball straight at Susie's head. She dodged it, and it fell by the bee-hive. At that the Father of his Country rushed to the rescue, and brought it back to me with the air of a youngster who expects a penny for his services. I was finishing my bow to Susie when I observed a number of swift, zigzag, darting insects circling about us.

"Stand still and they won't hurt ye," said George Washington, handing me my hat. "Make 'em think you're a tree!"

I assumed the rôle accordingly—rooted myself to the spot—held my tall trunk erect—kept my limbs rigid—and, I am confident, looked

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verdant enough to deceive even a bee. In that interesting attitude I looked as unconcerned as possible, grimaced at Susie, said what a delightful orchard it was, and felt a whizzing, winnowing sensation in my foliage, otherwise called hair.

"There's a bee!" screamed Andrew Jackson.

The General was right—there was a bee. I began to brush.

"Don't ye stir!" shouted Washington. "That'll only make him mad! Keep jest as still!"

It was easy for the First President to stand there, with his face veiled, and promulgate that theory. But I wasn't up to it. I found myself stirring my stumps involuntarily. I dropped my hat and stepped in it. The bee whizzed and winnowed; I flirted and brushed. Then came a poignant thrill! The assassin had his poisoned dagger in me.

The sublime Washington continued to shout, "Keep still, keep jest as still!" But already my movements had quite dispelled the illusion that I was a tree, and the darting and dinning about my ears became terrific. I endeavored to smile calmly at Susie, and talk as became a man of my politeness and dignity. But it was no use. Panic seized me. I stamped, I swung my crushed hat, I took to my heels. I ran like a Mohawk; and I would never, probably, have stopped running until I reached a railroad train had not the same destiny that brought me to Shoemake conspired to keep me there by casting a dead branch in my way. In giving my head a brush I neglected the brush at my feet. They became entangled in it, and I sprawled my six feet of manly dignity ingloriously on the turf.

IV.—HOW I WAS ENTERTAINED.

The first thing I heard, on recovering my faculties and sitting up, was laughter. George Washington and Andrew Jackson were rolling and keeling over with laughter. Mrs. Thornton was eating her calico apron. Mr. Thornton was suffering from an excruciating attack of colic. While Susie indulged without restraint her very ill-timed merriment.

As I got upon my feet the whole family came forward to see if I was hurt.

"Children! Susie!" I could hear Mr. Thornton saying, "Hush! don't ye know no better 'n to laugh? Did you, Sir, get stung?"

"I—I thought the bees were coming rather near," I remarked, cheerfully, pressing my hat into shape, "so I concluded to stand back a little."

"Sartin, sartin!" said Mr. Thornton.

"Susie!" giggled George Washington, "he thought he'd stan' back a little! he, he, he!"

"Didn't his arms and legs fly for about a minute though!" snickered Andrew Jackson.

"Shall we go and examine the operations of the bees? I feel a lively interest in bees." And I put on my hat, pulling it gayly over the aching eyebrow.

"I'm afraid," said Mr. Thornton, "the bees have been so kind o' shook up 'twon't be very safe to go near 'em right away."

"Ah! you think so? A sting is nothing—a—nothing dangerous, is it?"

"Oh no; but it's sometimes plaguy uncomf'table," said Mr. Thornton, "that's all."

"That all?" said I, glad to hear it. "I'm sure that's nothing so very dreadful. However, if you think we'd better wait until the bees get a little quiet, I can restrain my curiosity."

Susie had found an excuse to go back to the hive. I would have been glad of any excuse to return at the same instant to the hotel. I had seen enough of her, and certainly I had heard enough. My interest in the Thorntons was satiated. I had made up my mind that I didn't want to marry. The country was not so charming as I had anticipated. I very much preferred the town.

"Wa'al, may as well go into the house, I guess," said Mr. Thornton, leading the way.

So we went in. The door of a close, gloomy little parlor was thrown open, and I was requested to walk in and make myself at home.

"You must go in and entertain him while I help Susie slick up a little," I heard Mrs. Thornton whisper at the door.

So Mr. Thornton came in, sat down in his rolled-up shirt-sleeves, put one leg over the other, hung his hat on his knee, and entertained me.

Of the entertainment, however, the most I remember is that I not only experienced an ever-increasing anguish in the part which had been stung, but discovered, to my consternation, that it was swelling rapidly.

"I knowed a man once that got stung on the head," remarked Mr. Thornton, bees being the topic of conversation, "and he was blind for three days arter it, and his head swelled up as big as half a barrel."

Having entertained me with this extraordinary fact the worthy man withdrew. I sprang to my feet and looked in the glass over the mantle-piece. Appalling spectacle! My organ of locality was growing—it had already attained the size of a walnut—and was fast swelling to the dimensions of an egg. I caught up my hat and pitched it recklessly on my forehead. As I was drawing on my gloves I heard whispers.

"I can't go in! I shall laugh, I know I shall!" followed by a suppressed giggle.

"My! Susie, don't be so foolish!" said Mrs. Thornton. "Come! I'll go in with you!"

More whispers, a little fluttering, and in came Mrs. and Miss Thornton, catching me with my hat and one glove on. Retreat being thus cut off, I sat down again in the obscurest corner, with the unstung hemisphere of my phrenology in the light and the other in shadow.

Susie seated herself opposite, with her eyes downcast, looking rigid, red, and as utterly unattractive as possible. She never once opened her mouth to speak, but now and then appeared seized by an almost ungovernable impulse to

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giggle, after which she became more astonishingly rigid and red than before.

Mrs. Thornton and I were discussing the weather, with now and then an awful interval of silence, when Susie, who, to conceal her embarrassment, had turned her eyes out of the window, suddenly started back.

"Mother, there comes Peleg!"

And almost immediately I saw standing in the door a young man in light summer clothes, with ruddy-brown cheeks, a long nose, and a droll expression of countenance, nodding and winking like a harlequin.

V.—P. GREEN.

"Come in, Peleg," said Mrs. Thornton. "Mr. Blazay, this is our neighbor, Mr. Green."

Mr. Green made an extravagant flourish, shook my hand very hard, bowed extremely low, and remarked, through his nose, that he was most happy.

"Didn't know though ye had company," he said, apologetically. He looked around for a seat, and finally, parting his coat tails, sat down near Susie. "Fine weather now we're having, Mr. Blazaway."

"Mrs. Thornton and I were just remarking that it is fine weather," I answered, dryly.

Mrs. Thornton looked disconcerted by the neighbor's appearance, and after fidgeting a minute left the room.

"Grand good weather for hay," said Mr. Green. "Brings out the rakes—hem!"

Susie looked slyly at him, as if to see whether he meant that for a hit at me. I wasn't sure about it, so I kept still.

"Smashing good crop o' hay this season; beats every thing!" said Mr. Green, lifting his left foot and holding it with his hand over the instep across his right knee. "Grass look well where you've been, Mr. Blazaway? or don't you notice much about grass?"

I replied that, wherever I had taken the pains to observe, every thing looked to me exceedingly Green, keeping my eyes fixed steadily on him as I spoke.

"Sho!" said Mr. Green, looking at me steadily in return, and scratching his chin. Then he turned and said in a hoarse whisper to Susie, "What an all-fired wen that gentleman has got over his left eye! ye noticed it?"

A wen? that was the bee sting! All-fired? it *was* all-fired! Had Susie noticed it? In turning my face in order to stare down the insolent intruder who called me Mr. Blazaway I had exposed the swelling, and Susie, who stole a glance at me just then, must also have seen it.

Mr. Green reached deep into a pocket of his light summer trowsers, brought out a jack-knife and commenced honing it on his shoe.

"Traded horses agin, Susie."

"What a hand you are to swap horses, Peleg!" she said, thawing into conversation under his genial influence.

"Put off the roan colt; got a four-year-old chestnut; nice, tell yeou! Bring him round and let ye ride after him to-morrer."

"Who did you trade with?" said Miss Thornton.

"Stranger. Dono his name. Stumped him in the road. Says I, 'I got the mate to that beast you're drivin', friend,' says I. 'Hev ye?' says he. 'Better hitch,' says I, 'and jest step over in the lot here and see,' says I. He said he didn't object if I had any thing to show; so he tied to the fence—mighty slick critter that of his'n! 'Yes,' says I, 'either you want my animil, or I want your'n, dono which till we talk,' says I. Wa'al, we made a dicker," added Peleg Green, shutting his knife with a loud click, and winking significantly.

He was going on to expatiate on the merits of the four-year-old chestnut, when, to my great relief, Mr. Thornton came to the door and called him out.

"I'd like to speak with you a minute, Peleg." And Peleg, though with visible reluctance, withdrew.

I arose, walked straight to Susie, and frankly took her hand. She looked up with a frightened, inquiring glance, afraid, as I afterward learned, that I was going to propose to her on the spot.

"I am very glad," I said, "to have formed your acquaintance. I shall always remember you with interest, and if I ever come this way again I shall certainly do myself the pleasure of visiting you."

She appeared quite bewildered a moment, then a gleam of intelligence brightened her face.

"Are you going, Sir?" And I was hurt to observe the gleam became a gleam of delight.

"I have a call to make," said I; "and after what is past we may as well be frank with each other. I think it is quite evident to us both that—"

"That you don't like me," she said, while I was stammering. "That's it; and you needn't take the trouble of putting it in some more polite way."

She laughed as she spoke; all her embarrassment had vanished; she looked radiant, even charming; and altogether such a change had come over her that I was astonished.

"Rather say that *you* have not fallen in love with *me*," I answered.

"That's true—I haven't!" she confessed, with refreshing *naïveté*. "And do you blame me? I was almost frightened to death when I heard you were coming. And it was so odd—just as Peleg would go and look at a colt he thought of buying!"

I sincerely entreated her pardon for the affront.

"Oh, no affront! I don't care now, since you don't want to marry me." And she appeared quite joyous.

"You are glad of that. Peleg will be glad too," I couldn't help saying.

"Yes, I suppose he will," she confessed, gayly.

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"You like Mr. Green?"

"Oh yes; he amuses me ever so much. You don't know how funny he can be. But you mustn't go now, Sir," she cried, taking my hat from me. "Stay to tea, won't you?"

I hardly know how it was; but she had her way, and I staid.

"You must forgive me for laughing," said Susie, only half penitentially; "but you can't guess how glad I was that you got stung. Don't you think it was a judgment upon you?"

"You knew it?" I said, putting my hand to my egg; for the swelling had about reached that size.

"Of course I did; and that was the reason I couldn't look at you. But I am very sorry now—indeed I am," she added, compassionately, seeing how bad a sting it was. "And to think Peleg took it for a wen!"

At that she had to laugh again. But, on the whole, she manifested a good deal of true womanly sympathy for my suffering, and went out to prepare some salt and vinegar, which she said was her mother's remedy for stings.

She did not return. But presently Mrs. Thornton came in, bringing a saucer with some liquid and a rag in it, dressed my brow, and took me out to tea.

VI.—MRS. THORNTON'S TEA.

We found Mr. Thornton and the little Thorntons waiting—the distinguished urchins eying the table ravenously, as if they did not see cake every day.

Then Susie and Peleg came out of the kitchen together, looking supremely satisfied with each other, and amazingly confidential.

Mr. Thornton then let slip those dogs of war, the juniors, whose ardor he had with difficulty restrained, and, with a rattle, and a clatter, and a rush, they flew to the table, storming the bread-and-butter, scaling the salt fish, carrying the breast-works of cold chicken, and assaulting the wings.

In the mean time the lovers managed to get me into the seat designed for Peleg, while the chair intended for me, next to Susie's, was coolly usurped by that gentleman. Peleg kept the youngsters in a constant roar of laughter with his jokes and queer contortions of face, which I was chagrined to see were greatly enjoyed by Susie.

"Oh, Peleg!" she exclaimed at last, "you'll certainly kill me with your ridiculous stories."

"Wa'al, then, I won't tell any more," said Peleg. "Fact, I'm a melancholy man myself, nat'rally. Studied to be a minister once: this is the way I looked:" sleeking down his hair with a meek and droll expression. "That was when I was Presbyterian. Then I turned Methodist, and looked so:" and out of the tearful seriousness of a broad, unctuous countenance broke a sympathetic, hopeful smile. "After that I thought of turning Baptist, and got as far as this:" a sapient, hollow-cheeked visage, with a one-sided pucker—"when I switched off on the Universalist track, as thus:" changing instantly to the aspect of a fat and jolly parson. "From that to swapping horses is the easiest thing in natur'. Then I looked so:" putting his tongue in his cheek for a quid, and inclining his head sidewise, with the honestest smooth face—"And talked this way: '*That's a drea'ful kind beast, my friend; true and sound in every way!*'" spoken with a good-natured drawl that convulsed the youngsters.

I sympathized with Mrs. Thornton, who gravely reproved Mr. Green for his levity in taking off the different denominations.

"Call hoss-jockeying one of the denominations? Wa'al, we have our backsliders too," said Peleg, "from the backs of unbroke colts. Speaking of my being a melancholeric man, Susie, I was put in mind to-day how choleric I got when my melons was stole last summer. Met one o' them fellers."

"Did you? Oh, you must tell Mr. Blazay that story, Peleg!"

And Peleg told it for my especial edification.

"Ye see, Mr. Blazay, there's a tribe over the mountain we call Shanghays—gre't slab-sided lummoxes—legs so long they hev to go down cellar to tie their shoes; and feet so big they hev to use the forks of the road for a bootjack. Wa'al, a set of 'em come over to our pond a-fishing last summer, and as fish wouldn't bite they concluded water-millions would (that's what they call 'em), and went over to my patch, a couple of 'em, to hook some; when I come and ketched 'em at it.

"'Wa'al,' says I, 'how ye getting along? Don't be in a hurry,' says I, as they dropped the melons and started to run. 'Better take some with ye,' says I. 'Plenty of 'em. Fust-rate, too. Here, I can get ye some a good deal better than these.' They felt awful cheap; but I made 'em hold their arms, and loaded 'em up with the best I could find. 'There,' says I, 'you see I know a great deal better than you do how to pick, so next time you want any s'posing you come and ask me. It looks as if I was mean about my melons, when folks hev to come and steal 'em,' says I.

"So I let 'em go. But I thought I'd like to hear what sort of a story they'd tell the others; so I cut around through the edge of the woods and got behind a stump by the pond, where I could see what was going on, though I couldn't hear much. They left their fishing and ripped open the melons, and appeared to be hevin' a glorious good time over 'em, when a dog they had along with 'em got hold of a rind, choked, and keeled over. They thought he was dead; and then you should have seen the old scratch that was to pay! 'Pizon! pizon!' I could hear 'em spluttering. They thought I had plugged the melons and put arsenic into 'em; which accounted for my picking out such partic'lar nice ones. They dropped their slices, and spit out what they were eating, and made a stampede for the village, to the doctor's; and about half an hour after they might have been seen going

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over the mountain, sick as death with epicack—for the doctor had given each on 'em a rousing good dose. This is the way they looked:" and Peleg illustrated, while every body laughed but me.

I had had enough of that sort of thing. I arose to go, pleading an engagement. "A lady I met in the cars, Mrs." — referring to the widow's card—"Mrs. Pellet."

"Sho!" said Peleg. "Not Mrs. Doctor Pellet—Laury Scranton that was?"

"The very same; and a very interesting young widow, with twenty thousand dollars."

"Widow!" gasped P. Green, with nobody's face but his own this time; and a very astonished face it was. "See here, ye don't say! Doctor Pellet, he ain't dead, is he?"

I assured him that the excellent doctor was deceased.

"I take it he was a dear friend of yours, Mr. Green."

"Yaas! no! I mean—s'pose ye wait a minute; guess I'll walk along with ye; got my colts to look after; seen my hat, Susie?"

While Mr. Green in his agitation was hunting for his hat I shook hands with the family, and accepted, because I could not refuse, an earnest invitation to a farmer's dinner the next day. I then departed, pursued wildly out of the house by Peleg, pulling on his hat.

VII.—P. GREEN'S DIPLOMACY.

"Think o' going to see Laury—Mrs. Pellet—to-night?" said Peleg.

"I have promised to call on her," I answered, evasively.

"I'd no idee of her being a widow," said Mr. Green, with an aguish shake in his voice. "Got much acquainted with her? Couldn't, though, I s'pose, jest seeing her in the cars. Seem to take the Doctor's death perty hard? or couldn't you judge as to that?"

"Not so hard but that she may be consoled, I should say."

"Consoled! yaas!" said Peleg, sardonically. "Maybe you'd like to hev the privilege of consoling her. Wouldn't you like now to hev me go and show ye where the house is?"

"Oh no, I wouldn't have you put yourself to that trouble, Mr. Green."

"No trouble at all, Mr. Blazay. Fact is, I—I ruther think 'twould be neighborly if I sh'd drop in on her myself."

"But, I beg of you, don't go out of your way on my account."

"Oh no! oh no!" said Peleg, keeping close at my side. If I walked fast, he walked fast; if I walked slow, he walked slow. "As a friend, Mr. Blazay," he said, confidentially, "allow me to say to you that that bunch over your eye looks bad. Seems to me *I* shouldn't want to be making calls on the ladies if *I* hed it."

"Thank you, Mr. Green, for your very kind suggestion. But I hardly think one so afflicted as Mrs. Pellet will look much at externals. I can now find the house very well without your assistance, and I bid you a good-night." And I turned the street-corner.

"On the hull, guess I may as well go along too," observed Peleg—"me and Laury being old friends so."

I reminded him of his excuse for abruptly leaving the Thorntons, and expressed my deep concern lest his colts should suffer from his neglect.

"Wa'al, I guess the colts can take care o' themselves for an hour or so," said Mr. Green.

We reached the house, and rang.

"Hello!" said Green, "ain't you going in?"

"Not at this present moment," I answered, walking off.

"Wa'al!" said the astonished Peleg, "if I'd known—why didn't you say?—and not fool a fellow this way!"

At that moment the door opened, and I left him to call alone on the widow.

Two hours later, strolling toward the house, I saw a person in light summer clothes come out; heard a voice which I recognized as P. Green's, and another which I distinguished as the mourning voice of the young widow. They separated, and the light summer clothes came toward me at a fast walk, with an air of hurry and abstraction.

"Good-evening, Mr. Green," I said, pleasantly.

"Hello! that you, Mr. Blazay?" said Peleg. "Where ye bound now?"

"Enjoying a little stroll," I replied, leisurely. "It's a charming evening."

"It is so," exclaimed Peleg, with returning agitation, "but rather cool."

"It is," said I, "chilly. I should think you would suffer in those thin garments, Mr. Green."

"Wa'al, my clo'es be ruther thin," Peleg admitted.

"And, allow me to say, it seems to me your only safety is in a rapid continuation of your walk. I will not detain you an instant."

"See here!" said Peleg; "ye ain't going in there to-night, air ye? After nine o'clock!"

"After nine?" said I. "Gentlemen seldom make calls before that hour, do they?"

I left him standing in his airy attire, gazing jealously after me. I returned to the door he had just quitted, and entered, admitted by the charming Mrs. Pellet herself.

She received me with her sweetest subdued smile; and, seated quietly at her side in her uncle's parlor, I had the pleasure of hearing from her own lips the full particulars of my business in Shoemake—Susie having communicated them to P. Green, and P. Green to the widow.

"I little thought when I praised her to you," she said, with gentle reproach, "that I was praising your future bride."

"Unfortunately for my hopes," I said, "Susie's affections seem to be already engaged."

"Indeed! who is the happy man?"

"Our friend who just went from here—Mr. Peleg Green."

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The mourning eyelashes were raised with an expression of mild and sorrowful surprise.

"But Peleg—I am sure," she said, "he doesn't care for her."

"Madam, he is her devoted admirer. You should have seen him fly to the rescue the moment he heard of my arrival. Indeed, so well satisfied am I of their mutual attachment that I have quite abandoned my foolish project."

Mrs. Pellet heaved a sigh.

VIII.—ONE OF PELEG'S JOKES.

The next day I dined with the Thorntons.

Susie improved on acquaintance. After dinner she showed me her cheeses, and took me into the garden, and was gathering a bouquet for me; and, as I may as well confess, a very delightful familiarity was growing up between us, when—in rushed Mr. Green.

Again, in the evening, I went to pay my respects to the widow, and was enjoying a very quiet and pleasing conversation with that charming lady, when—in popped Peleg. Which of the two fair ones did he fancy? or had he an Oriental preference for both?

Day after day, as I lingered in the place, without well knowing why, the fellow seemed to have given up his ordinary pursuits in order to devote himself exclusively to their guardianship. He followed me pertinaciously; from village to farm, and from farm to village; as if the great business of existence with him was, to prevent any confidential communication between me and either of the aforesaid young women.

Shrewd, energetic, good-looking, not half so illiterate as he appeared, making fun wherever he went, he was, I found, a very general favorite. But my original prejudice against him, instead of diminishing, increased, and became very violent when I observed that Susie, who had soon learned to entertain me with a simple grace, a bird-like joyousness, when we were alone together, invariably grew reserved toward me the moment he appeared.

So two or three (I don't know but four) weeks passed. And still some fascination kept me in Shoemake. And still Mr. Green followed me with that suspicious nose of his, which, I observed with satisfaction, was long, and offered excellent conveniences for tweaking, until one afternoon found us four embarked in a sail-boat on Shoemake Creek. I had invited Susie and Mrs. Pellet, and Peleg had invited himself, joining us just as we were getting into the boat.

"Hello!" said he, appearing very much astonished. "Jest in the nick o' time, ain't I? Seems to be plenty o' room in yer canoe—guess I may as well jump in."

And jump in he did, accordingly, before I could push off.

The water sets back a mile or more from the dam, and raises Shoemake Creek to the dignity of a river. Through green meadows it winds placidly between banks fringed with alders, willows, and elms, festooned with woodbines and wild grapes.

The wind failed us as we were returning, and I made Peleg work his passage. He rested on the oars, and we floated down the current, which was calm and glassy under the evening sky, and Susie sang a song that made me feel unusually sentimental, and the widow sighed, "How sweet!"

"Wa'al, it is some sweet," Peleg admitted, as we drifted around a bend of the stream, and came upon an exquisitely tranquil picture of cool green water embowered in cool green foliage overhanging the bank.

"Gals, I'm agoing to show ye the milldam," said Peleg, rowing down stream. "Did you ever see it, Mr. Blazay? I come perty nigh going over the dam thing once."

"Peleg," said the melancholy Laura, "please don't be profane, will you?"

"No, I won't," said Peleg, solemnly. "I mean the mill-d—m. Can't guess how I saved myself, Mr. Blazay?"

"By using your nose for a setting-pole?" I suggested.

"Mr. Blazay," said Peleg, "I owe you one! But my nose ain't quite so long as that man's was who always had to take two steps forward to touch the end on't. He was brother to the man that was so tall" (measuring me from head to foot) "he had to go up a ladder to comb his hair. And he could run so"—an allusion, no doubt, to my race with the bees—"that, give him a fair chance, he could come out several rods ahead of his own shadow. He ran around an apple-tree once so fast that he 'most ketched up with himself, and could see his own coat tails jest ahead of him."

So much I got for descending to the vulgarity of a personal allusion. Even Laura was forced to smile, and Susie fairly screamed.

"Every body laughs at those jokes; I always do," said I, "whenever I hear them. I can remember laughing at them as long ago as when I was a small boy."

"Them jokes? What very old bachelors they must be, then!" said the impudent fellow. "They must be bald enough by this time! How many years ago did you say?"

"We all admire your wit, Mr. Green," I replied, sternly. "But I would advise you just now to bestow your chief attention upon the management of the boat, for you are getting us into a dangerous position."

Peleg grinned as he turned the boat in the current, letting the stern swing around toward the dam. The swift, smooth water shot beneath us dark and strong, breaking into a silver curve almost within reach of my cane, then plunging with thunder and foam down into an agitated and vapory basin. Mr. Green suffered us to drift almost to the brink. I was in the stern, and could look straight over the falls. The girls screamed.

"Don't be the least mite scared, gals," said the facetious Peleg, keeping the boat on the verge with easy strokes of the oars. "Even if she should go over I could ketch her 'fore Mr. Bla-

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zay's coat tails touched the water, and row her right back up over the dam again."

"Mr. Green," I cried, seriously, "take care! An oar may break, then away we go—nothing could prevent it."

"All but Laury," said Peleg; "she can't git over a dam, ye know!"

"By Heaven," said I, alarmed, "we are going!"

"Yes, Blazay first," chuckled Peleg. "He likes to be first in every thing."

"I see," said I, now much excited, "I am destined to give that fellow a thrashing."

"Sho!" said Mr. Green, "I want to know. This is a leetle more fun than I bargained fur. I 'xpected the gals would be a trifle skittish, but I didn't think Blazay would kick in the traces."

We were right over the smoking chasm, where a single false stroke of an oar might precipitate us into it. Susie, with a pale, frightened face, instinctively shrank to my side and clasped my arm. I felt a thrill, which made me for a moment forget the danger. The spray wet us, thunder and mist filled the air, the whirlpool foamed and boiled below, and I was happy.

"Oh, dear, dear Peleg!" pleaded Laura—her rich mellow tones heard even above the roar of the falls—"if you have any regard for me, don't."

"I can't help it," said Peleg, pretending to lose his power over the boat, and actually letting the stern project over the dam.

I threw my arm around Susie, and she nestled tremblingly to my heart. At the sight that wretch Peleg missed a stroke. The boat shot forward—we hung upon the brink! He struck the blades again, just in time to check our progress, and putting forth all his strength, might have saved us had not Laura, beside herself with terror, sprung up in the bow of the boat.

"Mercy!" she shrieked; and flinging abroad her lovely arms, threw herself headlong upon Peleg.

Of course that settled the business. The boat swept sheer over the dam with all on board, filling and capsizing instantly.

IX.—COLD WATER.

A piercing shriek went up as we went down. It was the voice of Laura, which had cast off its mourning for the wet occasion. Susie uttered not a word, nor was Peleg able to make any remark, facetious or otherwise, with the widow clinging to his back, hugging and choking him desperately.

I remember a brief tumult in the water, arms tossing, crinoline floating, the boat keel upward, the eddies rolling and sucking us. Then I was trying to swim with a precious burden, raising the dripping head above water, sinking inevitably, going down with the current, touching gravel at last, and thanking my stars that I was tall.

Wading, I emerged, bearing Susie in my arms, and carried her to the bank.

"Thank Heaven!" said I, "you are safe."

She brushed her dripping hair from her eyes, strangled a little, and looked up.

I was bending over her, kneeling. It was very romantic. I expected nothing less than that she would call me her preserver, and betray at once her gratitude and her love. She moved her lips—her lovely but wet lips. I listened for their faintest murmur. And this is what she said:

"Where's Peleg?"

"What's Peleg to us?" I exclaimed, sentimentally.

"He's a good deal to us—to me, at any rate!" she declared; and I was obliged to tell her that Mr. Green had got the widow on the keel of the boat, which he was hauling to the opposite bank.

"Nobody drowned?"

"All safe, dearest!"

"You needn't call me dearest!" said Miss Thornton. And she actually struggled from my arms.

"Susie! dearest Susie!" etc.

I don't remember the rest of my speech, and probably would not repeat it if I could. The truth is just this: I had fallen in love with this same Susie Thornton, and in the excitement of the moment I was betrayed into a rather ill-timed declaration.

"Mr. Blazay!" she exclaimed, in a strange tone, and with a strange look, in which were expressed, as I fondly believed, astonishment, rapture, alarm. "How can you!—you must not!—Peleg!"

I protested. She was very much agitated. She shivered in her drenched clothes. She laughed nervously. She ran down the stream and fished out my hat, which had floated ashore.

"Now we are even," she said, with unnatural gayety. "You have saved my life—I have saved your hat—and one is of about as much consequence as the other! Why didn't you let me drown? You might as well!"

"All right!" shouted Peleg, having got Laura on the rocks. "Accidents will happen, ye know, in the best reg'lated families."

Susie and I set out, climbing the banks. The thunder of the dam grew faint behind us, and looking back I saw the cascade gleaming white in the twilight.

"Why, Susie, child! where have you been?" exclaimed Mrs. Thornton, as we entered the house.

"Oh, we only just went over the dam, that's all," said Susie.

"Over the dam!" cried mamma.

"The dam!" echoed papa.

"Dam!—dam!" clamored little brothers, eagerly running to hear their sister's narrative of the shipwreck.

I turned to go. Mr. Thornton grasped my hand.

"No, Sir!" he said, with tears in his eyes, and with a squeeze that brought tears into mine. "You don't leave this house to-night! You

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have saved our darter's life, and d'ye s'pose we'll see you go off in your wet clo'es? Not's long's my name's Thornton!"

I fear I was only too willing to stay. I wanted one word of hope from Susie; and although she appeared indifferent to my going, I did not go.

"Give him some o' my clo'es to put on, can't we, mother?" said Mr. Thornton. "This way, Mr. Blazay; I can fit ye, I know!"

He introduced me to the spare bedroom, and soon brought me my outfit. I beheld with dismay the old-fashioned garments. But the antique style was their least objectionable feature. The dress-coat was of ample breadth, the waistcoat of voluptuous dimensions, the pantaloons baggy. But all were alike longitudinally scanty. They had been cut for a very much shorter and stumpier man. The ends of the sleeves reached my elbows. The trowsers-legs barely covered my knees, and appeared decidedly averse to making the acquaintance of the socks, whose position in the world was so much beneath them. Between waistbands and waistcoat I displayed a broad zone of borrowed linen. The collar of the coat rode my back like a horse-collar.

Mr. Thornton rubbed his hands, and appeared hugely tickled at his success in clothing his guest. He held the candle for me at the mirror. I looked aghast at myself as I thought of meeting Susie. How could I think of pressing my suit in a suit that so needed stretching?

I took courage, however, exhibited myself at the tea-table, and joined in the merriment my ridiculous plight occasioned.

A delightful evening ensued. Susie was in high spirits; vivacious and sweet as Hebe after her bath. And further, my presence in the cottage did not prove a signal for Peleg to rush in.

The heroes were sent to bed. The old folks shook hands with me affectionately, called me their daughter's preserver, and bid me good-night.

The moment I was left alone with Susie her vivacity subsided: she became serious and silent. I placed myself at her side. The fragrant, dear little hand that lay idle on her lap I could not resist the impulse to seize and kiss it. She firmly and gently withdrew it.

Then I talked; telling her of my previous languid, artificial life; confessing my self-conceit and my prejudices; avowing my infinite indebtedness to her for curing me of that folly, for inspiring with new life, with hopes, with happiness—and all that sort of thing.

"Mr. Blazay," she exclaimed, shivering anew with agitation, "why do you tell me this now?"

"Why not now?"

"It is too late!"

"Too late? It is not too late, Susie, if you love me."

"Sir," she cried, almost angrily, "you must not—I tell you you shall not—speak to me of love! You have saved my life to-night; I am grateful; but—" she hesitated.

"Say it! Say the worst!"

She lifted her face—tearful, white, inexorable—and fixed her eyes upon me with a look I shall never forget.

"Mr. Blazay, I am engaged."

This she said with that chilling resoluteness of tone which falls upon a lover's heart like death.

I began to rave foolishly of perfidy; of the trap that was laid for me when I came to pay my addresses to one who was already secretly betrothed.

"Oh! but I was not when you come!"

"What!" I exclaimed—"you have engaged yourself since?"

"I have," said Susie.

"When? To whom?"

"The evening after you arrived: to Peleg."

I leaped to my feet. Wrath and disgust almost stifled love. It was the last shock to my egotism to know that she had accepted Peleg *after she had seen me!* I would have rushed from the house, but I saw Susie laughing: distressed as she was she could not but laugh to see me striding thus to and fro; and then I remembered whose garments were drying by the kitchen fire, and whose I had on in their place.

It was but a fitful, nervous laugh, however, and it changed suddenly to crying. That brought me to her feet. I claimed her; I vowed that she loved me; I knew it, and I would not give her up—and more to the same effect.

Susie cut me short; arose in her dignity; pointed to the candle.

"The light is at your service, Sir, whenever you wish to retire."

I took it, and, without bidding her good-night, went, not to bed, but to the kitchen where my clothes were drying, carried them to my room, put them on again, returned to the entry, placed the candle on the table, and was going.

Susie, who had been sitting in the dark, came out of the parlor and stood before me with a face like death.

"Are you going?"

"I am going."

"Never to come again?"

"Never to come again."

"Good-by!" she whispered, just audibly, offering me her hand. I pressed it; I kissed it.

"Susie," I pleaded, "say that you will not marry that man!"

"I have pledged myself: I shall marry him," she replied, in a voice that smote my heart like stone.

I regarded her a moment: so fair, so inexorable; another's, and not mine: then hurried from the house.

X.—MY TRUNK IS PACKED.

Out of doors all was hushed and quiet. How well I remember that night! A dewy, midsummer night. And there, standing beneath the moon and the dim stars, I had a feeling to which the gayest may sometimes be brought—a piercing sense of loneliness, as if I alone of all the world was without a home—an alien in the beautiful, calm universe of God.

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I heard the throbbing murmur of the dam. I wandered toward it; saw its misty whiteness glitter in the moon; stood on the bank where I had first held Susie in my arms; and tortured myself with vain regrets. After I had done that long enough I walked back again, saw the light extinguished in the farm-house, and knew Susie had gone to bed. To sleep; perhaps to dream—of Peleg. I grinned bitterly at the thought; and bidding her farewell in my heart, and taking my last look at her window, I returned to the tavern.

I packed my traps, then threw myself down, and rolled and tossed in the long, dark hours, as it were in black sweltering waves, the miserablest of men; heard the birds chirp, and saw the first gray glimmer of dawn; then sank into a feverish sleep and dreamed that Peleg took us all to ride on the river in the handle of his jack-knife, with the blade hoisted for a sail.

Awakened by Peleg's shutting the blade, I found it was broad day. I arose and dressed with care. I breakfasted as usual. Then I had my luggage brought down stairs, to be in readiness for the early train. Then I paid my bill. Then the landlady came and told me there was a person waiting to see me in the parlor. Then I went into the parlor; and there, sitting with her bonnet on, and with a little can of honey in her lap, was Susie Thornton.

My heart gave a great bound at sight of her. But I saw at once that it was not an occasion to afford me the least ground of hope. Unwillingly she had come, sent by her parents, who did not press, and to whom she did not confess, her reason for not wishing to come.

"Mother promised you some honey, you remember. And when I told her you were going she blamed me for not giving it to you, and made me come and bring it, with her best wishes—and father's."

She got through her errand very prettily. I took the can, thanking her. But oh, it was a sweeter honey than that my soul hungered for. I took her hand. She burst into tears. She staid only to dry them and was going, when a loud, blatent voice at the door startled us.

"Mr. Blazay any wheres around this morning, any on ye?"

"Peleg!" gasped Susie.

"He'll be gone in a minute—wait here," I said, flinging the long damask window-curtain over her.

Enter Peleg.

XL.—P. GREEN SHOWS HIS COLORS.

"Hello! how do ye find yerself after that rather damp time, Mr. Blazay, hey?"

"Ah, good morning, Sir! I feel for one, as if I had about enough of Shoemake and the kind of jokes you practice here."

"Sho! ain't going off huffy, be ye? See a trunk and carpet bag in the entry here, *H. Blazay* marked on 'em—sorry you're going." And Mr. Green sat down.

"Have you any business with me?" I demanded. "For my time is occupied."

"Wa'al, no, yaas, not exac'ly; don' know but I hev, and don' know as I hev. Truth is, you've got me into the all-firedest scrape, Mr. Blazay."

"I have got you into a—explain yourself!"

"Yaas, you hev! an awful scrape!" And Peleg opened and shut his jack-knife vivaciously. "An' now, seems to me, Mr. Blazay, 'tain't exac'ly the fair thing for you to scoot off so and leave me in the lurch."

"What do you mean, Sir?"

"Wa'al, to come to the pint, it's just this: I'd got the idee into my head you was coming up here to marry Susie, and, ye see, that's what's overset all my ca'c'lations. Fact is, may as well own up, I had a sneakin' notion after Susie myself; and so, ye see, when I heard a dandified sort o' chap had come to town, and marched up to neighbor Thornton's as if he owned all this part of creation, and had come to collect his rents, I allow it did give me the all-firedest stirring up ever I had in my life! I wasn't long gitting into some clean clo'es, you better believe, and making tracks that way myself—about the time you was making a bee-line from the orchard, ye rec'lect!"

"Mr. Green," said I, stripping back my cuffs, "I have long owed that nose of yours a wrench, and I perceive that you have brought it here to afford me the gratification."

"Yaas, I guess not!" said Peleg, coolly. "Excuse me, Mr. Blazay!" And he stuck up the blade of his knife in a manner that rather discouraged my advances. "I remember what you said last night about giving me a thrashing; but thrashing goes against my grain, as the barley said to the flail. Hedn't ye better wait and hear what I've got to say?"

"Go on," I said, mastering my indignation.

"Wa'al, as I was going to remark, you hurried up my pop-corn, Mr. Blazay, a leetle faster'n I meant to hev it."

"Pop-corn, Sir! what do ye mean?"

"Oh! you ain't acquainted with that kind o' confectionery? Plain English, then, I watched my chance, and, that very night, 'fore supper, popped—you know what—the question. And she took me right up, as I knew of course she would." And Peleg felt the edge of his knife complacently. "That's what you made me do, Mr. Blazay; and now I'm bothered if I wouldn't give boot if the thing was unpopped. Come!" crossing his legs and talking very much as if he had been trading horses, "what do you say to a bargain now?"

The curtain was trembling. To prevent Mr. Green's observing it I rushed upon him, towered over him, and exclaimed,

"You knave! you have not even been willing that I should speak with Susie; but you have driven the wedge of that nose of yours between us on every occasion; and now—"

Peleg quietly stroked the said nose, and smiled.

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"Lemme explain, Mr. Blazay. Ye see, all along, I wasn't quite sure o' the widow. Laury's an old flame o' mine, ye know. Offered myself to her six year ago—as it happened, jest after she had accepted Doctor Pellet, so of course I'd give her up. And ain't it curi's I never heard of Pellet's death till the very evening I'd engaged myself to Susie! Do be so obliging as to keep your hands off 'n me, Mr. Blazay, and I'll tell ye. Then, of course, the old feelings for Laury kind o' come up again, and I can't say that the twenty thousan' Pellet left her discouraged me in the least. Now, I was afraid you was after the widow, and *I* wanted the widow. I had a suspicion you was after Susie, and, if I couldn't git the widow, *I* wanted Susie. So then I was on the fence. Keep yer temper, keep yer temper, Mr. Blazay, and I'll continue. Want to know the reason why I didn't propose right off to Laury? I'd already got one bird, and what should I do with two? But I might 'a give you a chance with Susie, mabby you think? But 'tain't in natur', is it, 't I sh'd give the cat a bird in the hand, and take my chance for one in the bush? That's jest the case, Mr. Blazay."

"Well, Sir!"

"Wa'al, Sir," resumed Peleg, "last night, after the ducking, you know, I took Laury home. And in the excitement I kind o' forgot myself. I may as well own, I popped the question to her too. She accepted me, of course; might 'a known she would. That's the scrape, Mr. Blazay. Engaged to two gals to once!" And he put his head shrewdly on one side, as if studying some smart plan of extricating himself.

"Well, Sir! well, Sir! what can I do for you?"

"Wa'al," drawled the jockey, "didn't know but you'd like to take one on 'em off my hands. Good respectable girls, both on 'em; kind o' hate to break any hearts, or git into a breach-o'-promise scrape; but I can't marry both, you know, without emigrating to Utah."

"Well, Mr. Green, of which of these deluded young women do you desire to be relieved?"

"I s'pose," said Peleg, "as I come first, knowed both of them, and kinder got my feelin's engaged afore you did, it's only fair I sh'd hev the first pick. Now lemme see which I'll take. Now there's Susie—awful nice gal—handy about the house, you know—make a first-rate wife; not bad off either. S'pose old Thornton could give her a couple o' thousands now, and mabby three thousand more when he dies. Not bad, if a feller can't do better. But then there's Laury's got twenty thousand right in hand; that 'd kinder set a feller up at once—no waitin' for dead men's shoes; an' besides, she took a shine to me before Susie ever did—that ought to be taken into the account; and I somehow think she'd take the disappintment o' losin' me harder'n Susie will; and then you came here, you know, to court Susie, and not Laury. So, 'pon the hull, if it's the same thing to you, 'pears to me it's 'bout the fair thing for me to take Laury, and let you have—"

At this instant the curtain was flung aside. Peleg stopped, Peleg stared, Peleg grimaced and whistled.

"Phew! Who'd 'a thought it! Susie!"

XII.—CONCLUSION.

There she stood, in an attitude that might have done credit to Rachel, her eyes, her face, her whole form, so to speak, scintillant and quivering with intensified scorn.

Peleg stretched himself up, plunged his hands deep into his pockets, screwed up first one side of his face and then the other, and repeated his astonished whistle.

"Whew! Told ye so!" squinting at me. "Awful scrape! perfectly awful!"

"Mr. Green," said I, "the lady desires to be rid of your society. I am waiting to see her very reasonable wishes complied with."

"Don't be rollin' up yer sleeves on my account! don't spread yerself so like a cat a-falling jest for me! Ruther guess I'm in a bad fix, and had better back right straight out. Ye see, Susie, no mortal man could 'a ca'c'lated on Laury's turning up a widow jest as I had hooked myself to you. Now I hain't the least thing agin you in the world; and I didn't mean to flunk out when I made the bargain. But my old attachment to Laury, ye know—and here's Mr. Blazay, a perfect gentleman, got property, likes you; and if you are satisfied with the swap—"

She stamped her foot again, her eyes darting fire.

"Shall I hasten his departure?" I suggested. "Door or window—which would you prefer to see him pass out of?"

"Don't trouble yourself, I beg of ye!" said Peleg. "You seem to understand each other, and I'm glad on't," scratching his chin. "We'll consider it settled if you've no objections. Hope the trade'll prove satisfactory all around. Ruther dull morning, Mr. Blazay. Looks 's though 't might clear up and be fine bimeby—'bout ten o'clock, I guess. And allow me to say, Mr. Blazay, if I've got a colt, or any animal you hap'n to want, I shall be most happy to talk. Wa'al, any time, ye know. Good-morning."

Exit Peleg.

Susie arranged her bonnet-strings with agitated hands, and was hurrying away, in haste to hide her anger and her shame, when I held out my arms to prevent her escape, and—

"Come! come!" says Mrs. Blazay, looking over my shoulder, "you've written quite enough about that foolish affair! Besides, I want you to take the baby."

Susie's word is law. So I leave my story here.

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ROMOLA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE."



CHAPTER LII.

A PROPHETESS.

THE incidents of that Carnival day seemed to Romola to carry no other personal consequences to her than the new care of supporting poor cousin Brigida in her fluctuating resignation to age and gray hairs; but they introduced a Lenten time in which she was kept at a high pitch of mental excitement and active effort.

Bernardo del Nero had been elected Gonfaloniere. By great exertions the Medicean party had so far triumphed, and that triumph had deepened Romola's presentiment of some secretly prepared scheme likely to ripen either into success or betrayal during these two months of her godfather's authority. Every morning the dim daybreak, as it peered into her room, seemed to be that haunting fear coming back to her. Every morning the fear went with her as she passed through the streets on her way to the early sermon in the Duomo: but there she gradually lost the sense of its chill presence, as men lose the dread of death in the clash of battle.

In the Duomo she felt herself sharing in a passionate conflict which had wider relations than any inclosed within the walls of Florence. For Savonarola was preaching—preaching the last course of Lenten sermons he was ever allowed to finish in the Duomo: he knew that excommunication was imminent, and he had reached the point of defying it. He held up the condition of the Church in the terrible mirror of his unflinching speech, which called things by their right names and dealt in no polite periphrases; he proclaimed with heightening confidence the advent of renovation—of a moment when there would be a general revolt against corruption. As to his own destiny, he seemed to have a double and alternating prevision: sometimes he saw himself taking a glorious part in that revolt, sending forth a voice that would be heard through all Christendom, and making the dead body of the Church tremble into new life, as the body of Lazarus trembled when the divine voice pierced the sepulchre; sometimes he saw no prospect for himself but persecution and martyrdom:—this life for him was only a vigil, and only after death would come the dawn.

The position was one which must have had its impressiveness for all minds that were not of the dullest order, even if they were inclined, as Macchiavelli was, to interpret the Frate's character by a key that presupposed no loftiness. To Romola, whose kindred ardor gave her a firm belief in Savonarola's genuine greatness of purpose, the crisis was as stirring as if it had been part of her personal lot. It blent itself as an exalting memory with all her daily labors; and those labors were calling not only for difficult perseverance, but for new courage. Famine had never yet taken its flight from Florence, and all distress, by its long continuance, was getting harder to bear; disease was spreading in the crowded city, and the Plague was expected. As Romola walked, often in weariness, among the sick, the hungry, and the murmuring, she felt it good to be inspired by something more than her pity—by the belief in a heroism struggling for sublime ends, toward which the daily action of her pity could only tend feebly, as the dews that freshen the weedy ground to-day tend to prepare an unseen harvest in the years to come.

But that mighty music which stirred her in the Duomo was not without its jarring notes. Since those first days of glowing hope when the Frate, seeing the near triumph of good in the reform of the Republic and the coming of the French deliverer, had preached peace, charity, and oblivion of political differences, there had been a marked change of conditions: political intrigue had been too obstinate to allow of the desired oblivion; the belief in the deliverer, who had turned his back on his high mission, seemed to have wrought harm; and hostility, both on a petty and on a grand scale, was attacking the Prophet with new weapons and new determination. It followed that the spirit of contention and self-vindication pierced more and more conspicuously in his sermons; that he was urged to meet the popular demands not only by increased insistence and detail concerning visions and private revelations, but by a tone of defiant confidence against objectors; and from having denounced the desire for the miraculous, and declared that miracles had no relation to true faith, he had come to assert that at the right moment the Divine power would attest the truth

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of his prophetic preaching by a miracle. And continually, in the rapid transitions of excited feeling, as the vision of triumphant good receded behind the actual predominance of evil, the threats of coming vengeance against vicious tyrants and corrupt priests gathered some impetus from personal exasperation, as well as from indignant zeal. In the career of a great public orator who yields himself to the inspiration of the moment, that conflict of selfish and unselfish emotion which in most men is hidden in the chamber of the soul is brought into terrible evidence: the language of the inner voices is written out in letters of fire.

But if the tones of exasperation jarred on Romola, there was often another member of Fra Girolamo's audience to whom they were the only thrilling tones, like the vibration of deep bass notes to the deaf. Baldassarre had found out that the wonderful Frate was preaching again, and as often as he could he went to hear the Lenten sermon, that he might drink in the threats of a voice which seemed like a power on the side of justice. He went the more because he had seen that Romola went too; for he was waiting and watching for a time when not only outward circumstance, but his own varying mental state, would mark the right moment for seeking an interview with her. Twice Romola had caught sight of his face in the Duomo—once when its dark glance was fixed on hers. She wished not to see it again, and yet she looked for it, as men look for the reappearance of a portent. But any revelation that might be yet to come about this old man was a subordinate fear now: it referred, she thought, only to the past, and her anxiety was almost absorbed by the present.

Yet the stirring Lent passed by; April, the second and final month of her godfather's supreme authority, was near its close; and nothing had occurred to fulfill her presentiment. In the public mind, too, there had been fears, and rumors had spread from Rome of a menacing activity on the part of Piero de' Medici; but in a few days the suspected Bernardo would go out of power. Romola was trying to gather some courage from the review of her futile fears, when on the twenty-seventh, as she was walking out on her usual errands of mercy in the afternoon, she was met by a messenger from Camilla Rucellai, chief among the feminine seers of Florence, desiring her presence forthwith on matters of the highest moment. Romola, who shrank with unconquerable disgust from the shrill excitability of those illuminated women, and had just now a special repugnance toward Camilla because of a report that she had announced revelations hostile to Bernardo del Nero, was at first inclined to send back a flat refusal. Camilla's message might refer to public affairs, and Romola's immediate prompting was to close her ears against knowledge that might only make her mental burden heavier. But it had become so thoroughly her habit to reject her impulsive choice, and to obey passively the guidance of outward claims, that, reproving herself for allowing her presentiments to make her cowardly and selfish, she ended by compliance, and went straight to Camilla. She found the nervous, gray-haired woman in a chamber arranged as much as possible like a convent cell. The thin fingers clutching Romola as she sat, and the eager voice addressing her at first in a loud whisper, caused her a physical shrinking that made it difficult for her to keep her seat.

Camilla had a vision to communicate—a vision in which it had been revealed to her by Romola's Angel that Romola knew certain secrets concerning her godfather, Bernardo del Nero, which, if disclosed, might save the Republic from peril. Camilla's voice rose louder and higher as she narrated her vision, and ended by exhorting Romola to obey the command of her Angel, and separate herself from the enemy of God.

Romola's impetuosity was that of a massive nature, and, except in moments when she was deeply stirred, her manner was calm and self-controlled. She had a constitutional disgust for the shallow excitability of women like Camilla, whose faculties seemed all wrought up into fantasies, leaving nothing for emotion and thought. The exhortation was not yet ended when she started up and attempted to wrench her arm from Camilla's tightening grasp. It was of no use. The prophetess kept her hold like a crab, and, only incited to more eager exhortation by Romola's resistance, was carried beyond her own intention into a shrill statement of other visions which were to corroborate this. Christ himself had appeared to her and ordered her to send his commands to certain citizens in office that they should throw Bernardo del Nero from the window of the Palazzo Vecchio. Fra Girolamo himself knew of it, and had not dared this time to say that the vision was not of Divine authority.

"And since then," said Camilla, in her excited treble, straining upward with wild eyes toward Romola's face, "the Blessed Infant has come to me and laid a wafer of sweetness on my tongue in token of his pleasure that I had done his will."

"Let me go!" said Romola, in a deep voice of anger. "God grant you are mad! else you are detestably wicked!"

The violence of her effort to be free was too strong for Camilla this time. She wrenched away her arm and rushed out of the room, not pausing till she had gone hurriedly far along the street, and found herself close to the church of the Badia. She had but to pass behind the curtain under the old stone arch, and she would find a sanctuary shut in from the noise and hurry of the street, where all objects and all uses suggested the thought of an eternal peace subsisting in the midst of turmoil. She turned in, and sinking down on the step of the altar, in front of Filippino Lippi's serene Virgin appearing to St. Bernard, she waited in hope that the

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inward tumult which agitated her would by-and-by subside.

The thought which pressed on her the most acutely was that Camilla could allege Savonarola's countenance of her wicked folly. Romola did not for a moment believe that he had sanctioned the throwing of Bernardo del Nero from the window as a Divine suggestion; she felt certain that there was falsehood or mistake in that allegation. Savonarola had become more and more severe in his views of resistance to malcontents; but the ideas of strict law and order were fundamental to all his political teaching. Still, since he knew the possibly fatal effects of visions like Camilla's, since he had a marked distrust of such spirit-seeing women, and kept aloof from them as much as possible, why, with his readiness to denounce wrong from the pulpit, did he not publicly denounce these pretended revelations which brought new darkness instead of light across the conception of a Supreme Will? Why? The answer came with painful clearness: he was fettered inwardly by the consciousness that such revelations were not, in their basis, distinctly separable from his own visions; he was fettered outwardly by the foreseen consequence of raising a cry against himself even among members of his own party, as one who would suppress all Divine inspiration of which he himself was not the vehicle—he or his confidential and supplementary seer of visions, Fra Salvestro.

Romola, kneeling with buried face on the altar step, was enduring one of those sickening moments, when the enthusiasm which had come to her as the only energy strong enough to make life worthy, seemed to be inevitably bound up with vain dreams and willful eye-shutting. Her mind rushed back with a new attraction toward the strong worldly sense, the dignified prudence, the untheoretic virtues of her godfather, who was to be treated as a sort of Agag because he held that a more restricted form of government was better than the Great Council, and because he would not pretend to forget old ties to the banished family. But with this last thought rose the presentiment of some plot to restore the Medici; and then again she felt that the popular party was half justified in its fierce suspicion. Again she felt that to keep the Government of Florence pure, and to keep out a vicious rule, was a sacred cause; the Frate was right there, and had carried her understanding irrevocably with him. But at this moment the assent of her understanding went alone; it was given unwillingly. Her heart was recoiling from a right allied to so much narrowness; a right apparently entailing that hard systematic judgment of men which measures them by assents and denials quite superficial to the manhood within them. Her affection and respect were clinging with new tenacity to her godfather, and with him to those memories of her father which were in the same opposition to the division of men into sheep and goats by the easy mark of some political or religious symbol.

After all has been said that can be said about the widening influence of ideas, it remains true that they would hardly be such strong agents unless they were taken in a solvent of feeling. The great world-struggle of developing thought is continually foreshadowed in the struggle of the affections, seeking a justification for love and hope. If Romola's intellect had been less capable of discerning the complexities in human things, all the early loving associations of her life would have forbidden her to accept implicitly the denunciatory exclusiveness of Savonarola. She had simply felt that his mind had suggested deeper and more efficacious truth to her than any other, and the large breathing-room she found in his grand view of human duties had made her patient toward that part of his teaching which she could not absorb, so long as its practical effect came into collision with no strong force in her. But now a sudden insurrection of feeling had brought about that collision. Her indignation, once roused by Camilla's visions, could not pause there, but ran like an illuminating fire over all the kindred facts in Savonarola's teaching, and for the moment she felt what was true in the scornful sarcasms she heard continually flung against him, more keenly than what was false.

But it was an illumination that made all life look ghastly to her. Where were the beings to whom she could cling, with whom she could work and endure, with the belief that she was working for the right? On the side from which moral energy came lay a fanaticism from which she was shrinking with newly startled repulsion; on the side to which she was drawn by affection and memory, there was the presentiment of some secret plotting, which her judgment told her would not be unfairly called crime. And still surmounting every other thought was the dread inspired by Tito's hints, lest that presentiment should be converted into knowledge, in such a way that she would be torn by irreconcilable claims.

Calmness would not come even on the altar step; it would not come from looking at the serene picture where the saint, writing in the rocky solitude, was being visited by faces with celestial peace in them. Romola was in the hard press of human difficulties, and that rocky solitude was too far off. She rose from her knees that she might hasten to her sick people in the court-yard, and, by some immediate beneficent action, revive that sense of worth in life which at this moment was unfed by any wider faith. But when she turned round she found herself face to face with a man who was standing only two yards off her. The man was Baldassarre.

CHAPTER LIII.

ON SAN MINIATO.

"I WOULD speak with you," said Baldassarre, as Romola looked at him in silent expectation. It was plain that he had followed her, and had

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been waiting for her. She was going at last to know the secret about him.

"Yes," she said, with the same sort of submission that she might have shown under an imposed penance. "But you wish to go where no one can hear us?"

"Where *he* will not come upon us," said Baldassarre, turning and glancing behind him timidly. "Out—in the air—away from the streets."

"I sometimes go to San Miniato at this hour," said Romola. "If you like, I will go now, and you can follow me. It is far, but we can be solitary there."

He nodded assent, and Romola set out. To some women it might have seemed an alarming risk to go to a comparatively solitary spot with a man who had some of the outward signs of that madness which Tito attributed to him. But Romola was not given to personal fears, and she was glad of the distance that interposed some delay before another blow fell on her. The afternoon was far advanced, and the sun was already low in the west, when she paused on some rough ground in the shadow of the cypress trunks, and looked round for Baldassarre. He was not far off, but when he reached her, he was glad to sink down on an edge of stony earth. His thick-set frame had no longer the sturdy vigor which belonged to it when he first appeared with the rope round him in the Duomo; and under the transient tremor caused by the exertion of walking up the hill, his eyes seemed to have a more helpless vagueness.

"The hill is steep," said Romola, with compassionate gentleness, seating herself by him. "And I fear you have been weakened by want."

He turned his head and fixed his eyes on her in silence, unable, now the moment for speech was come, to seize the words that would convey the thought he wanted to utter: and she remained as motionless as she could, lest he should suppose her impatient. He looked like nothing higher than a common-bred, neglected old man; but she was used now to be very near to such people, and to think a great deal about their troubles. Gradually his glance gathered a more definite expression, and at last he said, with abrupt emphasis—

"Ah! you would have been my daughter!"

The swift flush came in Romola's face and went back again as swiftly, leaving her with white lips a little apart, like a marble image of horror. For her mind this revelation was made. She divined the facts that lay behind that single word, and in the first moment there could be no check to the impulsive belief which sprang from her keen experience of Tito's nature. The sensitive response of her face was a stimulus to Baldassarre; for the first time his words had wrought their right effect. He went on with gathering eagerness and firmness, laying his hand on her arm.

"You are a woman of proud blood—is it not true? You go to hear the preacher; you hate baseness—baseness that smiles and triumphs. You hate your husband?"

"Oh, God! were you really his father?" said Romola, in a low voice, too entirely possessed by the images of the past to take any note of Baldassarre's question. "Or was it as he said? Did you take him when he was little?"

"Ah, you believe me—you know what he is!" said Baldassarre, exultingly, tightening the pressure on her arm, as if the contact gave him power. "You will help me?"

"Yes," said Romola, not interpreting the words as he meant them. She laid her palm gently on the rough hand that grasped her arm, and the tears came to her eyes as she looked at him. "Oh! it is piteous! Tell me—why, you were a great scholar; you taught him. *How* is it?"

She broke off. Tito's allegation of this man's madness had come across her; and where were the signs even of past refinement? But she had the self-command not to move her hand. She sat perfectly still, waiting to listen with new caution.

"It is gone!—it is all gone!" said Baldassare; "and they would not believe me, because he lied, and said I was mad; and they had me dragged to prison. And I am old—my mind will not come back. And the world is against me."

He paused a moment, and his eyes sank as if he were under a wave of despondency. Then he looked up at her again, and said, with renewed eagerness,

"But *you* are not against me. He made you love him, and he has been false to you; and you hate him. Yes, he made *me* love him: he was beautiful and gentle, and I was a lonely man. I took him when they were beating him. He slept in my bosom when he was little, and I watched him as he grew, and gave him all my knowledge, and every thing that was mine I meant to be his. I had many things: money, and books, and gems. He had my gems—he sold them; and he left me in slavery. He never came to seek me, and when I came back poor and in misery, he denied me. He said I was a madman."

"He told us his father was dead—was drowned," said Romola, faintly. "Surely he must have believed it then. Oh! he could not have been so base *then!*"

A vision had risen of what Tito was to her in those first days when she thought no more of wrong in him than a child thinks of poison in flowers. The yearning regret that lay in that memory brought some relief from the tension of horror. With one great sob the tears rushed forth.

"Ah, you are young, and the tears come easily," said Baldassarre, with some impatience. "But tears are no good; they only put out the fire within, and it is the fire that works. Tears will hinder us. Listen to me."

Romola turned toward him with a slight start. Again the possibility of his madness had dart-

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"BUT YOU WILL HELP ME."

ed through her mind, and checked the rush of belief. If, after all, this man were only a mad assassin? But her deep belief in his story still lay behind, and it was more in sympathy than in fear that she avoided the risk of paining him by any show of doubt.

"Tell me," she said, as gently as she could, "how did you lose your memory—your scholarship?"

"I was ill. I can't tell how long—it was a blank. I remember nothing, only at last I was sitting in the sun among the stones, and every thing else was darkness. And slowly, and by degrees, I felt something besides that: a longing for something—I did not know what—that never came. And when I was in the ship on the waters I began to know what I longed for; it was for the Boy to come back—it was to find all my thoughts again, for I was locked away outside them all. And I am outside now. I feel nothing but a wall and darkness."

Baldassarre had become dreamy again, and

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sank into silence, resting his head between his hands; and again Romola's belief in him had submerged all cautioning doubts. The pity with which she dwelt on his words seemed like the revival of an old pang. Had she not daily seen how her father missed Dino and the future he had dreamed of in that son?

"It all came back once," Baldassarre went on presently. "I was master of every thing. I saw all the world again, and my gems, and my books; and I thought I had him in my power, and I went to expose him where—where the lights were and the trees; and he lied again, and said I was mad, and they dragged me away to prison.....Wickedness is strong, and he wears armor."

The fierceness had flamed up again. He spoke with his former intensity, and grasped Romola's arm again.

"But you will help me? He has been false to you too. He has another wife, and she has children. He makes her believe he is her husband, and she is a foolish, helpless thing. I will show you where she lives."

The first shock that passed through Romola was visibly one of anger. The woman's sense of indignity was inevitably foremost. Baldassarre instinctively felt her in sympathy with him.

"You hate him," he went on. "Is it not true? There is no love between you; I know that. I know women can hate; and you have proud blood. You hate falseness, and you can love revenge."

Romola sat paralyzed by the shock of conflicting feelings. She was not conscious of the grasp that was bruising her tender arm.

"You shall contrive it," said Baldassarre, presently, in an eager whisper. "I have learned by heart that you are his rightful wife. You are a noble woman. You go to hear the preacher of vengeance; you will help justice. But you will think for me. My mind goes—every thing goes sometimes—all but the fire. The fire is God: it is justice: it will not die. You believe that—is it not true? If they will not hang him for robbing me, you will take away his armor—you will make him go without it, and I will stab him. I have a knife, and my arm is still strong enough."

He put his hand under his tunic, and reached out the hidden knife, feeling the edge abstractedly, as if he needed the sensation to keep alive his ideas.

It seemed to Romola as if every fresh hour of her life were to become more difficult than the last. Her judgment was too vigorous and rapid for her to fall into the mistake of using futile deprecatory words to a man in Baldassarre's state of mind. She chose not to answer his last speech. She would win time for his excitement to allay itself by asking something else that she cared to know. She spoke rather tremulously—

"You say she is foolish and helpless—that other wife—and believes him to be her real husband. Perhaps he is: perhaps he married her before he married me."

"I can not tell," said Baldassarre, pausing in that action of feeling the knife, and looking bewildered. "I can remember no more. I only know where she lives. You shall see her. I will take you; but not now," he added, hurriedly, "*he* may be there. The night is coming on."

"It is true," said Romola, starting up with a sudden consciousness that the sun had set, and the hills were darkening; "but you will come and take me—when?"

"In the morning," said Baldassarre, dreaming that she, too, wanted to hurry to her vengeance.

"Come to me, then, where you came to me to-day, in the church. I will be there at ten; and if you are not there, I will go again toward mid-day. Can you remember?"

"Mid-day," said Baldassarre—"only mid-day. The same place, and mid-day. And, after that," he added, rising, and grasping her arm again with his left hand, while he held the knife in his right; "we will have our revenge. He shall feel the sharp edge of justice. The world is against me, but you will help me."

"I would help you in other ways," said Romola, making a first timid effort to dispel his illusion about her. "I fear you are in want; you have to labor, and get little. I should like to bring you comforts, and make you feel again that there is some one who cares for you."

"Talk no more about that," said Baldassarre, fiercely. "I will have nothing else. Help me to wring one drop of vengeance on this side of the grave. I have nothing but my knife. It is sharp; but there is a moment after the thrust when men see the face of death—and it shall be *my* face that he will see."

He loosed his hold, and sank down again in a sitting posture. Romola felt helpless: she must defer all intentions till the morrow.

"Mid-day, then," she said, in a distinct voice.

"Yes," he answered, with an air of exhaustion. "Go; I will rest here."

She hastened away. Turning at the last spot whence he was likely to be in sight, she saw him seated still.

CHAPTER LIV.

THE EVENING AND THE MORNING.

Romola had a purpose in her mind as she was hastening away; a purpose which had been growing through the afternoon hours like a side-stream, rising higher and higher along with the main current. It was less a resolve than a necessity of her feeling. Heedless of the darkening streets, and not caring to call for Maso's slow escort, she hurried across the bridge where the river showed itself black before the distant dying red, and took the most direct way to the Old Palace. She might encounter her husband

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there. No matter. She could not weigh probabilities; she must discharge her heart. She did not know what she passed in the pillared court or up the wide stairs; she only knew that she asked an usher for the Gonfaloniere, giving her name, and begging to be shown into a private room.

She was not left long alone with the frescoed figures and the newly-lit tapers. Soon the door opened, and Bernardo del Nero entered, still carrying his white head erect above his silk lucco.

"Romola, my child, what is this?" he said, in a tone of anxious surprise, as he closed the door.

She had uncovered her head and went toward him without speaking. He laid his hand on her shoulder, and held her a little away from him that he might see her better. Her face was haggard from fatigue and long agitation, her hair had rolled down in disorder; but there was an excitement in her eyes that seemed to have triumphed over the bodily consciousness.

"What has he done?" said Bernardo, abruptly. "Tell me every thing, child; throw away pride. I am your father."

"It is not about myself—nothing about myself," said Romola, hastily. "Dearest godfather, it is about you. I have heard things—some I can not tell you. But you are in danger in the palace; you are in danger every where. There are fanatical men who would harm you, and—and there are traitors. Trust nobody. If you trust, you will be betrayed."

Bernardo smiled.

"Have you worked yourself up into this agitation, my poor child," he said, raising his hand to her head, and patting it gently, "to tell such old truths as that to an old man like me?"

"Oh no, no! they are not old truths I mean," said Romola, pressing her clasped hands painfully together, as if that action would help her to suppress what must not be told. "They are fresh things that I know, but can not tell. Dearest godfather, you know I am not foolish. I would not come to you without reason. Is it too late to warn you against any one, *every* one who seems to be working on your side? Is it too late to say, Go to your villa and keep away in the country when these three more days of office are over? Oh, God! perhaps it is too late! and if any harm come to you, it will be as if I had done it!"

The last words had burst from Romola involuntarily; a long-stifled feeling had found spasmodic utterance. But she herself was startled and arrested.

"I mean," she added, hesitatingly, "I know nothing positive. I only know what fills me with fears."

"Poor child!" said Bernardo, looking at her silently, with quiet penetration for a moment or two. Then he said—"Go, Romola, go home and rest. These fears may be only big ugly shadows of something very little and harmless. Even traitors must see their interest in betraying; the rats will run where they smell the cheese, and there is no knowing yet which way the scent will come."

He paused, and turned away his eyes from her with an air of abstraction, till, with a slow shrug, he added:

"As for warnings, they are of no use to me, child. I enter into no plots, but I never forsake my colors. If I march abreast with obstinate men, who will rush on guns and pikes, I must share the consequences. Let us say no more about that. I have not many years left at the bottom of my sack for them to rob me of. Go, child; go home and rest."

He put his hand on her head again caressingly, and she could not help clinging to his arm, and pressing her brow against his shoulder. Her godfather's caress seemed the last thing that was left to her out of that young filial life, which now looked so happy to her even in its troubles, for they were troubles untainted by any thing hateful.

"Is silence best, my Romola?" said the old man.

"Yes, now; but I can not tell whether it always will be," she answered, hesitatingly, raising her head with an appealing look.

"Well you have a father's ear while I am above ground"—he lifted the black drapery and folded it round her head, adding—"and a father's home; remember that." Then, opening the door, he said: "There, hasten away. You are like a black ghost; you will be safe enough."

When Romola fell asleep that night she slept deep. Agitation had reached its limits; she must gather strength before she could suffer more; and, in spite of rigid habit, she slept on far beyond sunrise.

When she awoke, it was to the sound of guns. Piero de' Medici, with thirteen hundred men at his back, was before the gate that looks toward Rome.

So much Romola learned from Maso, with many circumstantial additions of dubious quality. A countryman had come in and alarmed the Signoria before it was light, else the city would have been taken by surprise. His master was not in the house, having been summoned to the Palazzo long ago. She sent out the old man again, that he might gather news, while she went up to the loggia from time to time to try and discern any signs of the dreaded entrance having been made, or of its having been effectively repelled. Maso brought her word that the great Piazza was full of armed men, and that many of the chief citizens suspected as friends of the Medici had been summoned to the palace and detained there. Some of the people seemed not to mind whether Piero got in or not, and some said the Signoria itself had invited him; but however that might be, they were giving him an ugly welcome; and the soldiers from Pisa were coming against him.

In her memory of those morning hours there were not many things that Romola could distinguish as actual external experiences standing markedly out above the tumultuous waves of

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retrospect and anticipation. She knew that she had really walked to the Badia by the appointed time in spite of street alarms; she knew that she had waited there in vain. And the scene she had witnessed when she came out of the church, and stood watching on the steps while the doors were being closed behind her for the afternoon interval, always came back to her like a remembered waking.

There was a change in the faces and tones of the people, armed and unarmed, who were pausing or hurrying along the streets. The guns were firing again, but the sound only provoked laughter. She soon knew the cause of the change. Piero de' Medici and his horsemen had turned their backs on Florence, and were galloping as fast as they could along the Siena road. She learned this from a substantial shopkeeping Piagnone, who had not yet laid down his pike.

"It is true," he ended, with a certain bitterness in his emphasis, "Piero is gone; but there are those left behind who were in the secret of his coming—we all know that; and, if the new Signoria does its duty, we shall soon know *who* they are."

The word darted through Romola like a sharp spasm; but the evil they foreshadowed was not yet close upon her, and as she entered her home again her most pressing anxiety was the possibility that she had lost sight for a long while of Baldassarre.

CHAPTER LV.

WAITING.

The lengthening sunny days went on without bringing either what Romola most desired or what she most dreaded. They brought no sign from Baldassarre, and, in spite of special watch on the part of the Government, no revelation of the suspected conspiracy. But they brought other things which touched her closely, and bridged the phantom-crowded space of anxiety with active sympathy in immediate trial. They brought the spreading Plague and the Excommunication of Savonarola.

Both those events tended to arrest her incipient alienation from the Frate, and to rivet again her attachment to the man who had opened to her the new life of duty, and who seemed now to be worsted in the fight for principle against profligacy. For Romola could not carry from day to day into the abodes of pestilence and misery the sublime excitement of a gladness that, since such anguish existed, she too existed to make some of the anguish less bitter, without remembering that she owed this transcendent moral life to Fra Girolamo. She could not witness the silencing and excommunication of a man whose distinction from the great mass of the clergy lay, not in any heretical belief, not in his superstitions, but in the energy with which he sought to make the Christian life a reality, without feeling herself drawn strongly to his side.

It was far on in the hot days of June before the Excommunication, for some weeks arrived from Rome, was solemnly published in the Duomo. Romola went to witness the scene, that the resistance it inspired might invigorate that sympathy with Savonarola which was one source of her strength. It was in memorable contrast with the scene she had been accustomed to witness there. Instead of upturned citizen-faces filling the vast area under the morning light, the youngest rising amphitheatre-wise toward the walls, and making a garland of hope around the memories of age—instead of the mighty voice thrilling all hearts with the sense of great things, visible and invisible, to be struggled for—there were the bare walls at evening made more sombre by the glimmer of tapers; there was the black and gray flock of monks and secular clergy, with bent, unexpectant faces; there was the occasional tinkling of little bells in the pauses of a monotonous voice reading a sentence which had already been long hanging up in the churches; and at last there was the extinction of the tapers, and the slow, shuffling tread of monkish feet departing in the dim silence.

Romola's ardor on the side of the Frate was doubly strengthened by the gleeful triumph she saw in hard and coarse faces, and by the fear-stricken confusion in the faces and speech of many among his strongly attached friends. The question where the duty of obedience ends, and the duty of resistance begins, could in no case be an easy one; but it was made overwhelmingly difficult by the belief that the Church was—not a compromise of parties to secure a more or less approximate justice in the appropriation of funds, but—a living organism instinct with Divine power to bless and to curse. To most of the pious Florentines, who had hitherto felt no doubt in their adherence to the Frate, that belief was not an embraced opinion; it was an inalienable impression, like the concavity of the blue firmament; and the boldness of Savonarola's written arguments that the Excommunication was unjust, and that, being unjust, it was not valid, only made them tremble the more, as a defiance cast at a mystic image, against whose subtle, immeasurable power there was neither weapon nor defense.

But Romola, whose mind had not been allowed to draw its early nourishment from the traditional associations of the Christian community, in which her father had lived a life apart, felt her relation to the Church only through Savonarola; his moral force had been the only authority to which she had bowed; and in his excommunication she only saw the menace of hostile vice: on one side she saw a man whose life was devoted to the ends of public virtue and spiritual purity, and on the other the assault of alarmed selfishness, headed by a lustful, greedy, lying, and murderous old man, once called Rodrigo Borgia, and now lifted to the pinnacle of infamy as Pope Alexander the Sixth. The

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finer shades of fact which soften the edge of such antitheses are not apt to be seen except by neutrals, who are not distressed to discern some folly in martyrs and some judiciousness in the men who burn them. But Romola required a strength that neutrality could not give; and this Excommunication, which simplified and ennobled the resistant position of Savonarola by bringing into prominence its wider relations, seemed to come to her like a rescue from the threatening isolation of criticism and doubt. The Frate was now withdrawn from that smaller antagonism against Florentine enemies into which he continually fell in the unchecked excitement of the pulpit, and presented himself simply as appealing to the Christian world against a vicious exercise of ecclesiastical power. He was a standard-bearer leaping into the breach. Life never seems so clear and easy as when the heart is beating faster at the sight of some generous self-risking deed. We feel no doubt then what is the highest prize the soul can win; we almost believe in our own power to attain it. And by a new current of such enthusiasm Romola was helped through these difficult summer days.

She had ventured on no words to Tito that would apprise him of her late interview with Baldassarre, and the revelation he had made to her. What would such agitating, difficult words win from him? No admission of the truth; nothing, probably, but a cool sarcasm about her sympathy with his assassin. Baldassarre was evidently helpless: the thing to be feared was, not that he should injure Tito, but that Tito, coming upon his traces, should carry out some new scheme for ridding himself of the injured man who was a haunting dread to him. Romola felt that she could do nothing decisive until she had seen Baldassarre again, and learned the full truth about that "other wife"—learned whether she were the wife to whom Tito was first bound.

The possibilities about that other wife, which involved the worst wound to her hereditary pride, mingled themselves as a newly embittering suspicion with the earliest memories of her illusory love, eating away the lingering associations of tenderness with the past image of her husband; and her irresistible belief in the rest of Baldassarre's revelation made her shrink from Tito with a horror which would perhaps have urged some passionate speech in spite of herself if he had not been more than usually absent from home. Like many of the wealthier citizens in that time of pestilence, he spent the intervals of business chiefly in the country: the agreeable Melema was welcome at many villas; and since Romola had refused to leave the city, he had no need to provide a country residence of his own.

But at last, in the later days of July, the alleviation of those public troubles which had absorbed her activity and much of her thought, left Romola to a less counteracted sense of her personal lot. The plague had almost disappeared, and the position of Savonarola was made more hopeful by a favorable magistracy, who were writing urgent vindicatory letters to Rome on his behalf, entreating the withdrawal of the Excommunication.

Romola's healthy and vigorous frame was undergoing the reaction of languor inevitable after continuous excitement and overexertion; but her mental restlessness would not allow her to remain at home without peremptory occupation, except during the sultry hours. In the cool of the morning and evening she walked out constantly, varying her direction as much as possible, with the vague hope that if Baldassarre were still alive she might encounter him. Perhaps some illness had brought a new paralysis of memory, and he had forgotten where she lived—forgotten even her existence. That was her most sanguine explanation of his non-appearance. The explanation she felt to be most probable was, that he had died of the Plague.

CHAPTER LVI.

THE OTHER WIFE.

THE morning warmth was already beginning to be rather oppressive to Romola, when, after a walk along by the walls on her way from San Marco, she turned toward the intersecting streets again at the gate of Santa Croce.

The Borgo La Croce was so still that she listened to her own footsteps on the pavement in the sunny silence, until, on approaching a bend in the street, she saw, a few yards before her, a little child not more than three years old, with no other clothing than his white shirt, pause from a waddling run and look around him. In the first moment of coming nearer she could only see his back—a boy's back, square and sturdy, with a cloud of reddish-brown curls above it; but in the next he turned toward her, and she could see his dark eyes wide with tears, and his lower lip pushed up and trembling, while his fat brown fists clutched his shirt helplessly. The glimpse of a tall black figure sending a shadow over him brought his bewildered fear to a climax, and a loud crying sob sent the big tears rolling.

Romola, with the ready maternal instinct which was one hidden source of her passionate tenderness, instantly uncovered her head, and, stooping down on the pavement, put her arms round him, and her cheek against his, while she spoke to him in caressing tones. At first his sobs were only the louder, but he made no effort to get away, and presently the outburst ceased with that strange abruptness which belongs to childish joys and griefs: his face lost its distortion, and was fixed in an open-mouthed gaze at Romola.

"You have lost yourself, little one," she said, kissing him. "Never mind! we will find the house again. Perhaps mamma will meet us."

She divined that he had made his escape at

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a moment when the mother's eyes were turned away from him, and thought it likely that he would soon be followed.

"Oh, what a heavy, heavy boy!" she said, trying to lift him. "I can not carry you. Come, then, you must toddle back by my side."

The parted lips remained motionless in awed silence, and one brown fist still clutched the shirt with as much tenacity as ever; but the other yielded itself quite willingly to the wonderful white hand, strong but soft.

"You *have* a mamma?" said Romola, as they set out, looking down at the boy with a certain yearning. But he was mute. A girl under those circumstances might perhaps have chirped abundantly; not so this square-shouldered little man with the big cloud of curls.

He was awake to the first sign of his whereabout, however. At the turning by the front of San Ambrogio he dragged Romola toward it, looking up at her.

"Ah, that is the way home, is it?" she said, smiling at him. He only thrust his head forward and pulled, as an admonition that they should go faster.

There was still another turning that he had a decided opinion about, and then Romola found herself in a short street leading to open garden ground. It was in front of a house at the end of this street that the little fellow paused, pulling her toward some stone stairs. He had evidently no wish for her to loose his hand, and she would not have been willing to leave him without being sure that she was delivering him to his friends. They mounted the stairs, seeing but dimly in that sudden withdrawal from the sunlight, till, at the final landing-place, an extra stream of light came from an open doorway. Passing through a small lobby they came to another open door, and there Romola paused. Her approach had not been heard.

On a low chair at the farther end of the room, opposite the light, sat Tessa, with one hand on the edge of the cradle, and her head hanging a little on one side, fast asleep. Near one of the windows, with her back turned toward the door, sat Monna Lisa at her work of preparing salad, in deaf unconsciousness. There was only an instant for Romola's eyes to take in that still scene; for Lillo snatched his hand away from her and ran up to his mother's side, not making any direct effort to wake her, but only leaning his head back against her arm, and surveying Romola seriously from that distance.

As Lillo pushed against her Tessa opened her eyes, and looked up in bewilderment; but her glance had no sooner rested on the figure at the opposite doorway than she started up, blushed deeply, and began to tremble a little, neither speaking nor moving forward.

"Ah! we have seen each other before," said Romola, smiling, and coming forward. "I am glad it was *your* little boy. He was crying in the street; I suppose he had run away. So we walked together a little way, and then he knew where he was, and brought me here. But you had not missed him? That is well, else you would have been frightened."

The shock of finding that Lillo had run away overcame every other feeling in Tessa for the moment. Her color went again, and, seizing Lillo's arm, she ran with him to Monna Lisa, saying, with a half-sob, loud in the old woman's ear—

"Oh, Lisa, you are wicked! Why will you stand with your back to the door? Lillo ran away ever so far into the street."

"Holy Mother!" said Monna Lisa, in her meek, thick tone, letting the spoon fall from her hands. "Where were *you*, then? I thought you were there, and had your eye on him."

"But you *know* I go to sleep when I am rocking," said Tessa, in pettish remonstrance.

"Well, well, we must keep the outer door shut, or else tie him up," said Monna Lisa, "for he'll be as cunning as Satan before long, and that's the holy truth. But how came he back, then?"

This question recalled Tessa to the consciousness of Romola's presence. Without answering, she turned toward her, blushing and timid again, and Monna Lisa's eyes followed her movement. The old woman made a low reverence, and said,

"Doubtless the most noble lady brought him back." Then, advancing a little nearer to Romola, she added, "It's my shame for him to have been found with only his shirt on; but he kicked, and wouldn't have his other clothes on this morning, and the mother, poor thing! will never hear of his being beaten. But what's an old woman to do without a stick when the lad's legs get so strong? Let your nobleness look at his legs."

Lillo, conscious that his legs were in question, pulled his shirt up a little higher, and looked down at their olive roundness with a dispassionate and curious air. Romola laughed, and stooped to give him a caressing shake and a kiss, and this action helped the reassurance that Tessa had already gathered from Monna Lisa's address to Romola. For when Naldo had been told about the adventure at the Carnival, and Tessa had asked him who the heavenly lady that had come just when she was wanted, and had vanished so soon, was likely to be—whether she could be the Holy Madonna herself?—he had answered, "Not exactly, my Tessa; only one of the saints," and had not chosen to say more. So that in the dream-like combination of small experience which made up Tessa's thought, Romola had remained confusedly associated with the pictures in the churches, and when she reappeared the grateful remembrance of her protection was slightly tinctured with religious awe—not deeply, for Tessa's dread was chiefly of ugly and evil beings. It seemed unlikely that good beings would be angry and punish her, as it was the nature of Nofri and the devil to do. And now that Monna Lisa had spoken freely about

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TESSA AT HOME.

Lillo's legs, and Romola had laughed, Tessa was more at her ease.

"Ninna's in the cradle," she said. "*She's* pretty too."

Romola went to look at the sleeping Ninna, and Monna Lisa, one of the exceptionally meek deaf, who never expect to be spoken to, returned to her salad.

"Ah! she is waking: she has opened her blue eyes," said Romola. "You must take her up, and I will sit down in this chair—may I?—and nurse Lillo. Come, Lillo!"

She sat down in Tito's chair, and put out her arms toward the lad, whose eyes had followed her. He hesitated, and, pointing his small finger at her with a half-puzzled, half-angry feeling, said, "That's Babbo's chair," not seeing his way out of the difficulty if Babbo came and found Romola in his place.

"But Babbo is not here, and I shall go soon. Come, let me nurse you as he does," said Romola, wondering to herself for the first time what sort of Babbo he was whose wife was dressed in contadina fashion, but had a certain daintiness about her person that indicated idleness and plenty. Lillo consented to be lifted

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up, and, finding the lap exceedingly comfortable, began to explore her dress and hands, to see if there were any ornaments besides her rosary.

Tessa, who had hitherto been occupied in coaxing Ninna out of her waking peevishness, now sat down in her low chair, near Romola's knee, arranging Ninna's tiny person to advantage, jealous that the strange lady too seemed to notice the boy most, as Naldo did.

"Lillo was going to be angry with me because I sat in Babbo's chair," said Romola, as she bent forward to kiss Ninna's little foot. "Will he come soon and want it?"

"Ah no!" said Tessa; "you can sit in it a long while. I shall be sorry when you go. When you first came to take care of me at the Carnival, I thought it was wonderful; you came and went away again so fast. And Naldo said, perhaps you were a saint, and that made me tremble a little, though the saints are very good, I know; and you were good to me, and now you have taken care of Lillo. Perhaps you will always come and take care of me. That was how Naldo did a long while ago; he came and took care of me when I was frightened, one San Giovanni. I couldn't think where he came from —he was so beautiful and good. And so are you," ended Tessa, looking up at Romola with devout admiration.

"Naldo is your husband. His eyes are like Lillo's," said Romola, looking at the boy's darkly-penciled eyebrows, unusual at his age. She did not speak interrogatively, but with a quiet certainty of inference which was necessarily mysterious to Tessa.

"Ah! you know him!" she said, pausing a little in wonder. "Perhaps you know Nofri and Peretola, and our house on the hill, and every thing. Yes, like Lillo's; but not his hair. His hair is dark and long—" she went on, getting rather excited. "Ah! if you know it, *ecco!*"

She had put her hand to a thin red silk cord that hung round her neck, and drew from her bosom the tiny old parchment *Breve*, the horn of red coral, and a long dark curl carefully tied at one end and suspended with those mystic treasures. She held them toward Romola, away from Ninna's snatching hand.

"It is a fresh one. I cut it lately. See how bright it is!" she said, laying it against the white back-ground of Romola's fingers. "They get dim, and then he lets me cut another when his hair is grown; and I put it with the Breve, because sometimes he is away a long while, and then it helps to take care of me."

A slight shiver passed through Romola as the curl was laid across her fingers. At Tessa's first mention of her husband as having come mysteriously she knew not whence, a possibility had risen before Romola that made her heart beat faster; for to one who is anxiously in search of a certain object, the faintest suggestions have a peculiar significance. And when the curl was held toward her, it seemed for an instant like a mocking phantasm of the lock she herself had cut to wind with one of her own five years ago. But she preserved her outward calmness, bent not only on knowing the truth, but also on coming to that knowledge in a way that would not pain this poor, trusting, ignorant thing, with the child's mind in the woman's body. "Foolish and helpless:" yes; so far she corresponded to Baldassarre's account.

"It is a beautiful curl," she said, resisting the impulse to withdraw her hand. "Lillo's curls will be like it, perhaps, for *his* cheek, too, is dark. And you never know where your husband goes to when he leaves you?"

"No," said Tessa, putting back her treasures out of the children's way. "But I know Messer Saint Michael takes care of him, for he gave him a beautiful coat, all made of little chains; and if he puts that on, nobody can kill him. And, perhaps, if—" Tessa hesitated a little, under a recurrence of that original dreamy wonder about Romola which had been expelled by chatting contact—"if you *were* a saint, you would take care of him, too, because you have taken care of me and Lillo."

An agitated flush came over Romola's face in the first moment of certainty, but she had bent her cheek against Lillo's head. The feeling that leaped out in that flush was something like exultation at the thought that the wife's burden might be about to slip from her overladen shoulders; that this little ignorant creature might prove to be Tito's lawful wife. A strange exultation for a proud and high-born woman to have been brought to! But it seemed to Romola as if that were the only issue that would make duty any thing else for her than an insoluble problem. Yet she was not deaf to Tessa's last appealing words; she raised her head, and said, in her clearest tones,

"I will always take care of you, if I see you need me. But that beautiful coat? your husband did not wear it when you were first married? Perhaps he used not to be so long away from you then?"

"Ah yes! he was. Much—much longer. So long, I thought he would never come back. I used to cry. Oh me! I was beaten then; a long, long while ago at Peretola, where we had the goats and mules."

"And how long had you been married before your husband had that chain-coat?" said Romola, her heart beating faster and faster.

Tessa looked meditative, and began to count on her fingers, and Romola watched the fingers as if they would tell the secret of her destiny.

"The chestnuts were ripe when we were married," said Tessa, marking off her thumb and fingers again as she spoke; "and then again they were ripe at Peretola before he came back, and then again, after that, on the hill. And soon the soldiers came and we heard the trumpets, and then Naldo had the coat."

"You had been married more than two years. In which church were you married?" said Romola, too entirely absorbed by one thought to put

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any question that was less direct. Perhaps before the next morning she might go to her godfather and say that she was not Tito Melema's lawful wife—that the vows which had bound her to strive after an impossible union had been made void beforehand.

Tessa gave a slight start at Romola's new tone of inquiry, and looked up at her with a hesitating expression. Hitherto she had prattled on without consciousness that she was making revelations, any more than when she said old things over and over again to Monna Lisa.

"Naldo said I was never to tell about that," she said, doubtfully. "Do you think he would not be angry if I told you?"

"It is right that you should tell me. Tell me every thing," said Romola, looking at her with mild authority.

If the impression from Naldo's command had been much more recent than it was, the constraining effect of Romola's mysterious authority would have overcome it. But the sense that she was telling what she had never told before made her begin with a lowered voice.

"It was not in a church—it was at the Natività, when there was the fair, and all the people went overnight to see the Madonna in the Nunziata, and my mother was ill and couldn't go, and I took the bunch of cocoons for her; and then he came to me in the church, and I heard him say, 'Tessa!' I knew him because he had taken care of me at the San Giovanni, and then we went into the Piazza where the fair was, and I had some *berlingozzi*, for I was hungry, and he was very good to me; and at the end of the Piazza there was a holy father and an altar like what they have at the processions outside the churches. So he married us, and then Naldo took me back into the church and left me; and I went home, and my mother died, and Nofri began to beat me more, and Naldo never came back. And I used to cry, and once at the Carnival I saw him and followed him, and he was angry, and said he would come some time, I must wait. So I went and waited; but oh! it was a long while before he came; but he would have come if he could, for he was good; and then he took me away, because I cried and said I could not bear to stay with Nofri. And oh! I was so glad, and since then I have been always happy, for I don't mind about the goats and mules, because I have Lillo and Ninna now; and Naldo is never angry, only I think he doesn't love Ninna so well as Lillo, and she *is* pretty."

Quite forgetting that she had thought her speech rather momentous at the beginning, Tessa fell to devouring Ninna with kisses, while Romola sat in silence with absent eyes. It was inevitable that in this moment she should think of the three beings before her chiefly in their relation to her own lot, and she was feeling the chill of disappointment that her difficulties were not to be solved by external law. She had relaxed her hold of Lillo, and was leaning her cheek against her hand, seeing nothing of the scene around her. Lillo was quick in perceiving a change that was not agreeable to him; he had not yet made any return to her caresses, but he objected to their withdrawal, and putting up both his brown arms to pull her head toward him, he said, "Play with me again!"

Romola, roused from her self-absorption, clasped the lad anew, and looked from him to Tessa, who had now paused from her shower of kisses, and seemed to have returned to the more placid delight of contemplating the heavenly lady's face. That face was undergoing a subtle change, like the gradual oncoming of a warmer, softer light. Presently Romola took her scissors from her scarsella, and cut off one of her long wavy locks, while the three pair of wide eyes followed her movements with kitten-like observation.

"I must go away from you now," she said, "but I will leave this lock of hair that it may remind you of me, because if you are ever in trouble you can think that perhaps God will send me to take care of you again. I can not tell you where to find me, but if I ever know that you want me I will come to you. Addio!"

She had set down Lillo hurriedly, and held out her hand to Tessa, who kissed it with a mixture of awe and sorrow at this parting. Romola's mind was oppressed with thoughts; she needed to be alone as soon as possible, but with her habitual care for the least fortunate, she turned aside to put her hand in a friendly way on Monna Lisa's shoulder and make her a farewell sign. Before the old woman had finished her deep reverence Romola had disappeared.

Monna Lisa and Tessa moved toward each other by simultaneous impulses, while the two children stood clinging to their mother's skirts as if they, too, felt the atmosphere of awe.

"Do you think she *was* a saint?" said Tessa, in Lisa's ear, showing her the lock.

Lisa rejected that notion very decidedly by a backward movement of her fingers, and then stroking the rippled gold, said,

"She's a great and noble lady. I saw such in my youth."

Romola went home and sat alone through the sultry hours of that day with the heavy certainty that her lot was unchanged. She was thrown back again on the conflict between the demands of an outward law which she recognized as a widely ramifying obligation and the demands of inner moral facts which were becoming more and more peremptory. She had drunk in deeply the spirit of that teaching by which Savonarola had urged her to return to her place. She felt that the sanctity attached to all close relations, and, therefore, pre-eminently to the closest, was but the expression in outward law of that result toward which all human goodness and nobleness must spontaneously tend; that the light abandonment of ties, whether inherited or voluntary, because they had ceased to be pleasant, was the uprooting of social and personal virtue. What else had Tito's crime toward Baldassarre been but that abandonment working itself out to the most hideous extreme of falsity and ingratitude?

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And the inspiring consciousness breathed into her by Savonarola's influence that her lot was vitally united with the general lot had exalted even the minor details of obligation into religion. She was marching with a great army; she was feeling the stress of a common life. If victims were needed, and it was uncertain on whom the lot might fall, she would stand ready to answer to her name. She had stood long; she had striven hard to fulfill the bond; but she had seen all the conditions which made the fulfillment possible gradually forsaking her. The one effect of her marriage-tie seemed to be the stifling predominance over her of a nature that she despised. All her efforts at union had only made its impossibility more palpable, and the relation had become for her simply a degrading servitude. The law was sacred. Yes, but rebellion might be sacred too. It flashed upon her mind that the problem before her was essentially the same as that which had lain before Savonarola —the problem where the sacredness of obedience ended and where the sacredness of rebellion began. To her, as to him, there had come one of those moments in life when the soul must dare to act on its own warrant, not only without external law to appeal to, but in the face of a law which is not unarmed with Divine lightnings—lightnings that may yet fall if the warrant has been false.

Before the sun had gone down she had adopted a resolve. She would ask no counsel of her godfather or of Savonarola until she had made one determined effort to speak freely with Tito and obtain his consent that she should live apart from him. She desired not to leave him clandestinely again, or to forsake Florence. She would tell him that, if he ever felt a real need of her, she would come back to him. Was not that the utmost faithfulness to her bond that could be required of her? A shuddering anticipation came over her that he would clothe a refusal in a sneering suggestion that she should enter a convent as the only mode of quitting him that would not be scandalous. He knew well that her mind revolted from that means of escape, not only because of her own repugnance to a narrow rule, but because all the cherished memories of her father forbade that she should adopt a mode of life which was associated with his deepest griefs and his bitterest dislike.

Tito had announced his intention of coming home this evening. She would wait for him, and say what she had to say at once, for it was difficult to get his ear during the day. If he had the slightest suspicion that personal words were coming, he slipped away with an appearance of unpremeditated ease. When she sent for Maso to tell him that she would wait for his master, she observed that the old man looked at her and lingered with a mixture of hesitation and wondering anxiety; but finding that she asked him no question, he slowly turned away. Why should she ask questions? Perhaps Maso only knew or guessed something of what she knew already.

It was late before Tito came. Romola had been pacing up and down the long room which had once been the library, with the windows open and a loose white linen robe on instead of her usual black garment. She was glad of that change after the long hours of heat and motionless meditation; but the coolness and exercise made her more intensely wakeful, and as she went with the lamp in her hand to open the door for Tito he might well have been startled by the vividness of her eyes and the expression of painful resolution which was in contrast with her usual self-restrained quiescence before him. But it seemed that this excitement was just what he expected.

"Ah! it is you, Romola. Maso is gone to bed," he said, in a grave, quiet tone, interposing to close the door for her. Then, turning round, he said, looking at her more fully than he was wont, "You have heard it all, I see."

Romola quivered. *He*, then, was inclined to take the initiative. He had been to Tessa. She led the way through the nearest door, set down her lamp, and turned toward him again.

"You must not think despairingly of the consequences," said Tito, in a tone of soothing encouragement, at which Romola stood wondering, until he added, "The accused have too many family ties with all parties not to escape; and Messer Bernardo del Nero has other things in his favor besides his age."

Romola started, and gave a cry as if she had been suddenly stricken by a sharp weapon.

"What! you did not know it?" said Tito, putting his hand under her arm that he might lead her to a seat; but she seemed to be unaware of his touch.

"Tell me," she said, hastily, "tell me what it is."

"A man, whose name you may forget—Lamberto dell' Antella—who was banished, has been seized within the territory: a letter has been found on him of very dangerous import to the chief Mediceans, and the scoundrel, who was once a favorite hound of Piero de' Medici, is ready now to swear what any one pleases against him or his friends. Some have made their escape, but five are now in prison."

"My godfather?" said Romola, scarcely above a whisper, as Tito made a slight pause.

"Yes; I grieve to say it. But along with him there are three, at least, whose names have a commanding interest even among the popular party—Niccolò Ridolfi, Lorenzo Tornabuoni, and Giannozzo Pucci."

The tide of Romola's feelings had been violently turned into a new channel. In the tumult of that moment there could be no check to the words which came as the impulsive utterance of her long-accumulating horror. When Tito had named the men of whom she felt certain he was the confederate, she said, with a recoiling gesture and low-toned bitterness,

"And *you*—you are safe?"

"You are certainly an amiable wife, my Romola," said Tito, with the coldest irony. "Yes; I am safe."

They turned away from each other in silence.

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THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.



CHAPTER XXV.

ADOLPHUS CROSBIE SPENDS AN EVENING AT HIS CLUB.

CROSBIE, as he was being driven from the castle to the nearest station, in a dog-cart hired from the hotel, could not keep himself from thinking of that other morning, not yet a fortnight past, on which he had left Allington; and as he thought of it he knew that he was a villain. On this morning Alexandrina had not come out from the house to watch his departure, and catch the last glance of his receding figure. As he had not started very early she had sat with him at the breakfast table; but others also had sat there, and when he got up to go, she did no more than smile softly and give him her hand. It had been already settled that he was to spend his Christmas at Courcy, as it had been also settled that he was to spend it at Allington.

Lady Amelia was, of all the family, the most affectionate to him, and perhaps of them all she was the one whose affection was worth the most. She was not a woman endowed with a very high mind or with very noble feelings. She had begun life trusting to the nobility of her blood for every thing, and declaring somewhat loudly among her friends that her father's rank and her mother's birth imposed on her the duty of standing closely by her own order. Nevertheless, at the age of thirty-three she had married her father's man of business, under circumstances which were not altogether creditable to her. But she had done her duty in her new sphere of life with some constancy and a fixed purpose; and now that her sister was going to marry, as she had done, a man much below herself in social standing, she was prepared to do her duty as a sister and a sister-in-law.

"We shall be up in town in November, and of course you'll come to us at once. Albert Villa, you know, in Hamilton Terrace, St. John's Wood. We dine at seven, and on Sundays at two; and you'll always find a place. Mind you come to us, and make yourself quite at home. I do so hope you and Mortimer will get on well together."

"I'm sure we shall," said Crosbie. But he had had higher hopes in marrying into this noble family than that of becoming intimate with Mortimer Gazebee. What those hopes were he could hardly define to himself now that he had brought himself so near to the fruition of them. Lady De Courcy had certainly promised to write to her first cousin who was Under-Secretary of State for India, with reference to that secretaryship at the General Committee Office; but Crosbie, when he came to weigh in his mind what good might result to him from this, was disposed to think that his chance of obtaining the promotion would be quite as good without the interest of the Under-Secretary of State for India as with it. Now that he belonged, as we may say, to this noble family, he could hardly discern what were the advantages which he had expected from this alliance. He had said to himself that it would be much to have a countess for a mother-in-law; but now, even already, although the possession to which he had looked was not yet garnered, he was beginning to tell himself that the thing was not worth possessing.

As he sat in the train, with a newspaper in his hand, he went on acknowledging to himself that he was a villain. Lady Julia had spoken the truth to him on the stairs at Courcy, and so he confessed over and over again. But he was chiefly angry with himself for this—that he had been a villain without gaining any thing by his villainy; that he had been a villain, and was to lose so much by his villainy. He made comparison between Lily and Alexandrina, and owned to himself, over and over again, that Lily would make the best wife that a man could take to his bosom. As to Alexandrina, he knew the thinness of her character. She would stick by him, no doubt; and in a circuitous, discontented, unhappy way, would probably be true to her duties as a wife and mother. She would be nearly such another as Lady Amelia Gazebee. But was that a prize sufficiently rich to make him contented with his own prowess and skill in winning it? And was that a prize sufficiently rich to justify him to himself for his terrible villany? Lily Dale he had loved; and he now declared to himself that he could have continued to love her through his whole life. But what was there for any man to love in Alexandrina De Courcy?

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While resolving, during his first four or five days at the castle, that he would throw Lily Dale overboard, he had contrived to quiet his conscience by inward allusions to sundry heroes of romance. He had thought of Lothario, Don Juan, and of Lovelace; and had told himself that the world had ever been full of such heroes. And the world, too, had treated such heroes well; not punishing them at all as villains, but caressing them rather, and calling them curled darlings. Why should not he be a curled darling as well as another? Ladies had ever been fond of the Don Juan character, and Don Juan had generally been popular with men also. And then he named to himself a dozen modern Lotharios—men who were holding their heads well above water, although it was known that they had played this lady false, and brought that other one to death's-door, or perhaps even to death itself. War and love were alike, and the world was prepared to forgive any guile to militants in either camp.

But now that he had done the deed he found himself forced to look at it from quite another point of view. Suddenly that character of Lothario showed itself to him in a different light, and one in which it did not please him to look at it as belonging to himself. He began to feel that it would be almost impossible for him to write that letter to Lily which it was absolutely necessary that he should write. He was in a position in which his mind would almost turn itself to thoughts of self-destruction as the only means of escape. A fortnight ago he was a happy man, having every thing before him that a man ought to want; and now—now that he was the accepted son-in-law of an earl, and the confident expectant of high promotion—he was the most miserable, degraded wretch in the world!

He changed his clothes at his lodgings in Mount Street and went down to his club to dinner. He could, at any rate, do nothing that night. His letter to Allington must, no doubt, be written at once; but, as he could not send it before the next night's post, he was not forced to set to work upon it that evening. As he walked along Piccadilly on his way to St. James's Square, it occurred to him that it might be well to write a short line to Lily, telling her nothing of the truth—a note written as though his engagement with her was still unbroken, but yet written with care, saying nothing about that engagement, so as to give him a little time. Then he thought that he would telegraph to Bernard and tell every thing to him. Bernard would, of course, be prepared to avenge his cousin in some way, but for such vengeance Crosbie felt that he should care little. Lady Julia had told him that Lily was without father or brother, thereby accusing him of the basest cowardice. "I wish she had a dozen brothers," he said to himself. But he hardly knew why he expressed such a wish.

He returned to London on the last day of October, and he found the streets at the West End nearly deserted. He thought, therefore, that he should be quite alone at his club, but as he entered the dinner-room he saw one of his oldest and most intimate friends standing before the fire. Fowler Pratt was the man who had first brought him into Sebright's, and had given him almost his earliest start on his successful career in life. Since that time he and his friend Fowler Pratt had lived in close communion, though Pratt had always held a certain ascendency in their friendship. He was in age a few years senior to Crosbie, and was in truth a man of better parts. But he was less ambitious, less desirous of shining in the world, and much less popular with men in general. He was possessed of a moderate private fortune on which he lived in a quiet, modest manner, and was unmarried, not likely to marry, inoffensive, useless, and prudent. For the first few years of Crosbie's life in London he had lived very much with his friend Pratt, and had been accustomed to depend much on his friend's counsel; but latterly, since he had himself become somewhat noticeable, he had found more pleasure in the society of such men as Dale, who were not his superiors either in age or wisdom. But there had been no coolness between him and Pratt, and now they met with perfect cordiality.

"I thought you were down in Barsetshire," said Pratt.

"And I thought you were in Switzerland."

"I have been in Switzerland," said Pratt.

"And I have been in Barsetshire," said Crosbie. Then they ordered their dinner together.

"And so you're going to be married?" said Pratt, when the waiter had carried away the cheese.

"Who told you that?"

"Well, but you are? Never mind who told me, if I was told the truth."

"But if it be not true?"

"I have heard it for the last month," said Pratt, "and it has been spoken of as a thing certain; and it is true; is it not?"

"I believe it is," said Crosbie, slowly.

"Why, what on earth is the matter with you that you speak of it in that way? Am I to congratulate you, or am I not? The lady, I'm told, is a cousin of Dale's."

Crosbie had turned his chair from the table round to the fire, and said nothing in answer to this. He sat with his glass of sherry in his hand, looking at the coals, and thinking whether it would not be well that he should tell the whole story to Pratt. No one could give him better advice; and no one, as far as he knew his friend, would be less shocked at the telling of such a story. Pratt had no romance about women, and had never pretended to very high sentiments.

"Come up into the smoking-room and I'll tell you all about it," said Crosbie. So they went off together, and, as the smoking-room was untenanted, Crosbie was able to tell his story.

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"DEVOTEDLY ATTACHED TO THE YOUNG MAN!"

He found it very hard to tell; much harder than he had beforehand fancied. "I have got into terrible trouble," he began by saying. Then he told how he had fallen suddenly in love with Lily, how he had been rash and imprudent, how nice she was—"infinitely too good for such a man as I am," he said—how she had accepted him, and then how he had repented. "I should have told you beforehand," he then said, "that I was already half-engaged to Lady Alexandrina De Courcy." The reader, however, will understand that this half-engagement was a fiction.

"And now you mean that you are altogether engaged to her?"

"Exactly so."

"And that Miss Dale must be told that, on second thoughts, you have changed your mind?"

"I know that I have behaved very badly," said Crosbie.

"Indeed you have," said his friend.

"It is one of those troubles in which a man

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finds himself involved almost before he knows where he is."

"Well, I can't look at it exactly in that light. A man may amuse himself with a girl, and I can understand his disappointing her and not offering to marry her—though even that sort of thing isn't much to my taste. But, by George, to make an offer of marriage to such a girl as that in September, to live for a month in her family as her affianced husband, and then coolly go away to another house in October, and make an offer to another girl of higher rank—"

"You know very well that that has had nothing to do with it."

"It looks very like it. And how are you going to communicate these tidings to Miss Dale?"

"I don't know," said Crosbie, who was beginning to be very sore.

"And you have quite made up your mind that you'll stick to the earl's daughter?"

The idea of jilting Alexandrina instead of Lily had never as yet presented itself to Crosbie; and now, as he thought of it, he could not perceive that it was feasible.

"Yes," he said, "I shall marry Lady Alexandrina—that is, if I do not cut the whole concern and my own throat into the bargain."

"If I were in your shoes I think I should cut the whole concern. I could not stand it. What do you mean to say to Miss Dale's uncle?"

"I don't care a —— for Miss Dale's uncle," said Crosbie. "If he were to walk in at that door this moment I would tell him the whole story, without—"

As he was yet speaking one of the club servants opened the door of the smoking-room, and, seeing Crosbie seated in a lounging chair near the fire, went up to him with a gentleman's card. Crosbie took the card and read the name. "Mr. Dale, Allington."

"The gentleman is in the waiting-room," said the servant.

Crosbie for the moment was struck dumb. He had declared that very moment that he should feel no personal disinclination to meet Mr. Dale, and now that gentleman was within the walls of the club waiting to see him.

"Who's that?" asked Pratt. And then Crosbie handed him the card. "Whew-w-w-hew," whistled Pratt.

"Did you tell the gentleman I was here?" asked Crosbie.

"I said I thought you were up stairs, Sir."

"That will do," said Pratt. "The gentleman will no doubt wait for a minute." And then the servant went out of the room. "Now, Crosbie, you must make up your mind. By one of these women and all her friends you will ever be regarded as a rascal, and they, of course, will look out to punish you with such punishment as may come to their hands. You must now choose which shall be the sufferer."

The man was a coward at heart. The reflection that he might, even now, at this moment, meet the old squire on pleasant terms—or, at any rate, not on terms of defiance—pleaded more strongly in Lily's favor than had any other argument since Crosbie had first made up his mind to abandon her. He did not fear personal ill-usage; he was not afraid lest he should be kicked or beaten; but he did not dare to face the just anger of the angry man.

"If I were you," said Pratt, "I would not go down to that man at the present moment for a trifle."

"But what can I do?"

"Shirk away out of the club. Only, if you do that, it seems to me that you'll have to go on shirking for the rest of your life."

"Pratt, I must say that I expected something more like friendship from you."

"What can I do for you? There are positions in which it is impossible to help a man. I tell you plainly that you have behaved very badly. I do not see that I can help you."

"Would you see him?"

"Certainly not, if I am to be expected to take your part."

"Take any part you like—only tell him the truth."

"And what is the truth?"

"I was part engaged to that other girl before; and then, when I came to think of it, I knew that I was not fit to marry Miss Dale. I know I have behaved badly; but, Pratt, thousands have done the same thing before."

"I can only say that I have not been so unfortunate as to reckon any of those thousands among my friends."

"You mean to tell me, then, that you are going to turn your back on me?" said Crosbie.

"I haven't said any thing of the kind. I certainly won't undertake to defend you, for I don't see that your conduct admits of defense. I will see this gentleman if you wish it, and tell him any thing that you may desire me to tell him."

At this moment the servant returned with a note for Crosbie. Mr. Dale had called for paper and envelope, and sent up to him the following missive: "Do you intend to come down to me? I know that you are in the house."

"For Heaven's sake go to him," said Crosbie. "He is well aware that I was deceived about his niece—that I thought he was to give her some fortune. He knows all about that, and that when I learned from him that she was to have nothing—"

"Upon my word, Crosbie, I wish you could find another messenger."

"Ah! you do not understand," said Crosbie, in his agony. "You think that I am inventing this plea about her fortune now. It isn't so. He will understand. We have talked all this over before, and he knew how terribly I was disappointed. Shall I wait for you here, or will you come to my lodgings? Or I will go down to the Beaufort, and will wait for you there." And it was finally arranged that he

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should get himself out of this club and wait at the other for Pratt's report of the interview.

"Do you go down first," said Crosbie.

"Yes; I had better," said Pratt. "Otherwise you may be seen. Mr. Dale would have his eye upon you, and there would be a row in the house." There was a smile of sarcasm on Pratt's face as he spoke which angered Crosbie even in his misery, and made him long to tell his friend that he would not trouble him with this mission—that he would manage his own affairs himself; but he was weakened and mentally humiliated by the sense of his own rascality, and had already lost the power of asserting himself, and of maintaining his ascendency. He was beginning to recognize the fact that he had done that for which he must endure to be kicked—to be kicked morally if not materially; and that it was no longer possible for him to hold his head up without shame.

Pratt took Mr. Dale's note in his hand and went down into the strangers' room. There he found the squire standing so that he could see through the open door of the room to the foot of the stairs down which Crosbie must descend before he could leave the club. As a measure of first precaution the embassador closed the door; then he bowed to Mr. Dale, and asked him if he would take a chair.

"I wanted to see Mr. Crosbie," said the squire.

"I have your note to that gentleman in my hand," said he. "He has thought it better that you should have this interview with me; and under all the circumstances perhaps it is better."

"Is he such a coward that he dare not see me?"

"There are some actions, Mr. Dale, that will make a coward of any man. My friend Crosbie is, I take it, brave enough in the ordinary sense of the word, but he has injured you."

"It is all true, then?"

"Yes, Mr. Dale; I fear it is all true."

"And you call that man your friend! Mr.—; I don't know what your name is."

"Pratt—Fowler Pratt. I have known Crosbie for fourteen years—ever since he was a boy; and it is not my way, Mr. Dale, to throw over an old friend under any circumstances."

"Not if he committed a murder."

"No; not though he committed a murder."

"If what I hear is true, this man is worse than a murderer."

"Of course, Mr. Dale, I can not know what you have heard. I believe that Mr. Crosbie has behaved very badly to your niece, Miss Dale; I believe that he was engaged to marry her, or, at any rate, that some such proposition had been made."

"Proposition! Why, Sir, it was a thing so completely understood that every body knew it in the county. It was so positively fixed that there was no secret about it. Upon my honor, Mr. Pratt, I can't as yet understand it. If I remember right, it's not a fortnight since he left my house at Allington—not a fortnight. And that poor girl was with him on the morning of his going as his betrothed bride. Not a fortnight since! And now I've had a letter from an old family friend telling me that he is going to marry one of Lord De Courcy's daughters! I went instantly off to Courcy, and found that he had started for London. Now I have followed him here; and you tell me it's all true."

"I am afraid it is, Mr. Dale; too true."

"I don't understand it; I don't, indeed. I can not bring myself to believe that the man who was sitting the other day at my table should be so great a scoundrel. Did he mean it all the time that he was there?"

"No; certainly not. Lady Alexandrina De Courcy was, I believe, an old friend of his, with whom, perhaps, he had had some lover's quarrel. On his going to Courcy they made it up; and this is the result."

"And that is to be sufficient for my poor girl?"

"You will, of course, understand that I am not defending Mr. Crosbie. The whole affair is very sad—very sad, indeed. I can only say, in his excuse, that he is not the first man who has behaved badly to a lady."

"And this is his message to me, is it? And that is what I am to tell my niece? You have been deceived by a scoundrel. But what then? You are not the first! Mr. Pratt, I give you my word as a gentleman I do not understand it. I have lived a good deal out of the world, and am, therefore, perhaps, more astonished than I ought to be."

"Mr. Dale, I feel for you—"

"Feel for me! What is to become of my girl? And do you suppose that I will let this other marriage go on? that I will not tell the De Courcys, and all the world at large, what sort of a man this is? that I will not get at him to punish him? Does he think that I will put up with this?"

"I do not know what he thinks; I must only beg that you will not mix me up in the matter, as though I were a participator in his offense."

"Will you tell him from me that I desire to see him?"

"I do not think that that would do any good."

"Never mind, Sir; you have brought me his message; will you have the goodness now to take back mine to him?"

"Do you mean at once—this evening—now?"

"Yes, at once—this evening—now—this minute."

"Ah; he has left the club; he is not here now; he went when I came to you."

"Then he is a coward as well as a scoundrel." In answer to which assertion Mr. Fowler Pratt merely shrugged his shoulders.

"He is a coward as well as a scoundrel. Will you have the kindness to tell your friend from me that he is a coward and a scoundrel—and a liar, Sir?"

"If it be so, Miss Dale is well quit of her engagement."

"That is your consolation, is it? That may

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be all very well nowadays; but when I was a young man I would sooner have burnt out my tongue than have spoken in such a way on such a subject. I would, indeed. Good-night, Mr. Pratt! Pray make your friend understand that he has not yet seen the last of the Dales; although, as you hint, the ladies of that family will no doubt have learned that he is not fit to associate with them." Then, taking up his hat, the squire made his way out of the club.

"I would not have done it," said Pratt to himself, "for all the beauty, and all the wealth, and all the rank that ever were owned by a woman."

CHAPTER XXVI.

LORD DE COURCY IN THE BOSOM OF HIS FAMILY.

Lady Julia De Guest had not during her life written many letters to Mr. Dale of Allington, nor had she ever been very fond of him. But when she felt certain how things were going on at Courcy—or rather, as we may say, how they had already gone—she took pen in hand, and sat herself to work, doing, as she conceived, her duty by her neighbor:

"My dear Mr. Dale"—she said—"I believe I need make no secret of having known that your niece Lilian is engaged to Mr. Crosbie, of London. I think it proper to warn you that if this be true Mr. Crosbie is behaving himself in a very improper manner here. I am not a person who concern myself much in the affairs of other people: and under ordinary circumstances the conduct of Mr. Crosbie would be nothing to me—or, indeed, less than nothing; but I do to you as I would wish that others should do unto me. I believe it is only too true that Mr. Crosbie has proposed to Lady Alexandrina De Courcy, and been accepted by her. I think you will believe that I would not say this without warrant, and if there be any thing in it, it may be well, for the poor young lady's sake, that you should put yourself in the way of learning the truth.

"Believe me to be yours sincerely,

"Julia De Guest.

"Courcy Castle, *Thursday*."

The squire had never been very fond of any of the De Guest family, and had, perhaps, liked Lady Julia the least of them all. He was wont to call her a meddling old woman—remembering her bitterness and pride in those now long bygone days in which the gallant major had run off with Lady Fanny. When he first received this letter he did not, on the first reading of it, believe a word of its contents. "Cross-grained old harridan," he said out loud to his nephew. "Look what that aunt of yours has written to me." Bernard read the letter twice, and as he did so his face became hard and angry.

"You don't mean to say you believe it?" said the squire.

"I don't think it will be safe to disregard it."

"What! you think it possible that your friend is doing as she says?"

"It is certainly possible. He was angry when he found that Lily had no fortune."

"Heavens, Bernard! And you can speak of it in that way?"

"I don't say that it is true; but I think we should look to it. I will go to Courcy Castle and learn the truth."

The squire at last decided that he would go. He went to Courcy Castle, and found that Crosbie had started two hours before his arrival. He asked for Lady Julia, and learned from her that Crosbie had actually left the house as the betrothed husband of Lady Alexandrina.

"The countess, I am sure, will not contradict it, if you will see her," said Lady Julia. But this the squire was unwilling to do. He would not proclaim the wretched condition of his niece more loudly than was necessary, and therefore he started on his pursuit of Crosbie. What was his success on that evening we have already learned.

Both Lady Alexandrina and her mother heard of Mr. Dale's arrival at the castle, but nothing was said between them on the subject. Lady Amelia Gazebee heard of it also, and she ventured to discuss the matter with her sister.

"You don't know exactly how far it went, do you?"

"No; yes;—not exactly, that is," said Alexandrina.

"I suppose he did say something about marriage to the girl?"

"Yes, I'm afraid he did."

"Dear, dear! It's very unfortunate. What sort of people are those Dales? I suppose he talked to you about them."

"No, he didn't; not very much. I dare say she is an artful, sly thing! It's a great pity men should go on in such a way."

"Yes, it is," said Lady Amelia. "And I do suppose that in this case the blame has been more with him than with her. It's only right I should tell you that."

"But what can I do?"

"I don't say you can do any thing; but it's as well you should know."

"But I don't know, and you don't know; and I can't see that there is any use talking about it now. I knew him a long while before she did, and if she has allowed him to make a fool of her, it isn't my fault."

"Nobody says it is, my dear."

"But you seem to preach to me about it. What can I do for the girl? The fact is, he don't care for her a bit, and never did."

"Then he shouldn't have told her that he did."

"That's all very well, Amelia; but people don't always do exactly all that they ought to do. I suppose Mr. Crosbie isn't the first man that has proposed to two ladies. I dare say it was wrong, but I can't help it. As to Mr. Dale coming here with a tale of his niece's wrongs, I think it very absurd—very absurd indeed. It makes it look as though there had been a scheme to catch Mr. Crosbie, and it's my belief that there was such a scheme."

"I only hope that there'll be no quarrel."

"Men don't fight duels nowadays, Amelia."

"But do you remember what Frank Gresham

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did to Mr. Moffatt when he behaved so badly to poor Augusta?"

"Mr. Crosbie isn't afraid of that kind of thing. And I always thought that Frank was very wrong—very wrong indeed. What's the good of two men beating each other in the street?"

"Well; I'm sure I hope there'll be no quarrel. But I own I don't like the look of it. You see the uncle must have known all about it, and have consented to the marriage, or he would not have come here."

"I don't see that it can make any difference to me, Amelia."

"No, my dear, I don't see that it can. We shall be up in town soon, and I will see as much as possible of Mr. Crosbie. The marriage, I hope, will take place soon."

"He talks of February."

"Don't put it off, Alley, whatever you do. There are so many slips, you know, in these things."

"I'm not a bit afraid of that," said Alexandrina, sticking up her head.

"I dare say not; and you may be sure that we will keep an eye on him. Mortimer will get him up to dine with us as often as possible, and as his leave of absence is all over he can't get out of town. He's to be here at Christmas, isn't he?"

"Of course he is."

"Mind you keep him to that. And as to these Dales, I would be very careful, if I were you, not to say any thing unkind of them to any one. It sounds badly in your position." And with this last piece of advice Lady Amelia Gazebee allowed the subject to drop.

On that day Lady Julia returned to her own home. Her adieux to the whole family at Courcy Castle were very cold, but about Mr. Crosbie and his lady-love at Allington she said no further word to any of them. Alexandrina did not show herself at all on the occasion, and indeed had not spoken to her enemy since that evening on which she had felt herself constrained to retreat from the drawing-room.

"Good-by," said the countess. "You have been so good to come, and we have enjoyed it so much."

"I thank you very much. Good-morning," said Lady Julia, with a stately courtesy.

"Pray remember me to your brother. I wish we could have seen him; I hope he has not been hurt by the—the bull." And then Lady Julia went her way.

"What a fool I have been to have that woman in the house!" said the countess, before the door was closed behind her guest's back.

"Indeed you have," said Lady Julia, screaming back through the passage. Then there was a long silence, then a suppressed titter, and after that a loud laugh.

"Oh, mamma, what shall we do?" said Lady Amelia.

"Do!" said Margaretta; "why should we do any thing? She has heard the truth for once in her life."

"Dear Lady Dumbello, what will you think of us?" said the countess, turning round to another guest, who was also just about to depart. "Did any one ever know such a woman before?"

"I think she's very nice," said Lady Dumbello, smiling.

"I can't quite agree with you there," said Lady Clandidlem. "But I do believe she means to do her best. She is very charitable, and all that sort of thing."

"I'm sure I don't know," said Rosina. "I asked her for a subscription to the mission for putting down the Papists in the west of Ireland, and she refused me point-blank."

"Now, my dear, if you're quite ready," said Lord Dumbello, coming into the room. Then there was another departure; but on this occasion the countess waited till the doors were shut, and the retreating footsteps were no longer heard. "Have you observed," said she to Lady Clandidlem, "that she has not held her head up since Mr. Palliser went away?"

"Indeed I have," said Lady Clandidlem. "As for poor Dumbello, he's the blindest creature I ever saw in my life."

"We shall hear of something before next May," said Lady De Courcy, shaking her head; "but for all that she'll never be Duchess of Omnium."

"I wonder what your mamma will say of me when I go away to-morrow," said Lady Clandidlem to Margaretta, as they walked across the hall together.

"She won't say that you are going to run away with any gentleman," said Margaretta.

"At any rate not with the earl," said Lady Clandidlem. "Ha, ha, ha! Well, we are all very good-natured, are we not? The best is that it means nothing."

Thus by degrees all the guests went, and the family of the De Courcys was left to the bliss of their own domestic circle. This, we may presume, was not without its charms, seeing that there were so many feelings in common between the mother and her children. There were drawbacks to it, no doubt, arising perhaps chiefly from the earl's bodily infirmities. "When your father speaks to me," said Mrs. George to her husband, "he puts me in such a shiver that I can not open my mouth to answer him."

"You should stand up to him," said George. "He can't hurt you, you know. Your money's your own; and if I'm ever to be the heir, it won't be by his doing."

"But he gnashes his teeth at me."

"You shouldn't care for that, if he don't bite. He used to gnash them at me; and when I had to ask him for money I didn't like it; but now I don't mind him a bit. He threw the peerage at me one day, but it didn't go within a yard of my head."

"If he throws any thing at me, George, I shall drop upon the spot."

But the countess had a worse time with the

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earl than any of her children. It was necessary that she should see him daily, and necessary also that she should say much that he did not like to hear, and make many petitions that caused him to gnash his teeth. The earl was one of those men who could not endure to live otherwise than expensively, and yet was made miserable by every recurring expense. He ought to have known by this time that butchers, and bakers, and corn-chandlers, and coal-merchants will not supply their goods for nothing; and yet it always seemed as though he had expected that at this special period they would do so. He was an embarrassed man, no doubt, and had not been fortunate in his speculations at Newmarket or Homburg; but, nevertheless, he had still the means of living without daily torment; and it must be supposed that his self-imposed sufferings, with regard to money, rose rather from his disposition than his necessities. His wife never knew whether he were really ruined, or simply pretending it. She had now become so used to her position in this respect that she did not allow fiscal considerations to mar her happiness. Food and clothing had always come to her—including velvet gowns, new trinkets, and a man-cook—and she presumed that they would continue to come. But that daily conference with her husband was almost too much for her. She struggled to avoid it; and, as far as the ways and means were concerned, would have allowed them to arrange themselves, if he would only have permitted it. But he insisted on seeing her daily in his own sitting-room; and she had acknowledged to her favorite daughter, Margaretta, that those half hours would soon be the death of her. "I sometimes feel," she said, "that I am going mad before I can get out." And she reproached herself, probably without reason, in that she had brought much of this upon herself. In former days the earl had been constantly away from home, and the countess had complained. Like many other women she had not known when she was well off. She had complained, urging upon her lord that he should devote more of his time to his own hearth. It is probable that her ladyship's remonstrances had been less efficacious than the state of his own health in producing that domestic constancy which he now practiced; but it is certain that she looked back with bitter regret to the happy days when she was deserted, jealous, and querulous. "Don't you wish we could get Sir Omicron to order him to the German Spas?" she had said to Margaretta. Now Sir Omicron was the great London physician, and might, no doubt, do much in that way.

But no such happy order had as yet been given; and, as far as the family could foresee, paterfamilias intended to pass the winter with them at Courcy. The guests, as I have said, were all gone, and none but the family were in the house, when her ladyship waited upon her lord one morning at twelve o'clock, a few days after Mr. Dale's visit to the castle. He always breakfasted alone, and after breakfast found in a French novel and a cigar what solace those innocent recreations were still able to afford him. When the novel no longer excited him, and when he was saturated with smoke, he would send for his wife. After that his valet would dress him. "She gets it worse than I do," the man declared in the servants' hall; "and minds it a deal more. I can give warning, and she can't."

"Better? No, I ain't better," the husband said, in answer to his wife's inquiries. "I never shall be better while you keep that cook in the kitchen."

"But where are we to get another if we send him away?"

"It's not my business to find cooks. I don't know where you're to get one. It's my belief you won't have a cook at all before long. It seems you have got two extra men into the house without telling me."

"We must have servants, you know, when there is company. It wouldn't do to have Lady Dumbello here, and no one to wait on her."

"Who asked Lady Dumbello? I didn't."

"I'm sure, my dear, you liked having her here."

"D—— Lady Dumbello!" and then there was a pause. The countess had no objection whatsoever to the above proposition, and was rejoiced that that question of the servants was allowed to slip aside through the aid of her ladyship.

"Look at that letter from Porlock," said the earl; and he pushed over to the unhappy mother a letter from her eldest son. Of all her children he was the one she loved the best; but him she was never allowed to see under her own roof. "I sometimes think that he is the greatest rascal with whom I ever had occasion to concern myself," said the earl.

She took the letter and read it. The epistle was certainly not one which a father could receive with pleasure from his son; but the disagreeable nature of its contents was the fault rather of the parent than of the child. The writer intimated that certain money due to him had not been paid with necessary punctuality, and that unless he received it he should instruct his lawyer to take some authorized legal proceedings. Lord De Courcy had raised certain moneys on the family property, which he could not have raised without the co-operation of his heir, and had bound himself, in return for that co-operation, to pay a certain fixed income to his eldest son. This he regarded as an allowance from himself; but Lord Porlock regarded it as his own by lawful claim. The son had not worded his letter with any affectionate phraseology. "Lord Porlock begs to inform Lord De Courcy—" Such had been the commencement.

"I suppose he must have his money; else how can he live?" said the countess, trembling.

"Live!" shouted the earl. "And so you

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think it proper that he should write such a letter as that to his father!"

"It is all very unfortunate," she replied.

"I don't know where the money's to come from. As for him, if he were starving, it would serve him right. He's a disgrace to the name and the family. From all I hear he won't live long."

"Oh, De Courcy, don't talk of it in that way!"

"What way am I to talk of it? If I say that he's my greatest comfort, and living as becomes a nobleman, and is a fine healthy man of his age, with a good wife and a lot of legitimate children, will that make you believe it? Women are such fools! Nothing that I say will make him worse than he is."

"But he may reform."

"Reform! He's over forty, and when I last saw him he looked nearly sixty. There; you may answer his letter: I won't."

"And about the money?"

"Why doesn't he write to Gazebee about his dirty money? Why does he trouble me? I haven't got his money. Ask Gazebee about his money. I won't trouble myself about it." Then there was another pause, during which the countess folded the letter and put it in her pocket.

"How long is George going to remain here with that woman?" he asked.

"I'm sure she is very harmless," pleaded the countess.

"I always think when I see her that I'm sitting down to dinner with my own housemaid. I never saw such a woman. How he can put up with it! But I don't suppose he cares for any thing."

"It has made him very steady."

"Steady!"

"And as she will be confined before long it may be as well that she should remain here. If Porlock doesn't marry, you know—"

"And so he means to live here altogether, does he? I'll tell you what it is—I won't have it. He's better able to keep a house over his own head and his wife's than I am to do it for them, and so you may tell them. I won't have it. D'ye hear?" Then there was another short pause. "D'ye hear?" he shouted at her.

"Yes; of course I hear. I was only thinking you wouldn't wish me to turn them out—just as her confinement is coming on."

"I know what that means. Then they'd never go. I won't have it; and if you don't tell them I will." In answer to this Lady De Courcy promised that she would tell them, thinking perhaps that the earl's mode of telling might not be beneficial in that particular epoch which was now coming in the life of Mrs. George.

"Did you know," said he, breaking out on a new subject, "that a man had been here named Dale, calling on somebody in this house?" In answer to which the countess acknowledged that she had known it.

"Then why did you keep it from me?" And that gnashing of the teeth took place which was so specially objectionable to Mrs. George.

"It was a matter of no moment. He came to see Lady Julia De Guest."

"Yes; but he came about that man Crosbie."

"I suppose he did."

"Why have you let that girl be such a fool? You'll find he'll play her some knave's trick."

"Oh, dear, no."

"And why should she want to marry such a man as that?"

"He's quite a gentleman, you know, and very much thought of in the world. It won't be at all bad for her, poor thing! It is so very hard for a girl to get married nowadays without money."

"And so they're to take up with any body. As far as I can see, this is a worse affair than that of Amelia."

"Amelia has done very well, my dear."

"Oh, if you call it doing well for your girls, I don't. I call it doing uncommon badly; about as bad as they well can do. But it's your affair. I have never meddled with them, and don't intend to do it now."

"I really think she'll be happy, and she is devotedly attached to the young man."

"Devotedly attached to the young man!" The tone and manner in which the earl repeated these words were such as to warrant an opinion that his lordship might have done very well on the stage had his attention been called to that profession. "It makes me sick to hear people talk in that way. She wants to get married, and she's a fool for her pains; I can't help that; only remember that I'll have no nonsense here about that other girl. If he gives me trouble of that sort, by —— I'll be the death of him. When is the marriage to be?"

"They talk of February."

"I won't have any tomfoolery and expense. If she chooses to marry a clerk in an office, she shall marry him as clerks are married."

"He'll be the secretary before that, De Courcy."

"What difference does that make? Secretary, indeed! What sort of men do you suppose secretaries are? A beggar that came from nobody knows where! I won't have any tomfoolery; d'ye hear?" Whereupon the countess said that she did hear, and soon afterward managed to escape. The valet then took his turn; and repeated, after his hour of service, that "Old Nick" in his tantrums had been more like the Prince of Darkness than ever.

CHAPTER XXVII.

"ON MY HONOR, I DO NOT UNDERSTAND IT."

In the mean time Lady Alexandrina endeavored to realize to herself all the advantages and disadvantages of her own position. She was not possessed of strong affections, nor of depth of character, nor of high purpose; but she was

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no fool, nor was she devoid of principle. She had asked herself many times whether her present life was so happy as to make her think that a permanent continuance in it would suffice for her desires, and she had always replied to herself that she would fain change to some other life if it were possible. She had also questioned herself as to her rank, of which she was quite sufficiently proud, and had told herself that she could not degrade herself in the world without a heavy pang. But she had at last taught herself to believe that she had more to gain by becoming the wife of such a man as Crosbie than by remaining as an unmarried daughter of her father's house. There was much in her sister Amelia's position which she did not envy, but there was less to envy in that of her sister Rosina. The Gazebee house in St. John's Wood Road was not so magnificent as Courcy Castle; but then it was less dull, less embittered by torment, and was moreover her sister's own.

"Very many do marry commoners," she had said to Margaretta.

"Oh yes, of course. It makes a difference, you know, when a man has a fortune."

Of course it did make a difference. Crosbie had no fortune, was not even so rich as Mr. Gazebee, could keep no carriage, and would have no country-house. But then he was a man of fashion, was more thought of in the world than Mr. Gazebee, might probably rise in his own profession—and was at any rate thoroughly presentable. She would have preferred a gentleman with £5000 a year; but then as no gentleman with £5000 a year came that way, would she not be happier with Mr. Crosbie than she would be with no husband at all? She was not very much in love with Mr. Crosbie, but she thought that she could live with him comfortably, and that on the whole it would be a good thing to be married.

And she made certain resolves as to the manner in which she would do her duty by her husband. Her sister Amelia was paramount in her own house, ruling indeed with a moderate, endurable dominion, and ruling much to her husband's advantage. Alexandrina feared that she would not be allowed to rule, but she could at any rate try. She would do all in her power to make him comfortable, and would be specially careful not to irritate him by any insistence on her own higher rank. She would be very meek in this respect; and if children should come she would be as painstaking about them as though her own father had been merely a clergyman or a lawyer. She thought also much about poor Lilian Dale, asking herself sundry questions, with an idea of being high-principled as to her duty in that respect. Was she wrong in taking Mr. Crosbie away from Lilian Dale? In answer to these questions she was able to assure herself comfortably that she was not wrong. Mr. Crosbie would not, under any circumstances, marry Lilian Dale. He had told her so more than once, and that in a solemn way. She could therefore be doing no harm to Lilian Dale. If she entertained any inner feeling that Crosbie's fault in jilting Lilian Dale was less than it would have been had she herself not been an earl's daughter—that her own rank did in some degree extenuate her lover's falseness—she did not express it in words even to herself.

She did not get very much sympathy from her own family. "I'm afraid he does not think much of his religious duties. I'm told that young men of that sort seldom do," said Rosina. "I don't say you're wrong," said Margaretta. "By no means. Indeed, I think less of it now than I did when Amelia did the same thing. I shouldn't do it myself, that's all." Her father told her that he supposed she knew her own mind. Her mother, who endeavored to comfort and in some sort to congratulate her, nevertheless harped constantly on the fact that she was marrying a man without rank and without a fortune. Her congratulations were apologetic, and her comfortings took the guise of consolation. "Of course you won't be rich, my dear; but I really think you'll do very well. Mr. Crosbie may be received any where, and you never need be ashamed of him." By which the countess implied that her elder married daughter was occasionally called on to be ashamed of her husband. "I wish he could keep a carriage for you, but perhaps that will come some day." Upon the whole Alexandrina did not repent, and stoutly told her father that she did know her own mind.

During all this time Lily Dale was as yet perfect in her happiness. That delay of a day or two in the receipt of the expected letter from her lover had not disquieted her. She had promised him that she would not distrust him, and she was firmly minded to keep her promises. Indeed no idea of breaking it came to her at this time. She was disappointed when the postman would come and bring no letter for her—disappointed as is the husbandman when the longed-for rain does not come to refresh the parched earth; but she was in no degree angry. "He will explain it," she said to herself. And she assured Bell that men never recognized the hunger and thirst after letters which women feel when away from those whom they love.

Then they heard at the Small House that the squire had gone away from Allington. During the last few days Bernard had not been much with them, and now they heard the news, not through their cousin, but from Hopkins. "I really can't undertake to say, Miss Bell, where the master's gone to. It's not likely the master 'd tell me where he was going to; not unless it was about seeds or the likes of that."

"He has gone very suddenly," said Bell.

"Well, miss, I've nothing to say to that. And why shouldn't he go sudden if he likes? I only know he had his gig, and went to the station. If you was to bury me alive I couldn't tell you more."

"I should like to try," said Lily, as they walked away. "He is such a cross old thing. I wonder whether Bernard has gone with my uncle." And then they thought no more about it.

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On the day after that Bernard came down to the Small House, but he said nothing by way of accounting for the squire's absence. "He is in London, I know," said Bernard.

"I hope he'll call on Mr. Crosbie," said Lily. But on this subject Bernard said not a word. He did ask Lily whether she had heard from Adolphus, in answer to which she replied, with as indifferent a voice as she could assume, that she had not had a letter that morning.

"I shall be angry with him if he's not a good correspondent," said Mrs. Dale, when she and Lily were alone together.

"No, mamma, you mustn't be angry with him. I won't let you be angry with him. Please to remember he's my lover and not yours."

"But I can see you when you watch for the postman."

"I won't watch for the postman any more if it makes you have bad thoughts about him. Yes, they are bad thoughts. I won't have you think that he doesn't do every thing that is right."

On the next morning the postman brought a letter, or rather a note, and Lily at once saw that it was from Crosbie. She had contrived to intercept it near the back-door, at which the postman called, so that her mother should not watch her watchings, nor see her disappointment if none should come. "Thank you, Jane," she said, very calmly, when the eager, kindly girl ran to her with the little missive; and she walked off to some solitude, trying to hide her impatience. The note had seemed so small that it amazed her; but when she opened it the contents amazed her more. There was neither beginning nor end. There was no appellation of love, and no signature. It contained but two lines: "I will write to you at length to-morrow. This is my first day in London, and I have been so driven about that I can not write." That was all, and it was scrawled on half a sheet of note-paper. Why, at any rate, had he not called her his dearest Lily? Why had he not assured her that he was ever her own? Such expressions, meaning so much, may be conveyed in a glance of the pen. "Ah," she said, "if he knew how I hunger and thirst after his love!"

She had but a moment left to her before she must join her mother and sister, and she used that moment in remembering her promise. "I know it is all right," she said to herself. "He does not think of these things as I do. He had to write at the last moment, as he was leaving his office." And then, with a quiet, smiling face, she walked into the breakfast-parlor.

"What does he say, Lily?" asked Bell.

"What would you give to know?" said Lily.

"I wouldn't give twopence for the whole of it," said Bell.

"When you get any body to write to you letters, I wonder whether you'll show them to every body?"

"But if there's any special London news, I suppose we might hear it," said Mrs. Dale.

"But suppose there's no special London news, mamma. The poor man had only been in town one day, you know: and there never is any news at this time of the year."

"Had he seen Uncle Christopher?"

"I don't think he had; but he doesn't say. We shall get all the news from him when he comes. He cares much more about London news than Adolphus does." And then there was no more said about the letter.

But Lily had read her two former letters over and over again at the breakfast-table; and though she had not read them aloud, she had repeated many words out of them, and had so annotated upon them that her mother, who had heard her, could have almost re-written them. Now, she did not even show the paper; and then her absence, during which she had read the letter, had hardly exceeded a minute or two. All this Mrs. Dale observed, and she knew that her daughter had been again disappointed.

In fact that day Lily was very serious, but she did not appear to be unhappy. Early after breakfast Bell went over to the parsonage, and Mrs. Dale and her youngest daughter sat together over their work. "Mamma," she said, "I hope you and I are not to be divided when I go to live in London."

"We shall never be divided in heart, my love."

"Ah, but that will not be enough for happiness, though perhaps enough to prevent absolute unhappiness. I shall want to see you, touch you, and pet you as I do now." And she came and knelt on the cushion at her mother's feet.

"You will have some one else to caress and pet—perhaps many others."

"Do you mean to say that you are going to throw me off, mamma?"

"God forbid, my darling. It is not mothers that throw off their children. What shall I have left when you and Bell are gone from me?"

"But we will never be gone. That's what I mean. We are to be just the same to you always, even though we are married. I must have my right to be here as much as I have it now; and, in return, you shall have your right to be there. His house must be a home to you—not a cold place which you may visit now and again, with your best clothes on. You know what I mean, when I say that we must not be divided."

"But Lily—"

"Well, mamma?"

"I have no doubt we shall be happy together—you and I."

"But you were going to say more than that."

"Only this, that your house will be his house, and will be full without me. A daughter's marriage is always a painful parting."

"Is it, mamma?"

"Not that I would have it otherwise than it is. Do not think that I would wish to keep you at home with me. Of course you will both marry and leave me. I hope that he to whom you are going to devote yourself may be spared

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to love you and protect you." Then the widow's heart became too full, and she put away her child from her that she might hide her face.

"Mamma, mamma, I wish I was not going from you."

"No, Lily; do not say that. I should not be contented with life if I did not see both my girls married. I think that it is the only lot which can give to a woman perfect content and satisfaction. I would have you both married. I should be the most selfish being alive if I wished otherwise."

"Bell will settle herself near you, and then you will see more of her and love her better than you do me."

"I shall not love her better."

"I wish she would marry some London man, and then you would come with us, and be near to us. Do you know, mamma, I sometimes think you don't like this place here."

"Your uncle has been very kind to give it to us."

"I know he has; and we have been very happy here. But if Bell should leave you—"

"Then should I go also. Your uncle has been very kind, but I sometimes feel that his kindness is a burden which I should not be strong enough to bear solely on my own shoulders. And what should keep me here, then?" Mrs. Dale as she said this felt that the "here" of which she spoke extended beyond the limits of the home which she held through the charity of her brother-in-law. Might not all the world, as far as she was concerned in it, be contained in that here? How was she to live if both her children should be taken away from her? She had already realized the fact that Crosbie's house could never be a home to her, never even a temporary home. Her visits there must be of that full-dressed nature to which Lily had alluded. It was impossible that she could explain this to Lily. She would not prophesy that the hero of her girl's heart would be inhospitable to his wife's mother; but such had been her reading of Crosbie's character. Alas, alas, as matters were to go, his hospitality or inhospitality would be matter of small moment to them.

Again in the afternoon the two sisters were together, and Lily was still more serious than her wont. It might almost have been gathered from her manner that this marriage of hers was about to take place at once, and that she was preparing to leave her home. "Bell," she said, "I wonder why Dr. Crofts never comes to see us now?"

"It isn't a month since he was here, at our party."

"A month! But there was a time when he made some pretext for being here every other day."

"Yes, when mamma was ill."

"Ay, and since mamma was well, too. But I suppose I must not break the promise you made me give you. He's not to be talked about even yet, is he?"

"I didn't say he was not to be talked about. You know what I meant, Lily; and what I meant then I mean now."

"And how long will it be before you mean something else? I do hope it will come some day—I do indeed."

"It never will, Lily. I once fancied that I cared for Dr. Crofts, but it was only fancy. I know it, because—" She was going to explain that her knowledge on that point was assured to her, because since that day she had felt that she might have learned to love another man. But that other man had been Mr. Crosbie, and so she stopped herself.

"I wish he would come and ask you himself."

"He will never do so. He would never ask such a question without encouragement, and I shall give him none. Nor will he ever think of marrying till he can do so without—without what he thinks to be imprudence as regards money. He has courage enough to be poor himself without unhappiness, but he has not courage to endure poverty with a wife. I know well what his feelings are."

"Well, we shall see," said Lily. "I shouldn't wonder if you were married first now, Bell. For my part, I'm quite prepared to wait for three years."

Late on that evening the squire returned to Allington, Bernard having driven over to meet him at the station. He had telegraphed to his nephew that he would be back by a late train, and no more than this had been heard from him since he went. On that day Bernard had seen none of the ladies at the Small House. With Bell at the present moment it was impossible that he should be on easy terms. He could not meet her alone without recurring to the one special subject of interest between them, and as to that he did not choose to speak without much forethought. He had not known himself when he had gone about his wooing so lightly, thinking it a slight thing whether or no he might be accepted. Now it was no longer a slight thing to him. I do not know that it was love that made him so eager—not good, honest, downright love. But he had set his heart upon the object, and with the willfulness of a Dale was determined that it should be his. He had no remotest idea of giving up his cousin, but he had at last persuaded himself that she was not to be won without some toil, and perhaps also some delay.

Nor had he been in a humor to talk either to Mrs. Dale or to Lily. He feared that Lady Julia's news was true—that at any rate there might be in it something of truth; and while thus in doubt he could not go down to the Small House. So he hung about the place by himself, with a cigar in his mouth, fearing that something evil was going to happen, and, when the message came for him, almost shuddered as he seated himself in the gig. What would it become him to do in this emergency if Crosbie had truly been guilty of the villainy with which Lady Julia had charged him? Thirty years ago he

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would have called the man out, and shot at him till one of them was hit. Nowadays it was hardly possible for a man to do that; and yet what would the world say of him if he allowed such an injury as this to pass without vengeance?

His uncle, as he came forth from the station with his traveling-bag in his hand, was stern, gloomy, and silent. He came out and took his place in the gig almost without speaking. There were strangers about, and therefore his nephew at first could ask no question, but as the gig turned the corner out of the station-house yard he demanded the news.

"What have you heard?" he said. But even then the squire did not answer at once. He shook his head and turned away his face, as though he did not choose to be interrogated.

"Have you seen him, Sir?" asked Bernard.

"No; he has not dared to see me."

"Then it is true?"

"True?—yes, it is all true. Why did you bring the scoundrel here? It has been your fault."

"No, Sir; I must contradict that. I did not know him for a scoundrel."

"But it was your duty to have known him before you brought him here among them. Poor girl! how is she to be told?"

"Then she does not know it?"

"I fear not. Have you seen them?"

"I saw them yesterday, and she did not know it then; she may have heard it to-day."

"I don't think so. I believe he has been too great a coward to write to her. A coward indeed! How can any man find the courage to write such a letter as that?"

By degrees the squire told his tale. How he had gone to Lady Julia, had made his way to London, had tracked Crosbie to his club, and had there learned the whole truth from Crosbie's friend, Fowler Pratt, we already know. "The coward escaped me while I was talking to the man he sent down," said the squire. "It was a concerted plan, and I think he was right. I should have brained him in the hall of the club." On the following morning Pratt had called upon him at his inn with Crosbie's apology. "His apology!" said the squire. "I have it in my pocket. Poor reptile! wretched worm of a man! I can not understand it. On my honor, Bernard, I do not understand it. I think men are changed since I knew much of them. It would have been impossible for me to write such a letter as that." He went on telling how Pratt had brought him this letter, and had stated that Crosbie declined an interview. "The gentleman had the goodness to assure me that no good could come from such a meeting. 'You mean,' I answered, 'that I can not touch pitch and not be defiled!' He acknowledged that the man was pitch. Indeed, he could not say a word for his friend."

"I know Pratt. He is a gentleman. I am sure he would not excuse him."

"Excuse him! How could any one excuse him? Words could not be found to excuse him." And then he sat silent for some half mile. "On my honor, Bernard, I can hardly yet bring myself to believe it. It is so new to me. It makes me feel that the world is changed, and that it is no longer worth a man's while to live in it."

"And he is engaged to this other girl?"

"Oh yes; with the full consent of the family. It is all arranged, and the settlements, no doubt, in the lawyer's hands by this time. He must have gone away from here determined to throw her over. Indeed, I don't suppose he ever meant to marry her. He was just passing away his time here in the country."

"He meant it up to the time of his leaving."

"I don't think it. Had he found me able and willing to give her a fortune he might, perhaps, have married her. But I don't think he meant it for a moment after I told him that she would have nothing. Well, here we are. I may truly say that I never before came back to my own house with so sore a heart."

They sat silently over their supper, the squire showing more open sorrow than might have been expected from his character. "What am I to say to them in the morning?" he repeated over and over again. "How am I to do it? And if I tell the mother, how is she to tell her child?"

"Do you think that he has given no intimation of his purpose?"

"As far as I can tell, none. That man Pratt knew that he had not done so yesterday afternoon. I asked him what were the intentions of his blackguard friend, and he said that he did not know—that Crosbie would probably have written to me. Then he brought me this letter. There it is," and the squire threw the letter over the table; "read it, and let me have it back. He thinks probably that the trouble is now over as far as he is concerned."

It was a vile letter to have written—not because the language was bad, or the mode of expression unfeeling, or the facts falsely stated—but because the thing to be told was in itself so vile. There are deeds which will not bear a gloss; sins as to which the perpetrator can not speak otherwise than as a reptile; circumstances which change a man and put upon him the worthlessness of vermin. Crosbie had struggled hard to write it, going home to do it after his last interview on that night with Pratt. But he had sat moodily in his chair at his lodgings, unable to take the pen in his hand. Pratt was to come to him at his office on the following morning, and he went to bed resolving that he would write it at his desk. On the next day Pratt was there before a word of it had been written.

"I can't stand this kind of thing," said Pratt. "If you mean me to take it, you must write it at once." Then, with inward groaning, Crosbie sat himself at his table, and the words at last were forthcoming. Such words as they were! "I know that I can have no excuse to

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make to you—or to her. But, circumstanced as I now am, the truth is the best. I feel that I should not make Miss Dale happy; and therefore, as an honest man, I think I best do my duty by relinquishing the honor which she and you had proposed for me." There was more of it, but we all know of what words such letters are composed, and how men write when they feel themselves constrained to write as reptiles.

"As an honest man!" repeated the squire. "On my honor, Bernard, as a gentleman, I do not understand it. I can not believe it possible that the man who wrote that letter was sitting the other day as a guest at my table."

"What are we to do to him?" said Bernard, after a while.

"Treat him as you would a rat. Throw your stick at him if he comes under your feet; but beware, above all things, that he does not get into your house. That is too late for us now."

"There must be more than that, uncle."

"I don't know what more. There are deeds for committing which a man is doubly damned, because he has screened himself from overt punishment by the nature of his own villainy. We have to remember Lily's name, and do what may best tend to her comfort. Poor girl! poor girl!"

Then they were silent till the squire rose and took his bed candle. "Bernard," he said, "let my sister-in-law know early to-morrow that I will see her here, if she will be good enough to come to me after breakfast. Do not have any thing else said at the Small House. It may be that he has written to-day."

Then the squire went to bed, and Bernard sat over the dining-room fire meditating on it all. How would the world expect that he should behave to Crosbie? and what should he do when he met Crosbie at the club?

ENGLAND IN THE GOOD OLD TIMES.*

AT the time of the suppression of the monasteries in England the political influences which had been in operation for so many centuries had come to an end. Had they endured for a thousand years longer they could have accomplished nothing more. The condition of human life shows what their uses and what their failures had been. There were forests extending over great districts; fens forty or fifty miles in length, reeking with miasm and fever, though round the walls of the abbeys there might be beautiful gardens, green lawns, shady walks, and many murmuring streams. In trackless woods where men should have been, herds of deer were straying; the sandy hills were alive with conies, the downs with flocks of bustard. The peasant's cabin was made of reeds or sticks plastered over with mud. His fire was chimneyless—often it was made of peat. In the objects and manner of his existence he was but a step above the industrious beaver who was building his dam in the adjacent stream. There were highwaymen on the roads, pirates on the rivers, vermin in abundance in the clothing and beds. The common food was pease, vetches, fern roots, and even the bark of trees. There was no commerce to put off famine. Man was altogether at the mercy of the seasons. The population, sparse as it was, was perpetually thinned by pestilence and want. Nor was the state of the townsman better than that of the rustic; his bed was a bag of straw, with a fair round log for his pillow. If he was in easy circumstances, his clothing was of leather; if poor, a wisp of straw wrapped round his limbs kept off the cold. It was a melancholy social condition when nothing intervened between reed cabins in the fen, the miserable wigwams of villages, and the conspicuous walls of the castle and monastery. Well might they who lived in those times bewail the lot of the ague-stricken peasant, and point, not without indignation, to the troops of pilgrims, mendicants, pardoners, and ecclesiastics of every grade who hung round the Church, to the nightly wassail and rioting drunkenness in the castle-hall, secure in its moats, its battlements, and its warders. The local pivots round which society revolved were the red-handed baron, familiar with scenes of outrage and deeds of blood, and the abbot, indulging in the extreme of luxury, magnificent in dress, exulting in his ambling palfrey, his hawk, his hounds. Rural life had but little improved since the time of Cæsar; in its physical aspect it was altogether neglected. As to the mechanic, how was it possible that he could exist where there were no windows made of glass, no, not of oiled paper, no workshop warmed by a fire? For the poor there was no physician, for the dying the monk and his crucifix. The aim was to smooth the sufferer's passage to the next world, not to save him for this. Sanitary provisions there were none except the paternoster and the ave. In the cities the pestilence walked unstayed, its triumphs numbered by the sounds of the death-crier in the streets, or the knell for the soul that was passing away.

Our estimate of the influence of the system under which men were thus living as a regulator of their passions may at this point derive much exactness from incidents such as those offered by the history of syphilis and the usages of war. For this purpose we may for a moment glance at the Continent.

The attention of all Europe was suddenly arrested by a disease which broke out soon after the discovery of America. It raged with particular violence in the French army commanded by Charles VIII. at the siege of Naples, A.D. 1495, and spread almost like an epidemic. It was syphilis. Though there have been medical authors who supposed that it was only an ex-

* Extract from *A History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*, by JOHN W. DRAPER, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York. Published by Harper and Brothers.

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acerbation of a malady known from antiquity, that opinion can not be maintained after the learned researches of Astruc. That it was something recognized at the time as altogether new, seems to be demonstrated by the accusations of different nations against each other of having given origin to it. Very soon, however, the truth appeared. It had been brought by the sailors of Columbus from the West Indies. Its true character, and the condition of its propagation, were fully established by Fernel.

Now, giving full weight to the fact that the virulence of a disease may be greatest at its first invasion, but remembering that there is nothing in the history of syphilis that would lead us to suppose it ever was, or indeed could be infectious, but only contagious, or communicated by direct contact from person to person; remembering also the special circumstances under which, in this disease, that contagion is imparted, the rapidity of its spread all over Europe is a significant illustration of the fearful immorality of the times. If contemporary authors are to be trusted, there was not a class, married or unmarried, clergy or laity, from the holy father, Leo X., to the beggar by the wayside, free from it. It swept over Europe, not as Asiatic cholera did, running along the great lines of trade, and leaving extensive tracts untouched, settling upon and devastating great cities here and there, while others had an immunity. The march of syphilis was equable, unbroken, universal, making good its ground from its point of appearance in the southwest, steadily and swiftly taking possession of the entire Continent, and offering an open manifestation and measure of the secret wickedness of society.

If thus the sins man practices in privacy became suddenly and accidentally exposed, that exposure showing how weak is the control that any system can exercise over human passions, we are brought to the same melancholy conclusion when we turn to those crimes that may be perpetrated in the face of day. The usages of war in the civil contests of the fifteenth century, or in the religious conflicts of the sixteenth and seventeenth, are perfectly appalling; the annals of those evil days are full of wanton and objectless barbarities, refusal of quarter, murder in cold blood, killing of peasants. Invading armies burned and destroyed every thing in their way; the taking of plunder and ransom of prisoners were recognized sources of wealth. Prosperous countries were made "a sea of fire;" the horrible atrocities of the Spaniards in America were rivaled by those practiced in Europe; deliberate directions were given to make whole tracts "a desert." Attempts had been made to introduce some amelioration into warfare again and again, either by forbidding hostilities at certain times, as was the object of the "truces of God," repeatedly enforced by ecclesiastical authority, or by establishing between the combatants themselves those courtesies which are at once the chief grace and glory of chivalry; but, to judge by the result as offered, even so late as the eighteenth century, those attempts must be regarded as having proved altogether abortive.

England, at the close of the Age of Faith, had for long been a chief pecuniary tributary to Italy, the source from which large revenues had been drawn, the fruitful field in which herds of Italian ecclesiastics had been pastured. A wonderful change was impending. At the beginning of the sixteenth century the island was far more backward intellectually and politically than is commonly supposed. Its population hardly reached five millions, and was stationary at that point, not so much because of the effects of civil and foreign war, as merely through the operation of ordinary economical causes. There was no reason to call more men into existence. It was regarded as good statemanship to maintain the population at a constant standard. The municipal policy corresponded to the national: it was not so much advanced as that contemporaneously existing in Peru. Swarms of idle ecclesiastics had set such a pernicious example that the indisposition among common people to work had become quite a formidable difficulty. In every village there were stocks for the punishment of "valiant beggars," as they were termed. By the act of 1531, vagrants "whole and mighty in body" caught begging, for the first time might be whipped at the cart-tail; the second time their ears were to be slit; by the act of 1536, if caught the third time, they were to be put to death. In all directions large towns were falling into decay, a misfortune popularly attributed to the laziness of the lower orders, but in reality due to causes of a very different kind. Hitherto land had been the representative of authority and the source of power. Society had been organized upon that imperfect basis; a descending scale of landed proprietors had been established, and in that system every man had a place assigned to him, just as in Peru, though less perfectly. It was a system of organized labor, the possession of land being a trust, not a property. But now commerce was beginning to disturb the foundations on which all these arrangements had been sustained, and to compel a new distribution of population; trading companies were being established; men were unsettled by the rumors or realities of immense fortunes rapidly gained in foreign adventure. Maritime enterprise was thus not only dislocating society, but even destroying its spirit, substituting self-interest for loyalty. A nation so illiterate that many of its peers in Parliament could neither read nor write, was hardly able to trace the troubles befalling it to their proper source; with one voice it imputed them to the bad example and shortcomings of the clergy. Long before Henry VIII., England was ready for the suppression of the monasteries. She regarded them as the very hot-beds of her evils. There were incessant complaints against the clergy for their scandalous lusts, for personal impurities such as in modern times we do not allude to, for their holding of livings in plurality, for their extortion of exorbitant profits, and neglect in the

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discharge of their duty. In the public opinion, to so great an extent had these immoralities gone that it was openly asserted that there were one hundred thousand women in England made dissolute by the clergy. It was well known that brothels were kept in London for their use. It was affirmed that the confessional was shamefully abused, and, through it, advantage taken of females; that the vilest crime in an ecclesiastic might be commuted for money, six shillings and eightpence being sufficient in the case of mortal sin. Besides these general causes of complaint, there were some which, though of a minor, were not of a less irritating kind; such, for instance, as the mortuary, soul-shot, or corpse present, a claim for the last dress worn by persons brought to a priest for burial, or some exaggerated commutation thereof.

That such was the demoralized condition of the English Church, and such its iniquitous relations to the people, we have the most unimpeachable evidence, under circumstances of an imposing and solemn character. The House of Commons brought an accusation against the clergy before the King. When Parliament met A.D. 1529, that House, as its very first act, declared to the sovereign that sedition and heresy were pervading the land, and that it had become absolutely necessary to apply a corrective. It affirmed that the troubles into which the realm had fallen were attributable to the clergy; that the chief foundation, occasion, and cause thereof was the parallel jurisdiction of the Church and State; that the incompatible legislative authority of convocation lay at the bottom of the mischief. Among other specific points it alleged the following: That the houses of convocation made laws without the royal assent, and without the consent or even the knowledge of the people; that such laws were never published in the English language, and that, nevertheless, men were daily punished under them without ever having had an opportunity to eschew the penalties; that the demoralization extended from the Archbishop of Canterbury down to the lowest priest, that dignitary having tampered with the dispatch of justice in his Court of Arches; that parsons, vicars, priests, and curates were in the habit of denying the administration of the sacraments save upon the payment of money; that poor men were harassed without any legal cause in the spiritual courts for the mere purpose of extortion, and exorbitant fees were exacted from them without cause; that the probate of wills was denied except on the gratification of the appetite of prelates and ordinaries for money; that the high ecclesiastics extorted large sums for the induction of persons into benefices, and that they did daily confer benefices on "young folk," their nephews and relatives, being minors, for the purpose of detaining the fruits and profits in their own hands; that the bishops illegally imprisoned, sometimes for a year or more, persons in their jails, without informing them of the cause of their imprisonment or the name of their accuser; that simple, unlearned men, and even "well-witted" ones, were entrapped by subtle questions into heresy in the ecclesiastical courts, and punishment procured against them.

These are serious charges; they imply that the Church had degenerated into a contrivance for the extortion of money. The House of Commons petitioned the King to make such laws as should furnish a remedy. The King submitted the petition to the bishops, and required of them an answer.

In that answer the ecclesiastical manner of thought is very striking. The bishops insist that the laws of the realm shall give way to the canon law, or, if incompatible, shall be altered so as to suit it; they identify attacks on themselves with those on the doctrine of the Church, a time-honored and well-tried device; they affirm that they have no kind of enmity against the laymen, "their ghostly children," but only against the pestilent poison of heresy; that their authority for making laws is grounded on the Scriptures, to which the laws of the realm must be made to conform; that they can not conscientiously permit the King's consent to the laws, since that would be to put him in the stead of God, under whose inspiration they are made; that, as to troubling poor men, it is the Holy Ghost who inspireth them to acts tending to the wealth of his elect folk; that, if any ecclesiastic hath offended in this respect, though "in multis offendimus omnes," as St. James hath it, let him bear his own fault, and let not the whole Church be blamed; that the Protestants, their antagonists, are lewd, idle fellows, who have embraced the abominable opinions recently sprung up in Germany; that there are many advantages in commuting Church penances and censures for money; that tithes are a divine institution, and that debts of money owing to God may be recovered after one hundred or seven hundred years of non-payment, since God can never lose his rights thereto; that, however, it is not well to collect a tithe twice over; that priests may lawfully engage in secular occupations of a certain kind; that the punishments inflicted on the laymen have been for the health of their souls, and that, generally, the saints may claim powers to which common men are not entitled.

A fierce struggle between the Commons and the bishops ensued; but the House was firm, and passed several bills, and among them the Clergy Discipline Act. The effect was to cut down ecclesiastical incomes; probate and legacy duties were defined; mortuaries were curtailed; extortionate fees for burial terminated; clergymen were forbidden to engage in farming, tanning, brewing, or to buy merchandise for the purpose of selling it again. It was made unlawful any longer to hold eight or nine benefices, or to purchase dispensations for not doing duty; they were compelled to reside in the parishes for the care of which they were paid, under penalty of £10 a month; and it was made a high penal offense to obtain dispensa-

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tions from any of the provisions of this act from Rome.

Nothing could be more significant of the position of the parties than the high-toned, the conservative moderation of these acts. The bishops did not yield, however, without a struggle. In all directions from the pulpits arose a cry of "atheism," "lack of faith," "heresy." But the House resolutely stood to its ground. Still more, it sent its Speaker to the King with a complaint against the Bishop of Rochester, who had dared to stigmatize it as "infidel." The bishop was compelled to equivocate and apologize.

The English nation and their King were thus together in the suppression of the monasteries; they were together in the enforcing of ecclesiastical reforms. It was nothing but this harmony which so quickly brought the clergy to reason, and induced them, in 1532, to anticipate both Parliament and the people in actually offering to separate themselves from Rome. In the next year the King had destroyed the vast power which in so many centuries had gathered round ecclesiastical institutions, and had forced the clergy into a fitting subordination. Henceforth there was no prospect that they would monopolize all the influential and lucrative places in the realm; henceforth, year by year, with many vicissitudes and changes, their power continued to decline. Their special pursuit, theology, was separated more and more perfectly from politics. In the House of Lords, of which they had once constituted one half, they sank to a mere shadow.

Henry VIII. can not, therefore, be properly considered as the author of the downfall of ecclesiasticism in England, though he was the instrument by which it was ostensibly accomplished. The derisive insinuation that the Gospel light had flashed upon him from Anna Boleyn's eyes was far from expressing all the truth. The nullity of papal disciplines, excommunications, interdicts, penances, proved that the old tone of thought was utterly decayed. This oblivion of old emotions, this obsoleteness of old things, was by no means confined to England. On the Continent the attacks of Erasmus on the monks were every where received with applause. In 1527 one printer issued an edition of 24,000 copies of the Colloquies of Erasmus, and actually sold them all. He understood the signs of the times.

From this digression on parties and policy in England let us again return to special details, descending for that purpose to the close of the seventeenth century. For a long time London had been the most populous capital in Europe; yet it was dirty, ill built, without sanitary provisions. The deaths were one in twenty-three each year; now, in a much more crowded population, they are not one in forty. Much of the country was still heath, swamp, warren. Almost within sight of the city was a tract twenty-five miles round nearly in a state of nature; there were but three houses in it. Wild animals roamed here and there, very much as they do in our Western Territories. It is incidentally mentioned that Queen Anne, on a journey to Portsmouth, saw a herd of five hundred red deer. With such small animals as the marten and badger, found every where, there was still seen occasionally the wild bull.

Nothing more strikingly shows the social condition than the provisions for locomotion. In the rainy seasons the roads were all but impassable, justifying the epithet often applied to them of being in a horrible state. Through such gullies, half filled with mud, carriages were dragged, often by oxen, or, when horses were used, it was as much a matter of necessity as in the city a matter of display to drive half a dozen of them. If the country was open the track of the road was easily mistaken. It was no uncommon thing for persons to lose their way, and have to spend the night out in the air. Between places of considerable importance the roads were sometimes very little known, and such was the difficulty for wheeled carriages that a principal mode of transport was by pack-horses, of which passengers took advantage, stowing themselves away between the packs. We shall probably not dissent from their complaint that this method of traveling was hot in summer and cold in winter. The usual charge for freight was thirty cents per ton per mile. Toward the close of the century what were termed "flying coaches" were established; they could move at the rate of from thirty to fifty miles in a day. Many persons thought the risk so great that it was a tempting of Providence to go in them. The mail-bag was carried on horseback at about five miles an hour. A penny-post had been established in the city, but with much difficulty, for many long-headed men, who knew very well what they were saying, had denounced it as an insidious "popish contrivance."

Only a few years before the period under consideration Parliament had resolved that "all pictures in the royal collection which contained representations of Jesus or the Virgin Mother should be burned; Greek statues were delivered over to Puritan stone-masons to be made decent." A little earlier Lewis Muggleton had given himself out as the last and greatest of the prophets, having power to save or damn whom he pleased. It had been revealed to him that God is only six feet high, and the sun only four miles off. The country beyond the Trent was still in a state of barbarism, and near the sources of the Tyne there were people scarcely less savage than American Indians, their "half-naked women chanting a wild measure, while the men, with brandished dirks, danced a war-dance."

At the beginning of the eighteenth century there were thirty-four counties without a printer. The only press in England north of the Trent was at York. As to private libraries, there were none deserving the name. "An esquire passed for a great scholar if Hudibras, Baker's Chronicle, Tarleton's Jests, and the Seven Champions of Christendom lay in his

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hall-window." It might be expected that the women were ignorant enough when very few men knew how to write correctly or even intelligibly, and it had become unnecessary for clergymen to read the Scriptures in the original tongues.

Social discipline was very far from being of that kind which we call moral. The master whipped his apprentice, the pedagogue his scholar, the husband his wife. Public punishments partook of the general brutality. It was a day for the rabble when some culprit was set in the pillory to be pelted with brickbats, rotten eggs, and dead cats; when women were fastened by the legs in the stocks at the market-place, or a pilferer flogged through the town at the cart-tail, a clamor not unfrequently arising unless the lash were laid on hard enough "to make him howl." In punishments of higher offenders these whippings were perfectly horrible; thus Titus Oates, after standing twice in the pillory, was whipped, and, after an interval of two days, whipped again. A virtuoso in these matters gives us the incredible information that he counted as many as seventeen hundred stripes administered. So far from the community being shocked at such an exhibition, they appeared to agree in the sentiment that, "since his face could not be made to blush, it was well enough to try what could be done with his back." Such a hardening of heart was in no little degree promoted by the atrocious punishments of state offenders: thus, after the decapitation of Montrose and Argyle, their heads decorated the top of the Tolbooth; and gentlemen, after the rising of Monmouth, were admonished to be careful of their ways, by hanging in chains to their park gate the corpse of a rebel to rot in the air.

To a debased public life private life corresponded. The houses of the rural population were covered with straw-thatch; their inmates, if able to procure fresh meat once a week, were considered to be in prosperous circumstances. One half of the families in England could hardly do that. Children of six years old were not unfrequently set to labor. The lord of the manor spent his time in rustic pursuits; was not an unwilling associate of peddlers and drovers; knew how to ring a pig or shoe a horse; his wife and daughters "stitched and spun, brewed gooseberry wine, cured marigolds, and made the crust for the venison pasty." Hospitality was displayed in immoderate eating, and drinking of beer, the guest not being considered as having done justice to the occasion unless he had gone under the table. The dining-room was uncarpeted; but then it was tinted with a decoction of "soot and small-beer." The chairs were rush-bottomed. In London the houses were mostly of wood and plaster, the streets filthy beyond expression. After nightfall a passenger went at his peril, for chamber windows were opened and slop-pails unceremoniously emptied down. There were no lamps in the streets until Master Heming established his public lanterns. As a necessary consequence, there were plenty of shoplifters, highwaymen, and burglars.

As to the moral condition, it is fearfully expressed in the statement that men not unfrequently were willing to sacrifice their country for their religion. Hardly any personage died who was not popularly suspected to have been made away with by poison, an indication of the morality generally supposed to prevail among the higher classes. If such was the state of society in its serious aspect, it was no better in its lighter. We can scarcely credit the impurity and immodesty of the theatrical exhibitions. What is said about them would be beyond belief if we did not remember that they were the amusements of a community whose ideas of female modesty and female sentiment were altogether different from ours. Indecent jests were put into the mouths of lively actresses, and the dancing was not altogether of a kind to meet our approval. The rural clergy could do but little to withstand this flood of immorality. Their social position for the last hundred years had been rapidly declining; for, though the Church possessed among her dignitaries great writers and great preachers, her lower orders, partly through the political troubles that had befallen the state, but chiefly in consequence of sectarian bitterness, had been reduced to a truly menial condition. It was the business of the rich man's chaplain to add dignity to the dinner-table by saying grace "in full canonicals," but he was also intended to be a butt for the mirth of the company. "The young Levite," such was the phrase then in use, "might fill himself with the corned beef and the carrots, but as soon as the tarts and cheese-cakes made their appearance he quitted his seat, and stood aloof till he was summoned to return thanks for the repast," the daintiest part of which he had not tasted. If need arose, he could curry a horse, "carry a parcel ten miles," or "cast up the farrier's bill." The "wages" of a parish priest were at starvation-point. The social degradation of the ecclesiastic is well illustrated by an order of Queen Elizabeth, that no clergyman should presume to marry a servant-girl without the consent of her master or mistress.

The clergy, however, had not fallen into this condition without in a measure deserving it. Their time had been too much occupied in persecuting Puritans and other sectaries, with whom they would have gladly dealt in the same manner as they had dealt with the Jews, who, from the thirteenth century till Cromwell, were altogether interdicted from public worship. The University of Oxford had ordered the political works of Buchanan, Milton, and Baxter to be publicly burned in the court of the schools. The immortal vagabond, Bunyan, had been committed to jail for preaching out of his head the way of salvation to the common people, and had remained there twelve years, the stout old man refusing to give his promise not to offend in

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that manner again. The great doctrine inculcated from the pulpit was submission to temporal power. Men were taught that rebellion is a sin not less deadly than witchcraft. On a community thirsting after the waters of life were still inflicted wearisome sermons respecting "the wearing of surplices, position at the Eucharist, or the sign of the cross at baptism," things that were a stench in the nostrils of the lank-haired Puritan, who, with his hands clasped on his bosom, his face corrugated with religious astringency, the whites of his eyes turned upward to heaven, rocking himself alternately on his heels and the tips of his toes, delivered, in a savory prayer uttered through his nose, all such abominations of the Babylonish harlot to the Devil, whose affairs they were.

In administering the law, whether in relation to political or religious offenses, there was an incredible atrocity. In London, the crazy old bridge over the Thames was decorated with grinning and mouldering heads of criminals, under an idea that these ghastly spectacles would fortify the common people in their resolves to act according to law. The toleration of the times may be understood from a law enacted by the Scotch Parliament, May 8, 1685, that whoever preached or heard in a conventicle should be punished with death and the confiscation of his goods. That such an infamous spirit did not content itself with mere dead-letter laws there is too much practical evidence to permit any one to doubt. A silly laboring man, who had taken it into his head that he could not conscientiously attend the Episcopal worship, was seized by a troop of soldiers, "rapidly examined, convicted of non-conformity, and sentenced to death in the presence of his wife, who led one little child by the hand, and it was easy to see was about to give birth to another. He was shot before her face, the widow crying out in her agony, 'Well, Sir, well, the day of reckoning will come!'" Shrieking Scotch Covenanters were submitted to torture by crushing their knees flat in the boot; women were tied to stakes on the sea-sands and drowned by the slowly advancing tide because they would not attend Episcopal worship, or branded on their cheeks and then shipped to America; gallant but wounded soldiers were hung in Scotland for fear they should die before they could be got to England. In the troubles connected with Monmouth's rising, in one county alone, Somersetshire, two hundred and thirty-three persons were hanged, drawn, and quartered, to say nothing of military executions, for the soldiers amused themselves by hanging a culprit for each toast they drank, and making the drums and fifes play, as they said, to his dancing. It is needless to recall such incidents as the ferocity of Kirk's lambs, for such was the name popularly given to the soldiers of that colonel, in allusion to the Paschal lamb they bore on their flag; or the story of Tom Boilman, so nicknamed from having been compelled by those veterans to seethe the remains of his quartered friends in melted pitch. Women, for such idle words as women are always using, were sentenced to be whipped at the cart's-tail through every market town in Dorset; a lad named Tutching condemned to be flogged once a fortnight for seven years. Eight hundred and forty-one human beings judicially condemned to transportation to the West India islands, and suffering all the horrible pains of a slave-ship in the middle passage, "were never suffered to go on deck;" in the holds below, "all was darkness, stench, lamentation, disease, and death." One fifth of them were thrown overboard to the sharks before they reached their destination, and the rest obliged to be fattened before they could be offered in the market to the Jamaica planters. The court ladies, and even the Queen of England herself, were so utterly forgetful of womanly mercy and common humanity as to join in this infernal traffic. That princess requested that a hundred of the convicts should be given to her. "The profit which she cleared on the cargo, after making a large allowance for those who died of hunger and fever during the passage, can not be estimated at less than a thousand guineas."

It remains to add a few words respecting the state of literature. This, at the end of the seventeenth century, had become indescribably profligate, and, since the art of reading was by no means generally cultivated, the most ready method of literary communication was through theatrical representation. It was for that reason that play-writing was the best means of literary remuneration, if we except the profit derived from the practice which, to some extent, survives, though its disgraceful motive has ceased, of dedicating books to rich men for the sake of the fee they would give. It is said that books have actually been printed in consideration of the profits of the dedication. Especially in the composition of plays was it judged expedient to minister to the depraved public taste by indecent expressions, or allusions broad and sly. The playwright was at the mercy of an audience who were critical on that point, and in a position, if he should not come up to the required standard, to damn him and his work in an instant. From these remarks must be excepted the writings of Milton, which are nowhere stained by such a blemish. And yet posterity will perhaps with truth assert that Paradise Lost has wrought more intellectual evil than even its base contemporaries, since it has familiarized educated minds with images which, though in one sense sublime, in another are most unworthy, and has taught the public a dreadful materialization of the great and invisible God. A Manichean composition in reality, it was mistaken for a Christian poem.

The progress of English literature not only offers striking proofs of the manner in which it was affected by theatrical representations, but also furnishes an interesting illustration of that necessary course through which intellectual development must pass. It is difficult for us, who

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live in a reading community, to comprehend the influence once exercised by the pulpit and the stage in the instruction of a non-reading people. As late as the sixteenth century they were the only means of mental access to the public, and we should find, if we were to enter on a detailed examination of either one or the other, that they furnish a vivid reflection of the popular intellectual condition. Leaving to others such interesting researches into the comparative anatomy of the English pulpit, I may, for a moment, direct attention to theatrical exhibitions.

There are three obvious phases through which the drama has passed, corresponding to as many phases in the process of intellectual development. These are respectively the miracle play, corresponding to the stage of childhood; the moral, corresponding to that of youth; the real, corresponding to that of manhood. In them respectively the supernatural, the theological, the positive predominates. The first went out of fashion soon after the middle of the fifteenth century, the second continued for about one hundred and fifty years, the third still remains. By the miracle play is understood a representation of Scripture incidents, enacted, however, without any regard to the probabilities of time, place, or action; such subjects as the Creation, the Fall of Man, the Deluge, being considered as suitable, and in these scenes, without any concern for chronology, other personages, as the Pope or Mohammed, being introduced, or the Virgin Mary wearing a French hood, or Virgil worshiping the Saviour. Our forefathers were not at all critical historians; they indulged without stint in a highly pleasing credulity. They found no difficulty in admitting that Mohammed was originally a cardinal, who turned heretic out of spite because he was not elected pope; that, since the taking of the true cross by the Turks, all Christian children have twenty-two instead of thirty-two teeth, as was the case before that event; and that men have one rib less than women, answering to that taken from Adam. The moral play personifies virtues, vices, passions, goodness, courage, honesty, love. The real play introduces human actors, with a plot free from the supernatural, and probability is outraged as little as possible. Its excellency consists in the perfect manner in which it delineates human character and action.

The miracle play was originally introduced by the Church, the first dramas of the kind, it is said, having been composed by Gregory Nazianzen. They were brought from Constantinople by the Crusaders; the Byzantines were always infatuated with theatrical shows. The parts of these plays were often enacted by ecclesiastics, and not unfrequently the representations took place at the abbey gate. So highly did the Italian authorities prize the influence of these exhibitions on the vulgar, that the pope granted a thousand days of pardon to any person who should submit to the pleasant penance of attending them. All the arguments that had been used in behalf of picture-worship were applicable to these plays; even the Passion, Resurrection, and Ascension were represented. Over illiterate minds a coarse but congenial influence was obtained; a recollection, though not an understanding of sacred things. In the play of "the Fall of Lucifer" that personage was introduced, according to the vulgar acceptation, with horns, and tail, and cloven hoof; his beard, however, was red, our forefathers having apparently indulged in a singular antipathy against hair of that color. There still remain accounts of the expenses incurred on some of these occasions, the coarse quaintness of which is not only amusing, but also shows the debased ideas of the times. For instance, in "Mysteries," enacted at Coventry, are such entries as "paid for a pair of gloves for God;" "paid for gilding God's coat;" "dyvers necessaries for the trimmynge of the Father of Heaven." In the play of the "Shepherds" there is provision for green cheese and Halton ale, a suitable recruitment after their long journey to the birth-place of our Saviour. "Payd to the players for rehearsal: imprimis, to God, iis. viii*d.*; to Pilate his wife, iis.; item, for keeping fyer at hell's mouth, iii*d.*" A strict attention to chronology is not exacted; Herod swears by Mohammed, and promises one of his councilors to make him pope. Noah's wife, who, it appears, was a termagant, swears by the Virgin Mary that she will not go into the ark, and, indeed, is only constrained so to do by a sound cudgeling administered by the patriarch, the rustic justice of the audience being particularly directed to the point that such a flogging should not be given with a stick thicker than her husband's thumb. The sentiment of modesty seems not to have been very exacting, since in the play of "the Fall of Man" Adam and Eve appear entirely naked; one of the chief incidents is the adjustment of the fig-leaves. Many such circumstances might be related, impressing us perhaps with an idea of the obscenity and profanity of the times. But this would scarcely be a just conclusion. As the social state improved, we begin to find objections raised by the more thoughtful ecclesiastics, who refused to lend the holy vestments for such purposes, and at last succeeded in excluding these exhibitions from consecrated places. After dwindling down by degrees, these plays lingered in the booths at fairs or on market-days, the Church having resigned them to the guilds of different trades, and these, in the end, giving them up to the mountebank. And so they died. Their history is the outward and visible sign of a popular intellectual condition in process of passing away.

The mystery and miracle plays were succeeded by the moral play. It has been thought by some, who have studied the history of the English theatre, that these plays were the result of the Reformation, with the activity of which movement their popularity was coincident. But perhaps the reader who is impressed with the principle of that definite order of social advancement so frequently referred to in this book will

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agree with me that this relation of cause and effect can hardly be sustained, and that devotional exercises and popular recreations are in common affected by antecedent conditions. Of the moral play, a very characteristic example still remains under the title of "Everyman." It often delineates personification and allegory with very considerable power. This short phase of our theatrical career deserves a far closer attention than it has hitherto obtained, for it has left an indelible impression on our literature. I think that it is to this, in its declining days, that we are indebted for much of the machinery of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress. Whoever will compare that work with such plays as "Everyman" and "Lusty Juventus" can not fail to be struck with their resemblances. Such personages as "Good Counsel," "Abominable Living," "Hypocrasie," in the play are of the same family as those in the Progress. The stout Protestantism of both is at once edifying and amusing. An utter contempt for "holy stocks and holy stones, holy clouts and holy bones," as the play has it, animates them all. And it can hardly be doubted that the immortal tinker, in the carnal days when he played at tipcat and romped with the girls on the village green at Elstow, indulged himself in the edification of witnessing these dramatic representations.

As to the passage from this dramatic phase to the real, in which the character and actions of man are portrayed, to the exclusion of the supernatural, it is only necessary to allude with brevity—indeed, it is only necessary to recall one name, and that one name is Shakspeare. He stands, in his relations to English literature, in the same position that the great Greek sculptors stood with respect to ancient art, embodying conceptions of humanity in its various attributes with indescribable skill, and with an exquisite agreement to nature.

Not without significance is it that we find mystery in the pulpit and mystery on the stage. They appertain to social infancy. Such dramas as those I have alluded to, and many others that, if space had permitted, might have been quoted, were in unison with the times. The abbeys were boasting of such treasures as the French hood of the Virgin, "her smocke or shifte," the manger in which Christ was laid, the spear which pierced his side, the crown of thorns. The transition from this to the following stage is not without its political attendants, the prohibition of interludes containing any thing against the Church of Rome, the royal proclamation against preaching out of one's own brain, the appearance of the Puritan upon the national stage, an increasing acerbity of habit and sanctimoniousness of demeanor.

With peculiar facility we may therefore, through an examination of the state of the drama, determine national mental condition. The same may be done by a like examination of the state of the pulpit. Whoever will take the trouble to compare the results together can not fail to observe how remarkably they correspond.

Such was the state of the literature of amusement; as to political literature, even at the close of the period we are considering, it could not be expected to flourish after the judges had declared that no man could publish political news except he had been duly authorized by the crown. Newspapers were, however, beginning to be periodically issued, and, if occasion called for it, broadsides, as they were termed, were added. In addition, newsletters were written by enterprising individuals in the metropolis, and sent to rich persons who subscribed for them; they then circulated from family to family, and doubtless enjoyed a privilege which has not descended to their printed contemporary, the newspaper, of never becoming stale. Their authors compiled them from materials picked up in the gossip of the coffee-houses. The coffee-houses, in a non-reading community, were quite an important political as well as social institution. They were of every kind, prelatical, popish, Puritan, scientific, literary, Whig, Tory. Whatever a man's notions might be, he could find in London, in a double sense, a coffee-house to his taste. In towns of considerable importance the literary demand was insignificant; thus it is said that the father of Dr. Johnson, the lexicographer, peddled books from town to town, and was accustomed to open a stall in Birmingham on market-days, and it is added that this supply of literature was equal to the demand.

The liberty of the press has been of slow growth. Scarcely had printing been invented when it was found necessary every where to place it under some restraint, as was, for instance, done by Rome in her Index Expurgatorius of prohibited books, and the putting of printers who had offended under the ban; the action of the University of Paris, previously alluded to, was essentially of the same kind. In England, at first, the press was subjected to the common law; the crown judges themselves determined the offense, and could punish the offender with fine, imprisonment, or even death. Within the last century this power of determination has been taken from them, and a jury must decide, not only on the fact, but also on the character of the publication, whether libelous, seditious, or otherwise offensive. The press thus came to be a reflector of public opinion, casting light back upon the public; yet, as with other reflectors, a portion of the illuminating power is lost. The restraints under which it is laid are due, not so much to the fear that liberty would degenerate into license, for public opinion would soon correct that; they are rather connected with the necessities of the social state.

Whoever will examine the condition of England at successive periods during her passage through the Age of Faith will see how slow was her progress, and will, perhaps, be surprised to find at its close how small was her advance. The ideas that had served her for so many centuries as a guide had rather obstructed than facilitated her way. But whoever will consider

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what she has done since she fairly entered on her Age of Reason will remark a wonderful contrast. There has not been a progress in physical conditions only—a securing of better food, better clothing, better shelter, swifter locomotion, the procurement of individual happiness, an extension of the term of life. There has been a great moral advancement. Such atrocities as those mentioned in the foregoing paragraphs are now impossible, and so unlike our own manners that doubtless we read of them at first with incredulity, and with difficulty are brought to believe that these are the things our ancestors did. What a difference between the dilatoriness of the past, its objectless exertions, its unsatisfactory end, and the energy, the well-directed intentions of the present age, which have already yielded results like the prodigies of romance!

THE ROSETTA STONE.

IT is not at all likely that her mother ever heard of it, or would have cared for it if she had, or that she had the least idea that she was stamping her child's destiny in naming her by its name; but she did, and so gave rise to a peculiar little conversation between Mark and Millard Vane, the while they sat at breakfast in the comfortable, bachelor establishment of the former, and reunited the bonds of brotherly love somewhat strained by a ten years' absence of the latter in the realms that lie beneath our feet.

"And now I suppose you feel as if you had seen every thing that is worth seeing on this ridiculous little globe of ours," said Mark, folding his napkin with sedulous care, and yet with a slight trepidation of manner.

"Hum—well, I don't know. Do you wish me to quote Ulysses to the effect that I have traveled observant through foreign climes, and taught me other tongues; have seen men and things innumerable, but yet—"

"Have *not* seen Rosetta Stone," interposed Mark, with a laugh that was evidently forced.

"The Rosetta Stone, my dear boy!" exclaimed Millard, coming briskly back from the little reminiscent reverie toward which he had been tending, and looking at his brother with considerable surprise—"The Rosetta Stone has been for the last year my chief object of interest. The reason I remained in England instead of coming home last spring was to have a few months more study of it."

"You could have studied to more advantage here," interrupted Mark, once more, with a sheepish smile.

"Nonsense, Mark. Excuse me, old fellow, but how could I study the Rosetta Stone any where so well as at the British Museum? There are engravings, to be sure, and very accurate pictures."

"I wish I had one," muttered Mark.

"Do you, though? I'm very happy to hear you say so, for I took great pains to secure one of the finest. I'll get it for you."

"No, Millard—you don't understand"—but Millard had already left the room, and Mark, with a nervous little laugh, remained drumming upon the table with his fingers until the return of his brother, who spread before him an engraving representing an oblong black stone upon whose surface were represented a series of characters in three separate groups, differing indeed in their nature, but all equally vague and meaningless to the bewildered eyes of Mark Vane, who, nevertheless, bent low his head in pretended scrutiny.

"It's accurate, you may depend on that, Mark. I took it to the Museum, and with a strong magnifying glass went over the whole inscription letter by letter, line by line, figure by figure. It's as good for all practical purposes as the Stone itself."

"It's very curious, I dare say; but here's a sketch of the Rosetta Stone, which I prefer to yours, with its mysterious inscriptions," replied Mark, handing to his brother a drawing.

"Why, Mark, this is the portrait of a woman!"

"That is plain enough; but it's my Rosetta Stone for all that."

"Oh, her name is Rosetta Stone, is it?"

"At present, yes; but I hope it will soon be changed to Rosetta Vane."

"I congratulate you, Mark. But who is the lady?"

"You remember old Jacob Stone?"

"What, you don't mean that crabbed, vulgar old man, who swore that we robbed his pear-tree, and got us a most unmerited flogging? You don't mean—"

"I remember," interposed Mark, laughing. "If we didn't deserve the flogging for robbing the pear-tree, we richly earned it by our subsequent annoyances of the old fellow, so we may fairly cry quits. But Jacob is dead."

"And this Rosetta—?"

"Is the daughter of David Stone, only son of our old enemy. Don't you remember hearing that he had a son at the West?"

"Yes."

"Well, last year, just after old Jacob's death, his widow sent for me to come and see her. I went, and found her in much perplexity over a letter written by some Wisconsin doctor to inform her that her son and his wife were both dead and had left an only child, who was to be sent East as soon as the necessary funds were forwarded."

"Why should the old woman send for you?"

"Because in this part of the country we who have money consider it an acknowledged duty to help our poorer neighbors."

"And so you—"

"Wrote the letter—inclosed the money."

"I see," replied the elder, dryly, as, plunging his hands deep into his trowsers pockets, he walked to the window and looked vacantly across the Hudson, sparkling in the mellow sunlight.

"Well?" demanded he at last, wheeling sud-

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denly upon his brother, who was contemplating the pencil sketch.

"Well, I went to see how they got on, and Mrs. Stone wanted me to settle up the old man's affairs, which were terribly confused, and so, naturally, you see, Millard—"

"Are you absolutely pledged to marry her?" interrupted his brother, upon whose mind reflection seemed to produce no mollifying influence.

"In words, No; in manner, Yes. And I mean to say in words what I have already said in other ways. I have only waited to speak with you, my only brother. What do you think?"

"I think she would marry you, or any other man in your position."

"Why should you so insult both me and the woman of whom you know nothing, except that she is my chosen wife?" demanded Mark, rising indignantly.

"Insult? I don't desire to insult either of you, my dear boy, but you must remember that, besides being five years your senior, I have seen and studied at least five hundred times as many men and women as you, and am not so easily led away by romantic feeling. You say I know nothing of this young woman. I know that she is the grand-daughter of a crafty, vulgar old miser; that in all probability her father and mother were of the same stamp; and that if human nature is the same in this case as in most others, she would marry gladly and eagerly any man who could make her mistress of the Eyrie."

"You do her injustice, bitter injustice; indeed you do," expostulated Mark, half eagerly, half angrily.

Millard, without reply save a significant smile, took from his pocket a microscope, opened and adjusted it, and bent over the precious engraving, with its triple yet unique inscription.

"Yes," half grumbled Mark, after watching him for a moment, "you can pore over that stupid old stone, with its inscription that never meant any thing in its best days, and now is past finding out altogether, year after year, and think your time well bestowed; but fancy yourself capable of reading the character of this young girl, whose only crime is being Jacob Stone's grand-daughter, without ever having seen her."

"My dear Mark, if I could only find as simple and universal a rule to apply to my inscription as to your lady-love's mind, I should have no need to study longer over the one than the other."

"And by what rule do you measure Rosetta's mind?" asked Mark, still angrily.

"By the rule of self-interest. A rule that will gauge all the uneducated human nature with which I ever came in contact," returned the philosopher, coolly, and still scanning his hieroglyphics.

"Millard, you're a—"

"Come, come, Mark, don't say it. Are you and I to quarrel after ten years of separation about that girl? Come abroad with me. I should like of all things to return to England at least."

"That girl!" ejaculated Mark, with his returning breath. "Will you come with me and see her?"

"Not I! And yet," continued the young cynic, after a moment's consideration, "I have no doubt that if I could see her off her guard, and unrestrained by your presence, I could in a very short time open your eyes to the probable fact of her being Jacob Stone's worthy descendant."

"I will pledge my life upon her truth!" asserted Mark, stoutly.

"Come, then; I will, for your sake, give up a week to this experiment," sighed Millard, wearily.

"A week, no; you would then say your experiment failed for want of time. You shall have three weeks in which to study her; and you shall at the end of the first week give me your opinion in writing of her exterior manners and appearance, that will answer to the Greek inscription on your own Rosetta Stone, which he who runs may read. At the end of the second week you shall translate to me her mind, comparing and collating it with your first impression, as you pretend to decipher the enchorial sentence here by aid of the Greek. You see I know somewhat of your jargon. Finally, at the end of the third week, you shall give me a clear reading of the heart and soul of this young girl whom you have studied; and this translation of her inmost nature will, if I know her and you, give more pleasure and satisfaction to your own heart, as well as mine, than if you could read off these ridiculous hieroglyphics like so much Oxford print."

"Agreed, then!" cried Millard, joyously, jumping up to seize his brother's hand. "I will take the three weeks, and I will read *your* Rosetta Stone. I only wish I could hope as easily to decipher my own."

The next afternoon a gentleman carrying a huge port-folio beneath his arm, and dressed in the careless style affected by artists, stopped at the door of the old farm-house known as the "Widder Stone's," and paused a moment—his walking-staff raised to knock—to glance at the scene within: at the white-haired dame seated in the wooden rocking-chair gravely knitting; at the child who sat at her feet.

Child? No; petite and agile, blue-eyed, fair-haired, and rosy-tinted though she was, a second look showed that she was past childhood, while yet the idea of womanhood seemed absurdly ponderous and formal as applied to her airy motions and careless mirth.

"Rosetta, can it be? Not much Stone of any sort," flashed through the mind of the artist as the uplifted cane fell upon the half-open door.

The old woman raised her dim eyes. The girl bounded to her feet so suddenly that the

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spectator winked, but removing his hat stepped inside the door in answer to the dame's invitation, and seated himself in the chair shyly proffered by the girl.

"Won't you have something to take, Sir?" inquired the old woman, with hospitable earnestness. "'Setta, you get a plate of them crullers and a mug of cider for the gentleman."

"Nothing, nothing, thank you, madam; unless, indeed, this young lady, Miss—"

"Rosetta's her name, Sir; 'Setta we call her for short most generally."

"If Miss Rosetta will give me a glass of water, then, I shall be much obliged to her."

"Certain, if you won't have nothing better, Sir. Have you walked a long way, Sir?"

"Some distance, ma'am. I am an artist, and am making sketches of the magnificent scenery about here. I have seen so many different ones to-day which I had no time to sketch, that I have resolved to spend some days in looking them up, if I can find a convenient lodging. Perhaps, madam, you may be induced to take me in. I assure you it would be quite a favor."

"Well, I never! Lor', Sir, you couldn't put up with our homely doings—not a day, Sir. We ain't nothing but farmers, and much-as-ever that we're that. My old man he's dead this couple o' year, and Peter Schenk carries on my farm at the halves."

"Never fear, ma'am, but that I shall be contented. My name is Vane—a cousin of Mr. Mark Vane."

"Our landlord, Sir! Have you been staying with him?"

"Not yet. I wish before every thing else to complete the series of sketches that I have commenced, and do not intend to allow myself to think of any thing else, not even of visiting my cousin, until they are done."

"And don't Mr. Mark know you're here?"

"I don't intend to tell him of it, and I must beg you will observe a like silence, Mrs. Stone. He doesn't come here very often, does he?"

"Well, Sir, he do come pretty often when he's to home, but I expect he'll be going down to the city this week. He mostly spends some days there the first of every month."

"Oh, well, I don't believe we shall meet. I intend to live out of doors principally."

The next day Mark Vane stopped his horse at the farm-house door to say, without dismounting, that he was off to the city, and probably should not return under two or three weeks. Then, affecting great haste, he added a few hurried words of general farewell, meeting guiltily, as he did so, Rosetta's great eyes of wonder and dismay, and was gone.

"Never mind, 'Setta, he'll be back before long," whispered the grandmother patting the pretty flushed cheek.

"I don't so much care whether he is or not," retorted 'Setta, hastily running out of the room lest the tears in her blue eyes should run over and betray her.

A week afterward Mark Vane received among a dozen invitations to one festivity and another the following dispatch from his brother:

"I can not deny, my dear Mark, that your own rendering of the obvious or Greek inscription is perfectly correct. It describes a creature full of beauty, grace, and winning ways; but remember, youthful student of this great art, that to translate the Greek fluently is only to open the door for a hundred confusing and contradictory readings of the more abstruse legend, and that after all the Demotic may contradict the Greek, and the hieroglyphic (when we shall come to it) entirely upset both."

"Have I been a fool, or is Millard becoming one?" was the mental query which accompanied the note into the traveling-desk of Mr. Mark Vane.

Another week, and another note:

"The enchoric version of the fair inscription is as easily deciphered as the Greek; and though I expose myself to your derision for having conceitedly assumed a theory only to abandon it, I will acknowledge that each freshly-developing trait of mind and heart is fully in accord with the fair exterior. Should the more intimate and searching study of the next week, typified by the hidden and abstruse hieroglyphics, verify, as I foresee that it will, my present conclusions, I will gladly, my dear Mark, acknowledge you right and myself wrong, and prepare to be groomsman at the wedding which shall add to the old house of Vane an ornament so fitting as this fair Rosetta Stone."

And over this report, as over the other, Mark pondered doubtfully and somewhat gloomily; and even while mounting his horse to ride with beautiful Gertrude Cortlandt, he muttered discontentedly,

"Because I'm a fool, why need Millard be one too?"

Another seven days, and the three weeks devoted to the deciphering of the Rosetta Stone was accomplished; and Mark Vane leaving directions that his letters should be sent after him betook himself to the Eyrie, and the next day after his return rode down to Mrs. Stone's farm, and hitching his horse, as he had many a time before, to the garden paling, walked directly in.

The dame sat alone in the wide old kitchen basking in the golden autumn sunshine which glanced merrily in at the latticed window transfiguring the brilliant tin and copper upon the dresser to burnished silver and gold, and tipping the widow's busy knitting-needles with sparks of scintillant flame.

"Where's Rosetta, Mrs. Stone?"

"Rosetta?" repeated the grandmother, flushing rather uneasily as she scanned the troubled face of her young landlord, "Why, I believe she went up the brookside after dinner to show Mr. Vane a tree or something."

"Up the brookside path, did you say? I'll go and meet them."

And before Mrs. Stone could draw breath for a reply the young man was beyond hearing. He trod hastily the familiar path, down the orchard, beside the meadow hedgerow, across the stepping-stones, and up the bowery brookside path. And ever as he went the lowering brow and gloomy eye, the pale cheek and restless lip, showed that the sweet beauty of the hour and scene found no answering sweetness in the young man's mood.

About half a mile had thus been hastily trav-

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ersed when the sound of voices, apparently close at hand, caused Mark to pause and listen intently for a moment, then move quietly on, till through the drooping branches of a silver birch he could, himself unseen, gain a view of the speakers.

At the opposite side of the brook the high bank, suddenly retreating, had left a small amphitheatre—so small that now, in the golden autumn time, its floor was carpeted all over with gorgeous leaves showered down by the trees overarching its curved side, while in front the murmurous brook brought tribute of scarlet berries and golden blossoms to fringe the margin of this woodland tapestry. In the centre lay a great flat rock, rooted in the earth which had been gathering at its foot ever since the great Noachian deluge had rolled it thither; and throned upon the rock, herself as bright as the foliage, as pure and sparkling as the water, as motionless as the granite, sat Rosetta, Mark's Rosetta Stone, her blue eyes glittering with happy tears, her pretty head bent to receive the wreath of wild asters, whose pale blue contrasted so well with the sunny hair, which, slipping from its net, lay coiling itself upon the white neck like an amiable golden serpent, charmed beyond the power of mischief by the music of the time and place. Kneeling beside the girl, his mind as earnestly bent upon the proper adjustment of the wreath as it had ever been upon elucidation of the wisdom of Rameses the Great, Millard Vane pursued, after his own peculiar fashion, the study to which he had pledged himself. The wreath at last was settled; and with a murmur of commendation at its effect, the artist, clasping in his own the little hands folded so nervously together, drew down the blushing face until—

As noiselessly as he had come, Mark Vane retreated from the shelter of the silver birch, and, without seeking to see or hear more, retraced his steps to the farm-house. But although, as he walked slowly on, his manner showed even more absorption than before, it was singular enough to see that an air of relief, even of amusement, had replaced the troubled doubt and apprehension so plainly stamped upon his face before encountering his recreant brother and faithless love.

Arrived at the house, Mark requested to be shown to Mr. Millard Vane's apartment; and having written the following note, desired Mrs. Stone to deliver it as soon as her guest should return to the house:

"I had no idea, Millard, what a fascinating study this of hieroglyphics may become. I have been taking a lesson at it myself this afternoon, up by the brookside, at the great rock where you and I once dug for buried treasure. It's much pleasanter to find one's treasure above ground, is it not?

"Well, as I was saying, it was just there, or rather from the opposite side of the brook, that I found, some half hour ago, that I too can read hieroglyphics, especially one very significant one—so potent, indeed, that after deciphering it I have no need of farther research to fully comprehend even this wonderful Rosetta Stone.

"Will you come up to the Eyrie to-night and compare notes with me upon the subject, as I am well aware, indeed have had ocular demonstration, that you have made yourself intimately acquainted with the subject.

"M. V."

And if Mark Vane the aforesaid had a little human longing for revenge, it was gratified as he contemplated in silence the crest-fallen, humiliated, resolutely wretched look upon the face of the somewhat domineering elder brother, who sat opposite to him some hours later, stirring an untasted cup of tea, and waiting till the servant should have left the room before he spoke.

Perhaps, too, Mark was wickedly glad to protract the condition of nervous suspense so palpably evident in the other's manner. At any rate, he seemed in no hurry to dismiss either the tea equipage or the solemn old butler who attended upon it. Indeed, it seemed to Millard that the most elaborate dinner might have been consumed while his brother, trifling with his tea and toast, airily chatted upon the weather, the city, politics, the last gossip from Washington, and a hundred other trifles all equally impossible to the less facile listener.

At last, however, the brothers were alone; and hardly was the door closed when Mark, turning his chair from the table and crossing one leg over the other, suddenly remarked, in the coolest possible manner,

"By-the-way, Mill, your three weeks are out. Let's have the result of your studies of the Rosetta Stone."

"Mark, I thought you had more heart!" exclaimed the victim, hoarsely. "You have a right to exult and triumph, no doubt, over my miserable weakness and treachery, but I didn't think you would do it. I didn't think it would give you so much satisfaction to see your only brother condemned by his own folly to a life of remorse and lonely misery."

"What!" broke in the pitiless Mark, "you don't mean you've come to that? 'Lonely misery' means because you can't marry Rosetta, I suppose, don't it? And the remorse is because you have proved once more the truth of the old proverb that, 'It's not safe to give the cat the cream-pot to keep.'"

"Do you think it kind or manly to take advantage of my position to taunt me thus?" came sternly through white lips.

"Don't get mad, old fellow! It won't do a bit of good. Come, I hold you to your compact. Tell me what is the result of your last week's study, your hieroglyphical study remember, of Rosetta Stone. You owe me that bit of information at least, especially since I've seen how the hieroglyphics are translated."

"Very well. Since it enters into your system of revenge to force me into saying it, I will confess that the keenest scrutiny has developed only virtuous instincts, charming docility, keen aptitude, and native refinement and tact, in this girl's heart and mind. The perfect beauty and grace apparent upon the surface are but faint and poor translations of the wealth within. Are you satisfied?"

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"That'll do, Mill. Please don't be poetical; it isn't your line, you know, and I don't think I can stand any more just now—"

A protracted and irrepressible peal of laughter closed the sentence, and completed the angry discomfiture of the elder brother, who sprang from his seat and was about leaving the room when Mark, suddenly controlling himself, called him by name, at the same time extending a hand.

"There, I've had my turn, now it's yours. Do you know, Mill, I came up here to-day as blue as indigo because I thought I was pledged in honor if not in word to Rosetta Stone. I went down to New York fully persuaded that Rosetta was the only woman worth mentioning on this mundane sphere. But—I never had seen Gertrude Cortlandt. There's a woman for you, my boy! Full of wit and *verve*, and cultivated to that extent that there's not a weed to be found either in mind or heart. Brilliant, proud, full of honor and noble instincts. Ah, after worshiping the rose, one doesn't care so much for the poor little anemone."

"But, Mark, are you sure? Isn't all this a *ruse* to make me think you don't care for the treasure of which I have robbed you? Are you not deceiving me or yourself?"

"Not a bit of it. I'm just honestly delighted, that's all. I never said a word to Gertrude, of course, feeling half bound up here; but if I have half as much quickness in reading those magnificent eyes as you have in reading hieroglyphics, why I'll venture to speak at least. At any rate, say she yea or say she nay, I never could love Rosetta as she deserves to be loved."

"And I, you insufferable young coxcomb," retorted Millard, who had suddenly recovered his spirits and his equanimity, "love Rosetta a thousand times better than I ever could one of your *grande dames*, and I've seen plenty of them from Pharaonic princesses down to—a New York belle."

"But for all that, my dear boy, you sha'n't see Gertrude Cortlandt till either she is my wife or I have become persuaded that she never will be. This time it has turned out very well, but I won't risk any more hieroglyphical studies of the woman I expect to marry."

"We will be married at the same hour," responded Millard, reflectively. "Not in the same place though, for the Cortlandts won't lose the chance of making Manhattan ring again with their magnificence, while the village church will satisfy all the aspirations of Rosetta and myself."

"All right, Mill. Only aren't we, just a little you know, counting our chickens before they're hatched?"

"May be so. But my faith is founded on a stone, and can not be shaken."

And with a very sheepish smile on both faces the interview closed, as does the story, somewhat abruptly.

COAL AND PETROLEUM.

COAL may be contemplated in some other very suggestive aspects. We may regard it as a consolidated form of the sunshine of a long-past day; as a portion of the generously expended solar force of one age, fixed in material shape; and by simple yet wondrous process sealed up from all dispersion and loss, and transmitted to another age long later to assist to fulfill in it the development of a state of life incomparably higher than that in which it originated. It is evident that a given quantity of vegetable product represents, or is the equivalent of, a definite amount of the sun's action on the earth. A sheet or bed of coal of any especial thickness and area expresses—if we knew the relation or coefficient accurately we might convey it in figures—the very quantum of time expended by the coal-moss in growing, and the total of sunshine tributary directly and indirectly to its entire vital development. It is no mere sport of fancy, then, but an utterance of science, to say, that all the while we are imbibing the warmth of our coal-fire, we are actually basking in the sun's rays which vivified the vegetation out of which the coal was produced countless ages ago. In this act of its combustion we behold, as it were, the completion of a marvelous cycle, a sort of *respiration* by the earth of the solar heat and light; and attendant upon this breathing in and out of the life-giving emanation or influence we note also the play of another beautiful round of actions, the imbibition and assimilation into the globe's tissues of the carbon of the air, and the restoration of it again, enacting a function for the earth, curiously analogous, but on a far grander scale, with that it discharges in the nourishment of an individual plant. How wonderful a succession of phases these of the world's carbon! In one age a part of the atmosphere, in another of living vegetation, again a component of the solid rocky crust, and finally, when ministering to human wants, regaining once more its primal station in the all-encompassing and life-sustaining air. In this inhaling, prolonged retention, and ultimate re-exhaling of the carbon, the earth, it may be said with a little stretch of fancy, almost *breathes*. In so viewing this course of the carbon, how stupendous is the duration of the one long-drawn breath we are describing!

It must be obvious from the fact, that while all the sedimentary strata of lower position, or older geological date than the coal-measures, are comparatively destitute of coaly matter, or, indeed, of any large amount of air-derived carbon, the so-called carboniferous formation embraces in a solid or condensed form so prodigious a quantity of this element that there must have arisen, during the growth of the coal-forming marshes, a solidification or fixation from the gaseous state of a store of carbon so immense as to influence materially the subsequent amount of it held in the earth's general atmosphere. No matter what the vast proportion already in-

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cluded in the vegetables and animals that clothed and peopled the earth, this immense bulk of the carbon stored away in the form of coal must originally have come altogether from the air. The animal organisms of the period would, no doubt, as in the present day, resupply to the atmosphere a large part of the carbon appropriated by them as food from the vegetable ones. It is of the surplus quantity of the carbon beyond that perpetually interchanged between the animal and vegetable kingdoms, and placed outside of this beautiful organic cycle and hoarded securely away for a far future age to appropriate, that we are here speaking.

How much of the primeval supply of carbon in the air was thus ultimately solidified as coal, by vital organic action, during the carboniferous ages, must, in our present defective knowledge of the whole mass of coaly substance in the earth, be a matter rather of conjecture than of computation. Nevertheless, I can not but believe that the atmosphere at the beginning of the carboniferous period on the great day of plant-life was many times richer in carbon than it was at the close of it. An estimate carefully made from the best data of the sum-totals of coal within the principal coal-fields of the world, indicates, indeed, that the aggregate of carbon buried under the soil can not be less than some six times the quantity still resident in the air. If we can assume it to have approached at all to this proportion, we need no longer wonder at the colossal dimensions of the ancient coal-plants, nor at their exuberant growth. Coupling this conception of so high a supply of carbon—the main pabulum of all vegetation—with that of a commensurate abundance of warmth and moisture indicated in the very structures of the fossils, we clearly see that it was an age in which all the conditions, chemical, physical, and climatal, were in an especial degree fitted and prearranged for a most fertile summer of plant-life all over the globe.

Allusion has been made to the curious deduction that the heat engendered during the combustion of a mass of coal is in truth the equivalent of a given amount of the ancient sunshine originally operative in stimulating the growth of the vegetable matter. Let us indulge a little further in this speculation upon the relationships of the sun's powers, as these are exerted through this its potent offspring, its subservient representative. Consider what takes place, as far as the sun is concerned, when a mass of the fossil fuel, the coal, is used as the agent for propelling a steamer against an opposing wind. The wind, every natural movement of the atmosphere, is primarily, as we all well know, a consequence of the unequal warming by the sun of the different latitudes and tracts of the globe's varied surface. But to what is due the speed of the vessel which defies the blast? It is impelled by a potent wind, or rather by most aptly balanced and well adjusted alternating winds of steam of a tempest's strength, awakened from torpor by the heat engendered in the mere burning of the coal. What is the power in this blazing fuel but that of the ancient carboniferous sunshine which the coal embodies? This now, at the will of men, stirs the artificial blasts that have a might under skillful guidance capable of withstanding or defying the strongest storms which the existing sunshine can arouse. The engineer may well be termed the "master of the winds," for he generates his mechanical ones precisely in such force and directions as he likes, while his source of power is still the breeze-arousing sunshine of the old sun of the earth's early days.

Coal is not a substance of uniform elementary constitution. It presents itself, indeed, in many varieties, each adapted to especial applications and wants in the economy of human affairs, yet all of them so related as to bespeak, when compared with one another, a most interesting phasis in their history. The most currently used classification recognizes but two chief sorts—common bituminous coal and the non-bituminous or anthracitic: a nicer subdivision is founded on the relative abundance of the uncombined carbon or coke, and the volatile or distillable and inflammable bituminous matters so called. These, in the phraseology of chemistry, are known as the *hydrocarbons*—a group of substances in liquid and gaseous conditions, according to the temperatures they exist under, and all constituted of hydrogen and carbon united in definite proportions. A coal destitute altogether of the hydrocarbons is a true anthracite; if it contains some ten or twelve per cent. of those volatile compounds, and burns with a soon-exhausted flame, it should be called a semi-anthracite; if it have as much of them as twenty or twenty-five per cent. it is best termed a semi-bituminous coal; and in all cases where it possesses as much as or more than thirty per cent. it claims the title of a true bituminous coal. All these four classes may be divided into sub-varieties founded, not on the amount, but rather on the specific nature of their hydrocarbons or flame-making elements, and partially on the texture or physical structure of the coal as a rock. Such, for instance, is the distinction between the cannel and ordinary coals. There is a general law in the geographical relations of the above-named four classes of coals—noticeable in crossing many of the larger coal-fields, especially those of the United States between the Alleghany Mountains and the Missouri River—which will demand our attention when we enter presently on a consideration of the physical conditions which have produced the rock-oil or petroleum, which so abounds in certain districts. To this and the other hydrocarbons, the associated inflammable gases found escaping naturally or extracted artificially from the earth, let us now direct our attention.

The chief of the chemical compounds of hydrogen and carbon (hydrocarbons) which issue spontaneously or are derivable from the strata under the soil are the so-called bitumens and

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petroleums, and the carbureted hydrogen gases. Bitumen properly embraces several hydrocarbons, some solid, some liquid. Asphaltum, one of them, is a brownish-black solid substance, of bright fracture, and burning with a brilliant flame; and naphtha, another chief ingredient, is, when pure, a colorless liquid of bituminous odor, and a specific gravity about three-fourths that of water. Petroleum, strictly defined, is a dark-colored liquid compound of the hydrocarbons, containing much naphtha. Asphaltum in a semi-solid shape abounds on the shores of the Dead Sea; it also borders the famous bitumen lake of the Island of Trinidad. Naphtha flows profusely from the ground in some localities in Persia, also in the Birman Empire. It is stated that at Rangoon there are upward of 500 wells of naphtha, yielding annually more than 400,000 hogsheads of the oil. The bitumen lake in Trinidad is half a mile in breadth; the materials are solid at its shores, but liquid and even boiling toward its centre. This lake is said to repose upon a bed of coal.

Of petroleum by far the most abounding district known is that in North America, now attracting so much attention. This wide region of the rock-oils extends from the southern portion of the Ohio Valley to Georgian Bay of Lake Huron in Upper Canada, and from the Alleghanies in Pennsylvania to the western limits of the bituminous coal-fields in the vicinity of the Missouri River. The material has been found in Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky, Tennessee, Kansas, Illinois, Texas, and California. Of course this general statement does not imply that the petroleum is to be met with every where throughout the wide area thus vaguely defined. On the contrary, we know that hitherto it has been found only in scattered localities within these limits. Of the more specially productive oil-fields the best known and hitherto most abounding one is a broad area embracing a part of Canada West from Lake Ontario to Lake Huron, and portions of Western New York and Western Pennsylvania, the southeastern half of Ohio, all Northwestern Virginia, and the eastern districts of Kentucky. The approximate centre of this wide region so profusely "running with oil," is somewhere near Marietta, on the Ohio River, and the superficial extent of it can not be less than about 50,000 square miles.

Geologists familiar with the great petroleum tract entertain no doubt that the rocky strata within its limits are, in almost every square mile of it, more or less impregnated with the precious fluid and its gaseous adjuncts, but not every where in the same high degree. Indeed, a merely superficial exploration of the country will convince that the subterranean oils and gases are distributed very unequally through the vast territory. I shall essay to show before this brief description closes by what law these products seem to arrange themselves in more or less regular zones of comparative abundance and scarcity. But preliminary to this exposition of the causes which control their local distribution, let us examine the rock-oils and gases in their general geological relationships.

It is an error to suppose that the petroleum and inflammable gases of the great rock-oil region above sketched are all restricted to the coal measures, or even to the carboniferous formation. Geologists of the United States and of the adjoining British Provinces have clearly shown that they rise from strata in those regions seated far beneath the coal. The stratified rocks of the region consist of an immense development of Silurian, Devonian, and Carboniferous deposits of an aggregate depth or thickness of not less than 25,000 or 30,000 feet, or some five or six miles. They include, at the least, three or four continuous and widely-diffused great beds, of a magnitude entitling them to be called formations, whose chemical nature well adapts them to yielding mineral oils and carbureted gases as copiously as do any coal measures. The lowest placed or oldest of these, the Utica black shale, ranging in its outcrop from east to west through New York, and thence northwest through Canada, has a variable thickness amounting in some places to 300 feet; this rock is, for the most part, a crumbly shale, of a prevailingly dark-bluish or brownish-black color, and it abounds in bituminous and carbonaceous products; it even contains a few thin coaly layers, and has often been mistaken for a genuine coal-bearing formation. So charged is it with mineral charcoal that it has been in certain localities converted into a black pigment. It is replete in many places in fossil sea-weeds and fucoids, and there can be little doubt that it owes its richness in carbonaceous matter mainly to these plants. Petroleum is known, indeed, to issue plentifully from this rock on the Great Manitoulin Island in Lake Huron. It underlies, let it be observed, all the higher Silurian, Devonian, and Carboniferous strata which in succession occupy long east and west-trending zones of country to the south of its outcrop in New York, Pennsylvania, Michigan, and Ohio. To it chiefly must we credit the petroleum and gas-springs, which occur north or outside of the districts occupied by the gently south-dipping Devonian and Carboniferous strata.

Ascending in the series of the old or Paleozoic formations, we come in stratigraphical order, at an interval of many, say from ten to fifteen thousand feet, to other yet thicker or more massive deposits of very similarly constituted dark carbonaceous and bituminous shale and slate rocks of the Devonian period, and known in the geological survey of New York as the Marcellus shale and the Genesee shale, and in that of Pennsylvania as the cadent lower and upper black slates. In the latter-named State these formations attain a maximum thickness respectively of 800 and 700 feet; but in New York and in the Northwestern States they are much thinner, the Marcellus rarely exceeding fifty feet, and the Genesee shale seldom measuring more than twenty-five feet, which is its average bulk

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at its outcrop near Lake Erie. Further Southwest it is thicker. They are both of them very bituminous strata, and they encompass and pass under all the great Western coal-fields, at depths below the coal-beds of only a few thousand feet. Thus they can as readily have contributed, we may conceive, as the coal itself to the bituminizing or impregnating with the hydrocarbons all those portions of the upper strata where the circumstances have been conducive to the discharge of the volatile products, and their retention in the pores and crevices of the rocks nearer the surface.

There are still other members or subdivisions of the great Paleozoic system of strata underneath the coal measures, that upon examination will show a sufficiency of bituminous constituents to convince us that they too may have assisted in charging the overlying coal containing sandstones and shales with mineral oils and gases.

There is indeed a law of gradation in the increase of the proportions of the hydrocarbons to the free or solid carbon, so universal and steady for change of locality, from the Southeast toward the Northwest for any traverse or section across the coal-fields, that it is practicable, within trivial limits of error, to foretell the quantum of coke or gaseous matters the coal will yield by merely knowing what we may term its *geological longitude* from the line or axis of total debituminization or complete conversion into anthracite. And it is pertinent to our argument here to note, that not only must we traverse across the first fields a given distance of many miles, before we can meet in the coal-beds themselves an assignable amount of the hydrogenous ingredients, but we must go a still further distance ere we encounter any marked indications or displays of the corresponding petroleums and carbureted hydrogens issuing from the general strata of the country. It is not in fact until we are almost half-way across the great Appalachian basin, in Pennsylvania and Virginia, where its coals are already more than half endowed with the full share of their bituminous matters, that we fairly enter for the first time on the wide territory so marked by tracts or belts of gas springs and petroleum; and it is only when we approach the western and northwestern margin of the vast basin, or get near the Alleghany River, and then enter Western Pennsylvania, Western Virginia, and Eastern Ohio and Eastern Kentucky, that the native or mineral oils and gases gush from the earth in their full abundance. How unmistakably does this curious gradation indicate that the coal measures at least, and we can not but include the other formations underneath them, must all have undergone at some crisis, or during some long period, a widely diffused and graduated or locally modified and attempered distillation or expulsion of the gaseous ingredients of the carbonaceous strata! This change was an almost total discharge of the volatile matters along the eastern most heated and convulsed zone, with a less and less complete displacing of them from the coaly or carbonaceous beds in the regions further west. There the subterranean action did not wholly dispel the hydrocarbons, but merely saturated or infiltered the pores, crevices, and fissures of the overresting rocks more or less fully with them. The anthracite belt is like a row of loaves or puddings in a cook's unequally-heated oven, where an excess of warmth has dried the dishes to a crust, whereas the other more and more bituminous belts are in the state of articles less and less baked, retaining larger and larger proportions of their primitive juices.

The hypothesis here suggested, namely, that the volatile hydrocarbons were distilled, as it were, from out the low-lying carbonaceous strata, into the pores and fissures of the overresting ones, receives strong confirmation from the fact that the elsewhere bituminous shales of the Silurian and Devonian ages, deep under the coal, are altogether as much dessicated and debituminized every where in the districts contiguous to the anthracites as the coal-beds themselves. Thus while the pies resting within the upper shelves of our hypothetical oven have been overcooked and rendered juiceless, the already more crusty ones lower down, and therefore still more effectually heated, are seen to be even more thoroughly baked and dried.

This generalization embraces, as a main element, a curious and beautiful law of structure of the whole American coal-field and its circumjacent regions. By giving due regard to it the reader will be greatly assisted in apprehending the full inductive strength of the theory. The prevailing structure alluded to is this: The entire Appalachian mountain chain, and the vast interior continental plain, or gentle slope, with an every where variegated and curved surface, stretching from these mountains to the great valleys or water channels of the St. Lawrence and the Mississippi, are, when structurally viewed, simply one grand broad area of approximately parallel *elongated waves or undulations* of all the rocky strata. Now the gradation in the quantity of the volatile matter in the coal is upon a general scale very nearly in proportion to a gradation which prevails in the openness or gentleness of these flexures of the crust. As already stated, the anthracite or non-bituminous coal belongs to the most disturbed ranges of the Alleghany chain, and the basins where it has the least amount of gas, seldom more than six per cent., are those where the strata show the boldest flexures and the greatest dislocations. The semi-bituminous coals are embraced in all the wider, deeper troughs, in the undulated crust, which hold a line more to the northwest, but parallel to the anthracitic ones. In them the volatile matter in the coal is generally from eighteen to twenty per cent., and the strata or coal measures, ranging along the southeast edge of the great table-land of the Alleghany mountain are nowhere undulated in steep flexures or intersected with dislocations of magnitude. Still further westward, where the last really conspicuous great anticlinal and synclinal flexures of

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mountain magnitude disappear, the coals contain of volatile matters as large an amount as thirty or thirty-five per cent. Westward again of this line, as along the borders of the beautiful Monongahela River, where the stratification is almost horizontal, and there is a nearly total absence of faults, the average is as high as forty per cent. While still further on toward the western border of the field, where the undulations in the rocks are extremely broad and gentle, the quantity of volatile ingredients in the coal ascends to forty-five, and even to fifty, per cent., varying with local circumstances. This gradation in the two conditions, or the extent of debituminization and degree of flexure, that is, of alternate uplift and depression of the strata, holds true, not only in Pennsylvania, but by whatever lines we *cross-section* or traverse the grand Appalachian coal-field, though its length exceeds eight hundred miles, and its maximum width is about two hundred.

In accordance with the above-shown general relationship between the dissipation of the volatile matters of the carbonaceous beds and the amount of flexure, and of internal fracture, which these beds have experienced, is the very striking fact, that throughout Western Pennsylvania, Northwestern Virginia, Southeastern Ohio, and Eastern Kentucky, or, in other words, throughout all the western borders of the great coal-field, where the general flatness of the coal-rocks is only at wide intervals interrupted by narrow, but long and sometimes rather sharp anticlinal waves, the more copious emission of the rock-oil and the native gases is found to be chiefly restricted to the tracts occupied by the crests and sides of these local billows in the strata. It was long ago, before 1840, noted by my brother, Professor W. B. Rogers, in his geological survey of Virginia, and was observed and made known by myself in my own similar exploration of Pennsylvania, that nearly all the localities of abundant and comparatively permanent Artesian salt-wells or artificial brine-springs, with their almost invariable concomitants, the liquid and gaseous hydrocarbons, were situated upon, or nearly coincident with, the artificial archings of the strata. This was seen on the Kanawha by him, and on the tributary rivers of the Alleghany and Ohio by myself. At the salt-wells of the Big Kanawha (Charleston), the outflow of the inflammable gases was at one time so free in one of the borings, that the manager of the works caused it to be collected and converted into fuel for evaporating the briny water along with which it ascended, as it does in so many of the salt-wells of the West. The gas issues from out the interstices and crevices of the rocks, coming up with the salt-water with which it has reposed for so many ages.

Strange accomplishment this of a long suspended connection; the carbon and hydrogen of some old sea-girt fields of vegetation, now allowed to extricate and crystallize the salt of the old ocean, which at such a lapse of antiquity once washed the precincts of the very marshes where they first came together under the potent spell of vegetable life.

It was obvious to us as a corollary of our theorem of the actions concerned in elevating and maintaining the great flexures of the crust of the region we were studying, that the subterranean heat connected with these stupendous long-ago-arrested waves must not only have been in past periods, but must now be, more transmissible to the surface and more influential in all its agencies along the anticlinals than any where else throughout the country. In the spirit of this conviction W. B Rogers ascertained, in noting the geologic relations of the native thermal waters (warm and hot springs) of the Appalachian mountains, that they are almost invariably coincident with the ruptures of the strata along or near the anticlinal flexures or crests of the uplifted crust waves.

More recently, Professor E. B. Andrews, of Marietta College, Ohio, has shown in a paper on the rock-oil of that State and Western Virginia (see *American Journal of Science and Arts*, vol. xxxii.) that throughout the field he has examined few or no productive oil-wells exist where the strata are very nearly horizontal and comparatively destitute of fissures, although a large number of wells have been bored; and he alleges that "the most oil is found where the strata have been most disturbed, and where the fissures in them are most numerous." At an early period in the geological survey of Western Pennsylvania it was apparent that an anticlinal arching of the strata ranges under the localities which are now so rich in petroleum on Oil Creek near the Alleghany River.

Having adduced a sufficient array of statements to show where the chief districts of the petroleum are, the nature of the strata to which we ascribe its origin, and the conditions which determine its abundance, it only now remains to close this review of the phenomena by attempting a concise enunciation of the theory we have arrived at as to its sources and its distribution.

We are inclined to attribute the petroleum and its associated hydrogenous gases to a fermentation and distillation, by subterranean heat, of the hydrocarbon elements resident in all the carbonaceous strata underlying the rock-oil region, that is to say, impregnating the Silurian black slate (Utica), the Devonian black shales (Marcellus and Genesee of New York), and the coal seams and carbonaceous shales of the bituminous coal measures. Indeed, we are disposed to assign the oil and gas to the lower-seated Silurian and Devonian deposits almost exclusively, and for these strong reasons: First, that they come forth, and very abundantly, in large districts far remote from any tracts of the coal formation, and where those inferior rocks are the only carbonaceous ones which underlie the surface. Secondly, that a like discharge of petroleum and combustible gases occurs in none of the other coal-fields of the earth, even where their coal-beds are notoriously bituminous and

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dangerously full of fire-damp. Thirdly, there are some differences, so the chemists inform us, between these native hydrogenous products and the genuine coal-oils and their resultants, procured by artificial methods of separation. All these facts awaken a strong surmise, confirmed by the obvious diversities in the specific gravities and other qualities, and by the excessively offensive and non-bituminous odors of some of the petroleums of the countries exterior to the coal-field, such as that of certain localities in Canada, that the greater portion of the oil and gas is really derived from the marine animal carbonaceous shales, and not from the vegetable beds of coal and their coaly rocks. The occurrence of so many symptoms of rock-oil within the limits of the coal-fields, now replaced by such a multitude of productive oil-wells, tells for almost naught against this hypothesis, as it is known that the Silurian and Devonian black carbonaceous shales pass under all the northwestern and western districts of the coal measures.

My view of the process of extrication of the petroleum from the lower strata and of its accumulation in the pores, crevices, and joints of the upper ones, is simply this: We may conceive that during the epoch, or the perhaps successive epochs, of the uplifting of all these water-buried and water-side sedimentary strata, earthquake pulsations and other undulations of the crust formed and fixed the flexures in the strata which we have described, and that during the earthquake oscillations, and even after their cessation, a copious amount of the highly-heated subterranean steam, the constant attendant upon earthquakes, heated the strained and ruptured rocky beds, dislodged their more volatile constituents, and carried or distilled these latter, one portion into the atmosphere and a residuary part into the interstices of the overlying cooler and less fractured strata. Upon this hypothesis we see how in those belts of the Alleghanies where the crust was most convulsed and the rocks were most contorted and highly heated, the coal-beds were actually coked into dense anthracite, and how further from the lines of maximum subterranean pulsation and steaming of the rocks the volatile matters below the surface were progressively less expelled, till entering the petroleum districts the crust movements and warming were so moderate that they only sufficed to displace the tarry and gaseous matters from the underlying beds, to leave them, at least in part, in the cavities and cells and fractures of the overresting strata.

WHY AUNT DILLY NEVER MARRIED.

"'TWASN'T for want of chances I staid single," said Aunt Dilly, with a decisive nod of her head.

Clara, who was just beginning to have beaux home from lyceum, glanced up from her drawing at the old lady's pointed nose and peaked chin, and wondered within herself if they were always so long and sharp.

Aunt Dilly caught the look; for whatever had become of the charms of youth her eyes and ears had lost none of their original keenness.

"Don't you believe me?" quoth she, giving a hitch to the left shoulder of her dress.

Then she made several more short nods, and smiled to herself as if at old memories.

"Didn't you never hear me tell about Linus Leach and his cherry-party?" asked she, presently.

"What was it, Aunt Dilly?" returned good-natured Bessy, who had heard the story ever since she was a small girl often and often.

Aunt Dilly threaded her needle complacently.

"Linus was some older than I was, but he took a great shine to me, and I expect I *was* well-looking and appearing as any of them. I could dance like a top, too, and I was a good deal sought after for a partner at all the balls and parties," said she, frowning with an air of superiority at Clara. "Linus paid me a sight of attention, and I expect nothing but he would have made me an offer if I hadn't been so offish. He made me a present of the first umbrella that ever was brought into this town, and I was always sorry, if he *would* give it to me, that it hadn't been silk. He lived up in what is Lawriston's Mills now, on the old Weatherbee farm, and it was a grand, good fruit-place, I can tell you.

"One time he invited all us young folks there to eat cherries. He had a noble cherry-orchard, and he went and cut down some of the best trees, so we could pick the cherries handy and at our ease. Then if he saw any body getting an uncommon nice bunch he would say, 'No, no, that is for Miss Dilly! Let Miss Dilly have that!' Molly Holister was a real hector, so she would try to get the best ones on purpose to plague him; then she would ask, 'Why couldn't she have them? She wanted good cherries as well as Dilly!'

"Yes, I suppose I might have gone up there to live if I had run of that notion; but Leach was as gray as a rat then, and he wa'n't considered over-bright neither. So I didn't give him no encouragement, and he got to going with Hepsibah Hitchcock after she come in town and set up tailoring; and finally he didn't marry nobody, but went out West and died there."

"But didn't you have an offer from any body?" queried little Lucy, who sat on the floor with her lap full of kittens, greedy for any thing which sounded like a story.

"*Tchis!*" ejaculated Aunt Dilly, by which she meant to say *Yes*. "I had offers a plenty—or might have had if I'd wanted them. The young fellows understood that I was smart to work besides being lively company; and I didn't pass for any body's fool, I can tell you. I suppose likely I might have married to Cephas Johnson if I'd been a mind to. He run after

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me till he saw 'twan't of no further use. I broke him up of it finally one night when a whole string of young folks was coming home from an apple-paring at Uncle Josiah Chandler's.

"We had been having a high time all the evening naming apples and cracking our jokes, and we felt pretty full of the matter and ready for most any thing—all but Cephas. He was trudging along sober as a judge, and by-and-by what does he do but come up to me and ask if he should have the pleasure of my company home? So I picks up an old broomstick that happened to be lying there, and holding it out, I says, says I, 'Take that if you want something to walk with!' He appeared real dashed, and went off without saying another word. I was most sorry I did it; but if he hadn't been a gump he would have known better than to step up that way when we were all walking along in a crowd together. He *was* a little lacking, but he had a nice farm, and I should have been sure of a good home all my days if I had brought my mind to marry him. He took the hint though upon that, and didn't tag after me any more, but married Judith Gloucester of Porterly right away in few months, as soon as ever she could fix.

"They were married at Porterly in the morning, and had a house-warming here at Lamberton that same evening. All the young fellows and girls that Cephas used to go with were invited and made a great houseful. We played plays and carried on pretty high till, in one of the plays, somebody happened to tear one of the muslin window-curtains; and then Cephas made such a dreadful to-do that it spoilt every thing. Judith had wit enough to be ashamed of him, and she tried to turn it off and say it wasn't any matter, she could mend it well enough; but he kept breaking out every few minutes saying it was a great pity to tear a new curtain like that, and the one that did it must have been very careless. He just about spoilt the pleasure of the company, and I was real glad it wasn't me that was his wife if he was such a small, stingy soul."

Aunt Dilly pared the patch to fit a hole in her calico apron, burnt by a spark of fire, and began sewing it on in silence

"Were those all the beaux you ever had, Aunt Dilly?" asked Clara, looking innocent.

"No indeed; I guess not!" exclaimed the old lady, emphatically snipping off a thread as she thought of the manner in which the hopes of her retinue of admirers had been cut off.

"Tell more," said Lucy, stroking the sleeping kittens.

"I expect likely I might have been keeping house for Dr. Dillingham to-day if I had been so inclined," asserted Aunt Dilly, looking about her with an air of triumphant defiance.

"Why, Aunt Dilly, I didn't know you ever even spoke with him!" exclaimed Bessy.

"I haven't said I ever did," retorted the ancient belle rather fiercely. "Can't folks tell nothing by other folks looks and manners, I want to know? Many and many a Sunday when he has been preaching for our minister, while he was a widower, he has eyed me so sharp that I dropped my veil over my face, till finally I got learnt if I saw the old Doctor in the pulpit to make it a point to always sit with my veil down. And I most commonly kept my seat till he had passed down the aisle, then slipped out the other door from where I saw him stop and stand looking and looking, as intent as could be, to see when I came along. It was just so after he lost each of his wives, and he has had three of them besides the present one."

"How do you suppose he found out you were not married?" asked Clara.

"There would be folks enough ready to tell him. I had reason to think my name was mentioned to him, with a recommend, more than once," returned Aunt Dilly, mysteriously.

"I wonder you didn't have him," remarked Bessy.

"Not I! I never had no hankering to be a minister's wife, though I have often thought I was cut out for one. I could lead off in society so well, and then I was sprightly without being giddy and full of foolish notions, even when I was a young girl. That wasn't such a dreadful long while ago neither, Miss!" she continued, frowning again upon Clara, whom she discovered slyly smiling.

"You have had beaux since Dr. Dillingham's day, haven't you, Aunt Dilly?" asked Bessy, wishing to restore the equanimity of the old lady's ruffled temper.

"Well, I expect I might have had if it hadn't been for Mrs. Talkenton. I expect I might have been second wife to her father if she hadn't seen how things were going, and took it upon herself to meddle and make in what was none of her business. The old gentleman was mighty soft, and pretty near as good as made an offer of himself once or twice; but I never quite made up my mind I would marry to him, and I have never been sorry I didn't. He isn't living now, and I think whether or no I shouldn't have felt lonesomer and more forlorn like if I had been left a widow than to always remain single; and I never was one that was in a flutter to marry just for the sake, as folks say, of having *Mrs.* on my grave-stone."

"But, Aunt Dilly, didn't any of your beaux really offer themselves to you after all?" asked Lucy, full of wonder.

Aunt Dilly bridled, and puckered up her mouth contemptuously.

"'Pears to me you are over-young to be filling your head up with beaux and offers. When I was your years nobody never heard such talk from me, and I should think you would be better employed studying your book than in interrupting older people with your saucy questions."

Lucy looked astonished, not understanding her offense; but she folded her handkerchief about one of the kittens for a shawl and held her peace.

Immediately Aunt Dilly started up.

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"Somebody is driving into the yard! Who is it, girls?" said she, adjusting her "Scotch pebbles" and peering cautiously from the window. "Oh, it is Mr. Norridgewock! I s'pose like enough he has got some errand with your father; but then, as he has lost his wife lately, it is likely he is looking out for another, and I don't want to put myself in his way to encourage him, nor to make talk."

So Aunt Dilly retreated to the citadel of her own room, fully convinced, dear old soul! that she had had and neglected—not to say *rejected*—another "chance to get married."

SIGN-LANGUAGE.

IN General Marcy's book, "The Prairie Traveler," one of the most interesting passages gives an account of the signs used by the Indians in their communications with strangers. Their system of signs stands to them in lieu of all foreign languages whatever, and constitutes in effect a kind of universal language. "The signs," says the General, "are exceedingly graceful and significant, and what was a fact of much astonishment to me, I discovered they were very nearly the same as those practiced by the mutes in our deaf and dumb schools, and were comprehended by them with perfect facility."

Perhaps no better idea could be given of the extent to which signs can suffice for intercourse than by showing how the art is practiced among the deaf and dumb, to whom it is indispensable. Let us suppose we spend an hour in an institution for this class.

School has just opened for morning lessons. The pupils take seats for a writing-lesson, with which exercise the school-work to-day commences. One who is late in getting to his seat disturbs his neighbor, and mars the formation of a letter. Instantly the offended party assumes the perpendicular. He fixes the disturber with his glittering eye; he then moulds his face into a scowl, importing unmistakable anger. He clenches one fist, and grinds the desk with it; with the forefinger of the other hand he points to the blotted or otherwise ill-formed letter. He then jerks up his forefinger, and, so to speak, harpoons the offender with it, dashing it menacingly in his direction, and shaking it so for a quarter of a minute, gives a suppressed grunt, and is down again to his writing. The defaulter receives the reproof with humility, admits its justice by nodding mildly, his eyes the while assuming a deprecating expression, being enlarged to their utmost, to show how completely he sees himself in the wrong. The fingers of his right hand begin to comb circularly on his brow, to intimate some confusion existed in that quarter, or, in other words, that the affair was an accident, and no harm meant. He then turns round to those about him who are watching matters, changes his expression into one of contempt, puffs out the smallest of puffs, as if the bubble would only take that quantity of breath to blow it away, and slightly shrugs his shoulders, as if he would say: "Here's an uproar about nothing!"

In a little while the eye of one wearies of her copy-book, and wanders about for relief. It is arrested by the snow-flakes beginning to fall. In excitement at the discovery she beats the desk, and when all start up amazed at the interruption, and fasten their gaze on the interrupter, who is still drumming like the town-crier with news to tell, which he avoids proclaiming until his audience be large enough, her eager eyes and dancing movement, as she hitches up and down, bespeak the importance of the forthcoming announcement. Her schoolmates grow angry at the delay, and draw down their eyebrows. Forefingers are stretched out, and waved from side to side, at first gently, while the eyes express inquiry, but are soon wagged rapidly, and with vehemence, putting the question more decidedly as to what the matter is. The drummer now taps on her teeth, and shakes her extended arms, to imitate the quick flying of a bird, without, however, doing the forward movement that properly accompanies the mimic representation of flying. By this she intimates that there is snow—something white, that is, or of tooth-color—coming flutteringly down. So red is lip-color, yellow is neck-color, black is eyebrow-color, etc.

The idea of cold occurs in connection with the snow. It is expressed by sinking the head between the shoulders, and gathering one's self up as much as may be into a ball, to keep in the vital heat. In like manner the fingers of each hand are gathered tightly together, and the fists pressed in upon the chest. Shivering is done. The teeth chatter. Eyes twinkle with comic pity, while long breaths are slowly taken in and slowly given out again. One little fellow, who has been regarding the snow with anything but a friendly look, bemoans himself with no comic undercurrent; he puts his open palm upon his breast, then with sudden vehemence flings back his hand, shutting his eyes the while, and turning away his head, to intimate that the very sight of it is too much. His amused neighbor smacks his lips and pats his breast, to signify how entirely different are his feelings. It is curious to note how pleasure and its opposite are talked of stomachically; the signs for these sensations being first used at a period of life when enjoyment is centred in the single shape of food. The notion of cold being welcome to any one, offends the first speaker; he doubles up his fist hard, and raps upon his brow, then jerks his forefinger toward the party who has ventured the distasteful heterodoxy, and resumes the rapping till his brow reddens. To rap thus denotes the idea of stupidity, as if one rapped and rapped where nobody was at home. The charge of being stupid, so forcibly made, is received with quite a charming smile. The accused sits erect, and expands himself, to enjoy over his whole person the grateful influence. He slowly brings in his hands upon his breast, and there presses them hard, the one over the other, the mode in

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which deaf-mutes indicate affection. Such a feeling, he says, he entertains toward the cold. It is his very dear friend. He then, with the thumb-nail of one hand, which he holds open, draws a line across his brow, which his neighbor has just likened to a house where no one was at home. The extended thumb denotes goodness, as the little finger left open when the rest of the hand is shut signifies badness. Whatever the thumb touches is talked of as being good. By drawing it over his brow, the boy repels the accusation of being stupid, and substitutes for it the counter-assertion that every thing in that quarter is good. Instead of being a fool, he is, on the contrary, a very knowing fellow, and his remarks savor only of sound sense. An eye that has been on the watch detects the master rising from an exercise that was under correction; a rapidly waved hand, and a quick, short dabbling with the finger toward the point of approach, communicates the danger, and all are immediately, with preternatural intentness, bent over their writing.

The master taps the desk to obtain attention, but so thoroughly are the pupils occupied with their copy-books that no one is disturbed. The tapping goes on, and at length suspicious eyes look up, but become assured when the purport of the tapping comes forth: it is merely to announce a change of school-exercise. By making the palms an open book, and shutting them from the hinge, the command is given to put away copy-books. Slates are now brought out from desks, and a search for the dusters lying about the room follows. Each pupil who finds one becomes the centre of a group either quietly awaiting their turn, or struggling for priority in snatching the desired article when the slate of the first finder shall be clean enough. In one case which arrests me, the party whose duty is to wet a corner of the duster has neglected to do so. An indignant onlooker puts his finger to the inside of his underlip, to indicate wetness, then shakes his head—the invariable sign of negation. He hereby states that the towel is not wet. His rounded eyes while so expressing himself, followed by his head being suddenly retracted and his back stiffened, signify his astonishment thereat; while his hand spread out, palm upward, and the continued look of astonishment with which his eyes traverse the circle, invite attention to the circumstance. As the operation of cleansing is prolonged, dissatisfaction grows. A general extension of left arms takes place, not with military promptitude and uniformity, but now one, and by-and-by another. Slowly, and as if with effort, the right hand stretches over to the wrist of the other, and is trailed upward to the shoulder, and in some cases across the breast. This indicates length of time. "How slow you are!" School-boy ire, like dry thorns, is soon in a blaze. The combative propensities, said to be located in the brain next door to the osseous structure wherein the hearing apparatus is lodged, are clearly not destroyed by the visitation whose result is deafness. Point-blank denial meets the charge. "No, not long," says the shaken head of the accused. He spreads out the towel to show that it is dry, while his angry glance going and returning from it to the eyes of his school-fellows, would draw their perception toward the fact. The cloth is snatched away, and the crowd of expectants is broken up. One remains like the after-swell of a storm, or the taste of a bitter pill, causing wry faces when the pill is gone over. Says Nemesis, holding up one finger and pointing: "You are one," and "we," pointing to himself and the group now elsewhere, "are many." To signify *many* all the fingers are held up and waved. "I," pointing to himself, "will never give things to you," makes-believe to hand over something, then suddenly stops and shakes his head.

Conviction, says terse theology, is not conversion. Here is the case in point. The convicted but unconverted transgressor against school-boy good-fellowship curls scornful lips, and puffs a small puff. He half averts his head, and wholly averts his eyes, and knocks backward his knuckles once against an aerial tambourine. It is not worth his while to knock twice. "Away, slight boy!" his action exclaims, with the forcibleness of Aufidius in the play. "Is't possible?" ask the dilated eyes of insulted Coriolanus, conscious both of honest intent and of physical superiority. Gesture-language never lacks strength of expression to convey strength of feeling. As naturally, and as much by inevitable sequence, as when an elastic stocking takes the form of the limb on which it is drawn, do attitude, look, and movement correspond to the emotion that underlies them. Contempt has spoken strongly; it now speaks more strongly still. The mute Aufidius turns full upon his adversary, takes imaginary saliva from his mouth, and does the action of throwing it upon his opponent's face. Recovered from the stunning effect of so unlooked-for a blow, Coriolanus pockets his passion to a more convenient season. He merely breathes hard, nods after the fashion of Banquo's ghost, but with rather less of menace, and then points to the clock and out to the play-ground. He then stalks off. Stalk is not, in this connection, a stilted word, but correctly describes the mode of departure adopted.

I watch two of the older girls, who, with knitted brows and parted lips, are puzzling over a sum. Their eyes are on one slate; they look at it with their heads bent low. Long and close inspection does not reveal the secret. They next try another point of view, and sit upright; but the lines of perplexity written on their countenances do not become effaced. The eyes of one form themselves into a note of interrogation, and make inquiry at the eyes of the other. The reply comes in a gloomier and more troubled aspect. "No," it says; "all is dark still." By-and-by, however, the corrugated brows relax, and a hand is lifted up to deprecate interruption by further remark just at present. A clew has evidently presented itself, and is being

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followed up. Meanwhile the eyes wink hard, as if making great efforts to swallow down something. At length they cease winking, and in a little while expand complacently. Then the face smiles all over, and many rapid nods are given. With her thumb-nail she taps her brow —the mode of signifying "I know it." The eyes of her neighbor open wide, and express great interest; they then swiftly change into the inquiry: "How do you do it?" This they ask by looking hard at her companion and winking very fast and in a troubled manner, while the girl herself moves restlessly on her seat, much like a dog expectant of a bone. She repeats the question by pointing to the perplexing sum, and then shaking her open palm sideways, while the look of interrogation remains in the eyes. To strengthen the solicitation, the inquirer's head is shaken in unison with her hand. "Show me," she adds, patting softly under her eye, and glancing to the slate, to indicate that her eye is looking out for the explanation. Thus adjured, the party who has penetrated the mystery proceeds judicially. In order that no mistake may arise as to any partition of credit in the discovery, she formally puts the question: "Do you know it?" tapping her brow with the thumb-nail as explained above, while the eyes look interrogation. An energetic admission of total ignorance is made. The fingers of one hand touch lightly her brow, and are flung from it with force. This full confession is satisfactory, for her companion at once presses her lips together, and nods her head. She then beckons for attention, and one engrossment absorbs the two.

Out of twenty persons, say the statists, such and such a number are sure to be of this disposition, and such and such a number of that. I have not had my attention drawn strongly to it before, but the certainty of one or two whose propensity is mischief being hid like a leaven among school-children breaks upon me as a beam of light when I see a little monkey stretching out to pull another's hair, and straightway wearing the appearance of being excessively occupied with his lessons. A countryman once criticised a work of art representing, among other things, a porcine family feeding. He observed that one of them at least ought to have had a foot in the dish. In like manner representations of schools where all the pupils might have borne banners with the strange device "Excelsior," are surely defective in leaving out every indication that a leaven of earthliness is under the heavenly surface. The youngster whose hair has been pulled casts about for the offender, and, probably made wise by experience, attributes blame to the party deserving it. But, a mild denial and a look of innocence meeting him, his faith wavers, and he glances elsewhere. He catches a witness of the transaction laughing, and fastens upon him as the guilty individual. "You," says he, pointing to the person addressed, "pulled my hair," imitating the act. The accused shakes his head from side to side, and purses up his mouth into the formation it assumes when one utters the word "No." "I am sure it was you," says the accuser, bringing vehemently a clenched fist on his other palm, which is held open for the stroke, "for you laughed," striking rapidly his chin with the hollow of his hand between thumb and forefinger. The accused becomes angry in turn, and persistent reiteration of the charge kindles his wrath to flame. He blazes out with the strong monosyllable of three letters used by angry folks to denote that a statement made lacks basis of facts. "A lie," says the irate youngster, cutting once with his forefinger between his lips, and flinging the said finger scornfully toward the accuser.

Of course, a dialogue of this nature is not unobserved. He of the pulled hair appeals to the company generally, pressing his thumb upon his breast, and traversing with inquiring eyes the onlookers. He hereby asks if he is right. Many shaken heads say "No;" but nobody betrays the real offender, who all this while is so exceedingly intent on his book as not to be aware of the commotion in his vicinity. At length the corners of laughing eyes turning to this busy individual, and his known habits of mischief, confirm the first suspicion. When Mr. Innocence looks up in wonderment to ask what the matter is, the flashing eye of the aggrieved confronts him. "Fox," says the mimic action that at once salutes him. In representing this incarnation of cunning the shut hand is grated along the cheek to the tapering chin, to show the animal's conformation of face, while the head is held down and to a side, with the eyes looking askance. The effort to still keep on his mask of ignorance is too much for the general forbearance, and indignant repetitions of the assertion that he is a fox meet him from every quarter. He then lightly and quickly with his forefinger brushes an imaginary speck of dust upward from off his brow, hereby saying that it was nothing but fun, a mere speck of merriment resting on the surface of his mind, which a finger's touch will remove. Thus literally he treats the matter with levity. "Many times," says an onlooker, spreading wide his hands, and fanning with them up and down, each wave of each finger denoting once. All the fingers wave to denote frequency. "You are often in mischief." "You," pointing to him, "are bad," shaking little finger. "Very bad," striking one little finger across the other. "Troublesome," putting his hand to his breast, and slowly inflating, then slowly emptying his lungs, afterward suffering his head to droop forward, as if too exhausted to support it. Mr. Innocence does not relish this phase of the business, and accordingly becomes very anxious to go on with his lessons.

These are all *bonâ fide* remarks made by deaf and dumb children in the manner mentioned. One can see from this that pantomime might be studied to more purpose than merely to render clowns on the stage grotesque.

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 5th of June, leaving the result of the important operations on the Mississippi still undecided.

When our last Record closed the Army of the Potomac, under General Hooker, having crossed the Rappahannock, was engaged with the Confederate forces under General Lee. The failure of this movement to accomplish the results which were aimed at is known. For the details we must rely wholly upon the accounts of newspaper correspondents, no full official reports having been published. The design of this movement is evident. Instead of attacking the enemy in his intrenchments near Fredericksburg, as General Burnside had done, Hooker proposed to turn these works, gain their rear, interpose between them and Richmond, and thus compel Lee to retreat or to fight outside of his intrenchments. To do this he was obliged to advance into a country with the topography of which he was imperfectly acquainted, while it was thoroughly known to the enemy. The preliminary steps were successful. Deceiving the enemy by feints of a crossing at points three or four miles below Fredericksburg, General Hooker pushed three divisions of his army to Kelly's Ford, twenty-five miles up the river, where they crossed without opposition, then wheeled to the south, and reached Chancellorsville, a solitary mansion near a cross-roads, five or six miles southwest of Fredericksburg. A strong cavalry force, under General Stoneman, had been in the mean while dispatched to make a wide detour and destroy the railroad leading from Richmond to Fredericksburg, so as to prevent reinforcements from reaching the army of Lee. Of this expedition we shall speak hereafter. Soon after the crossing at Kelly's Ford the other divisions of the army passed the Rappahannock at points lower down, but still above Fredericksburg, the attention of the enemy being diverted by the feints made at crossings below that city. These divisions joined their comrades near Chancellorsville, none of them having met with serious opposition. Thus, on the 30th of April, the entire Army of the Potomac, with the exception of a single division under General Sedgwick, which was left behind at the former position near Falmouth, opposite Fredericksburg, had crossed the Rappahannock, and, having turned the left of the enemy, had gained his rear, and were massed near Chancellorsville. At this time General Hooker issued his order, noted in our last Record, to the effect that the "enemy must either ingloriously fly, or come out and give us battle on our own ground, where certain destruction awaits him."

Thus far the object of the movement had been attained. The Confederate intrenchments, from the front of which Burnside had been driven back, were turned. Our forces were behind them, and Lee was forced to come down from his fortified heights and meet Hooker upon open ground. The forces in the field can only be roughly estimated. They were probably between 60,000 and 80,000 on either side, ours rather outnumbering theirs. The action, or series of actions which ensued, commenced on Saturday, May 2. Our line of battle was drawn up facing the northeast, looking toward the intrenchments behind Fredericksburg. The enemy's left overlapped our right, and on this point the attack was made. A strong force under General Jackson, one of the ablest and by far the most popular leader in the Confederate army, dashed upon the Eleventh Division which had been posted here, routed it at once, and drove it in confusion from the field. The rout of this Division was only prevented from becoming a serious disaster by the bravery of the Second Division, formerly under the immediate command of General Hooker, but now led by General Berry, who checked the advance of the enemy. The Confederate General Jackson, familiarly known as "Stonewall Jackson," was fatally wounded on the evening of this day. He had gone with his staff beyond the line of the Confederate skirmishers, and on returning, the party being mistaken for a body of our cavalry, was fired upon by his own men. He was struck by three balls, two of which passed through the left arm, the other through the right hand. The left arm was amputated, but he died eight days after. With the possible exceptions of Jefferson Davis and General Lee there was no other man whose loss would have been so severely felt in the Southern Confederacy. During the night of Saturday an attack was made by our forces upon Jackson's Division, who were forced back from the position which they had gained. Taking advantage of this success, General Hooker made such changes in the position of his troops as were rendered necessary by the events which had occurred, and awaited the assault of the enemy on the following day. The attack was made on our left early in the morning, and after a severe action, which lasted six hours, the enemy gained possession of the plank road leading past Chancellorsville to Fredericksburg, and our forces were drawn back and concentrated nearer to the Chancellor house. The enemy had thus won some ground in this action, but had gained no important advantage and suffered severely.

In the mean while General Sedgwick, who had been left behind at Falmouth, perceiving that the enemy had withdrawn nearly all his forces from Fredericksburg, crossed the river, stormed the heights from which Burnside had been repulsed, and then, on Sunday evening, advanced some distance toward Chancellorsville, along the plank road, where he encountered a strong force of the enemy, who lay directly between him and Hooker's divisions. On Monday the enemy, abandoning the attack upon Hooker, turned in force upon the corps of Sedgwick, and drove him back upon and out of the fortifications which he had captured, and compelled him to recross the river. The crossing was effected during the night of Monday.

Early on the morning of Tuesday a severe rainstorm set in. The rivers began to rise rapidly, threatening to cut Hooker off from his supplies. Apprehending that his position would become untenable, he resolved to retreat to his old position on the other side of the Rappahannock. The order was given on Tuesday morning. Roads were cut to the fords, and at 10 o'clock in the night the retreat was commenced, apparently without being suspected by the enemy. By daylight the whole army with all its trains and artillery was safely across the river. General Hooker issued an order "tendering to the army his congratulations on its achievements of the last seven days. If it has not accomplished," he

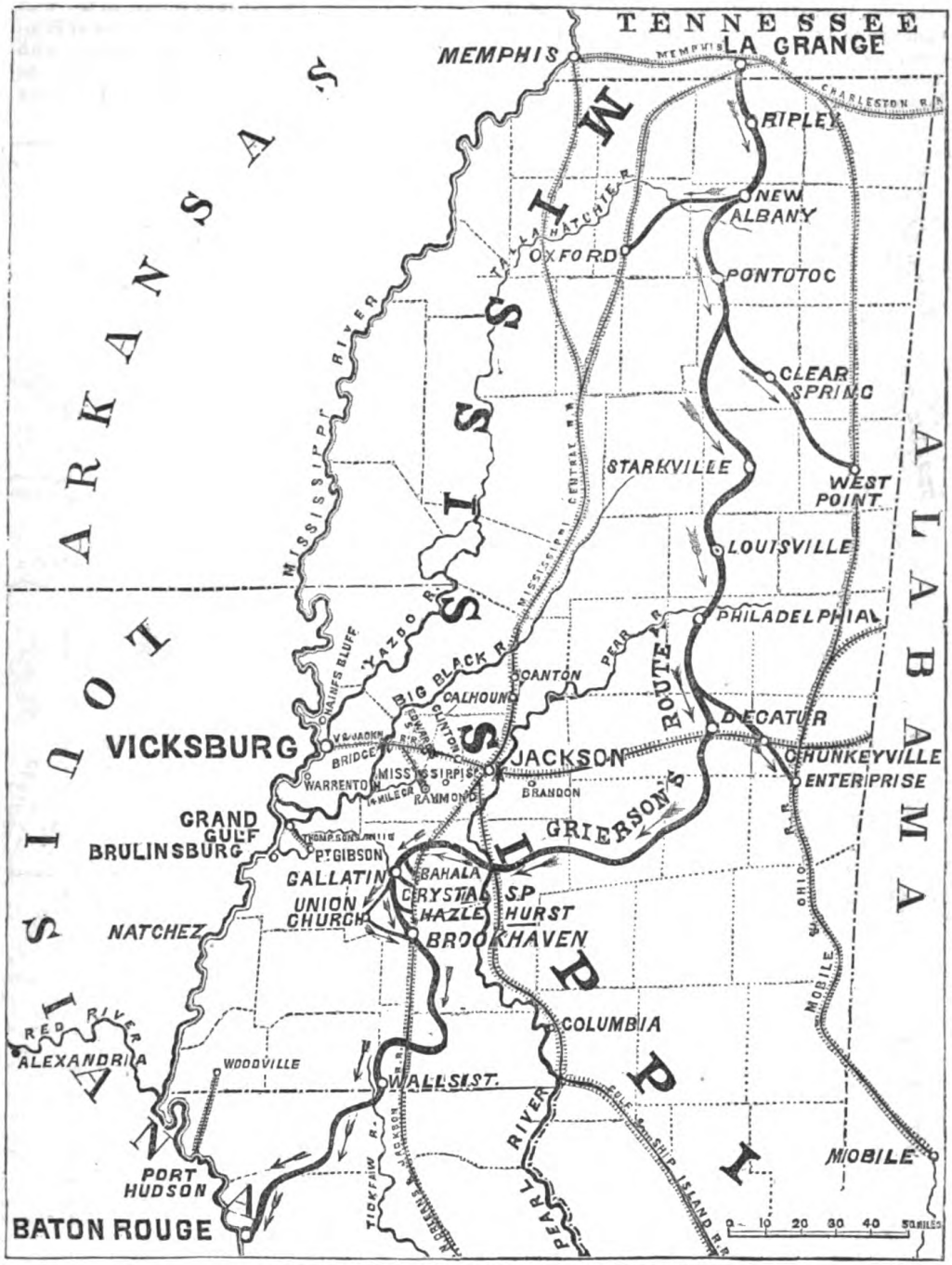
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says, "all that was expected, the reasons are well known to the army. It is sufficient to say they were of a character not to be foreseen or prevented by human sagacity or resources. In withdrawing from the south bank of the Rappahannock before delivering a general battle to our adversaries, the army has given renewed evidence of its confidence in itself. In fighting at a disadvantage we would have been recreant to our trust. Profoundly loyal and conscious of its strength the Army of the Potomac will give or decline battle whenever its interest or honor may demand.... By our celerity and secrecy of movement our advance and passage of the rivers were undisputed, and on our withdrawal not a rebel returned to follow. We have made long marches, crossed rivers, surprised the enemy in his intrenchments, and whenever we have fought we have inflicted heavier blows than we have received. We have taken from the enemy five thousand prisoners, and fifteen colors, captured and brought off seven pieces of artillery, and placed *hors de combat* eighteen thousand of his chosen troops. We have destroyed his dépôts filled with vast amounts of stores, damaged his communications, captured prisoners within the fortifications of his capital, and filled his country with fear and consternation."——The enemy, however, claim a decided victory in the whole series of operations. General Lee, in his congratulatory address to his army says: "Under trying vicissitudes of heat and storm, you attacked the enemy strongly intrenched in the depths of a tangled wilderness, and again on the hills of Fredericksburg, fifteen miles distant, and, by the valor that has triumphed on so many fields, forced him once more to seek safety beyond the Rappahannock."——Of the losses in men and material on either side no accurate estimate can be formed. It is affirmed by the Secretary of War that only one-third of our forces were actually engaged in the battles, and against these the whole force of the enemy was hurled in solid masses. As they gained no solid advantage except their first one in the rout of the Eleventh Division, their loss at other points apparently exceeded ours; here, ours probably exceeded theirs. The enemy claim to have taken a large number of prisoners, and immense quantities of small-arms and supplies, besides many cannon. We find nothing to confirm this statement; and as Jackson was soon checked in his success against the Eleventh, and the guns which he had captured were retaken, and as the retreat was wholly unmolested, the trains being sent in advance, it would seem that these claims are unfounded. A statement compiled as far as possible from official reports makes our losses in the battles of Chancellorsville, or "the Wilderness," as they are named by the enemy, to have been killed 1512, wounded 9518—in all 11,030, to which are to be added about 2500 missing, who are probably prisoners. A great proportion of those set down as wounded were only slightly injured, and were soon capable of service. The incidental statements contained in the Southern journals confirm the opinion which was formed on other grounds, that their loss in killed and wounded was at least equal to our own, while in prisoners it was certainly greater. General Hooker's statement that they had 18,000 men put *hors de combat* is probably nearly correct. To our loss, as above estimated, of 13,500 men at Chancellorsville is, we presume, to be added that of Sedgwick, which was severe. Upon the whole, it may be concluded that, while the prestige of victory remains with the enemy, the actual loss on each side was about equally divided.

The last sentence quoted from General Hooker's congratulatory order refers especially to a brilliant expedition accomplished by a body of cavalry under General Stoneman. The object in view was to cut off the communications between Richmond and Fredericksburg, and thus prevent Lee from receiving reinforcements. But owing to continuous rains, which prevented the passage of the rivers, the expedition set out too late to attain this—the great body of the enemy's forces around and beyond Richmond having been already sent forward. The expedition, 2700 strong, crossed the Rappahannock simultaneously with the passage by Hooker's army, and without serious opposition gained the rear of Lee's position at Fredericksburg, and then separated into three divisions, each directed against a particular line of communication. All of these effected their object more or less completely, damaging the railroads and destroying much property. The main body, having reunited, commenced their return on the 2d of May, by nearly the same route on which they advanced, and with little loss rejoined the main army, from which they had had no intelligence, on the north side of the Rappahannock. They had moved for nine days within the enemy's lines, cut the canal which was his main source of supply, torn up bridges and portions of the railways, and inflicted great damage by destroying large amounts of commissary stores. Still, as General Hooker had no information of the success of this expedition, and had abandoned his position on the south of the Rappahannock, it has little permanent effect upon the issue of the campaign, beyond showing that the entire force of the Confederate Army of Virginia was massed under Lee at Fredericksburg. The most dashing exploit during this expedition was accomplished by a regiment of the Ira Harris Light Cavalry, under command of Colonel Kilpatrick. Leaving the main body at Louisa Court House on the 3d of May, he reached the Fredericksburg Railroad the next morning, destroyed the dépôt, and tore up the rails for miles; then pushed on to within two miles of Richmond, and captured prisoners within the line of fortifications; then turned to the Chickahominy, burned a bridge, ran one train of cars into the river, and burned another loaded with provisions. Resuming his route on the 5th, he surprised a cavalry force of 300 men, captured 35 men, burned a wagon-train with 20,000 barrels of grain and large amounts of stores, eluded a superior force of the enemy's cavalry who were in pursuit, destroying in the mean time a third wagon-train of the enemy, and on the morning of the 7th reached our lines at Gloucester Point. The march of 200 miles around the enemy's army was accomplished in less than five days, with a loss of one officer and 37 men, while of the enemy more than 300 were captured and paroled.

A still more brilliant expedition has been accomplished in the extreme south by a corps of Illinois cavalry, under the command of Colonel Grierson. Leaving Lagrange in Tennessee, near the border of Mississippi, on the 17th of April, they traversed almost the entire length of the latter State, riding a distance of 800 miles through the heart of the enemy's country, in fourteen days, and arrived at Baton Rouge, in Louisiana, on the 2d of May. In this expedition over 1000 prisoners and 1200 horses were captured, miles of rails on two important railroads were torn up, and stores to the value of four millions of dollars were destroyed. The map upon the following page shows the region passed through by this expedition.

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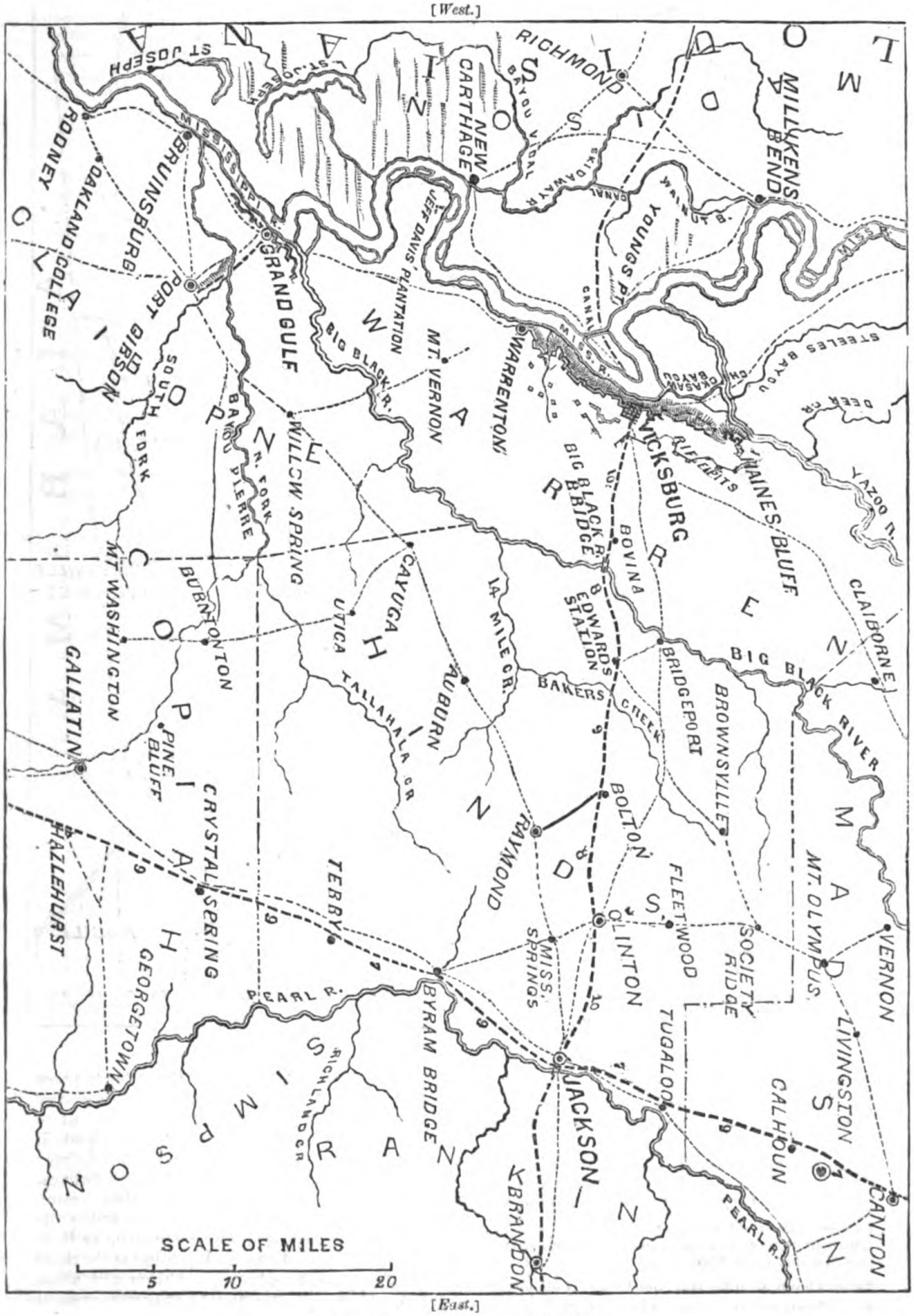
GRIERSON'S ROUTE FROM LAGRANGE TO BATON ROUGE.

The operations of the Army of the Potomac during the month are exceeded in importance by those of our army and navy on the Mississippi, which are still in progress.

On the 30th of April General Grant landed his forces at Bruinsburg, 65 miles below Vicksburg, and immediately advanced upon Port Gibson, where he was opposed by the Confederate General Bowen, who was defeated, with a loss, in killed, wounded, and prisoners, of 1500 men. At Grand Gulf, 10 miles above Bruinsburg, the enemy had begun to erect strong fortifications. These had been fired upon by our gun-boats a few days before, under cover of which the fleet had run past. Grant having now gained the rear of this post, Admiral Porter, two days after the fight at Port Gibson, returned to Grand Gulf and found it abandoned. He reports it to have been the strongest place on the Mississippi; had the enemy succeeded in finishing the fortifications no fleet could have taken them. Grant's army then marched upward toward Vicksburg, and on the 12th of May encountered the enemy again at Raymond, not far from Jackson, the capital of the State of Mississippi, and again defeated them with a loss of 800. Two days after, May 14, they were opposed by a corps of the enemy under General Joseph E.

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Johnston, formerly the Commander-in-Chief of the Confederate army, who had been assigned to the command of the Department of the Mississippi. Johnston was defeated, and the city of Jackson fell into our hands, with 17 pieces of artillery and large stores of supplies. Grant then turned to the west directly upon the rear of Vicksburg. General Pemberton, the commander at that point, advanced with the hope of checking Grant, but was defeated on the 16th at Baker's Creek, losing 4000 men and 29 pieces



THE SEAT OF WAR ON THE MISSISSIPPI.

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of artillery. On the next day the same force was encountered and defeated at Black River Bridge ten miles from Vicksburg, with a loss of 2600 men and 17 pieces of artillery. On the 18th Vicksburg was closely invested, and the enemy were shut up within their works, which were found to be very strong. An attempt to carry them by storm was unsuccessful, and regular siege has been laid to the city by the land forces, the gun-boats in the river co-operating. The gun-boat *Cincinnati* was sunk by the enemy's fire on the 26th of May; of those on board 25 were killed and wounded, and 15 missing, supposed to have been drowned. The latest reliable accounts from Vicksburg come down to May 29. At this date the city was closely besieged; but General Johnston was collecting all the scattered troops in the region in order to raise the siege. It is as yet impossible to ascertain whether he has received, or is likely to receive, reinforcements from the Confederate armies in Virginia and Tennessee. Upon this uncertainty depends the result of this renewed attack upon the Confederate strong-hold. If it succeeds, the whole course of the Mississippi will be at once opened from source to mouth; for the capture of Port Hudson, the only remaining point of obstruction, must in any case follow that of Vicksburg. The map on the preceding page shows the seat of war on the Mississippi. The river runs nearly north and south: the top of the map as placed on our page is therefore west instead of north, as is customary; the bottom east instead of south.

Clement L. Vallandigham, a prominent member of Congress from Ohio, was arrested at Dayton by order of General Burnside, on the 5th of May, brought before a military commission, and convicted of "publicly expressing, in violation of General Order No. 38 from Head-quarters of the Department of Ohio, sympathy for those in arms against the Government of the United States, and declaring disloyal sentiments and opinions, with the object and purpose of weakening the power of the Government in its efforts to suppress an unlawful rebellion."—The following is the specification of which he was found guilty:

"That the said Clement L. Vallandigham, a citizen of the State of Ohio, on or about the 1st day of May, 1863, at Mount Vernon, Knox County, Ohio, did publicly address a large meeting of citizens, and did utter sentiments in words or in effect as follows: Declaring the present war 'a wicked, cruel, and unnecessary war; a war not being waged for the preservation of the Union; a war for the purpose of crushing out liberty and erecting a despotism; a war for the freedom of the blacks, and the enslavement of the whites;' stating that 'if the Administration had so wished, the war could have been honorably terminated months ago;' that 'peace might have been honorably obtained by listening to the proposed intermediation of France;' charging that 'the Government of the United States was about to appoint Military Marshals in every district to restrain the people of their liberties, to deprive them of their rights and privileges;' 'characterizing General Order No. 38, from Head-quarters Department of Ohio, as a base usurpation of arbitrary authority;' inviting his hearers to resist the same, by saying, 'the sooner the people inform the minions of usurped power that they will not submit to such restrictions upon their liberties the better;' declaring that he was, 'at all times and upon all occasions, resolved to do what he could to defeat the attempts now being made to build up a monarchy upon the ruins of our free Government.' All of which opinions and sentiments, he well knew, did aid, comfort, and encourage those in arms against the Government, and could but induce in his hearers a distrust of their own Government, sympathy for those in arms against it, and a disposition to resist the laws of the land."

He was sentenced by the court "to be placed in close confinement in some fortress of the United States, to be designated by the Commanding Officer of this Department, there to be kept during the continuance of the war." The sentence was approved by General Burnside, who designated Fort Warren, in Boston Harbor, as the place of confinement. The sentence was modified by the President to deportation to the Confederate States, which was carried into effect. Public meetings to protest against this procedure have been held at various places. One was held at New York, on the 18th of May, before the action of the Government in respect to the case had been taken. To this meeting Governor Seymour addressed a letter, in which he said: "The people of this country now wait with the deepest anxiety the decisions of the Administration upon these acts. Having given it a generous support in the conduct of the war, we pause to see what kind of Government it is for which we are asked to pour out our blood and our treasure. The action of the Administration will determine in the minds of more than one half of the people of the loyal States whether the war is waged to put down the rebellion at the South or to destroy free institutions at the North." To a similar meeting at Albany, two days before, Governor Seymour wrote that the arrest of Mr. Vallandigham was "an act which has brought dishonor upon our country, which is full of danger to our persons and homes, and which bears upon its front a conscious violation of law and justice."

A "Peace Meeting" was held at New York, June 3, under a call signed by several prominent politicians of the Democratic Party of the State. A long Address and a series of Resolutions were presented. The Address declared that the cardinal principles of the Democratic Party were: "Opposition to a strong government; strict construction of the Constitution; the entire sovereignty of the States; the limited powers of the Federal authority; close economy in public expenditures; aversion to British power on this continent; the expansion of our territory, in which all the States should hold equal rights; the largest liberty of the citizen consistent with public good; and that the best government is that which governs the least." The Address went on to argue that the sovereignty of the States was the corner-stone of the party; that no "State can be constitutionally coerced by the other States by force of arms;" that "loyalty is due to the United States only so far as the Federal Government acts within the scope of its delegated powers, and no further;" and that "in all other respects loyalty is due to the respective States;" that "treason against the Federal Government consists in overt acts against the exercise of its delegated powers of sovereignty, and treason against a State is warring against it in the exercise of its undelegated rights and powers." The Address went on to affirm that the General Government could not constitutionally coerce the States by military power; that Democrats could not consistently support the war; that the people were tired of the war; that we had been beaten throughout; that God intended that we should be beaten, or "he would not have placed in command a Lincoln, with such coadjutors as a Butler or a Burnside." This address then went on to controvert the declaration made by the "Address of the Democratic members of the New York Legislature," in favor of conducting the war according to the Constitution, maintaining that "the war being unconstitutional, it can not be conducted constitutionally." The Resolutions were of the same tenor as the Address, concluding with the following:

"*Resolved*, That thus believing there can be no reliable

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security to persons or property pending this war, and that by its continuance the Government itself will be utterly and irrevocably subverted, and that the South as well as the North must alike crumble into general ruin and devastation, we recommend, in the name of the people, that there be a suspension of hostilities between the contending armies of the divided sections of our country, and that a Convention of the States composing the Confederate States, and a separate Convention of the States still adhering to the Union, be held to finally settle and determine in what manner and by what mode the contending sections shall be reconciled, and appealing to the Ruler of all for the rectitude of our intentions, we implore those in authority to listen to the voice of reason, of patriotism, and of justice."

The leading speech at this meeting was made by Fernando Wood, formerly Mayor of New York, and a member-elect of the next Congress. He argued that the war should cease: Because it never should have been commenced; because it was now unnecessary, since a settlement could be had on terms of fairness and equality; because even if just at first it had become one for the abolition of slavery; because it had become a pretext for the invasion of private rights; because it was costing so much money; because it was establishing a military despotism; because we have no men capable of conducting it; because it will result in the loss of Southern trade; because men to fight it out can not be had by enlistment or draft; and, in his own words:

"Finally, because experience should admonish us that the overruling power of God is against us. We can not succeed in what we have undertaken. Hence every dollar expended is thrown away—every life lost is little less than murder—every acre of land laid waste is so much toward national impoverishment—and every day's continuance of the war places an additional barrier between us and reunion, and drives another nail in the coffin of the republic."

We have given space to the proceedings of these meetings to evince the nature of the doctrines to which some prominent Northern political leaders have fully committed themselves.

MEXICO.

The French, under General Forey, have for some months been besieging Puebla, with varying success. The Mexicans defended the city with unexpected skill and determination. But in spite of several severe checks, the besiegers steadily made their way. For a while the advance seems to have been partially suspended on account of the scarcity of ammunition. This having been supplied from Vera Cruz, the assault was re-opened on the 16th of May, with vigor. The artillery of Fort Toti, one of the main defenses, was dismounted, and the French parallels were continued up to the remaining works. On the 17th the Mexican commander offered to surrender the city, on condition that the troops should be allowed to retire with a part of their artillery. This was refused by General Forey, upon which Ortega, the Mexican commander, surrendered at discretion. The French commander made his formal entry into Puebla on the morning of the 19th. The prisoners numbered 3 generals, 900 officers, and from 15,000 to 17,000 soldiers. On the 20th General Bazaire, with two divisions of French troops, set out for Mexico.

EUROPE.

Apart from the relations with America, which present no important new aspects, the Polish insurrection occupies the foremost place in European interest. Contrary to expectation, instead of being suppressed, the insurrection has from week to week assumed larger dimensions, and has assumed the proportions of a European question. All of the European Powers have made formal representations to the Russian Government in relation to it. Those of France, Great Britain, and Austria, were made simultaneously, and evidently in concert. The general purport of these is to urge upon the Czar the fulfillment of the treaty stipulations of 1815, by which the Duchy of Warsaw was to be erected into a separate kingdom, to be inseparably attached, under specified conditions, to the Russian Empire; and assert that the periodical disturbances in Poland endanger the peace of Europe. The replies of the Russian Government differ in tone. Great Britain is assured that the Czar wishes to give to Poland such a constitutional Government as is best adapted to the condition of the people; but insinuates that the form which is desirable for England may not be adapted to Poland. Austria is assured that the Czar is disposed to act with clemency; but hints that Austria, having been a gainer by the partition of Poland, is open to injury from "the permanent conspiracy organized abroad by the cosmopolite revolutionary party," and that therefore she will "neglect nothing in her power to oppose those dangerous manœuvres by measures as favorable for her own interest, as for her international relations with Russia." France is told that the remedy in the hands of foreign Powers is to "check elsewhere those revolutionary tendencies—the bane of our epoch—concentrated now in that country, because there are found sufficient combustible matter to give rise to the hope of there commencing a conflagration which will extend to the continent." Under courteous words there is concealed a charge that the Government of the Emperor has fomented revolutionary measures in Europe. The replies to the notes of the Swedish, Italian, and Spanish Governments are merely formal and complimentary. Political writers in Europe argue from the tenor of these replies that the Russian Government is desirous of an alliance with Great Britain and Austria against France.

Editor's Easy Chair.

THE abundant, redundant, magnificent June! It is strange to sit under the sassafras, to lie upon the brookside, to listen to the wood-thrush and watch the oriole flitting in the air, or the Deutzia and Weigela flowering upon the lawn, and read of fierce and bloody battles, not in old histories of ancient times and countries, but in the morning papers wet from the press. Where they are fighting the sky is as blue, the air as soft, the birds as sweet. A friend who fought at Antietam told the Easy Chair that nothing was so impressive as the old summer evening murmur of insects and tree-toads, which began as soon as the battle ended and the night fell. The ground was covered with the dead and dying. All day long the deafening roar of artillery had shaken the earth and the air. Blinding, bitter smoke overhung the battle-field, and slowly rolled away. But when the silence of evening came the grass and trees and stream-sides went on dreamily piping their immemorial song, as if only gentle winds had blown over them, and cloud-shadows flitted and robins and bobolinks sung to them all day long. If the battle had raged into the night, would the crickets have still sung on, although inaudible in the din, as the old tradition says that an earthquake "reeled unheededly away" beneath the feet of the fighters at Lake Thrasymene? Is the whole world of insect life, which is so blended with the sounds and sights of our own, utterly unconscious of the superior creation? May we close in

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mighty battle-shocks that shake the earth, and still the crickets chirp disdainful?

How easily, as I lie here and listen to the rippling of the stream, the peep of the frog, and the vast hum which fills the tranquil evening air, I can fancy the young soldier crawling from the iron storm of the field and bathing his wounded limb or his hot brow in the gently gurgling water. He lies in the shade. He hears the roar of battle advance and recede and die away. He hears it more fiercely renewed. The hissing shells seem to be searching for him. The loud and terrible shouting rings into his retreat. It is the battle-cry of his friends, and he longs to charge with them. It is the yell of the foe, and he longs to withstand them. But the red blood that oozes from his wound is his ribbon of the Legion of Honor. He has been decorated upon the field. In the wild uproar he hears no sound of brook, or tree, or bird; faint and fainter his head droops and he lies motionless.

The cool breath of the evening awakes him to a vague, visionary consciousness of life. The lingering glow of sunset makes the shade luminous in which he lies. His listless eyes mark the darting of the water spiders, the blue violets leaning from the bank, the ferns, the long grass hanging over the water. His ears are full of the sounds he has heard at evening upon the farm in the quiet old time. Home, wife, mother, sweet-heart, father, rise in his memory from that murmur. How dear, how precious! And the native land, whose power preserved him and them in the constant chance of prosperity and the perpetual benediction of peace, how well worth fighting for! How well worth dying for, when the ruin of that power and the destruction of that peace are attempted!

If to-morrow the battle be renewed, the murmur of the evening by the stream has also renewed the soldier's heart and hand. The unconscious insects as they buzzed and droned have brought him the inspiration which the images of loved ones always bestow upon the manly and tender heart. If he live to fight, he shall strike home. If he fall, he dies contented. For the brave soldier is not of those who sing the old camp song,

"Why, soldiers, why
Should we be melancholy, boys,
Whose business 'tis to die?"

But he is the happy warrior whom Wordsworth describes:

"Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpassed:
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
Forever and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must go to dust without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name,
Finds comfort in himself and in his course,
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
This is the happy warrior, this is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to be."

THE experience of the last month has but taught us afresh how inaccurate we all are in telling what we know. Every body has observed how difficult it is for a man to repeat precisely what he hears, or to describe exactly what he sees: and whoever has made a speech and been reported in the newspapers knows what extraordinary things he has been made to say.

But at the present time the whole country is thrown into high excitement, fortunes are won and lost, the wildest public enthusiasm or depression is displayed, simply because some man guesses, another infers, and a third declares, that what is possible and agreeable is therefore probable and therefore true.

Yet every man in his senses ought to be able to see just where the slip is. Thus we heard on a certain Sunday morning, officially, that certain battles had been fought in the Southwest. They were parts of a movement which was to culminate in the capture of Vicksburg. Now we were all so ardently anxious that Vicksburg should be taken, that it was very sure somebody would guess, or infer, or say that it was taken. So on the same Sunday, in the evening, came the extra, which every body might have prophesied, with its tremendous heading, "Vicksburg ours!" How many people, instructed by the experience of the war, believed the heading? How many did not instantly run their eyes along the columns to see that the morning news was confirmed, and that Mr. Fuller, in Memphis, said the flag waved over Vicksburg. That was all. That was the sole reason for announcing that Vicksburg was ours. Somebody thought he heard the cannonading stop. Somebody told Mr. Fuller that somebody thought he heard the cannonading stop. Somebody in Cleveland said that Mr. Fuller said that the Stars and Stripes floated over Vicksburg. And although we had all had our experience from the first Bull Run to the last Fredericksburg to teach us, we shouted victory, and asked in long columns of grave writing, "What next?"

Apparently there was no editor who had the courage to say, "Mr. Fuller, in Memphis, says that he thinks Vicksburg is taken. If Mr. Fuller had any certain information he would not express it as his opinion. If he *knew* that we had it he would say *how* he knew. And as the capture was sure to be reported after the previous accounts, we ought to say to our readers that there is no other ground for believing Vicksburg to be ours than that General Grant has invested it."

No one said it. It was announced that the news was not indeed official, but the confirmation would doubtless arrive immediately. On Monday evening came Admiral Porter's dispatch. He said that Haines's Bluff was taken! Hurrah! That the fortifications were destroyed. Hi—hi! Porter put his name to that. There was no mistake there at least. To-morrow, he added, Grant will doubtless have the city. Well, let us hope so. But history is what we want, not prophecy. On Tuesday evening comes General Hurlbut's dispatch inclosing ordnance officer Lyford's of Grant's army. It was dated two days after Porter's. "I think we shall have the place to-morrow." "*If* we take Vicksburg we shall take," etc. In the same papers that published this were other surmises—"that another line of defenses has been discovered in the rear of Vicksburg"—"that the rebels may have made themselves so strong in field-works behind the city as to render some countervailing operations of like kind necessary before General Grant can venture," etc.

By this time, of course, public confidence broke down, and people began to be foolishly gloomy. Gold, which had fallen four or five per cent., rose again. The air was full of sinister rumors. And yet the absurdity of all rumors was conspicuous in the morning dispatches from Washington published side by side in the same paper. One said: "Dis-

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patches from General Grant, dated the 22d, have been received to-day fully confirming," etc. The next said, also from Washington upon the same day: "It is not believed that General Grant himself has recently sent any telegrams to the Government." No ingenuity could invent completer contradictions than appeared in every statement—the ludicrous fact being that all the while every body knew exactly what was inference and what was fact, and yet were so in love with the big letters which certified what they wished to believe, that they had not the heart to confess that they had no right to believe it.

It is past now, but the moral is as fresh as ever. If we will learn that what "is said," and what "is understood" is not known, but merely guessed, and that our own guessing is as good as any body's, we shall save ourselves a great deal of pain and trouble.

No gallant and humane Easy Chair will allow the appearance of a young woman as a political orator to pass unnoticed in commemorating the events of a month. Women as orators he has heard before, but they always spoke to some special question of moral reform; but Miss Anna Dickinson discusses the political problems of the hour and criticises with severity and insight the characters of living public men.

It is fashionably *de rigueur* to go to the opera and applaud the public singing of women. It is fashionably *de rigueur* to recoil in horror from the hall where there is public speaking by women. Does any one quarrel with fashion? Does any one rail indignantly with the virtuous fair of both sexes who do not advise Jenny Lind, or Medori, or Bosio, or Grisi, or Pasta, or Malibran, or Sontag, to stick to their nurseries and mind the cradle, but who sneer that Lucretia Mott, or Lucy Stone, or Anna Dickinson, unsex themselves?

If any one does lose his temper for this reason with the moral censors who haunt the opera, this Easy Chair will not be disturbed so easily. Until very lately many a parent who would have sternly forbidden his daughter to hear the most earnest of women speaking most eloquently for justice, or temperance, or liberty, would have thought it perfectly proper for her to go and enjoy an evening with the spurious "negro minstrels." For fashions change.

Then there is the ancient argument put in the interrogative form. How would you like to have your sister talk in public? The reply is like unto it. How would you like your sister to sing in public? And why whenever a woman speaks about something is there such a general feeling that something indelicate has been done, and the newspapers —those sturdy moralists—cry fie, while, if a woman sings about nothing and makes a spectacle of herself, there is no such shudder in the morning, and the sturdy moralists of which we spoke do not find it necessary to laugh, or satirize, or solemnly condemn, but simply criticise as if nothing extraordinary had occurred.

If Jenny Lind or Malibran were your sisters, would you be sorry to have them sing in public? Or if Charlotte Brontë were your cousin, would you be sorry if she wrote a novel? Or if Rosa Bonheur were your niece, would you be sorry if she painted animals?

But it isn't customary for women to speak. True; nor is it the habit for us men to write epic poems. Shakespeare is not the habit. God gave one man the genius to be Shakespeare; to a few men to be great painters; to others to be sculptors, poets, singers. In all it was the genius that justified the work; and whenever the genius to do is given, what do you think of a "fashion" or a "habit" which insists that the thing shall not be done? Kind souls, who sit splendid in opera boxes, with bare necks and arms, and hanging gardens in your hair, who so sternly frown upon the "female orator," speak her more fairly. Have no fear that your little sister must paint because Rosa Bonheur paints—nor study the stars because Mrs. Somerville is an astronomer—nor address the public because Miss Dickinson does it. These women do these things because they have the gift. It is for the same reason that you do not sing—for the reason that you do not dance gracefully —for the reason that you do not look as Helen of Troy looked, nor move like Juno—dearest lady, it is because you can not, not because you would not. Inversely so, it is because these other ladies *can* sing, and speak, and paint, that they do so.

If some friend of the Easy Chair asks whether he would have women speak at ward meetings, and stand for aldermen, and be elected mayors, his answer is very brief—that he would have no woman do any thing for which she is not so evidently fitted that it shall seem as natural and right for her to do it as it seems for Anna Dickinson to speak, or for Florence Nightingale to nurse sick soldiers, or for Mrs. Gaskell to write stories, or for Miss Maria Mitchell to scan the heavens, or for Miss Blackwell to attend young mothers. When Grace Darling grasps an oar and pulls off in the boat to save drowning sailors—when Mrs. Patten seizes the helm and steers the stricken ship to port—when the Maid of Saragossa fires the cannon at the foe, and Joan of Arc leads the army, who is it that says women ought not to be sailors and soldiers? It may be true of woman, but it is palpably untrue of many women. Possibly nature is as wise as we. Possibly the genius of Rosa Bonheur is as authentic a certificate for her painting as that of Landseer. Possibly the insight and power and faculty of Mrs. Browning justified her writing poetry as much as the genius of Tennyson. The Easy Chair would have no woman sing, paint, write, or speak badly; and if he could have his way he would enforce the same rule upon his own sex. Meanwhile he will not refuse his homage to any work nobly, earnestly, and effectively performed because it is a woman, and not a man, who does it.

Among the many histories of the present war in this country which appeal to the interest of the public, there is none more comprehensive and valuable than Harper's Pictorial History of the Rebellion, which is issued in parts every two weeks. It has been long in preparation by an accomplished scholar, who has already taken his place in our literature, and whose studies have peculiarly fitted him for the enormous investigation and collation which the mass of material imposes upon any faithful annalist of these times. The form of the work is the large quarto, which enables the publishers to use the largest and most effective illustrations, which are most copiously introduced, and many of which are specimens of the finest and most effective wood engraving.

There is a curious interest in the history of great events of which the issues are still uncertain. The taking of Fort Sumter seems as complete and remote a fact, almost, as the Battle of Bunker Hill, and yet the military operations of every day are but

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the immediate consequences of the attack on Sumter; and the historian, as he passes in review the men who have thus far been prominent in the war, must himself wonder which of the names he mentions are to be written by him before his work is done as the most illustrious and beloved of his fellow-citizens. For it is the peculiarity of our war that no man has been conspicuous from the beginning as its controlling power, as Washington was in the Revolution, or Napoleon after Toulon. We have hailed every new man raised to eminent position with hope and enthusiasm; but we are two years gone in the war, and no great dominating mind has assumed the mastery of events.

The pitiful efforts to create factitious greatness and popularity will be among the most striking facts which the annalist of the times will have to record. The attempt of partisans of whatever kind to appropriate to any party idol the fame and popular confidence, which can come in the heart of the people only as love comes to the lover, will leave such idols deserted and contemned. In this country we have had but very few men of vast popularity. Washington and Jackson and Clay were the chief among them. But it was the magnetic power of these men themselves that carried others with them. It was not the determination of others that foisted them upon the country as popular.

Another point which will be full of interest to the annalist will be the slowly ripening consciousness of the people that they had really entered upon a long, resolute, and radical war. Perhaps no nation ever found itself involved in a struggle so enormous and momentous, which had marched up to the very battle-field, as it were, without any serious apprehension that it would have to fight; and when it fell back dismayed and defeated from the first shock of arms, the old habit, the long tradition of peace were so strong, that still it supposed the affair a riot when in fact it was a revolution.

A European officer, familiar with men, and politics, and wars, wrote to the Easy Chair after that first bitter surprise of defeat: "*Mon ami*, you will be broken-hearted. Don't be so foolish. You have no army, no navy, no military spirit, no traditions of war in this generation: above all, you don't believe that it is a war. You have got to learn that first of all. Then you will have to organize your forces, and drill them, and bring the country into acquiescence with and adaptation to the war. While you are doing this you will be defeated, discouraged, mortified, angry, amazed. But have no fear. It is in your people. You will tumble round like a drunken man, or a landlubber at sea, for two years. Then you will find your legs. You will know how to fight and how to endure the chances of war, and you will quietly push on, up and down, to victory."

This is the substance of what a cool, clear, foreign observer, long resident among us, said. It will be not the least interesting task of the historian to indicate the general justice of such a view, as vindicated by the facts. For it was almost two years exactly before we made war sufficiently earnest to pierce the lines of the enemy and expose his interior condition.

The issues of Harper's History thus far show that its scope in the detail of events and estimate of character is to be comprehensive and thorough. To the family circle its vivid and striking illustrations especially commend it, because the impressions which children gain from pictures of famous men and deeds are ineffaceable.

THE town, as "town," has been singularly uneventful during the month. The two excitements have been the return of soldiers and the intense and prolonged interest in the Southwestern battles. The opera dwindled after Medori went. There were no striking new plays or actors at the theatres. The anniversary meetings were peculiarly uninteresting, and never made so slight a ripple upon the stream of public attention. There was a large audience to hear Mr. Wendell Phillips at the Cooper Institute; for it is no longer felt to be a crime, or even dangerous, to hear the most polished and elegant of American orators declare that injustice is unjust. There was also a melancholy gathering by night in Union Square to hear Mr. Isaiah Rynders complain that he was no longer permitted to mob Mr. Phillips. The club-house of the new social club known as the Union League Club, which is entirely distinct from the leagues that held public meetings during the previous month, was opened by a festal assembly of the members and their friends, with short addresses from the President, Mr. Minturn, Mr. Bancroft, and Dr. Bellows. The house is spacious and convenient, and was brilliant and beautiful with flowers. There was no supper; for it is a club founded in another feeling than that of mere enjoyment.

Club life was not natural to New York; but the present generation takes kindly to it. The old *Union* Club was founded by gentlemen of leisure, who had been in Europe, and who had seen that a club, like a carriage, was a part of the decoration of leisure social life. For many years it has been a place where some gentlemen dine, and a few read the newspapers, and elderly persons play whist: a club which opened its doors to no strangers but members of the diplomatic body, and which was reluctant to shut them upon Judah Benjamin. The hesitation to shut the doors opened a good many eyes.

The *New York* Club is an association of younger fashionable men. It occupies, like the Union Club, a house upon the Fifth Avenue, spacious and elegant, which was formerly one of the finest private mansions in the city. Its tone is that of "Young New York." The *Athenæum* is a club upon the same general plan as the *Century*, a club which grew out of the old Sketch Club. The Athenæum is less exclusively a social club, simply, than the Union or the New York. It has essays read sometimes. It has exhibitions of pictures. It aims at a positive literary and æsthetic influence. The Century, which occupies a most convenient house on Sixteenth Street, near Union Square, has been for many years the favorite club of artists, authors, and persons especially interested in kindred pursuits. Gulian C. Verplanck is its President, and its Wednesday and Saturday evenings are immortalized in many a memory by their genial assemblies. How regretfully now the Easy Chair recalls the sparkling feasts, when, amidst wit, and story, and music, an exile of Erin sang with infinite tenderness of pathos Father Prout's "Bells of Shandon"—an exile whose voice, in its later defense of injustice and crime, rings no more with the old music, but

"Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune, and harsh."

To these clubs, and to others of less general note, has now been added the Loyal League Club, which occupies the noble house of the late Henry Parrish on Union Square. The site is fortunate, for Union Square was the scene of the first great response of the people to the challenge of war, and of the anniversary meetings of Sumter. These associations and its name identify it with the cause and the

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war; and a club whose inspiration is patriotism could not ask a fairer site. Its doors are not open to Mr. Judah Benjamin, nor to any of his friends. Its object is to show him and them and all the world that dishonor itself, or complicity with it, or indifference to it, or negative or positive treachery to the country and flag, are not essential to the highest social position or influence. It is to vindicate the social reputation of New York from the suspicion of unpatriotic indifference which has been too long its shame.

The returning soldiers were festally welcomed. Many of them, who have been two years away, have seen as much hard service as soldiers in foreign armies who have passed their lives in campaigning. They return to the same hearty greeting which sent them away, to a people less elate, but more resolute: to a nation which has learned the price of its liberty, unity, and order.

Then there have been conventions of Loyal Leagues in Utica. The presence of certain conspicuous men made it impossible not to believe that there was some political intention in the assembly. Nor, if the word be well meant, is there any thing to be apprehended from that. Politics is the science of the well-being of the country. To sneer at what is political as therefore unworthy is to invite disorder, demoralization, and anarchy. The first lesson in a popular political system like ours should be that no citizen can honorably renounce his political responsibility. It is often disagreeable to meddle with the details of government; but many other duties are equally disagreeable, and we do not plead repulsion from them as an excuse for recreancy. Nothing is plainer than that if we leave politics to scoundrels we shall have a scoundrelly government. If decent men will not interest themselves, they consciously abandon the state to indecent men. All through country districts you will find men raging at the ignorant, prejudiced, dishonest, inefficient officers who fill the posts of responsibility. The taxes are enormous, but the roads are never mended. There is a general sense of slackness and imbecility, if not worse. But what do the men who have to pay the money and complain do about it? It is a chance if they know when there is an election. Their town is managed by a few men who make money by intriguing, and the innocent tax-payers will not dirty their hands with politics. The coat is always cut according to the cloth.

If the Loyal Leagues look then to some political object they do well. If they aim by necessary organization to secure the election to office of honorable, able, and loyal men, whatever may have been their party sympathies hitherto, they are doing what every body ought to help them to do. If any body is using them to grind their own axes, let us bespeak for them the fate of the luckless hero of the rhyme:

"There was an old man of the Nile,
Who sharpened his nails with a file,
When he cut off his thumbs
He said, 'Now this comes
Of sharpening one's nails with a file.'"

VICTOR HUGO would always call the present French Emperor Napoleon the Little. Kinglake refuses also to believe in his greatness. Is Louis Napoleon himself going to undeceive the world? His own silence and the muzzled press have enabled him to seem to be whatever was claimed for him. But the three great military movements he has made are the Crimean war, the Italian campaign, and the Mexican war. For the first, although it was hitherto understood that the French arms had distinguished themselves, it is now claimed by Mr. Kinglake that the part played by France was neither noble nor brave, at least to the victory of the Alma. The Italian campaign certainly ended to the surprise and chagrin of the most loyal Italians who saw Louis Napoleon trying to do what they did not wish done. The Mexican war is as ineffective as it is unjust.

Meanwhile is there any observer in France or abroad who believes that the Imperial throne is secure—that it is founded in the affection or faith of France? If a shot ends the Emperor's life to-morrow, will Eugénie and the Council of Regency quietly succeed to the Government? Allowing that the area of the foreign empire has been extended during this reign—that there has been no serious military mortification—that France is more powerful in the Congress of Europe than she has been since *mon oncle* marked the map at his pleasure—is the nation so satisfied that, even if the present aspect of affairs remains unchanged, it will perpetuate this dynasty? And if a disaster or disgrace should befall the French arms, might not serious trouble at once ensue?

Such questions ask themselves. France is under lock and key. France is kept for the glory of one man, and he not a Frenchman. France sits widowed of her greatest men. France is not allowed to say what she thinks. France is this day unknown. Apparently she is fooled with a bright glitter and the loud noise of fine phrases. The Empire is peace, but it began and has continued with war. The Emperor respects nationalities, but, without the slightest reason, he goes four thousand miles to invade a remote state. The Empire is based upon popular will, but free discussion is forbidden. France is a puppet in the hand of a military despot. She is a fiery courser obeying the driver's rein. But when Death relaxes his hand we shall see if that is the road the courser wished to travel.

Louis Napoleon had not even a tolerable pretense for his invasion of Mexico. The only difficulty ever alleged had been settled by the engagements of the Mexican Government. But then to step in and say that he would guarantee the Mexicans such a government as they wanted was as modest and reasonable as for Russia to march upon Paris to guarantee Frenchmen a government of their choice. In other words, it is a relapse into barbarism.

But the Mexicans, although they may be overpowered, have covered themselves with glory and France with shame. A better France there may be than Louis Napoleon represents. But the government to which the nation consents must be held to speak and act for the nation. The voices which Louis Napoleon has silenced in death or exile would doubtless protest against the infamy which he heaps upon the country. But the long, gnawing tyranny of the Bourbons seems to have wounded France mortally. She struggles in mighty throes, but her body is diseased. She will either succumb to the despotism which her present ruler imposes, or she will, through another fearful crisis, re-establish her political health, and pass into a condition of the peaceful development of liberty and order, which was the dream of De Tocqueville and her wisest modern sons.

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Editor's Drawer.

THE Rev. Solomon Stoddard, of Northampton, the ancestor of all the Stoddards—and a troop they are of worthy sons of a worthy sire—had a black boy in his employ, who was, like the most of black boys, full of fun and mischief, and up to a joke, no matter at whose expense. He went with the parson's horse every morning to drive the cows to pasture. It was on a piece of table-land some little distance from the village; and here, out of sight, the neighbors' boys were wont to meet him and "race horses" every Sunday morning. Parson Stoddard heard of it, and resolved to catch them at it and put an end to the sport. Next Sunday morning he told Bill he would ride the mare to pasture with the cows, and he (Bill) might stay at home. Bill knew what was in the wind, and taking a short cut across lots, was up into the pasture away ahead of the parson. The boys were there with their horses, only waiting for Bill and his master's mare. He told the boys to be ready, and as soon as the old gentleman arrived to give the word, "Go!" Bill hid himself at the other end of the field, where the race always ended. The parson came jogging along up, and the boys sat demurely on their steeds, as if waiting for "service to begin." But as the good old mare rode into line they cried "Go!" and away went the mare with the reverend rider sticking fast, like John Gilpin, but there was no stop to her or to him. Away, head of all the rest, he went like the wind; and at the end of the field Bill jumped up from under the fence, and sung out, "I knowed you'd beat, Massa! I knowed you'd beat!"

EVERY Sunday evening the old gentleman was accustomed to examine his household on the sermon of the day, and he required each one to tell him something that had been said in the course of it. One of his habits was to close his discourse with these words: "Thus much may suffice." His old manuscripts, now in possession of the descendants of the family, show this as the frequent close of his sermons. Bill's habit of attention was very poor, and his memory worse; indeed he had a "bad memory and a first-rate forgettery." He could recall nothing of what he had heard; and his master at length, by way of quickening his "intellex," promised to give him a sound whipping if he did not remember something of the discourse on the next Sabbath-day. The boy went to church as usual, and went to sleep as usual, and woke up in time to come home with the rest, to be examined on the sermon of which he had not heard a word.

"Well, Bill, what was the text?"

"Dunno, Massa; dunno."

"Well, what was the sermon about? Tell me something."

"Dunno, Massa; dunno."

"Can't you recollect any thing that I said—not a word?"

"Nary word, Massa."

"Then take off your coat, and I'll give you something to help you remember the sermon by next time."

Bill stripped, and the parson took up his cane, and was just about to lay it on the back of the poor nigger, when Bill cried out,

"Oh yes, Massa; I just now remember something you said!"

"Well, what was it?—out with it, quick!"

"'*Thus much may suffice*,'" said Bill; and the discomfited parson put off the flogging.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Drawer states that the following epitaph is still to be seen on a tombstone in Solyhull church-yard, England. We have seen it in an English literary periodical. The Rev. Dr. Greenwood records these lines on the death of his wife:

"Go, cruel death, thou hast cut down
The fairest Greenwood in all this kingdom!
Her virtues and her good qualities were such
That surely she deserved a lord or judge:
But her piety and great humility
Made her prefer me, a Doctor in Divinity;
Which heroic action, joined to all the rest,
Made her to be esteem'd the Phœnix of her sex;
And like that bird a young she did create,
To comfort those her loss had made disconsolate.
My grief for her was so sore,
That I can only utter two lines more.
For this and all other good women's sake,
Never put blisters on a dying woman's back."

SPEAKING of epitaphs, it has often been noticed that in England humor runs in a sombre sort of vein admirably adapted to church-yard literature, while in this country we think grave jokes very sorry ones. Think of a reverend British curate perpetrating the following, and actually placing it on the tombstone of the clerk of his parish:

"To the memory of Peter Izod, who was thirty-five years clerk of this parish, and always proved himself a pious and mirthful man.

"The life of this clerk was just threescore and ten,
During half of which time he had sung out Amen.
He married when young, like other young men;
His wife died one day, so he chanted Amen.
A second he took; she departed—what then?
He married and buried a third with Amen.
Thus his joys and his sorrows were treble, but then
His voice was deep bass, as he chanted Amen.
On the horn he could blow as well as most men,
But his horn was exalted in blowing Amen.
He lost all his mind after threescore and ten;
And here with three wives he waits till again
The trumpet shall rouse him to sing out Amen."

BREVITY is the soul of wit, and here are several brevities:

Southey used to say that "the moment any thing assumed the shapo of a duty, Coleridge felt himself incapable of doing it."

Heterodoxy is said to be any doxy but our own; just as nonsense is sense that differs from ours.

A grammatical Adam is a relative without an antecedent.

Quills are things that are sometimes taken from the pinions of one goose to spread the opinions of another.

"My brethren," said Swift, in a sermon, "there are three sorts of pride—of birth, of riches, and of talents. I shall not now speak of the latter, none of you being liable to that abominable vice."

LITTLE FREDDY H——, a four-year-old, son of Chaplain H——, of the —th Regiment New York Volunteers, "perpetrated" a good thing while at camp at Suffolk, a short time since. A smart-looking Lieutenant, with dashing air and *perfumed breath*, came into a tent where Freddy was. The little soldier scanned him very closely, and when a convenient opportunity offered itself he said to the Lieutenant, "You are a *doctor*; I *know* you are a

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doctor." "No, my little man," replied the officer, "you are mistaken *this* time; I am not a doctor." "Yes, you are a doctor *too*," replied Freddy. "I know you are a doctor; *for I can smell the medicine!*"

This was too good a thing to be kept, and half an hour had not elapsed before it had spread throughout the regiment.

BOSTON is the profoundestly wise and learned city in the world. Even its merchant traders who never went to college can say better things than any other men of business. A Boston merchant was asked the other day the character of ——, a celebrated poet of that same city; and he described him, in reply, as "one of those men who have soared after indefinite, and have divings after the unfathomable, but never pay cash."

MY brother has a little boy who was born on the day Buchanan was elected President. Whether that is evidence that he will one day fill the Presidential chair your clairvoyant readers must decide. One thing is sure, he is very smart. A short time since he told a story, and upon being asked by his mother if he did not know it was wrong, replied yes. His mother then told him God did not love little boys who told stories, and asked if he was not aware that God knew he had told a story?

"Know it?" said he; "of course he does. He know every thing. He knew it before I told it. Yes, mamma, he knew it before I was born; and I don't believe he cares one bit more about it now than he did before."

What could a mother say to such a theologian?

MIXING up figures is common in the pulpit as in the stump speeches of candidates for Congress. A violent preacher, in one of his excited harangues, delivered himself of a number of metaphors so heterogeneously confused that one of his hearers thus versifies the scene and the sermon:

Staying his hand, which, like a hammer,
Had thump'd and bump'd his anvil-book,
And waving it to still the clamor,
The tub-man took a loftier look,
And thus, condensing all his powers,
Scattered his oratoric flowers:
"What! will ye still, ye heathen, flee
From sanctity and grace,
Until your blind idolatry
Shall stare ye in the face?
Will ye throw off the mask, and show
Thereby the cloven foot below?
Do—but remember, ye must pay
What's due to ye on settling day!
Justice's eye, it stands to sense,
Can never stomach such transgressions;
Nor can the hand of Providence
Wink at your impious expressions.
The infidel thinks vengeance dead,
And in his fancied safety chuckles;
But Atheism's hydra head
Shall have a rap upon the knuckles."

THEY have Dutch Squires out West, as well as up in Albany and Troy, where they do most abound. A correspondent of the Drawer writes:

In the State of Indiana for many years lived and reigned a worthy Dutch "Squire." He "knew all the law they was," but sometimes had a way of his own of doing things. On one occasion the Squire visited the city of Madison, in Jefferson County, and saw on the table of a city Justice some blank writs, the first he had ever seen in his life, commencing in the usual way—"The State of Indiana to any constable of Jefferson County, greeting," etc. He secured some of them to take home for use in his own court, in the County of Brown. In explanation of the manner of using them he was told to strike out the word "Jefferson" before the word "County," and insert "Brown." Now his constable's name was Bob Thorne. The Squire carried home his blanks, and soon had occasion to use some of them. He remembered that something had been said to him about striking out one word and inserting another; but what that something was he couldn't just get at. Presently the forgotten explanation came back to him; and seizing his pen he struck out the word *constable*, and inserted *Bob Thorne;* so that his writs were issued reading thus: "The State of Indiana to any *Bob Thorne* of Jefferson County, greeting," etc.

PUNCH says that one of the chief duties of the Bishop of *Gibraltar* is to "confirm" the news of the Indian Mail. Would it not be well to have a whole bench of Bishops at our War News?

A REBEL prisoner, confined in one of our Western strong-holds provided for prisoners of war, writes to his old friend the Drawer, from whom he has been long and grievously separated. He says:

"—— PRISON, *April* 25, 1863.

"Like a stray sunbeam, your Magazine for May has just come into our prison, brought in by one of the Yankee officers, from whom we stole it. [It is wrong to steal, but the temptation was great; poor fellows! they had not seen the Drawer for two years, and they must have it.] In fact, we made a successful reconnoissance in force, and took it. Twenty-two months since I have read or seen a *Harper*. It came like an old friend, and is most welcome. *Harper* was one of the many ties that bound the Union together; and it is one of the few ties, I am willing to acknowledge, that bind me to the associations of old. When peace returns with healing in its wings my first order to New York will be for *all the back Numbers!*

"The Drawer, that blessed institution, would bring sunshine out of a thunder-cloud. And oh! how many budgets of fun have been lost forever to us rebels, because we have had no Drawer to put them in. For we have many humors in our camps and field: grim war often has a sunny smile on his scarred face, and the gay soldier boy is fond of a joke even on the battle-ground. Will you lend me *your* Drawer—I used to call it *ours*—to keep a few pleasantries of rebel life.

"General Bragg was always a tyrant; no rebel or Yankee will deny it who has had the misfortune to be in his power. We would have gladly traded him at any time, and given you boot, for the pettiest officer in your service. In fact he was utterly detested by rank and file. One of the men in the Crescent Regiment, Company A, had a dog at Corinth, and his name was 'General Bragg.' The dog did not know it, or he would never have submitted to the disgrace of such a name. Perhaps it was the name, perhaps not, but something killed him, and all around the story ran from one to another that 'General Bragg is dead,' and the men were in great spirits, all believing, at least hoping, that the news was true. When we found that we had been sold, and that it was our beloved dog and not our General, we buried him with the honors of war, and now would like to bury the General with the honor of a

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dog. One of the soldiers said if he had the pleasure of writing the epitaph of the General (not the dog) he would put these lines over his remains:

'He is gone. He has left us in passion and pride,
Our stormy old General—we had luck when he died!
He has gone; he has left us for good or for evil:
He has gone to report to his master, the devil.'

"Corporal Fagan, Company E, Sixteenth Louisiana Regiment, step to the front while I take a photograph! He is an Irishman—one of the best fellows that ever the sun shone on. Ready, brave, and true; the best hand at running the blockade (with whisky). Does any one in the Brooklyn Navy-yard remember Fagan, the ship-carpenter? he's the man. Called out with his Company for inspection one day, he found that he had not cleaned the inside of his gun, and before the inspector came around he managed to get a rag and ram it down to clean the gun; but, in his hurry, he lost it inside. Here was a muss! and the boys began to laugh at his prospect of getting 'extra duty' for his neglect and carelessness. When the officer had inspected the front rank he passed to the rear rank, and Fagan slipped out of the rear into the front rank, and so escaped inspection."

Our "Rebel Correspondent," as he is pleased to style himself, furnishes quite a number of amusing incidents in his experience of soldier-life; but these are all for which we have room this month. We have no reason to be afraid that the Drawer will be closed on account of its opening a correspondence with the enemy. We hold out the right hand of fellowship to all who will lay down their arms, and hope for the day when, as in the good old times, the Drawer and the Star-Spangled Banner will wave over the whole country.

The figures of speech so universally indulged in by Christian people in their conversations on religious matters and in their forms of worship, are a sore puzzle to the untrained minds of the "little folk," and in their attempts to reconcile these figures with the literal sayings and doings of everyday life they, the "little folk," often make rather odd expressions. Here is a case in point:

One warm, rainy Sabbath afternoon a friend of mine, who rejoices in the possession of a bright little boy of three summers, was sitting by the open window watching the tiny drops as they fell, noiselessly and refreshingly, on the sward before him. On his knee he held his little prattler, whom he was amusing and instructing with simple little stories about the goodness of Jesus and his love for children, and occasional snatches of hymns—those good, old-fashioned, simple songs of praise and entreaty which lift the soul up to the very portals of heaven, and give the true Christian a glimpse of the joys in waiting for the faithful. He had just sung a verse closing with this line—

"And Christ shall wash our sins away,"

when the little fellow, taking advantage of a pause, looked up into his face, and said, "Papa, let's go up and see Jesus when it stops raining."

All the "stories" in the Drawer are supposed to be true, and we were quite amused by receiving a letter from a correspondent who sends us an anecdote reflecting severely on a distinguished person, and adds a request that we will consider the "author's" name as confidential. As he claims to be author, maker, manufacturer of the story, we have no wish to appropriate his work, and prefer to let it slide. It is a very poor business, a very mean business, to make fun at the expense of a neighbor, and conceal the hand that pokes the fun. The Drawer is full and fond of pleasantries, but the man who keeps the key of it would lock it up, and never laugh again, rather than give pain to the humblest man or woman in the world. "Live and let live" is a good rule; and he who would wantonly amuse himself by publishing a story that would wound the sensibilities of another, needs to take a first lesson in common courtesy and humanity.

A parody is an outrage: witness that on the burial of Sir John Moore;

"Not a sou had he got, nor a penny note,
And he looked confoundedly flurried," etc.

But poor Goldsmith's familiar and touching lines,

"When lovely woman stoops to folly,"

fare sadly in the hands of a silk-dyer, who puts on his sign and his circular this wicked parody:

"When lovely woman tilts her saucer,
And finds too late that tea will stain—
Whatever made a woman crosser—
What art can wash all white again?

"The only art the stain to cover,
To hide the spot from every eye,
And wear an unsoiled dress above her,
Of proper color, is *to dye!*"

It was a funny fashion that of the last century, which rendered powder a necessary article of dress! What could have been the origin of such a fancy? Very likely some leading beau or belle, on whom the "snow-fall of time" had descended prematurely, determined that no one should have ebon or golden hair since his or hers had changed to silver. Not only Court fashionables, but men of all professions, in full dress, had to wear powder. Officers, on land or sea service, were not excepted. Of course this absurdity in dress did not pass uncriticised, and it gave rise to the following epigram:

'Tis said that our soldiers so lazy are grown,
With pleasure and plenty undone,
That they more for their carriage than courage are known,
And scarce know the use of a gun.

Let them say what they will, since it nobody galls,
And exclaim out still louder and louder;
But there ne'er was more money expended in *balls*,
Or a greater consumption of *powder*.

A recent Wisconsin jury-trial furnishes the following case, reported by a correspondent of the Drawer:

At the spring term of our Circuit Court a case had been tried against a Railroad Company. The plaintiff had sold to the Company in former years a piece of land for about $1000, and was to take his pay in the stock of the Company if delivered within a certain time. It was proved on the trial of the cause that the stock was delivered to the agent of plaintiff, but not till long after the time agreed upon, and it had thus depreciated so as to be almost worthless. The plaintiff, in consequence, refused to accept it as pay, and brought his suit for the value of his land. There was considerable said in the progress of the cause about this stock, etc., but the attorney for the defendant contented himself with excepting to certain rulings of the Judge, and when the case went to the jury, knowing that under the rulings of the Court the plaintiff had made a complete case, declined making any argument to the jury. The jury retired. To the astonishment of the bar and every body else they were out

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a long while, but they finally returned a verdict for the plaintiff for all he claimed. Considerable curiosity was manifested to know the reason why the jury delayed so long in finding a verdict in so plain a case. One of the jury finally let the secret escape. It appears that Jemmy Mann was on that jury. Jemmy had dealt some in cattle, etc., but not much in law, nor did know much about railroads. After the jury retired the first ballot showed eleven to one —eleven for plaintiff, and one for defendant. Several ballots were taken with the same result. After some investigation it was ascertained that Jemmy was the man who was for the defendant. His reason for voting in this way was demanded. "And, sure," replied Jemmy, "would you be after paying a man twice for his land? Didn't the witness say that the plaintiff had received his pay in *stock*; and wouldn't I like to know what he did with the *cattle* before, as an honest man, I can vote for giving him any more?" It took some time to make Jemmy understand the difference between railroad *stock*, at fifteen cents on the dollar, and horses and cattle, etc.; but he finally yielded to the persistency of the eleven obstinate men who were for plaintiff, and who didn't seem to care what he had done with the cattle.

A MICHIGAN lawyer, who writes a very bad hand, sends us the following:

Several years ago I was practicing law in one of the many beautiful towns in Wisconsin. One very warm day, while seated in my office at work, I was interrupted by the entrance of a boy, the son of one of my clients, who had walked into town, six miles, in a blazing sun, for the purpose of procuring a Bible. He had been told, he said, that there was a place there where they gave them away to people who had no money; he said he had no money, and was very anxious to get one of the good books, and asked me to go with him to the place where they were kept. Anxious to encourage him in his early piety, I left the brief on which I was engaged, and went with him over to the stand of an old Presbyterian deacon who had the much-coveted books in charge. I introduced him to the deacon, telling him the circumstances. He praised the boy very highly; was delighted to see a young man so early seeking after the truth, etc., etc.; and presented him with the best-bound Bible in his collection. Bubby put it in his pocket, and was starting off, when the deacon says, "Now, my son, that you possess what you so much desired, I suppose that you feel perfectly happy?" "Well, I do, old hoss; for, between you and I, I know where I can trade it for most a plaguey good fiddle!"

WE are indebted for the following to a friend in Pennsylvania:

Mrs. W——, an old lady residing in the town of O——, was, just after one of the battles in the Southwest, listening to an account of General Grant's operations, in which, among other things, it was stated that he had caused several miles of new road to be constructed, and had covered it here and there with *corduroy*. "Why, bless me!" she exclaimed, "what a waste! Did a body ever hear the like! There's our boys, poor creeturs! some of 'em 'most naked, and the pesky officers using up on them seceshioners roads all that stuff that was sent to make breeches! I kin tell you," she concluded, with an indignant flourish worthy of the best days of Mrs. Partington, "*we haven't got the right kind of ginerals!*"

The honest matron was not aware that the "corduroy" referred to was not exactly the stuff for the boys' "breeches," but that stout timber construction employed to cover otherwise impassable highways.

HERE is the next:

A little Sunday-school boy in Baltimore had been taught by his aunt Kate to repeat the twenty-third Psalm, so generally learned by children, and which, among other beautiful declarations, inculcates the lesson, "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." But our little friend sadly failed to get the hang of this part, as the following will show:

His mother having occasion to administer to him a little "whaling," in reply to his remonstrances urged also that for his good she ought not to "spare the rod." He stood the infliction with great fortitude, but at the close, with the big tears in his eyes and hopping about like a parched pea, he gave vent in this impassioned strain, half soliloquy and half directed to his astonished parent—"There now; it ain't so: Aunt Kate said it would, but it don't; and I don't believe she ever tried it. She don't know, and the book don't know; and it don't comfort me a bit!"

"What doesn't comfort you, my dear?" asked the mother.

"Why, the rod don't. I don't feel any better, and there ain't any comfort about it, and I'll just tell her so."

The "points" of this speech were not fully comprehended until, on summoning "Aunt Kate," it was discovered that our young friend had only got things a little "mixed;" and confounded the rod spoken of by the Psalmist with the sturdy little stick just then so *un*comfortably applied to him.

DEAR DRAWER,—Did you ever hear a joke from the Tombs? Here's one:

While the "coal-hole" gentry were bulling and bearing the "leading fancy" a day or two ago in William Street, one of the light-fingered fraternity invaded the pocket of our worthy friend Baile (than whom a better mortal lives not). Being caught in flagrante delictu, and duly conveyed before Justice Conolly, a number of sympathizing shysters evinced a benevolent anxiety to have him released on bail.

"Can't do it," said the Justice; "he's just been put in by Baile, and I don't see how he can get out by it!"

A FRIEND in California revives his recollection of a theatrical incident, and vouches for its verity. He says:

One evening, several years ago, the writer happened to be present at the "Old National," in Boston, during an engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams. The play was "Ireland as it is." You will remember that there is one scene where the heroine of the piece conceals herself in a large chest, from which she suddenly emerges, confronting "Old Stone" with a brace of pistols, in order to defeat some nefarious scheme of that old villain. On this occasion the scene progressed as usual; the lights burned dimly, the heroine (Mrs. Williams) came on, entered the chest, and closed the lid; but unfortunately, in doing so, she accidentally allowed a portion of her white skirts to remain visible to the audience. The audience were hushed to silence, and on the *qui vive* for the entrance of "Old Stone," when the *dénouement* would take place. A little news-boy in the gallery, who evidently was famil-

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iar with the play, happening to observe the white skirts hanging from the chest, and being fearful that "Old Stone" would also notice them, and thereby discover the hiding-place of the lady, suddenly startled the expectant audience by exclaiming, at the height of his sharp, treble voice, "*Pull in your petticoat!*" The effect may be imagined, but not described.

THE grade of intelligence in any country may be measured by its freedom from superstition: the more ignorant, the more credulous are the people. It would be easy to make up a chapter of the superstitions of our own country. One of the London newspapers, bewailing the prevalence of superstition in England, says:

"After many years of education and enlightenment, after the establishment of a Church which teaches all it can to the poor; after hundreds of thousands of public journals are printed and circulated; after the Bible itself is almost given away, and the truth is preached in the parks and at the street-corners, the grossest superstition in some quarters prevails. It is only a few months ago that a soldier was brought before a magistrate for trying to kill an old woman; and his excuse was, that 'he went to draw the witch's blood, for she had bewitched him.' The magistrate was astonished and shocked. Of course he did not conceive that such ignorance could exist. But why not? He must have known it if he had looked about him. Some few years since, in Surrey, a father borrowed from seven single men a sixpence; these sixpences an unmarried blacksmith made into a ring, and the ring was worn by a girl of seventeen to cure her of fits. Either the firm belief in this charm, or increasing age, or the previous 'doctoring' she had had, cured her; but, of course, all the villagers declared that it was the magic ring. This village is not twenty miles from London."

A FRIEND in South America (to whom I send *Harper's Weekly* and *Monthly*) writes as follows:

Here is a little piece of infantile ingenuity which may be worth a place in the Drawer. My little nephew was still wearing apparel partaking of the mixed character of boys' and girls'. His short gown worried him a great deal; he was anxious to get a boy's jacket and pair of pants. Oh! happiness! his aunt sent him, as a present, the very pair he had so long sighed for. As soon as he was dressed he went up to his mother, and exclaimed, joyfully, "Now *it is all over!* I am a Man forever! There is no danger now that I shall be a Girl!"

WASHINGTON, D. C., *April* 24, 1863.

If you see fit to publish the following letter please do so, and oblige yours, ——— ———.

POST HOSPITAL.

To Col. W. W. Wrong, Present:

SIR,—I have the honor to inform you that Wm. Major a Employee in your Department "Died this Morning at this Hospital of "information on the brains" and I would request you to make the Necessay preparation for the interment of his remains as soon as practicable.

Very respectfully your obdt. servt
Wm. H. White, U. S. V.
Surgeon in charge.

A PLEASANT country village in Ohio some years since possessed that which is often denied to places of more consequence—a court which really dispensed justice. Its chief was a Justice of the Peace, whose good common sense and honesty of purpose counterbalanced his want of legal lore; and in consequence of its straightforward decisions the "Dutch Court," as it was popularly called, became a great terror to evil-doers.

Once upon a time a case was brought before his Honor arising out of an infraction of the "liquor law of the State, which then provided for the punishment by fine of any individual who sold intoxicating beverages to persons under sixteen years of age, or by less a quantity than a quart. Upon one of those grand occasions when a "general muster" of the militia gave delight to numerous officers in gay uniforms, and to large masses of the good people of the country, an unlucky wight sought to avail himself of the "gelorious" opportunity to turn an honest penny. Providing himself with a small lot of ginger-cakes and a disproportionately large stock of "lightning whisky," he located upon an eligible site near the field. Knowing the penalty of the law against his little enterprise, the vendor of "the ardent" hit upon the happy expedient, to evade its provisions, of selling to his customers a ginger-cake, and then throwing a drink into the bargain.

Justice was not so blind as to fail to notice this "artful dodge," and the next morning found the delinquent citizen in the very jaws of the "Dutch Court." The testimony was short and conclusive, to the effect that he had sold a boy a cake, and then had given him a "horn;" and the defendant's lawyer put in the defense that his client sold, on the occasion under consideration, not liquor but ginger-cakes, well knowing, at the same time, that salt wouldn't save him. As he anticipated, the Court pronounced a verdict of Guilty, but, to the surprise of the defense, put the fine at fifteen dollars, instead of the legal penalty of five.

"May it please the Court," interposed defendant's counsel, "is there not some mistake in this sentence? The statutes provide for a fine of but five dollars for each offense. There is but one offense proven, and we are ready to pay that fine, but we hold it is contrary to the plain reading of the law to make the penalty fifteen dollars."

"There is no mishtake at all," replied the Court. "The law says five dollars for each offense. Now I fines this man five dollars, in the first place, for selling less than a quart of vishky; I fines him, in the second place, five dollars for selling vishky to a boy; and I fines him, in the third place, five dollars *for trying to screen himself behind a ginger-cake!*"

The fine was paid, and no appeal taken.

THE following took place at a flag presentation in the Army of the Cumberland, May 1, 1863:

The flag was presented to the Fifteenth Indiana Volunteers (on behalf of the young ladies of Hascall, Indiana) by the Chaplain, and received for the regiment by General G. D. Wagner. The regiment was in line, and the rest of the brigade assembled to witness the ceremony. The General, in the course of his speech, said,

"Tell the young ladies of Hascall that when the war is over their then sanctified gift shall be returned to them, unless torn to shreds by the enemy's bullets."

"An' thin we'll take 'em back the pole!" cried an Irishman in the regiment.

The brigade, officers and men, committed a breach of discipline by laughing immoderately, and Pat received a pass to go to town next day.

WE have heard of geese in court—indeed they are more frequently found there than any other bird, and pretty generally well plucked too—but a gander, never before! The following genuine document [we copy from a Canada paper] we publish for its ex-

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treme curiosity, and it will also define how excruciatingly nice the lines of justice are drawn at St. Mary's, in Canada.

On reading the affair one would very naturally suspect the Cadi to be an Irishman, and, notwithstanding his piety, a little inclined to practical joking; but those who know Brother Sparling best (and they are many), know that he never jests upon the bench. Indeed he is rather a serious gentleman to many, and especially to erring *birds* in general. The documents require no comment; they are sufficiently provocative of mirth in themselves; and we have only to add the unlucky owner of the rollicking gander had recorded against him a fine of one shilling sterling and the costs:

PROVINCE OF CANADA, }
County of Perth. }

To John Clark, of St. Mary's, Yeoman.

Whereas information & complaint has this day been laid by Joseph McLarin before the undersigned, one of her Majesty's Justices of the Peace, in and for the County of Perth.—That you did assault this informant's two boys at St. Mary's, in said County, by permitting your GANDER to Bite them & slap them with his wings, and knock them over, without any just or legal provocation, and contrary to the Statute in such case made and provided, &c. &c.

These are therefore to command you, in Her majesty's name, to be and appear on Monday next, the 30th day of March, 1863, at 10 o'clock in the forenoon, at my Office, St. Mary's, before me or such justices of the Peace for the said County of Perth as may then be there, to answer to said information & complaint.

Given under my hand and seal, &c.

JOHN SPARLING, J. P.

ST. MARY'S, *March* 21, 1863.

We are not certified whether Clark had the pugnacious gander with him before his worship, but in any case we may fairly assume the celebrated "Goose question" to be now finally and permanently settled!

SOME one asked the philosopher Fontenelle, when *ninety-five* years of age, which twenty years of his life he regretted the most. "I regret little," he replied; "and yet the *happiest* years of my life were those *between the fifty-fifth and seventy fifth*. At fifty years a man's fortune is established, his reputation made, consideration is obtained, the state of life fixed, pretensions given up or satisfied, prospects overthrown or established, the passions for the most part calmed or cooled, the career nearly completed, as regards the labors which every man owes to society; there are fewer enemies, or rather fewer envious persons who are capable of injuring us, or because the counterpoise of merit is acknowledged by the public voice."

OUR Ohio corn-growing readers will understand and enjoy the following:

During the last Ohio State Fair, at Cleveland, the city was visited by thousands from the adjacent rural districts to witness the exhibition. As a consequence, at the close of the third day of the fair the commissary departments of the hotels and eating-houses were reduced to short rations, and the number that had to retire supperless was not a few. At one of the hotels a famishing countryman, of brawny proportions, and apparently not afflicted with any such complaints as indigestion or loss of appetite, had worked his way through the crowd that was packed about the dining-hall door, and found a vacant seat at a table. For a few minutes he indulged in the "pleasures of hope," expecting soon to be able to appease his wolfish appetite. All about him, and far beyond the range of knife, fork, or digitals, was a waste of empty dishes. After having been seated for a weary half hour a knife and fork were placed at his side, which revived his sinking hopes. Then came another aggravating delay, the hurrying waiters passing to and fro utterly regardless of his importunities for "something to eat." Finally he turned half around in his chair, and calling a waiter to him, he looked at him as only a despairingly hungry man can look, and in a loud voice exclaimed: "I am terribly hungry!—*have you got any corn in the shock?*"

ONE of our many friends in Boston, from whom the Drawer is always pleased to hear, sends the following, greeting:

It is now about ten years since I took my first peep into your Drawer, and— Ah! there I had better stop; for a maiden aunt of mine, I recollect, once told me that it was impolite to remind people of their ages, more being implied on that subject than it would be proper to express. One or two good things I have had laid up in lavender for some time, waiting for an opportunity to give them an airing.

You know that even the most intelligent foreigners on first coming to this country are often puzzled to master the complicated machinery of our governments; and the mistakes they make in the effort often provoke a "loud smile" in the initiated. A recent importation, an old gentleman of my acquaintance, who happened to arrive here during the last canvass for the Presidency, began to study, very laudably and perseveringly, the politics of the different parties, and soon took a great deal of interest in the antecedents and peculiarities of the rival candidates for popular favor. One morning, after reading attentively the *Post's* report of the ballotings for Speaker in Congress, and after two or three efforts at clearing the cobwebs from his throat, he spread the papers on his knees, raised his spectacles, looked across the breakfast-table with a very perplexed expression of countenance at me, and then relieved himself of the following: "It appears that no Speaker has been elected yet, Sir. [A pause.] There has been another balloting, though; and a new candidate named SCATTERING received nine votes. Who is he? I never saw his name before." Of course I enlightened him.

STROLLING through the lower part of Broadway, on a recent visit to your wicked city, I accidentally heard the following dialogue between a "sonsy"-looking Irish woman and a fellow-countryman, who had apparently just come over from the old sod:

"Well, Misther Murphy, ye tell me that ye think of gettin' into the daling [trading] way here," said the lady, with that patronizing air always assumed toward late arrivals by the ould residenthers.

"Yis, ma'm, I was thinking something about it; and I'd like to have yur advice, Mrs. Dimpsey, upon it, if y'd plase," humbly responded Mr. M.

"Take my advice, thin," said that female oracle, "and thry the provision bisiness, Misther Murphy; it's always lookey, and always safe. Calicoes and coats gits out of fashion, and lift on your hands often; but who ever heard of the cut of a ham, or shoulder of beef, or lig of mutton changin'?"

Mr. Murphy's countenance brightened up at the originality of the idea suggested to him; and by this time he is ready to supply all consumers of ham, beef, and mutton on reasonable terms.

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The Age of Iron.



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Fashions for July.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figure 1.—Street Toilet.

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FIGURE 2.—PROMENADE DRESS.

THE illustration upon the preceding page represents a black silk pardessus, with black lace, and a braid embroidery forming the ornament.—The toilet above is a peculiarly neat style for the promenade and other uses. It is well suited to many semi-transparent tissues. The bands under which the stuff is gathered may vary in tint from that of the material. The fichu is trimmed with black Chantilly lace.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLIX.—AUGUST, 1863.—Vol. XXVII.



PUT-IN-BAY.

SCENES IN THE WAR OF 1812.

III.—HARRISON AND PERRY.

THE invasion and seizure of Canada formed the chief feature in the plan of the campaign of 1813, and to General Harrison was intrusted the task of recovering all that General Hull had lost, and accomplishing all that he attempted to do. In a former paper we left him in the interior of Ohio in mid-winter, with his advance on the bank of the Maumee River preparing to establish there, at the foot of the rapids, a fortified camp. It was an eligible point. The possessor of it might control, to a great extent, the movements of the whole British force in the Northwest, professedly Christian, and savage. Under the skillful direction of Captain Wood of the Engineers (whose monument, erected by General Brown at West Point, on the Hudson, tells of his valor and virtues), extensive fortifications were constructed, and named, in honor of the energetic and patriotic governor of Ohio, Fort Meigs. At that post Harrison attempted to concentrate a force sufficient to keep the enemy in check until a fleet might be created on Lake Erie, to co-operate with the land forces in a second invasion of Canada from the Detroit River. Sad experience had taught the Government the wisdom of Hull's recommendations concerning a squadron to command the Lake.

General Harrison, doubting the efficiency of efforts to give him an army by regular enlistments, called on the Governors of Ohio and Kentucky for volunteers. Their responses were noble and generous. He asked for fifteen hundred Kentuckians, when her Legislature, under the lead of the veteran Shelby, voted three thousand men for the public service. Ohio responded as nobly, in proportion to her means. Kentucky sent fifteen hundred of her sons to Harrison early in April, organized into four small regiments, under the respective commands of Colonels Boswell, Dudley, Cox, and Caldwell, which formed a brigade under General Green Clay.

Harrison arrived at Fort Meigs on the 12th of April. Scouts had informed him, on the way, of the frequent appearance of Indians, and there were indications that the principal events at the opening of the spring campaign in that

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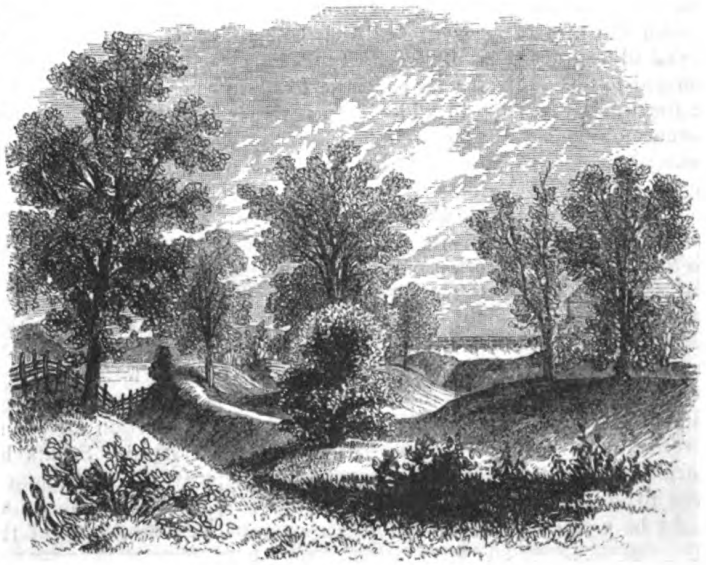


GREEN CLAY.

quarter would be an attack upon and defense of Fort Meigs. The troops there were few, and the lines of intrenchments were unfinished. Rumors were plentiful concerning the intentions of the British to move toward the Maumee on the disappearance of the ice, and Harrison, in the face of instructions from the War Department not to use militia, not only accepted the fifteen hundred men sent from Kentucky, but asked Shelby for the remaining fifteen hundred drafted troops. The seeming peril was Harrison's justification for disobeying Cabinet orders. Expecting to find Fort Meigs invested by the enemy, he took about three hundred troops with him from Fort Defiance, which he had gathered at posts in the wilderness, determined to storm any works which the British might have erected against Fort Meigs. He went down the Maumee in batteaux, and was agreeably surprised to find all quiet in camp and no enemy near.

The infamous Proctor was in command of the British forces, with his head-quarters at Fort Malden. Tecumtha was there with fifteen hundred Indians, drawn chiefly from the country between Lake Michigan and the Wabash. Proctor had fired the zeal of the great Shawnoese and his brother, by promises of future success in all their schemes for confederating the savage tribes, and by his arrogant boasts of his power to place Fort Meigs, its garrison, its stores, and even General Harrison, in the hands of his dusky allies. These promises and boasts brought a most gratifying response, and Proctor's mind was filled with visions of conquest, personal glory, and official promotion. His arrogance was increased, and he treated the Americans at Detroit with disdain. He ordered the Canadian militia to assemble at Sandwich; and toward the close of April he and his motley army, full two thousand strong, sailed from Fort Malden to the mouth of the Maumee River (the site of the present city of Toledo), accompanied by two gun-boats. On the 28th they landed at Fort Miami (now in ruins), a short distance below Fort Meigs, established a camp there, and proceeded to construct batteries opposite the fort, on the steep bank in front of the present Maumee City. Heavy rains fell almost incessantly, and it was not until the morning of the first day of May that the works were completed, the guns mounted, and every thing put in readiness for a siege of Fort Meigs.

When Peter Navarre (yet living near Toledo), who was one of Harrison's most trusted scouts and messengers, brought intelligence of the appearance of the enemy on the morning of the 28th, the commander sent him and others with dispatches to important posts with the information. Harrison felt that Fort Meigs was in peril. He knew that General Clay was approaching, but how near he could not ascertain. Anxious to know and to accelerate that commander's movements, he sent the brave Captain William Oliver, with a white man and Indian, to meet him and urge him forward. Oliver made his way through the hostile Indians who prowled in the woods around the fort, and found Clay at Fort Defiance with twelve hundred Ken-



RUINS OF FORT MIAMI.

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PETER NAVARRE.

tuckians. That officer had already been informed, by scouts, of the perilous condition of Fort Meigs, and Captain Leslie Combs, a gallant Kentuckian of Dudley's corps, only nineteen years of age, who was at the head of a company of spies, was, at his own request, sent forward to inform Harrison of the approach of succor. It had been a question at a council of officers, "Who shall undertake the perilous mission?" It required courage and acquaintance with the country. Young Combs, eager for patriotic duty and distinction, offered to go. "When we reach Fort Defiance," he said to Colonel Dudley, "if you will furnish me with a good canoe, I will carry your dispatches to General Harrison and return with his orders. I shall only require four or five volunteers from my own company, and one of my Indian guides to accompany me."

On the morning of the 1st of May Combs embarked on the Maumee for the perilous duty, with two brothers named Walker, and two other volunteers, named respectively Paxton and Johnson. Young Black-Fish, a Shawnoese warrior, accompanied them as guide. With the latter at the helm, they moved down the river amidst the cheers and good wishes of their companions in arms. The voyage was full of dangers. Rain fell incessantly, and the night that succeeded was intensely black. They passed the main rapids in safety, but not until late in the morning, when heavy cannon was heard in the direction of Fort Meigs. The siege had begun, and the difficulties in the way of young Combs were thereby increased. For a moment he was perplexed. To return would be prudent, but would expose his courage to doubts; to remain until the next night or to proceed at once seemed equally hazardous. A decision was soon made. "We must go on, boys," said the brave youth, "and if you expect the honor of taking coffee with General Harrison this morning, you must work hard for it." They pushed forward, and louder and louder fell the cannon peals upon their ears. Combs knew the weakness of the fort, and suspected the strength of the enemy. He doubted Harrison's ability to hold out, and expected to see the red Cross of St. George in the place of the Stripes and Stars. Great was his joy, as he turned the bend in the river at Turkey Point, on seeing the dear old flag waving over the beleaguered camp. At that moment a solitary Indian appeared in the edge of the wood, and then a large body of them were observed in the gray shadows of the forest, running eagerly to a point below to cut off Combs and his party from the fort. The gallant Captain attempted to dash by them in the swift current, when a volley of bullets severely wounded Johnson and Paxton, the former mortally. The fire was answered by the little band, when the Shawnoese guide turned the canoe toward the western shore, and all but poor Johnson made their way back to Fort Defiance. Combs and his Indian guide had suffered terribly, and the former was unable to assume the command of his company immediately.

While the British were erecting their batteries opposite Fort Meigs Harrison was constructing a traverse of earth entirely across his intrenched camp, for the shelter of the garrison from the impending storm of iron. The bank



UP THE MAUMEE TO TURKEY POINT FROM FORT MEIGS.

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was broad and twelve feet in height. The enemy had no suspicion of what was going on, for the tents of the Americans, standing along the high bank of the river, which the enemy expected to sweep away like gossamer webs, had screened the laborers. When their tents were suddenly moved to the rear of the traverse, the British engineer saw, with great mortification, that his labor had been almost in vain. Instead of an exposed camp, from which Proctor has boasted he would soon "smoke out the Yankees" with hot shot and incendiary shells, he perceived the Americans to be invisible and strongly protected.

On the morning of the 1st of May, notwithstanding heavy rain-clouds were driving down the valley and drenching every thing with fitful discharges, the British opened a severe cannonade and bombardment upon the fort, and continued the assault, with brief intermissions, for five days, but without much injury to the works and garrison. On the night of the 2d a detachment of British engineers and artillerists crossed the river, and mounted guns and mortars upon two mounds for batteries in the thickets at the rear of the fort. For this expected movement the Americans had prepared by erecting shorter traverses. Again the enemy was foiled.

On the fourth day of the siege, when the British, finding their efforts vain, had slackened their fire, Proctor sent a pompous summons to Harrison to surrender the fort immediately. "Tell General Proctor," said the American commander in reply, "that if he shall take the fort it will be under circumstances that will do him more honor than a thousand surrenders." The fort was really feeble, because of the scarcity of ammunition, which had been used economically; and Harrison frequently turned his eyes anxiously up the Maumee Valley to discover, if possible, the hoped-for reinforcements. He had not heard a word from Clay, for Combs had failed and Oliver had not returned. His suspense was ended, however, at midnight on the 4th, when Oliver, with Major David Trimble and fifteen men, who came down the river in a large boat, made their way into the fort bearing the glad tidings that General Clay and eleven hundred Kentuckians were within a few miles. The cannonading at Fort Meigs had been distinctly heard at Defiance, and Clay's whole force had pressed forward as rapidly as possible in eighteen large flat scows. They halted only at the head of the Rapids on account of darkness.

On hearing of the near approach of Clay, Harrison planned immediate employment for his troops. He sent Captain Hamilton and a subaltern in a canoe, under cover of the night, to meet the Kentuckians, with instructions for eight hundred of them to land on the west side of the Maumee, and march down and capture the British batteries in front. This duty was intrusted to Colonel Dudley. It was arranged for him to strike the blow at the moment when Clay and the remainder of his command should assail the Indians on the left of the fort, and a sortie should be made by a portion of the garrison for the purpose of capturing and destroying the batteries in the rear.

Dudley and his command landed in good order, and ascended to the plain on which Maumee city stands, unobserved by the enemy. There he disposed his troops in three parallel columns, commanded respectively by himself, Major Shelby, and acting Major Morrison. Captain Combs and his company of thirty riflemen, including seven friendly Indians, moved a hundred yards in front. Having reached a proper point in the forest, back of the enemy's batteries, the right column, led by Dudley in person, raised the horrid Indian yell, rushed upon and captured the works, spiked eleven of the guns, and pulled down the British flag. Harrison had watched the movement with intense interest from his chief battery, and when he saw the proud ensign lowered, he signaled Dudley to fall back to his boats and cross the river according to instructions. At that moment sharp firing was heard in the woods in the rear. Instead of obeying Harrison's command, Dudley humanely went to the relief of Combs and his spies, who had been attacked by a large party of Indians sent up from Proctor's camp. The latter were strong in numbers and eager for blood and plunder. A severe conflict ensued. Dudley was defeated and mortally wounded, and a large portion of his command were made prisoners and marched to Fort Miami. Of the eight hundred who followed Dudley from the boats, only one hundred and seventy escaped to Fort Meigs. Many of the prisoners taken to Fort Miami were massacred by the Indians in cold blood, while Proctor made no effort to stay the horrid tragedy. Tecumtha, far more humane than his fellow-commander of the pale-faces, hearing of the dreadful work, hastened to the spot and instantly stopped the slaughter. The



LESLIE COMBS.

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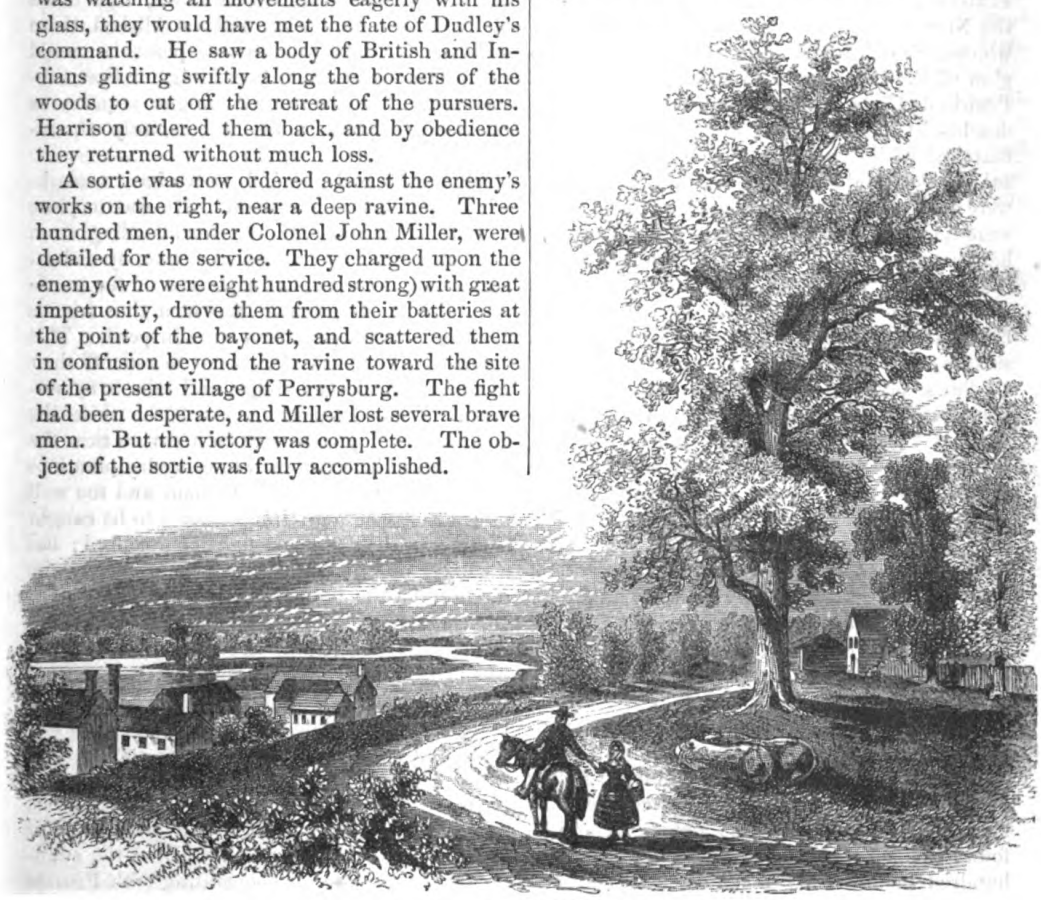
gallant Combs ran the gauntlet at Fort Miami at that time, but escaped unhurt. He yet survives, actively engaged in the duties of an important public office in his native State of Kentucky, full of mental and corporeal vigor.

While the tragedy was in progress on the western side of the river scenes equally stirring were observed in the vicinity of Fort Meigs. General Clay had attempted to land not far above Turkey Point, but the current divided his force. Himself and about fifty men landed opposite Hollister's Island, near the fort, when they were assailed with bullets from a cloud of Indians on the high bank above, but they fought their way gallantly and reached the American camp without losing a man. Colonel Boswell, in the mean time, in command of the remainder who had landed near Turkey Point, pressed forward across the plain and up the slopes toward the fort. They drove the assailing Indians before them, and also reached the camp without much injury. There Boswell was greeted with shouts of welcome, and was met by a party coming out to join him in an attack upon the enemy in the rear, British and Indians, who were strong in numbers. They fell upon the foe furiously, drove them half a mile into the woods at the point of the bayonet, and utterly routed them. In their zeal the victors pursued recklessly, and but for the vigilance of General Harrison, who was watching all movements eagerly with his glass, they would have met the fate of Dudley's command. He saw a body of British and Indians gliding swiftly along the borders of the woods to cut off the retreat of the pursuers. Harrison ordered them back, and by obedience they returned without much loss.

A sortie was now ordered against the enemy's works on the right, near a deep ravine. Three hundred men, under Colonel John Miller, were detailed for the service. They charged upon the enemy (who were eight hundred strong) with great impetuosity, drove them from their batteries at the point of the bayonet, and scattered them in confusion beyond the ravine toward the site of the present village of Perrysburg. The fight had been desperate, and Miller lost several brave men. But the victory was complete. The object of the sortie was fully accomplished.

With these movements, which occurred on the 5th of May, the siege of Fort Meigs was virtually ended. The greater portion of Proctor's Indian allies deserted him. Tecumtha was disgusted, the Prophet was bitterly disappointed, and probably nothing but his commission and pay as a Brigadier-General in the British army secured to that body the further services of the great Shawnoese warrior. The flight of his dusky allies, the discontent of the Canadian militia, and rumors of approaching reinforcements for Fort Meigs, disheartened Proctor, and he retreated to Fort Malden, leaving upon the banks of the Maumee a record of personal dishonor as black as that upon the shores of the Raisin.

Forts Meigs and Miami now present to the traveler, as remains, only grassy mounds. A beautiful village called Maumee City, and gardens, and cultivated fields, are now seen upon the place of Dudley's defeat; and no living thing—living there at the time of the siege—may be seen in original vigor, but a stately elm in front of the town, from which, tradition says, Indians sent many a deadly bullet after Americans from the garrison who were taking water from the river. These were returned by Kentucky riflemen, and six savages, it is said, were brought to the ground from that leafy perch. From that tree, near the old "Jefferson Tavern," is a fine view of the Maumee valley and river



UP THE MAUMEE FROM MAUMEE CITY.

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as far as Presque Isle hill and the place of Hull's encampment in 1812.

As soon as General Harrison was certain that Proctor had abandoned the attempt to gain possession of the Maumee valley, and had returned to Canada, he placed the command of Fort Meigs in the hands of the competent General Clay, and started for Lower Sandusky and the interior, to make preparations for the defense of the Erie frontier against the exasperated foe. He arrived at Lower Sandusky (now Fremont) on the 12th of May, where he met Governor Meigs with a large body of Ohio volunteers, pressing forward to his relief. He thanked them cordially, but as the danger was over, he directed them to be disbanded. He hastened to Cleveland, made arrangements for a thorough reconnoissance of the country from the Maumee to the Cayuhoga, and then made his head-quarters again at Franklinton, not far from the present city of Columbus, Ohio. There he labored incessantly in efforts to protect the frontiers and organize an effective expedition for the invasion of Canada, as soon as naval preparations then in progress at Presque Isle (Erie) should be completed, and a squadron on Lake Erie made ready for co-operation with the army.

Meanwhile the British authorities in Canada and on the Detroit River were busy with preparations for a more formidable invasion of Ohio. Emissaries were sent among the Indian tribes of the Northwest, and some of the fiercest of them, whom a Scotch trader had collected from the region of the Illinois and Mississippi rivers from Prairie du Chien to Green Bay, rendezvoused at desolated Chicago, and, a thousand in number, marched with him across the Michigan peninsula to Fort Malden, early in June, where they were regularly supplied with army rations. They were impatient for the war path; and Tecumtha had never ceased to implore Proctor to renew the attack on Fort Meigs. Proctor finally consented. A strategic movement was planned by the Indian-British brigadier, which promised success, but an escaped prisoner—a captive at Dudley's defeat—who had fled from Fort Malden, revealed as much as he knew of the plan to General Clay. That vigilant officer apprised Harrison of the menaced invasion, and the commander-in-chief took measures at once to strengthen the weak posts on that frontier. Among these, Fort Stephenson, at Lower Sandusky, received special attention. It was reinforced by the gallant young Kentuckian Major Croghan, with a part of the Seventeenth Regiment, and he was placed in chief command there. He was joined by Colonel Ball, and a squadron of cavalry.

Harrison was at Fort Stephenson on the evening of the 26th of May, and was there informed that many Indians had been seen on the Lower Maumee. Selecting three hundred men, he made a forced march to Fort Meigs. There he found Colonel Richard M. Johnson, with seven hundred mounted Kentuckians, who had just come down from Fort Defiance after forty days' hard service in traversing the wilderness. He immediately sent Johnson on a reconnoissance toward the Raisin to procure intelligence. The movement was successful. It was ascertained that there was no immediate danger of an invasion from Malden, in force. Satisfied of this, Harrison returned to Fort Stephenson, and making a circuit by way of Cleveland, went to his head-quarters at Franklinton.

Mid-summer had passed, and the enemy made no important hostile movements. The naval preparations were yet in progress at Erie, and it seemed as if the autumn would come before the campaign on the Northwestern frontier would fairly open. But late in July General Clay received information that an expedition against Fort Meigs was preparing at Malden. The rumor was true. Full twenty-five hundred Indians had collected there, and Proctor had a disposable force of about five thousand men. Early in the month strolling bands of savages had committed depredations in the Toledo region; and on the 20th of July Proctor and Tecumtha, with their combined forces, appeared at the mouth of the Maumee. Harrison was then at Lower Sandusky. Clay sent a messenger to him with information and for orders, who returned with the assurance that he should have reinforcements, if needed, and a warning against a surprise. Harrison made his head-quarters at Seneca Town, nine miles above Lower Sandusky, and established there a fortified camp, from which point he could readily co-operate with Fort Meigs or Fort Stephenson, as circumstances might require, as these were posts more immediately threatened.

Tecumtha had planned, as we have remarked, an ingenious movement. He was to place a body of Indians on the road leading from Fort Meigs to Lower Sandusky, who, by a sham fight, were to draw out a portion of the garrison of Fort Meigs, with the idea that friends coming to reinforce them were in peril. This being accomplished they were to cut off their retreat, rush to Fort Meigs, and take it by surprise. Toward sunset on the 25th, while the British force lay concealed in a ravine near the fort, Tecumtha attempted to carry his plan into execution. Clay was too vigilant and too well informed respecting reinforcements to be caught in the trap. The sham fight commenced; but a shower of rain and a few cannon-shot in the direction of the Indians scattered the foe. Tecumtha's strategy had failed, and the enemy were greatly mortified. Ignorant of the strength of the fort and garrison, they did not venture upon an assault; and after lingering in the vicinity for thirty hours the invaders all withdrew and made their way toward Lower Sandusky for the purpose of capturing Fort Stephenson there. The British, with their stores, sailed for Sandusky Bay, and a large number of their savage allies marched across the country for the purpose of co-operating with Proctor in the siege. Intelligence of this movement

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was promptly communicated to General Harrison by General Clay.

Fort Stephenson was a stockade, with no other heavy ordnance than one iron six-pounder in a block-house which commanded the ditch on one side. The garrison consisted of only sixty men, under Major George Croghan of the regular army, then only twenty-one years of age. Doubtful of the tenability of the fort, especially against the assaults of artillery, Harrison had sent Croghan an order, saying: "Should the British troops approach you in force, with cannon, and you can discover them in time to effect a retreat, you will do so immediately, destroying all the public stores." Croghan's innate bravery was known, and this order was followed by another commanding him to evacuate the post immediately. The messengers with it became lost in the woods, and did not reach the fort until almost noon the next day, when the forest around was swarming with Indians. It would then be difficult to obey, and Croghan and his officers resolved to defend the fort to the last.

Proctor and his little army was first discovered on Sandusky Bay, on the evening of the 31st of July, by a scouting party on its borders. They hastened to Fort Stephenson with intelligence of the fact, and at four o'clock on Sunday afternoon (August 1) the enemy appeared in the bend of Sandusky River, about a mile from the stockade. They landed with a howitzer and some field-pieces taken from the gun-boats. Proctor immediately entered upon the business of his errand; and having made proper dispositions of his forces and heavy ordnance, he sent a peremptory demand for a surrender of the post. His regulars were four hundred in number, and he had with him several hundred Indians. Tecumtha, with almost two thousand more, was so stationed in the forest as to cut off Croghan's retreat, or permit reinforcements reaching him from Fort Meigs or Camp Seneca.



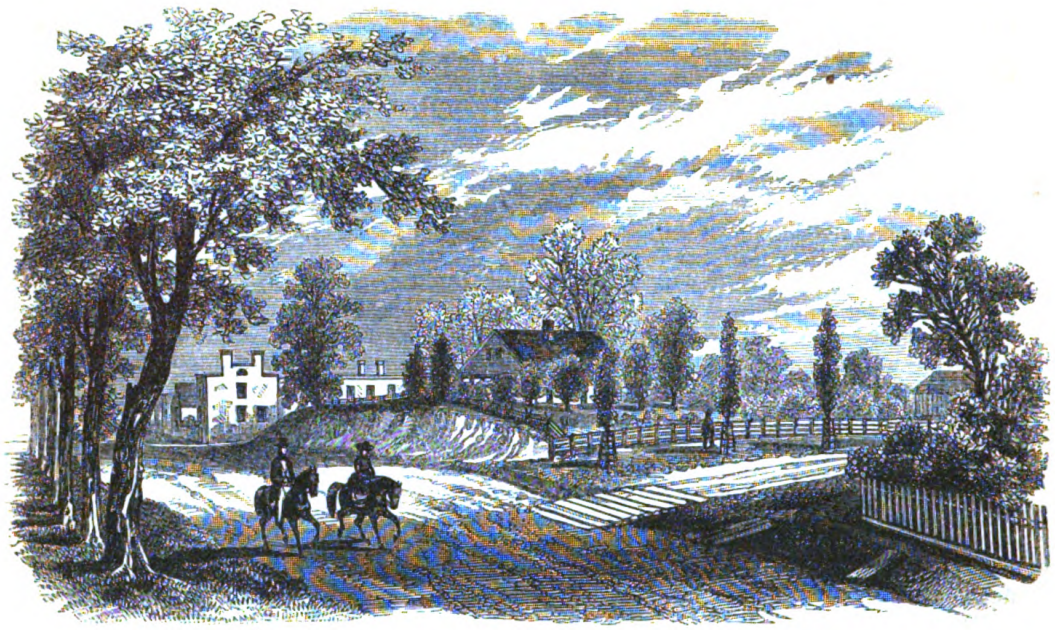
GEORGE CROGHAN.

To Proctor's demand Croghan firmly replied that he would defend the post until the last extremity. His representative, who went out to meet Proctor's flag, had just entered the fort on his return, when the British howitzer opened fire upon the stockade and commenced the battle. In this assault the gun-boats joined; and all night long Proctor's heavy guns played upon the stockade, receiving occasional responses from the iron six-pounder, which was shifted from one block-house to another to give the impression that the garrison had several heavy guns. Their supply of ammunition was small, and it was used as sparingly as possible. Croghan silenced his cannon at midnight, and placed it in the block-house, where it might rake the principal ditch, at the point at which it was evident the main assault would be made.

Nearly all the next day Proctor kept up the cannonade, but with little effect. He became impatient, and at four o'clock in the afternoon, when a heavy thunder-shower was rising in the west, he ordered the fort to be stormed. The fire of his cannon was concentrated upon the northwest angle, and toward that weak and imperiled point Croghan directed his strengthening efforts. Bags of sand and sacks of flour were piled against the strong pickets, and the force of the cannonade was broken. At five o'clock the British regulars, in two close columns, led by Lieutenant-Colonel Short, advanced to assail the works. At the same time about two hundred grenadiers, under Lieutenant-Colonel Warburton, made a wide circuit through the woods to make a feigned attack on the southern front.

Short and his party, covered by a tremendous cannonade and concealed by the smoke, were within a few paces of the fort before they were discovered by the garrison. That discovery was followed by a volley of bullets sent by Kentucky sharp-shooters with deadly effect. The British quailed for a moment, but rallied gallantly. They leaped into the ditch, and were pressing forward to assail the pickets, when the iron six-pounder in the block-house, which had been masked, opened a destructive storm of grape-shot upon them. The British leader had just cried, "Cut away the pickets, my brave boys, and show the damned Yankees no quarter!" when the masked port flew open, and slugs and grape-shot streamed along that ditch overflowing with human life. Few in it escaped. The British commander was slain. Another party that followed met a similar fate, when a precipitate and confused retreat immediately ensued. The cowardly Indians, frightened by the fort cannon, had concealed themselves in a ravine near by. The whole battle was fought by the small British force, whose gallantry was conspicuous. Twenty-eight of

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SITE OF FORT STEPHENSON.

them were killed, and ninety were wounded, while the garrison lost only one man killed, and seven slightly wounded. During the night Proctor sent the Indians to gather up the dead and wounded; and at three o'clock in the morning of the 3d the invaders sailed down the Sandusky, leaving behind them a vessel containing clothing and military stores. At about the same hour Croghan wrote a dispatch to Harrison, announcing the victory. His gallant defense of Fort Stephenson became the theme of unbounded eulogy. The ladies of Chillicothe purchased and presented to him an elegant sword. His chief, in his official dispatch, spoke of him in words of highest praise; and the Congress of the United States then voted him the thanks of the nation, and twenty-two years afterward a gold medal. Posterity will ever honor his name.

The site of Fort Stephenson is within the bosom of the pleasant village of Fremont (Lower Sandusky), the capital of Sandusky County, Ohio. It occupies about two-thirds of the square bounded by Croghan, High, Market, and Arch streets, and is occupied by the dwelling and garden of the late Honorable Jacques Hurlburt. The block-house and the ditch raked by the cannon were on the Croghan Street front, and their place is indicated in the picture by the steep bank beyond the two riders. The old iron cannon which did such execution, and which is called *Good Bess*, is carefully preserved in a building not far from the site of the fort.

After the repulse of the British at Fort Stephenson very little of importance occurred in the Northwest until the battle on Lake Erie at near the middle of September—an event which properly belongs to the series composing Harrison's campaign in 1813.

Harrison's regular force now in the field was only about two thousand men. The din of a second invasion had aroused the people of Ohio, and hundreds of volunteers had flocked to the field, only to be again disbanded; for the commander-in-chief considered his regular force quite sufficient for present purposes. Up to this time his efforts had been mainly directed to defensive measures; but now the fleet at Erie being nearly ready, and Captain Perry, its commander, having received orders to cooperate with Harrison as his chief, the latter bent all his energies to the creation of a well-appointed army for another invasion of Canada. Let us leave General Harrison for a while at his head-quarters at "Camp Seneca," and consider the naval operations on Lake Erie.

On the recommendation of Captain Daniel Dobbins, one of the most experienced navigators of Lake Erie, made in a communication by him to the War Department in the autumn of 1812, Presque Isle, or Erie, on the lake shore of Pennsylvania, was chosen as the place for constructing a fleet, and to him was committed the important business of superintending the work. At that time Captain Oliver H. Perry, of the United States Navy, was in command of a flotilla at Newport, Rhode Island. Anxious for distinction, he asked for command on the lakes; and in February following he was directed by the Navy Department to report to Commodore Chauncy, at Sackett's Harbor, with all of the best men of his flotilla in Narraganset Bay. He hastened to obey the order. He found Chauncy at Albany, in New York. They journeyed together to Sackett's Harbor, whence, after remaining a fortnight in expectation of an attack by the enemy from Kingston, Perry proceeded to Erie, where he arrived at the latter part of

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March, and established his quarters at Duncan's "Erie Hotel," now a dilapidated building. Captain Dobbins, then appointed a sailing-master in the navy, had much of the preliminary work of creating a fleet already done; and to provide against the destruction of vessels on the stocks, he had found an armed guard composed of ship-carpenters and other mechanics engaged on the vessels. The main ship-yard was at the mouth of Cascade Creek, a little west of the present village of Erie; and on the high bank near was a block-house for defense, from the summit of which the lake might be seen over Presque Isle, the low wooded peninsula that forms the sheltering inclosure of the beautiful harbor of Erie.



PERRY'S QUARTERS AT ERIE.

Perry's vessels were completed by the middle of July, but, alas! he had only men enough to officer and man one of the brigs, and he was compelled to lie idle at Erie, an unwilling witness of the insolent menaces of the enemy on the open lake, who had partly built a squadron at Fort Malden. The brig that was to bear his broad pennant (for Perry was made commander of the American squadron) had just been named *Lawrence*, by order of the Secretary of the Navy, in honor of the gallant slain commander of the *Chesapeake*.

Perry received reinforcements, and early in August he crossed the bar at Erie with his squadron, while that of the British, under Captain Barclay, was hovering in sight. On the evening of the 5th all sails were spread, and the squadron proceeded to cruise between Erie and the Canada shore in search of the enemy. On the 9th he was joined by Captain Elliot and about one hundred officers and superior men. Thus reinforced Perry resolved to sail up the lake and report himself ready to co-operate with Harrison. He left Erie on the 12th in battle order, hoping to meet Barclay, and on the 15th anchored in an excellent harbor among some islands westward of Sandusky Bay, called Put-in-Bay. The principal islands that embosom this fine harbor are North, Middle, and South Bass islands, Put-in-Bay, Sugar, Gibraltar, and Strontian, and lie off northward of Port Clinton, the capital of Ottawa County, Ohio.

Perry sailed back to Sandusky Bay on the 13th, and there, on the 19th, General Harrison came on board the *Lawrence* in a heavy rain, accompanied by his aids M'Arthur and Cass, and other officers. The plan of the campaign was arranged, and Put-in-Bay was reconnoitred for the purpose of deciding upon a spot for the army to rendezvous preparatory to transportation to the Canada shores. Harrison was not quite ready for a forward movement, and Perry sailed on a voyage of observation toward Malden. He found the enemy's vessels within the mouth of the Detroit River, and was preparing to strike a blow for their capture when unfavorable winds compelled him to relinquish the design. Before the elements were propitious he was prostrated by fever. He soon convalesced, and on the 1st of September appeared off Malden and challenged Barclay to come out to battle. The cautious Briton, who was then getting his more powerful flag-ship (*Detroit*) ready, did not accept the challenge, and Perry, disappointed, returned to Put-in-Bay.

On the warm and pleasant morning of September 10, 1813, the stirring words, "*Sail, ho!*" rang out from the mast-head of the *Lawrence*. It was not unexpected to Perry, for he had received intimations that Barclay would soon appear on the lake. On the previous evening he had called around him the officers of the squadron and given them written instructions concerning the battle which he was determined to fight if opportunity should offer. To each vessel of his squadron an antagonist on the British side was assigned, and to each commander he said in substance, "Engage your antagonist in close action, keeping in the line at half cable-length from the vessel of our squadron ahead of you." Then he brought out a fine battle-flag made at Erie, at his request, of blue bunting, on which was seen, in large white letters, the words of the dying Lawrence, "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!" "When this flag shall be hoisted to my main royal mast-head," said the Commodore, "it shall be your signal for going into action."

The cry of "Sail, ho!" was soon followed by signals for the squadron to get under way. The British vessels, six in number, were seen upon the northwestern horizon at a little after sunrise. A light wind was blowing from the southwest, and after a gentle shower the sky became perfectly serene. At ten o'clock in the morning the hostile vessels were approaching each other. Those of the British were the *Detroit* 19, *Queen Charlotte* 17, *Lady Prevost* 13, *Hunter* 10, *Little Belt* 3, and *Chippewa* 1. Each had one or more howitzers and smaller guns. The American squadron consisted of the *Lawrence* 20, *Niagara* 20, *Caledonia* 3, *Ariel* 4, *Scorpion* 2, *Trippe* 1, *Tigress* 1, *Porcupine* 1. The *Scorpion* had besides two swivel-guns. In close action the weight of metal was in favor of Perry. At a distance Barclay had the advantage, for he had

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OLIVER H. PERRY.

thirty-four long guns to Perry's *fifteen*. The whole British force, in officers and men, was a little more than five hundred. Perry's muster-roll bore four hundred and ninety names. Of these the bearers of one hundred and sixteen were sick, and many others were very weak, for fever had been very prevalent in the squadron. One-fourth of them were negroes.

At a little past ten o'clock Perry's burgee, with the stirring admonition, "DON'T GIVE UP THE SHIP!" was displayed. Refreshments were distributed among the men as the dinner-hour would probably find them in conflict. The decks were wetted and sprinkled with sand, so that the feet would not slip when blood should begin to flow; and silently the American vessels bore down toward the enemy at less than three knots an hour. Barclay's vessels were near together in battle order. The *Lawrence*, sailing-master Taylor, the *Scorpion*, Captain Champlin, the *Ariel*, Lieutenant Packet, and the *Caledonia*, Captain Turner, moved forward to attack the *Detroit* (Barclay's flag-ship), *Hunter*, and *Chippewa*. The fine brig *Niagara*, Captain Elliot, followed, with instructions to fight the *Queen Charlotte*, while Almy in the *Somers*, Senat in the *Porcupine*, Conklin in the *Tigress*, and Holdup in the *Trippe*, were to engage the smaller vessels of the enemy.

At a quarter before twelve o'clock a bugle sounded on board the *Detroit*. It was a signal for action, and was followed by a shout from the whole British squadron, and a 24-pound shot from the enemy's flag-ship, that went booming over the waters toward the *Lawrence*, then a mile and a half distant. Barclay appreciated the advantage of his long guns, and wished to fight at a distance, while Perry resolved to press to close quarters before opening his fire. That first shot fell short. Another, five minutes later, went crashing through the bulwarks of the *Lawrence*. It stirred the blood of her gallant men; but at the command of Perry she remained silent. "Steady! boys, steady!" he said, while his dark eyes flashed with the excitement of the moment — an excitement half smothered by his judgment. Slowly his little squadron, with the light wind abeam, moved on, and at five minutes before twelve the battle was opened, on the part of the Americans, by Captain Stephen Champlin of the *Scorpion*, now the only survivor of the commanders on that day. The action soon became general, but the most destructive energies of the foe were concentrated upon the *Lawrence*, with the determination to destroy her and the gallant Perry. At the same time the *Lawrence* pressed closer and closer toward her chief antagonist, the *Detroit*, so as to make her shorter guns effectual. For two hours she bore the brunt of battle, while the *Niagara* kept at a safe distance from the enemy's guns. In that conflict the *Lawrence* became terribly shattered. Her rigging was nearly all shot away; her sails were torn into shreds; her spars were battered into splinters; her guns were dismounted, and she lay upon the bosom of the lake an almost helpless wreck. The carnage upon her deck had been dreadful. Out of one hundred and three sound men that composed her officers and crew, when she went into action, twenty-two were slain and sixty-one were wounded. The scenes on board of her, as described by Dr. Usher Parsons, Perry's surgeon, and now the only surviving commissioned officer of the squadron, were heart-rending in the extreme. Six round shot went crashing through the shallow cockpit of the vessel where Parsons was attending the



STEPHEN CHAMPLIN.

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wounded, and two of his patients were killed after their wounds had been dressed!

When the *Lawrence* became silent from exhaustion, the *Niagara*, for the first time, bore down in close proximity to the enemy. She spread her canvas before a freshing breeze, and bore away toward the head of the enemy's squadron, passing the American flag-ship to the windward, and leaving her still exposed to the galling fire of the enemy. It was while she was abreast the *Lawrence* in her "Priest and Levite" course that Perry performed that act of genuine heroism which History, Art, and Song have delighted to commemorate. His vessel was utterly disabled. Only fourteen unhurt persons remained on her deck, and only nine of these were seamen. He could fight there no longer; so, leaving the smitten vessel in command of the brave and severely wounded Lieutenant Yarnall, he ordered his boat to be lowered and his broad pennant and the inspiring burgee hauled down. Then directing Yarnall to keep the Stars and Stripes floating over the battered *Lawrence* as long as possible, he pushed off with his flags and four stout seamen for the *Niagara*. He was quickly perceived by the enemy, and great and little guns were brought to bear upon his boat and its precious freight. Cannon-balls, grape, canister, and musket-shot were hurled in showers during the fifteen minutes occupied in the passage from the *Lawrence* to the *Niagara*. The shield of God's providence protected the hero. He stood erect in his boat all the way, unmindful of the death-storm around him, and safely climbed the side of the *Niagara*. He was blackened by the smoke of battle, but unharmed; and he appeared to the astonished Elliot, who met him at the gangway, and had reason to believe he was dead, and himself the commander of the squadron by seniority, as a ghostly apparition. There was no time for a conference; Elliot immediately departed in a boat to bring up the lagging members of the squadron, and Perry took command of the *Niagara*. At a glance he comprehended her condition and capabilities. She was in perfect order for conflict. He immediately run up his pennant, displayed the blue burgee and its glorious words, hoisted the signal for close action and received quick responses and cheers from the whole squadron, hove to, altered the course of the vessel, set the proper sails, and bore down upon the British line which lay only half a mile distant. His quick and gallant movement was successful. He struck and broke the enemy's line, and passing at half-pistol shot distance between the *Lady Prevost* and *Chippewa* on his larboard, and the *Detroit*, *Queen Charlotte*, and *Hunter* on his starboard, poured in tremendous broadsides right and left from double-shotted cannon. Ranging ahead of the vessels on his starboard, he rounded to and raked the *Detroit* and *Queen Charlotte*, which had got foul of each other. Close and deadly was his fire upon them with great guns and musketry, while the other vessels of his squadron were engaged in co-operating movements. Eight minutes after Perry dashed through the British lines the colors of the *Detroit* were struck, and her example was speedily followed by all the other vessels of Barclay's squadron, excepting the *Little Belt* and *Chippewa*, which attempted to escape to the shelter of the guns of Fort Malden. Champlin with the *Scorpion*, and Holdup with the *Trippe*, went in pursuit, overtook them, and brought them back in triumph. In this chase Champlin fired the *last* as he did the *first* American gun in the Battle of Lake Erie.

It was four o'clock in the afternoon when the flag of the *Detroit* was struck. When Perry's eye perceived, at a glance, that victory was sure, he wrote in pencil on the back of an old letter, resting it upon his navy cap, that remarkable dispatch to General Harrison whose first clause has been so often quoted:

"We have met the enemy and they are ours: Two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop.

"Yours with great respect and esteem,

"O. H. PERRY."

A few minutes afterward, when a sense of Divine power and goodness seemed to take possession of his mind, he wrote to the Secretary of the Navy as follows:

"U. S. BRIG 'NIAGARA,' OFF THE WESTERN SISTER, HEAD OF LAKE ERIE, *Sept.* 10, 1813, 4 P.M.

"SIR,—It has pleased the Almighty to give to the arms of the United States a signal victory over their enemies on this lake. The British squadron, consisting of two ships, two brigs, one schooner, and one sloop, have this moment surrendered to the force under my command, after a sharp conflict.

"I have the honor to be, Sir,

"Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

"O. H. PERRY."

"HON. WILLIAM JONES, *Secretary of the Navy.*"

This victory filled the Americans with joy and the British with mortification. It was the first time that a record had been made in the naval history of Great Britain of an entire British squadron having been captured. To the people of the Northwest it was a promise of deliverance and peace. That whole region was instantly relieved of the most gloomy forebodings of coming evil. The victory led to the destruction of the Indian Confederacy, and wiped out the disgrace of Hull's misfortunes thirteen months before. It opened the way for Harrison to repossess the territory thus surrendered, and to penetrate Canada. From that moment no one doubted the ability of the Americans to maintain the mastery of the lakes. Only a few weeks afterward Washington Irving, in a biographical sketch of Perry, said:

"The last roar of cannon that died along the shores of Erie was the expiring note of British domination. Those vast internal seas will, perhaps, never again be the separating space between contending nations; and this victory, which decided their fate, will stand unrivaled and alone, deriving lustre and perpetuity from its singleness. In future times, when the shores of Erie shall hum with a busy population; when towns and cities shall brighten where now ex-

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tend the dark and tangled forests; when ports shall spread their arms, and lofty barks shall ride where now the canoe is fastened to the stake; when the present age shall have grown into venerable antiquity, and the mists of fable begin to gather round its history; then will the inhabitants look back to this battle we record, as one of the romantic achievements of the days of yore. It will stand first in the page of their local legends, and in the marvelous tales of the border."

This prophecy has been fulfilled. The archipelago that embraces Put-in-Bay has become a classic region. At Erie, and Cleveland, and Sandusky, and Toledo, where the Indian then "fastened his canoe to a stake," "ports spread their arms;" and every year the anniversary of the battle is somewhere celebrated with appropriate demonstrations. That battle "stands first in their local legends, and in the marvelous tales of the border."

When the battle was over, and the vanquished had formally surrendered, there was yet another service—sad and impressive—to be performed. The dead of the two squadrons were to be buried. When twilight—the rich, glowing twilight at the end of a gorgeous September day, peculiar to that region—lay upon the bosom of the lake like a luminous, deepening mist, the bodies of all the slain, excepting those of the officers, wrapped in rude shrouds and with a cannon-ball at the feet of each, were dropped, one by one, into the bosom of the clear lake, at the close of the beautiful and impressive burial-service of the Anglican Church. The moon soon spread her silver sheen over the common grave, and all but the suffering wounded slumbered until the dawn. At nine o'clock on the morning of the 11th the two squadrons weighed anchor and sailed for Put-in-Bay harbor; and there, twenty-four hours afterward, on the margin of South Bass Island, where now willow, hickory, and maple trees cast a pleasant shadow in summer, three American and three British officers were buried with the same solemn funeral rites, in the presence of their respective countrymen.

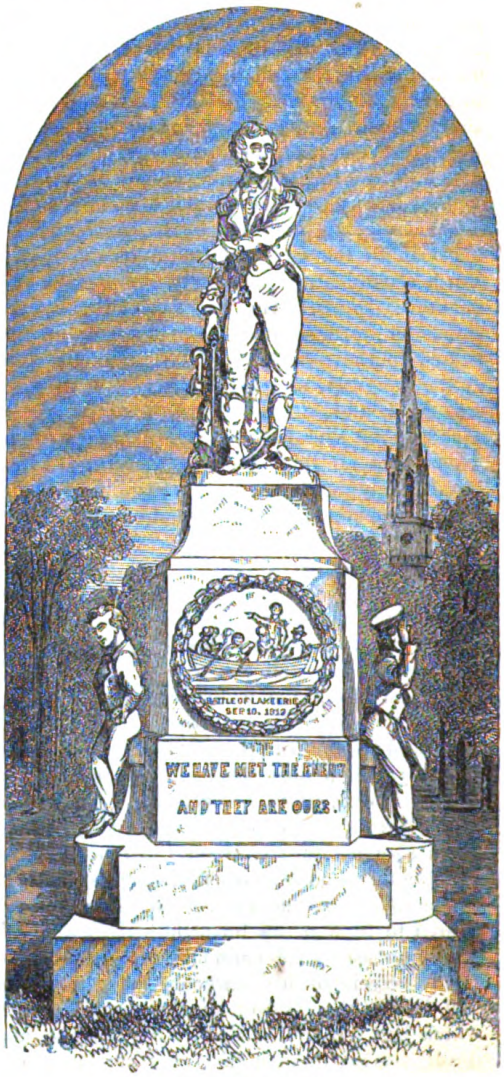
The American Congress voted thanks and a gold medal to Perry; and in the year 1860 a beautiful white marble statue, wrought by Walcott, was erected in the city of Cleveland, on the borders of Lake Erie, where the distant rumbling of the thunder of the battle was heard on the day of the conflict.

When the dead were buried and the prisoners were disposed of, Perry prepared for the transportation of Harrison's army to Canada. For that purpose he placed all of the wounded Americans on board the shattered *Lawrence*, and the wounded British on the shattered *Detroit* and crippled *Queen Charlotte*, and arranged the *Niagara* and the lighter vessels of both squadrons for transports. The *Niagara* was made his flagship.

Harrison was ready for a forward movement. He had called on Governor Shelby for fifteen hundred Kentuckians, and had invited the veteran to the field as commander. That invita-



THE BURIAL-PLACE.



PERRY'S STATUE.

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tion revived the martial spirit of Shelby, and he resolved to *lead* not to *send* his countrymen to the war, at the same time refusing Harrison's generous offer of command. He issued a proclamation to the Kentuckians, saying, "I will lead you to the field of battle, and share with you the dangers and the honors of the campaign." His words were electrical. Kentucky immediately blazed with enthusiasm: "Come," said the young men and veterans, "let us rally round the eagle of our country, for *Old King's Mountain* will certainly lead us to victory and conquest." Twice the required number flocked to his standard, and with General John Adair, and the now venerable John J. Crittenden as his aids, and wearing upon his thigh a sword just presented to him by Henry Clay in behalf of the State of North Carolina, in testimony of his gallantry at King's Mountain in the old War for Independence, he led thirty-five hundred mounted men, including Colonel Richard M. Johnson's troop, in the direction of Lake Erie. Pressing forward with his staff, he heard, at Fort Ball (now Tiffin, Ohio), of Perry's victory. Thrilled with joy, he sent couriers to his commanders with orders for them to hasten forward. Hope and promise every where prevailed. Energy marked every movement; and on the 16th of September, the whole army of the Northwest, excepting the troops at Fort Meigs and minor posts, were on the borders of Erie, camped on the pleasant peninsula between Sandusky Bay and the lake below the mouth of the Portage River, now Port Clinton.

The embarkation of the troops commenced on the 20th. There were not vessels enough to convey the horses and forage; so the Kentuckians were all dismounted excepting Johnson's corps, which was sent by land toward Detroit. The peninsula was inclosed by a fence across its neck, and there the horses were left while the army invaded Canada.

On a lovely autumnal day, a gentle breeze rippling the bosom of the lake, and filling the sails, the invading army moved northward in sixteen armed vessels and almost one hundred boats. It was a sublime and beautiful spectacle. They left their anchorage at nine o'clock in the morning, and at about four in the afternoon the army debarked on Hartley's Point, three or four miles below Fort Malden, without opposition. It immediately moved forward, and as it approached Amherstburg, where Fort Malden was situated, instead of being confronted by armed foes, Shelby and his staff, who were in the advance, met a deputation of modest, well-dressed women, who came to implore mercy and protection. Proctor, who was in command at Malden, taking counsel of prudence and fear, and acting contrary to the solemn advice, earnest entreaties, and indignant remonstrances of his more courageous brother officer, Tecumtha, had fled northward, with his army, leaving Fort Malden, the navy buildings, and the public store-houses smoking ruins. The Americans occupied the deserted village that night. They entered it with the bands playing Yankee Doodle. The loyal portion of the inhabitants had fled.



ISAAC SHELBY.

When Harrison's army entered Amherstburg, the rear-guard of the enemy had not been gone an hour; Colonel Ball immediately sent an officer and twenty of his cavalry after them, to prevent their destroying the bridge over the Aux Canards or Ta-ron-tee River. They had just fired it when the pursuers approached. A single volley scattered the incendiaries, and the bridge was saved.

Early on the following morning Harrison's army moved up the river to Sandwich. At the same time the American flotilla went up the river to Detroit, and Colonel Johnson and his mounted men, who had kept abreast the vessels, on the west side of the Detroit, also arrived there. The British had fled. Detroit was taken possession of by the Americans without a battle; martial law was succeeded by civil law; and the splendid territory lost the year before was recovered.

On the morning of the 2d of October the pursuit of Proctor was renewed. It was known that he had fled along the borders of Lake St. Clair toward the River La Tranche or Thames, with the evident intention, if hard pushed, to make his way to Burlington Heights, at the head of Lake Ontario, where the British had a considerable force. Leaving M'Arthur and his brigade to hold Detroit, and Cass's brigade and Ball's corps at Sandwich, the rest of the army, including Johnson's regiment, pressed forward, the armed vessels at the same time making their way to the River Thames. They frequently heard of the fugitive enemy, but could not overtake him. They came near doing so at Dolsen's, a little above the great prairie that skirts the lower Thames, and a short distance below Chatham, on that river, to which point a part of the American flotilla penetrated. But he eluded their grasp and pushed into the interior. At Dolsen's Perry left his vessels, mounted a horse, and joined Harrison as his volunteer aid.

On the morning of the 4th Proctor fled up the Thames from Dolsen's, cursed by Tecumtha for his cowardice; and at Chatham, where a

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deep stream, called M'Gregor's Creek, flows into the river between high banks, he prepared to make a stand, according to a promise given to the Indian leader. But he again fled in mortal dread of the vengeance of Kentuckians in pursuit. Sixty dusky warriors, under Walk-in-the-Water, then deserted him. He destroyed the bridges over M'Gregor's Creek, and thus somewhat checked pursuit. But the delay was temporary, and on the 5th, at noon, Harrison with his whole army forded the Thames, and was directly in the rear of Proctor, and only a few miles behind. As they approached the Moravian Town on the river, at about two o'clock in the afternoon, it was evident that the enemy was almost overtaken. Colonel Johnson dashed forward to obtain information. He captured a wagoner, and from him learned that the enemy, in battle-array, had halted across the pathway of the pursuers only three hundred yards further on, their position being masked by the forest. A reconnoissance corroborated the statement, and General Harrison arranged his army in battle order. It consisted of a part of the Twenty-seventh regiment of Regulars, five brigades of Kentucky Volunteers under Governor Shelby, and Colonel Johnson's mounted militia —a little more than three thousand in number. The number of the British and Indians did not exceed two thousand.



DOLSEN'S.

It is said that Tecumtha compelled Proctor to make a stand by threatening to desert him with his whole Indian force. The ground chosen by the enemy was well selected. On his left was the River Thames, with a high and precipitous bank, and on his right a marsh running almost parallel with the river for about two miles. Between these, and two or three hundred yards from the river, was a small swamp, quite narrow, with a strip of solid ground between it and the large marsh. The whole space between the river and the great swamp was covered with timber, with very little undergrowth.

The British Regulars were formed in two lines between the small swamp and the river, their artillery being planted in the road near the bank of the stream. The Indians were posted between the two swamps, where the undergrowth was thicker, their right extending some distance along and just within the borders of the large swamp, and so disposed as to easily flank Harrison's left. Their left, commanded in person by Tecumtha, occupied the isthmus between the two swamps.

In the disposition of his army Harrison made arrangements for the horsemen, who were in front, to fall back, allow the infantry to make the attack, and then charge upon the British lines. For this purpose General Marquis Calmes's brigade, five hundred strong, under Colonel Trotter, was placed in the front line, which extended from the road on the right toward the greater marsh. Parallel with these, one hundred and fifty yards in the rear, was General John E. King's brigade; and in the rear of this was General David Chile's brigade, posted as a reserve. These three brigades were under the command of Major-General King. Two others (Allen's and Caldwell's) and Simrall's regiment, forming General Desha's division, were formed upon the left of the front line, so as to hold the Indians in check and prevent a serious flank movement by them. At the *crochet* formed by Desha's and the front line of Henry's division the venerable Shelby, then sixty-six years of age, took his position. In front of all these, between the road and the smaller swamp, were Johnson's mounted men, in two columns, one commanded by himself and the other by his brother James, the lieutenant-colonel. A small corps of Regulars, one hundred and twenty in number, under Colonel Paul, were posted between the road and the river, for the purpose of advancing, in concert with some Indians under the wooded bank, to attempt the capture of the enemy's cannon.

Just as the Americans were about to make the attack Harrison was informed of an unexpected disposition of the enemy's force. Con-

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VIEW ON THE THAMES AT THE BATTLE-GROUND.

trary to all precedent he incurred the peril of changing his plan of attack at the last moment. He ordered Johnson to charge the British line with his mounted men. That gallant soldier immediately prepared to do so, when he found the space between the smaller marsh and the river too limited for his corps to act efficiently. In the exercise of discretion given him he led his second column across the little marsh to attack the Indian left, leaving the first battalion, under his brother and Major Payne, to fall upon the British Regulars. The latter battalion was immediately formed in four columns of double files, with spies in front, while Colonel Johnson formed his battalion in two columns in front of Shelby, with a company of footmen before him. Harrison, accompanied by acting Adjutant-General Butler, Commodore Perry, and General Cass, took position on the extreme right, near the bank of the river, where he could observe and direct the movements.

At the sound of a bugle the cavalry on the right moved steadily to the charge, receiving the fire of the enemy, when, with a tremendous shout, they dashed forward, fell furiously upon the British line, broke it, and scattered it in all directions. The second British line, thirty paces in the rear, was likewise broken and confused. The horsemen then wheeled, poured in a destructive fire upon the rear, right, and left, and caused the terrified foe to surrender as fast as they could throw down their arms. In less than five minutes after the first shot of the battle was fired the whole British force of white men, more than eight hundred strong, were totally vanquished, and most of them were made prisoners. Only a single officer and fifty men of the Forty-first regiment escaped. The cowardly Proctor fled in his carriage, with his personal staff, a few dragoons, and some mounted Indians, hotly pursued by a part of Johnson's corps under Major Payne. They chased him until dark, but could not overtake him. He was so hotly pressed, however, that he abandoned his carriage, left the road, and escaped by some by-path. So vigorous was his flight that, within twenty-four hours after the battle, he was sixty miles from the scene of conflict. The pursuers captured his carriage.

When the bugle sounded for the attack on the British left the notes of another on the American left rang out in the clear autumn air. Colonel Johnson and his battalion charged upon the Indians under Tecumtha, and a desperate battle ensued, in which the gallant Kentucky leader was severely wounded, and the Shawnoese warrior was slain. This occurred early in the action. Tradition and history relate that he had just wounded Colonel Johnson with a rifle-bullet, and was springing forward with a tomahawk to dispatch him, when the latter drew a pistol from his belt and shot him dead. This scene is represented in *bas relief* on a marble monument erected to the memory of Johnson in a beautiful cemetery on the high bank of the Kentucky River, near Frankfort, Kentucky.

The fall of Tecumtha, and the utter discomfiture of the British columns, caused the Indians to fly in terror. The battle was ended very soon after it was commenced. The loss on the part of the Americans was about fifteen killed and thirty wounded. The British lost about eighteen killed, twenty-six wounded, and six hundred made prisoners, twenty-five of whom were officers. On the battle-ground and in the pursuit from Lake St. Clair Harrison had captured more than five thousand small-arms, nearly all of which had been taken from the Americans at Detroit, Frenchtown, and Dudley's defeat. He had also captured six brass cannon, three of



JOHNSON'S MONUMENT.

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which were taken from the British in the War of the Revolution, and retaken from Hull at Detroit.

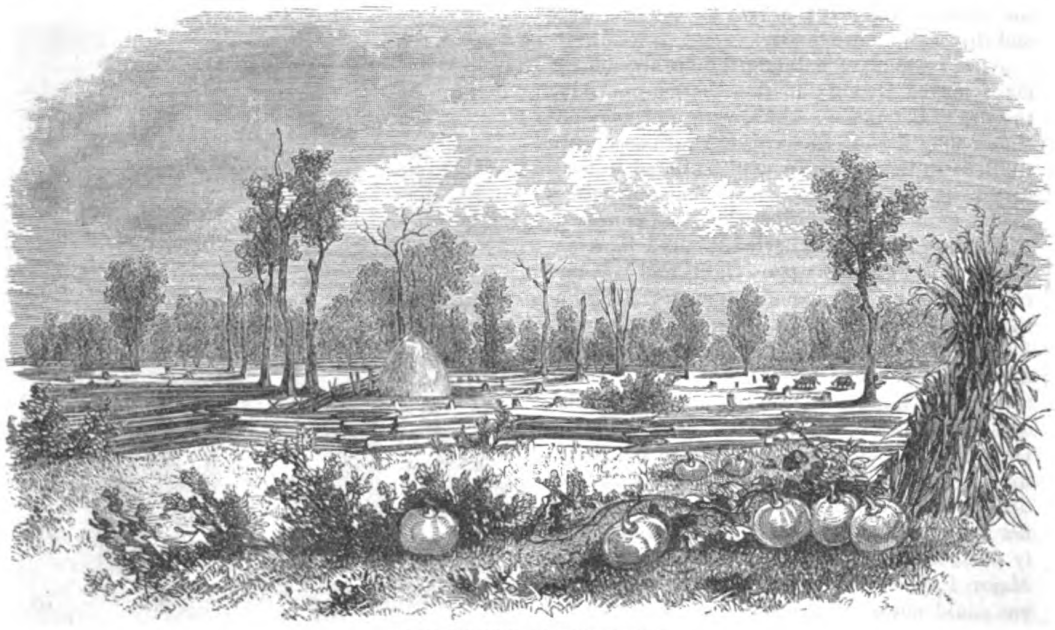
Harrison's success, and the annihilation of the allied armies of the foe westward of Lake Ontario, following so quickly upon the victory on Lake Erie, produced unbounded joy throughout the United States. The hopes of the Americans were revived, for they felt that a really able general was in the field. His praises were on every lip. In the chief cities, from Maine to Georgia, and all over the West, bonfires and illuminations attested the public satisfaction; and in many places joint honors were paid to the heroes of *Lake Erie* and the *Thames*. They were every where toasted; and the American Congress, in testimony of their appreciation of Harrison's services, afterward gave him their cordial thanks, and voted him a gold medal. Proctor, who meanly attempted to lay the burden of the disgrace of defeat upon the shoulders of his gallant soldiers, received his reward, when the truth became known, in the form of a public reprimand and suspension from rank and pay for six months—a punishment which the Prince Regent virtually declared to be inadequate.

The victory in itself, and its subsequent effects, was complete. It broke up the Indian Confederacy of the Northwest, and caused the disheartened warriors to forsake their white allies and sue humbly for peace and pardon at the feet of the Americans. Harrison returned to Detroit with his army, where he was welcomed as Victor and Liberator; and General Cass, duly installed civil and military Governor of Michigan, remained there with his brigade. There he still (May, 1863) resides at the age of eighty-one years.

The battle-ground of the Thames, then covered with the forest, is now a cultivated farm. A few dead and half-dead stems of the old trees, blackened by fire, remain. The large swamp is still there, but the smaller one, opened to the sun by clearing the trees and bushes from it, has almost disappeared. When I visited the spot, on a cold blustering day in October, 1860, a corn-field, thickly dotted with ripe pumpkins, covered a portion of the scene of conflict; and near the place where, tradition says, Tecumtha fell, I made the accompanying sketch.

General Harrison intended, on his return to Detroit, to proceed at once against Mackinack with a land-force, transported and convoyed by a part of Perry's flotilla under Captain Elliot. A heavy storm and the lateness of the season compelled him to relinquish the design. He and Perry sailed down the lake to Erie, where they were received with public demonstrations of joy; and on the 24th of October the General arrived at Buffalo on his way to the mouth of the Niagara River, there to prepare for leading an expedition against the British at Burlington Heights. His arrangements were nearly completed when he and his troops were ordered to Sackett's Harbor. An expedition was about to move against Montreal from that point, and it was important to have a force sufficient at the east end of Lake Ontario to protect that region from British invasion. Chauncey's fleet conveyed the troops to Sackett's Harbor, and the Secretary of War gave General Harrison unasked-for permission to visit his family near Cincinnati. Harrison journeyed homeward by way of New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington, and every where received the warm plaudits of his countrymen.

The campaign of 1813, under the old Generals Dearborn, Hampton, and Wilkinson, having been fruitless of much good to the American cause, the eyes of the people were turned toward



BATTLE-GROUND OF THE THAMES.

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Harrison, the successful leader, as the future acting commander-in-chief of the American army, or at least of the division of it on the Northern frontier. Such was the expectation of his companions in arms. "Yes, my dear friend," Perry wrote to him, "I expect to hail you as the chief who is to redeem the honor of our arms in the north." "You, Sir," wrote M'Arthur to him from Albany in New York, "stand the highest with the militia of this State of any general in the service, and I am confident that no man can fight them to so great advantage; and I think their extreme solicitude may be the means of calling you to this frontier." But these expectations were not realized. The professed kindly feelings of the Secretary of War toward General Harrison became suddenly changed, and his permission to visit his family assumed the practical form of a relief from command. He interfered with Harrison's prerogatives as the commander-in-chief of the Eighth Military District; and the General became so well convinced, by circumstances not necessary to mention here, that the Secretary intended to virtually deprive him of all command, that on the 11th of May, 1814, in a letter to that functionary, and in another to President Madison, he offered to resign his commission. The President was absent from Washington when the letter arrived, and the Secretary of War, assuming authority never exercised before, accepted the resignation without consulting his superior. The latter expressed his sincere regret in a letter to Governor Shelby, who had written to him when he heard of Harrison's intention, saying, "Having served in a campaign with General Harrison, by which I have been enabled to form some opinion of his military talents and capacity to command, I feel no hesitation to declare to you that I believe him to be one of the first military characters I ever knew; and in addition to this, he is capable of making greater personal exertions than any officer with whom I have ever served."

Harrison was then forty years of age. His military services were lost to the country during the remainder of the war. He left the army; and, during the ensuing summer, was appointed, in conjunction with Governors Shelby and Cass, to treat with the Indians of the Northwest concerning all things in dispute between the tribes and the United States.

In this and the preceding paper, in which is given an outline of the principal events in the campaigns of General Harrison in the Northwest, that officer is represented as one of the best military commanders then in the service of the United States. Truth declares this verdict from the testimony of contemporary history. He was not a novice in the art of war when he took command of the little army that gained victory and renown at the Tippecanoe. He had been an honored soldier under the impetuous Wayne, and planned the march and the scheme of battle which resulted in victory over the Indians at the Rapids of the Maumee in 1794. While he was a gallant young soldier, stationed in command at Cincinnati, he wooed and won and wedded sweet Anna Symmes, the daughter of the proprietor of the "Great Miami Purchase," who was then living in a spacious log-house at the North Bend of the Ohio, a dozen miles or so by railway westward of the "Queen City of the West." The father frowned on their betrothal, for the young Virginian, though a scion of an honored stock, was a soldier, and would be likely to take his beloved Anna far away. But love laughs at such obstacles. One fine day, when Judge Symmes returned home after a brief absence, he found Captain Harrison there, and was informed that the alchemy of legal power, in the hands of Dr. Stephen Wood, a magistrate, had made him his son-in-law. "Well, Sir," he said, somewhat sternly, "I understand you have married Anna." "Yes, Sir," responded the Captain. "How do you expect to support her?" the father inquired. "By my sword and my own right arm," quickly responded the young officer. The Judge was pleased with the reply, and, like a sensible man, gave them his blessing. He lived to be proud of that son-in-law as Governor of the Indiana Territory and the hero of Tippecanoe, Fort Meigs, and the Thames; and the devoted wife, after sharing his joys and sorrows for five-and-forty years, laid him in the grave within sight of the place of their nuptials, while the nation mingled its tears with hers, for he was crowned with the unsurpassable honor of being Chief Magistrate of this Republic. He was elected President of the United States by the voice of the people in the autumn of 1840, and was inaugurated on the 4th of March following. Precisely one month afterward he expired at the Executive Mansion in the National Capital at the age of sixty-eight years; a few months older than Washington at his death, the first President of the Republic.

The tomb of Harrison is upon a beautiful knoll about two hundred feet above the Ohio River, near the North Bend station. It is built of brick; is ten by twelve feet in size, and is surrounded by trees, shrubbery, and green sward. At its foot is a noble mulberry-tree, and at its head is an entrance door slightly inclined. The only tenants of the tomb when I was there in 1860 were the remains of General Harrison and his second daughter, Mrs. Doctor Thornton; for his widow still survives, and retains much of the beauty of her middle life, although past eighty years of age.

At the foot of gentle hills, about three hundred yards from the Ohio, and in full view of the North Bend station, is the site of the residence of General Harrison, the half-fabled "Log-Cabin" of the politicians in 1840. It was set on fire, it is believed, by a dismissed servant-girl a few years ago, and entirely consumed. All of General Harrison's military and other valuable papers were burned; also many presents that were sent to him by political friends during the presidential canvass that resulted in his elec-

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tion. The family portraits and a few other things were saved.



HARRISON'S TOMB.

As a soldier, a magistrate, a legislator, a representative of his Government abroad, and, above all, as an American citizen, William Henry Harrison always held the highest place in the esteem of those who knew him. He was not brilliant, but was strong and reliable. Better still, he was pure and incorruptible in public and in private life; and no well-informed American, of whatever creed, can stand by his grave, or catch glimpses of it from the railway or the steamboat, without being sensibly impressed with the thought that therein reposes the mortal remains of the highest type of divinity on earth — AN HONEST MAN.

AN AMERICAN FAMILY IN GERMANY.

[Second Paper.]

THERE is something almost childlike in the love of the Germans for innocent amusements. Naturally a plodding and matter-of-fact people, it is remarkable with what facility they cast aside the heavy burdens of life and enter into all the frivolities of childhood. I think they are for this very reason a healthier and more cheerful race than we; they live longer, and enjoy a larger share of happiness.

Now I am a plain man—a serious man—a man of rather a heavy turn of mind. Yet I am not insensible to the advantages of occasional relaxation. The other evening, as I was sitting cozily by the fire after dinner, listening to the young ones, who were reading a ridiculous old book of the sixteenth century called the "Froschmausler," by one Rollenhager—all about a war between the frogs and the mice, and a snake that suffered great trouble in consequence of a quarrel between his head and his tail—a knock interrupted the story. I arose and opened the door. To say that I was astonished at the apparition that stood before me would but faintly express my sensations. One could scarcely believe such a thing could have happened in the nineteenth century. It was a live goblin of the most ferocious aspect, full six feet high, with a tremendous long nose, and a chin to correspond, both fearfully red, and almost meeting at the points. His great goggle eyes absolutely glared; and when he snapped his nose and chin together it was terrible to behold him. His dress was of the most outlandish description: a great fur coat, hanging in folds to his feet, and fantastically decorated. Around his waist was a belt, from which hung three great bags filled with nuts, apples, and cakes. I assure you it was enough to startle a man of the strongest nerves. Without a word of explanation this gigantic monster marched into the middle of the room, bowing and scraping in the most absurd manner, to the profound astonishment and terror of the young ones. "SHOW ME ALL THE BAD CHILDREN!" said he, in a deep, sepulchral voice. This he said in German (which appeared to be his native tongue), munching nuts and flourishing his bunch of switches as he waited for a reply. "Mein Herr!" I answered, in the best Frankfort dialect; "Ich glaube dieses Kinder sind alles gut!"—"*Das is schön! das is recht!*" muttered the monster; "*kommen sie hier, Kinder!*" All were silent; and some of the little ones tried hard to get under the sofa. When the monster saw what a serious panic he had created he assumed a friendly and congenial aspect, and by dint of coaxing succeeded in drawing them out again, and forming them in a circle around him. Then he catechised them about their conduct and studies at school, and having satisfied his mind on this point, began to cast out whole handfuls of nuts and apples and cakes over the floor. They could not resist this display of munificence, as may well be supposed, but straightway, with merry shouts, fell to scrambling after the good things. The monster roared laughing at the fun, which set all the youngsters to laughing, partly in fear, and partly because they couldn't help it; whereupon, affecting to be highly enraged at being laughed at, the monster began to switch them up and down the

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room, hopping, skipping, jumping, rearing, and tearing like a madman let loose. Then such shouting, and screaming, and roaring with laughter you never heard: it baffles description, the mingled delight and confusion of the children, and the tomfoolery of this merry old vagabond. I wellnigh burst my sides at his antics; and as for Mrs. Brown, she has been troubled with stitches ever since. Where he came from, or who sent him, or what his usual occupation is, I haven't the least idea. I only know he cost me two gulden; and all this happened on St. Nicholas's day. The Germans call him Nicholas. I have no doubt at all he is some relation to the old gentleman.



NICHOLAS.

If this were all, an imaginative man might stand it; but I am a staid and sober-minded person; a practical sort of man, somewhat hardened by the rough realities and gravities of American life, and don't know what the youngsters are coming to. Why, they talk about nothing from morning till night but fairies and hobgoblins, wizards and witches, and the like. Their principal studies out of school appear to me to be about wonderful frogs that pour water into the barrels of guns when hunters go to sleep; ambitious cats that learn how to sing from nightingales; ravens that draw chariots through the air filled with beautiful canary-birds; rabbits that lay eggs and defend their nests with pitchforks; voracious rats that chase bad men into old castles, and devour the bad men, bones and all; little fairies that live in blue-bells and butter-cups, and dance under the trees of nights; in short, such strange things do they read and talk about that I begin to think there must be something queer in the atmosphere. It wouldn't surprise me a bit to see the chairs get up any time of night and dance a cotillion with the tables, or the knives and forks begin to fight over a piece of roast beef. I look for my boots to remonstrate with me every day for saturating their soles with mud, and wouldn't be astonished at any time to hear my hat complain of being carried out in the cold. It is with considerable apprehension that I open my umbrella to keep the rain off, lest it should enter into some infernal compact of revenge with the pump, to give me a dousing for this great act of injustice; and I never see a dog look at me with an inquiring expression that I don't expect him to ask me if I chance to know a brother of his in America by the name of Carl or Hans.

With all this, the children seem to be picking up a vast deal of useful knowledge. Their devotion to the charming stories of Hans Christian Anderssen (translated into German), and to the admirable fairy-tales of Musäus, Franz Hoffman, and the brothers Grimm, encourages in them a taste for reading; and their free and social intercourse with the families of our neighbors, perfects them in the language of the country. They learn something worth knowing in their lightest and most trivial amusements. Our oldest boy has for some time past taken a leading part in a quartette society. That he will eclipse Ole Bull and Vieuxtemps on the violin before very long is the conscientious belief of his mother,

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leaving his father out of the question. This has led him to study the science of music, and to become somewhat acquainted with its history in Germany. The young lady of the family (aged fifteen) has recently become affected with the seal-mania. All her young friends at school had it, and the contagion was irresistible. She is therefore now thoroughly versed in the heraldry of Europe, and is well acquainted with the leading sovereigns, princes, dukes, states, and governments, through her collection of seals and coats of arms. The next in our list, a boy of thirteen, is sorely taken with the bug-mania. He never goes out without a net for catching insects and a pocketful of vials, boxes, and chemical preparations for embalming their bodies. His room is decorated with bugs from the ceiling to the floor, and the parlor is not always free from the products of his entomological researches. The name and habits of every bug in Germany are now perfectly familiar to him. Sometimes his embalmed bodies come to life again, and manifest their vitality by creeping about in our beds, down our backs, and into our pockets. Mrs. Brown is occasionally shocked, when combing the baby's head, to find that it abounds in rear-horses and black beetles, which she avows are enough to devour the poor little creature. Our young lady was greatly mortified one day, in the presence of some select company, to discover that a large variety of her brother's ants and ear-wigs had taken refuge in the net-work that encircles her hair. Then there is the postage-stamp-mania, which has hopelessly seized the entire family without distinction of age or sex. This is the most serious of all. Stamp-books of every size and variety have become absolutely essential to their happiness at whatever cost. Mrs. Brown considers it a system of geography, which must gradually result in a complete knowledge of the physical formation of the world, and of the various prevailing systems of government. The researches of the entire family in distant parts of the globe for the purpose of ferreting out and securing new and rare postage-stamps, she says, have already greatly enlarged their minds. In the pursuit of this object they have ranged over the maps and topographical peculiarities of every country possessing a postal system, from Iceland to the Cape of Good Hope, and from Great Britain to the East Indies. They know at a glance to what government a people are subjected by looking at a stamp not over an inch square. Business habits are encouraged by the trade in stamps perpetually going on between these juvenile speculators and their schoolmates. Rare specimens, that originally cost only a few cents, are often worth enormous sums of money. In truth, there never was any thing like it since the famous tulip-mania of Holland. I am often urgently solicited to visit unknown and barbarous countries that I may send home letters bearing unique and valuable stamps. The other day happening to say to Mrs. Brown, in rather a pettish way, that if it was her deliberate intention to keep the nurse at work scrubbing the floors with dirty water, and to commit the baby exclusively to my charge, while she herself occupied her time in patching old clothes, I would be compelled in self-defense to make a voyage to Kamtchatka, her face brightened up, and she exclaimed with the utmost simplicity: "Oh, John, if you go to Kamtchatka don't forget to send us some postage-stamps! I am certain the children haven't a single stamp from Kamtchatka!" Ever since that unfortunate threat, I have been persistently urged by the whole family to make a voyage to Kamtchatka, in order that I may procure some postage-stamps, which perchance might be a little different from those which I transmitted to them last summer from Moscow.

But this is not the worst. Christmas is coming. The whole household is gone clean cracked. Never have I, in the course of a varied existence, witnessed such Christmas times before. Every little Brown is brimful of it. Such a capering and hiding; stitching, knitting, clipping, cutting, and pasting; red paper and blue paper; spangles of gold and silver; purses, cuffs, lamp-rugs, slippers, and neck-ties; gewgaws, and filigree, and gimcracks; green trees, hung all over with colored balls, little angels, and candy horsemen; wax tapers and bits of looking-glass; such surprises hid in fancy boxes and bags, on the tops of the wardrobes, behind the bureaus, and under the sofas, for Tom, Dick, and Harry; mysterious whisperings, secret conferences, knowing looks, nods, and winks, and sudden hidings away of articles in progress of manufacture but not yet to be seen, would be utterly beyond my powers to describe. It really amuses me to see young people so childish. Often I chuckle to myself, as I sit puffing my meerschaum, pretending to be buried in some abstruse researches, and wonder if ever there was a time when old John Brown was such a simpleton. The most absurd part of it is that these presents are to cost nothing—they never do in Germany. People make with their own hands pretty much all the Christmas gifts which they design as tokens of regard for their friends and domestics. This is the German fashion! say the little Browns; it is so cheap! only six kreutzers for a scrap of cloth; three gulden for silk, worsted, beads, etc.; ten gulden for dolls, and forty-eight kreutzers for dresses for the dolls to wear when they go into company; and twenty-six gulden for pianos and guitars for them to play upon; and a small allowance of sixteen kreutzers per week to keep them in shoes, and so on. Very cheap, indeed—very economical in detail, but painfully heavy in the aggregate! Why, in this country, you don't get off short of forty or fifty presents to miscellaneous people—to your cook, your nurse, the music-teacher, the governess, the school-teacher, the baker, the butcher, the milkman, the old apple-woman, the pear-woman, the sweep, the postman, the beggar-woman, the fellow that plays the hurdy-gurdy, the boy that fetches the groceries—they all expect something as a token of your good-will, and

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when any thing is expected in Christmas times it won't do to be hard or selfish. But I protest against the idea that Christmas is a cheap affair in Germany. My very purse, with shrunken sides and sepulchral voice, cries aloud against it.

I almost despair of being able to give you an adequate idea of a German Christmas. Before attempting it I must appeal to you to give me all the sympathetic aid in your power. Think of Fadladeen and the poet Feramorz, banish from your brow those severe wrinkles of criticism, dear Mr. Editor; let the pale cast of thought give place to the sunny smiles of youth; descend, I pray you, from that mighty tripod upon which the destinies of the world are centred, and be once more an unsophisticated juvenile. For never otherwise can I do justice to a Christmas in Germany.

The premonitory symptoms of it have been apparent for the last six weeks. Day after day the dry-goods stores and toy-shops of Frankfort have been crowded. The streets have presented a most singular spectacle of trees with legs under them walking about from house to house, and whole curiosity-shops running hither and thither on the tops of men's backs. St. Nicholas has gone the rounds, and the school-boys have scourged their masters in satisfaction of all debts. Elderly gentlemen have skipped around the Glacis in stronger force than ever, with their little poodle-dogs and blue ribbons; and elderly ladies have been uncommonly gorgeous in fine dresses and stupendous head-works. Herr Winter with his mantle of snow came along about two weeks since, and spread his skirts over the earth for boys and girls to slide upon with their jingling sledges; and rosy-cheeked house-maids are continually trying to sweep him off the pavements, but he comes again every night and seems as lively as ever when morning dawns. Butcher-boys have been in great demand with choice assortments of sausages for Christmas puddings. The ladies, young and old, have been quite overwhelmed and buried in masses of yarn-stockings, hoods, mittens, pin-cushions, night-caps, comforts, and other specimens of female handicraft for general distribution among the widows and orphans. The servant girls have been more than ordinarily attentive — opening the front-doors as if by instinct, and anticipating the most trivial caprices of their employers; the postman has bowed more politely than ever during the past two weeks; the old milk-woman has never paid her morning visit without showering blessings upon the little ones, and wishing health and happiness and many pleasant days to the big ones; the old apple-woman never misses an occasion of presenting a few extra apples to the rising generation; the poor washer-woman, not a week ago, sent a thrill of joy through the whole household by unexpectedly presenting a delicious plateful of domestic sausages, warranted to be manufactured out of the Christmas pig; in short, the genial spirit of Kris Kringle has animated the hearts of the rich and the poor alike, and spread a mantle of charity over the frailties of human nature.

As the sun set on Christmas eve the great bells of the town set up a deafening peal of rejoicing. Crowds of citizens hurried to and fro, making their last purchases; lights glimmered in the windows of every house, and every parlor



STREET MUSICIANS.

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CHRISTMAS-TREE.

was decorated with evergreens and Christmas-trees, spangled all over with toys and candles. The jingling of sleigh-bells, the merry voices of children, the moving multitudes of carriages, the lights, the music, the glitter of tinsel, the perfect abandonment of all to the enjoyment of the occasion were wonderfully characteristic, and to me, at least, highly pleasing.

But all this was nothing to the surprises and displays of the inner world on Christmas-day. Accompanied by Mrs. Brown, and all the little Browns, I went by invitation to visit several German families—among them that of our respected grandfather on the Professor's side. The greeting was most cordial. We were at first ushered into a reception room. As soon as all were gathered together, the "Gros-Fader"—as the children call him—gave the word of command, and a door was thrown open leading into the great exhibition room. Here was a magnificent Christmas-tree hung all over with colored wax-tapers; here were tables covered with white cloths, and glittering from head to foot with the most bewitching doll-babies, work-boxes, card-cases, silk-dresses, rattles, penny-whistles, shawls, sashes, drawing-implements, and I don't know what all for big and little; with a name written upon each, and ever so many funny inscriptions to make it all the more merry.

The little Browns absolutely shouted with delight, as each made, from time to time, some astounding discovery of a gift; the big brothers, and sisters and cousins, nieces and nephews, clapped their hands in an ecstasy of enthusiasm; and then the "Gros-Fader" roared laughing, and demanded a kiss, and every body that got a present was bound by the laws and regulations to hug him and kiss him, without distinction of age or sex; and such a kissing and hugging never were seen (out of Germany). The ladies were quite overcome and affected to tears at the splendor of their new dresses, and cast themselves sobbing upon the shoulders of the old man; and the servant girls, when they opened their bundles and saw divers nice sashes, slippers, and head-dresses, cried out, "*Ach, wie schön! Ach, lieber Gott! wie schön!*" and retired to weep over them in silence, but presently came back laughing through their tears, and thanking every body, and never once holding

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their breath, but always exclaiming "*Wie schön! Ach, wunder-schön! Ach, Gott in Himmel! das is sehr schön!*" Every body, in point of fact, joined in the chorus of "Beautiful! pretty! splendid!" until the old man sat down, quite exhausted with his triumph. During a pause in the storm of delight I caught sight of a little colored box with a slip of paper on top, on which was written "HERR JOHN BRAUN, AUS CALIFORNIA." I took it up: it must be for me. The Gros-Fader said that it was. What could it be? Now this is too bad, I thought to myself. I hope the old gentleman has not put himself to any expense on my account. I opened the box. It was filled with candy—the prettiest assortment of colored candy imaginable. Of course I roared laughing. Every body laughed. The Gros-Fader laughed louder and longer than all the rest: it was so funny to see Herr Brown puzzling his brains over a little box of candy. Well, thinks I, it looks nice, at all events; I'll just eat a little to show them that I appreciate it; so I pulled at a lozenge. What do you think? The candy tried to jump out at me! I tried to push it back—stared in amazement—pushed again; but out it jumped in spite of me, and with it the most frightful little monster of a wizard, with a woolly head and a big nose, that ever was seen. I tumbled back in a chair—couldn't help it, I assure you, the event was so sudden and unexpected. The children screamed with delight and clapped their hands; the ladies went into hysterics; the Gros-Fader rolled on the sofa in a paroxysm of triumph; the big brothers, cousins, and nephews set up a chorus of merry cheers, and altogether the effect was stupendous. It was positively the most remarkable adventure of my life. Catch me opening a box of colored candy again in Germany!

From the Gros-Fader's we went to the big brother's—Herr George's—where pretty much the same entertainment was enacted. We drank some good old Rhine wine, enjoyed the delight of the children, and became as young as ever. The Gros-Fader mounted a hobby-horse, and rode all the little ones about the room; small wagons were freighted with big dolls and pulled all about by big men; tin horns were blown to muster regiments of tin soldiers together; drums were beaten to march the contending forces into battle; small kitchens with gorgeous arrays of cooking utensils were opened for the little girls; new shawls were cast over the shoulders of loving spouses; lamp-mats and embroidered caps were cast over the bald heads of old fogies, to make them look like pretty young ladies; every body laughed till every side ached, and all cried out lustily that it was "*Sehr schön! Wunder-schön! Ach, wie schön!*"—very beautiful, wonderfully beautiful, oh, how beautiful! I must confess that I did not kiss any of my own sex, but I offered to compromise the matter by kissing any pretty girl within reach from the age of ten years to thirty; at which there was a general giggling and blushing, and none of the girls said they wanted to be kissed, but, on the contrary, that it was not the German custom, and they couldn't permit it on any account. After this we drank a little more wine, and felt younger still; and when the small fry dispersed we all adjourned to another house, and had a splendid dinner of fat goose stuffed with chestnuts, chicken-salad, sausages, bread, cakes, and coffee, and a little more wine; and then we had some delightful music, over which the Professor presided in a masterly manner, and a glass or two of the best Durkheimer wine, which gradually inspired us to caper about the room, and feel a great deal younger than ever. Then we smoked meerschaums and cigars, and told funny stories, at which there were prodigious roars of laughter. Toward evening we had a little more wine—light wine from Neustadt, which never reaches the head—and it seemed as if the whole town were cracked, and our party the only sane and sober party in it.

Do not be surprised, reader: this is a very remarkable country, abounding in fairies and witches; and I declare what I now tell you is a positive fact. Shortly after dark it seemed as if things generally were bewitched. The hobby-horses kept rocking to and fro of their own accord; the doll-babies opened their eyes and laughed in our faces; the little tea-cups and saucers rattled on the table and whispered love-stories to each other; my own walking-stick disappeared, and I have reason to believe it went down the street in company with a lady's parasol; my hat got too little for my head, and wouldn't stay on any way I could fix it, and the very same thing happened to the rest of our party, only a little worse, for every one of them saw a dozen hats where I only saw two. Mrs. Brown began to look rather grave, which I suspected arose from the fact that I had forgotten to help her to wine; so I pressed her very cordially to join me in a glass. She was evidently a little miffed, and positively rejected the conciliatory advances, hinting, at the same time, that I seemed to be unusually polite. When I put on my spectacles (I assure you this is a literal fact) every thing began to dance in the most extraordinary manner. Little witches came out of the fire and danced on the top of the stove; a small angel on each side of the grate began to flap its wings and crow; glasses of lager-beer seemed to be flying about in the smoke in search of somebody to empty them; the cat jumped up on the table and sang, "Oh, the leathery, leathery Rhine! and the leathery, leathery wine!" and a little wooden dog, belonging to some infant prodigy, set up a terrific barking and wagged its tail incessantly.

But the most remarkable event of the evening was when a crowd of young ones burst into the room, and announced that the servants respectfully presented their compliments and wished for the honor of our company in the kitchen. We adjourned accordingly. In the kitchen, on the wash-table, were all the odds and ends of candles that could be raked together for the occasion; some stuck in potatoes, others in old

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bottles, for want of better candlesticks. Here were the Mädchen from all parts of the house—the cooks, the chamber-maids, the nurses—all in high glee. Each one had a present for the other. It was a pitifully beautiful sight, this affectionate interchange of little presents. All the trivial bickerings of the household were forgotten; and these poor girls were bound together in smiles, and tears, and expressions of love. There were the tokens of affection tastefully ranged on the table—little needle-boxes, scarfs, belts, gloves, and nick-nacks—from Katrina to Löchin, and from Löchin to Bobbit, and from Bobbit to Marie, and from Marie to Kerchin; and from all the servants to all the children: little horses, dogs, cats, pigeons, soldiers—two or three for every youngster in the family. And the laughing and clapping of hands that followed every gift, and the cries of "Wie schön! Ach, wie schön!" I can not possibly describe. It was really an affecting scene. When I called the attention of Mrs. Brown to the fact that here were these poor creatures, with their hard-earned twelve or twenty dollars a year, spending their little earnings as freely upon each other and upon our own dear children as if they had thousands—that there was something quite pathetic in their genial simplicity and kindness of heart—she remarked, in a whisper: "Yes, John, but I am afraid the wine is getting into your eyes. You had better go to bed."

This is a very queer country, take it altogether, especially of nights. When I went to bed, in accordance with the advice of my excellent partner, sundry little wizards were running all through the pillow, poking their wands into my ears; and something kept pulling the cover off every time I fixed it. The bedstead seemed to be turning all round on a pivot; the basin and pitcher laughed in their sleeves at the chairs and tables, which danced to the music down below; and a number of grotesque figures stepped from the printed paper on the walls and entered into the general frolic. Every time I dozed off a thousand little doll-babies came buzzing around my head, with gauze dresses, whispering, "Wie schön! Ach, wie schön!"—how beautiful! Oh, how beautiful!—having reference, no doubt, to my personal appearance under the influence of sleep. On the whole, it is my deliberate conviction that this is a remarkable country. I think it must be on account of the old castles. I believe a great many fairies roost in them by day, and come out of nights to play pranks upon the human species. We have the authority of all the great German poets for it; and who ever knew a poet to tell an untruth? Even the most distinguished of the prose-writers unite upon this one fact—that the country is infested with fairies and wonderful spirits invisible to man. So banish all injurious suspicions, if you entertain any, relative to our merry Christmas, and depend upon it the spirits had a hand in it.

I have a very pleasant recollection of a visit to Nuremberg in company with my kinsman, the Professor. We put up at the "Ladder of Heaven," a cozy little inn, kept by one Schmidt, a staid, sober man; a man with an impassive countenance and a philosophical eye. There is no foolery about Schmidt; no bowing and scraping; no sidelong glances at your pocket or style of costume. You are just the same to Schmidt as any other man of your size and weight. Be you from London, Paris, New York, or San Francisco, what the deuce does Schmidt care, so long as you behave yourself like a decent man, and pay your reckoning like an honest one? The Grand Duke of Baden, or the Emperor Joseph, is no more to Schmidt than any other man. They don't patronize the Ladder of Heaven, to be sure, but that is their misfortune. If they like the Red Horse better, they can go to it and be—accommodated.

The face of Schmidt's inn is a little clouded by the grime of ages; but this need not discourage you. All German inns are somewhat picturesque and peculiar in that respect. The passage through which you enter is absolutely artistic. Here you find old boxes, bags, broomsticks, shovels, and empty beer-barrels, tossed about in charming confusion. A boy with slim legs is scrubbing the flags with soap and water, apparently to keep the dirt on them, for they always look more sloppy and muddy after the scrubbing than before. On the right is a range of windows with very small panes of glass, through which one may get a glimpse of the dining-room; a long, low, dingy room, filled with the smoke of scores of meerschaums, with a long board table, destitute of covering, stretched down the middle, and small tables scattered about in the nooks and corners. Forty or fifty tradesmen and burghers are devouring their dinner; but not as we do in the United States. It never makes a German angry to be obliged to eat dinner, as it does an American. I knew a man in Kentucky who killed another for looking at him while eating; and I believe there are cases on record where plates, bottles, and chairs have been thrown at the heads of waiters for some trifling delay in attendance. The Greeks, in old times, were to be feared when they proffered gifts. An American is to be feared when he is eating dinner. There is something in the smell of meat that makes him savage and bloodthirsty. After dinner, when he goes out on the front porch to pick his teeth, and smoke his cigar, he is the blandest and most amiable of men. Address him by his proper title at that point of his daily career, and he will think nothing of joining you in a "smile." But you had better stir up a Bengal tiger, while tearing the ribs from a fat ox, or undertake to tickle a grizzly with the ramrod of your rifle, than interfere with a free-born citizen of the United States in the act of mastication. Not so the jolly burgher. He absolutely enjoys eating and drinking. His face begins to shine after the soup; a schoppen or two of beer suffuses it with roseate tints; the first course of savory stew brings the inner juices to the surface; as wit and beer be-

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DER GEMÜTHLICH.

gin to flow together, he throws back the collar of his coat, loosens the buttons of his vest, laughs a fat, oleaginous laugh from the pit of his stomach, closes the corners of his eyes, and snuffs enjoyment in the clouds of steam and smoke that hover around his head. Oh, what a luxury it is to see him eat! What a balm for the sickness of care it is to see him blow the froth from his beer; hold the glass up between him and the light; gloat over its liquid beauties, and then raise it to his mouth, and slowly elevate the bottom, till the colored paper on the ceiling glimmers through it! And then he draws such a deep, wholesome, capacious, and appreciative breath of satisfaction. Oh, how inspiring it is to see him enjoy the good things of life! He is such a genial, hearty, self-satisfied, comfortable sort of an animal!

Not all animal either, for there is a certain quality of slow wit and native humor in his conversation by no means indicative of a lack of brains; the mingling of strong carnal appetites with considerable powers of intellect. This is the Gemüthlich, the good fellow, the *bon vivant*, the cozy, genial, companionable man, who has a soul for every thing worth living for in this world—beer, braten, sausages, pretty girls, music, and good-fellowship. The sunshine of his presence always draws around him a congenial circle of friends; and thus he lives, enjoying life in his social way, free from the cares of ambition, and happy if the beer is good and the season for hops comparatively prosperous.

I have attempted to describe our Christmas amusements in Frankfort with a view of presenting to the reader something of the festivities which occupy so prominent a part in the domestic life of the Germans. A Christmas festival, however, is only one of the many that take place at stated intervals throughout the year. Since our arrival in Frankfort we have had fairs without number (known to me chiefly by the amount of meze-geld demanded by the servants and children), and Schiller-fests, and Schützen-fests, and Bloomer-fests, and Fool's-fests, and May-fests, and Pentecost-fests, and I don't know how many others, which I can only describe in general terms by saying that wooden booths in the streets filled with every conceivable variety of small-wares, and bands of wandering musicians playing around the houses from morning till night, and flags of various flaming colors hung out of the windows and from the tops of the towers, and countless throngs of people, who never seem to have any thing to do but enjoy themselves, and a general conglomeration of music and human voices and lager-beer, afford but a very inadequate idea of the marvelous things to be seen and heard on these festive occasions.

In addition to the city festivals there are the village-fests, which I believe are traditionally supposed to occur in the season of harvest; but so far as my observation extends they are not confined to any particular season of the year. It has been my constant practice to walk out every afternoon to some of the neighboring villages—to Bockenheim, Housen, Braunheim,

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VILLAGE FESTIVAL.

Bornheim, Bergen, Vilbel, or some other of the thousand and one interesting places of resort around Frankfort—and I must be permitted to say, even at the expense of accuracy, that I scarcely know of a single afternoon's walk in which I did not encounter some festive throng adorned with flags and flowers, and joyously wending their way through some of the villages in obedience to some time-honored custom. On these gala occasions the houses are literally flaming with flags and banners; the air resounds to the varied strains of vocal and instrumental music; pavilions with whirling horses, cake stalls, beer-saloons, gardens; streets and windows seem absolutely to swarm with the brightest, happiest faces ever gathered together in any country upon earth; and the most fantastic tricks that ever were played before high Heaven become the great business of life. The eager, enterprising American, ever earnest, ever racked with care, may sneer at these manifestations of levity under so many serious burdens of life, but is it not the best practical philosophy after all? The commonest people are far happier, more cheerful, and more healthy in Germany, under circumstances of peculiar hardship, than the most favored classes are in America. To be as light-hearted and happy as they can be seems the chief aim of their lives. For my own part, I look upon it as their salvation from utter despair. The poverty which exists throughout the rural districts in Germany, and which the peasants bear so lightly, so patiently, and so cheerfully, would result in madness and suicide in our country.

I must now tell you something of our out-door winter amusements.

A heavy business is done in the way of sleighing. The hack-drivers take the bodies of their fiacres off the wheels and put them on runners, so that you may be sleighed wherever you please for a small amount of ready cash. There are private sleighs too, but not as with us, where buffalo-robes are deemed necessary to be held around the shoulders of blooming girls by gay and gallant young gentlemen. It is a very sober and solemn business, and young gentlemen are neither expected nor permitted to take these endearing little liberties. "Hands off!" is a regulation rigidly enforced all over the continent of Europe, which, I suppose, accounts for the remarkable severity of morals in these countries.

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It is certainly rather a dull pastime for the savage races of mankind who inhabit the States of America. If a gentleman calls twice upon a young lady in Germany, or manifests an affectionate solicitude for her comfort, he is expected to pop the question, or be off about his business. Even I, who am past the meridian of life, and burdened by many responsibilities, am compelled to wear an unnaturally cautious and severe expression of countenance in the presence of the fair sex, lest the motives of my simplest act of gallantry might be misconstrued.

This brings to mind a misfortune that befell me during the first year of my residence in Frankfort.

The River Main was blocked up with ice, and skating was the popular amusement of the season. By paying a few kreutzers—for what I don't know, unless it might be to support the corporation—any body that pleased could enjoy the privilege of the river. I went down one day to take a look at the skaters, and certainly it was a very lively and amusing scene. Boys and girls, big and little, young men and old men, were flying over the crystal element in full glee. Smart buckish gentlemen were pushing before them ponderous old ladies who were seated in sledges or sliding-chairs. Pretty blooming damsels of vigorous form were flying hither and thither, laughing and joking with amazing zest. Whole schools of students were turned out to enjoy the exercise, with their teachers leading the way. The fathers of families were disporting themselves before their admiring vrows, while their little responsibilities were clapping their hands and laughing merrily at the sport. Old apple-women were selling apples, cakes, and nuts; old men were sweeping the ice, or shoveling off the snow; grand officers in the military line of life were standing on the quays, looking on with remarkable condescension; policemen were watching about generally to preserve order, which nobody had the least idea of breaking; a buffoon, dressed in an absurd costume, was navigating a whirling ship that flew round in a circle, while he called aloud upon all classes to take passage in the same for the regions of joy; strangers in motley groups were smoking their two-cent cigars or blowing their fingers to keep themselves warm; and, in short, every body was doing something very amusing to an American.

I saw a gentleman capsize a lady whom he was sliding in a chair before him. The lady turned all over on the ice, making convulsive efforts to keep down her hoops. What did the merry crowd of skaters do? Pick her up? By no means. About fifty rushed in to compliment the unfortunate hero of the disaster upon his skill, and laugh at the unfortunate lady.

I saw a stout gentleman pitch over and get the breath knocked completely out of his body. It was a capital joke; the crowd roared and cheered. It was such glorious fun to see a fellow's breath knocked short off.

In fine, the whole scene was so inspiring that it unconsciously brought me back to the days of boyhood, when I used to go a-skating on the Ohio River. Thinks I: By Jove, old boy, if you had a pair of skates couldn't you show these chaps how to cut the pigeon wing? Couldn't



PEASANT FAMILY GOING HOME.

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A CLIMAX ON ICE.

you go the back-flourish in a style that would open their eyes? Couldn't you charm the ladies with some novelties in the poetry of motion? Zounds! couldn't you make those clumsy Dutchmen wish they had cultivated the science of skating in the United States of America? Pooh! pooh! what a burlesque they make of it! they don't know how to skate—they don't comprehend the first principle of the art!

"Sir," said a polite gentleman with whom I had a slight acquaintance, stepping up with a handsome pair of skates swinging from his hand, "would you like to try your skill? I have just been enjoying it; but perhaps you are not accustomed to skating?"

"Accustomed to skating!" I retorted, a little indignantly; "why, lieber Herr, I was considered the best skater in Louisville, Kentucky. True, I have not practiced much in California, but you know skating, like swimming, can never be forgotten. So, by your leave, here goes!"

Taking the skates, I went down upon the ice. A dozen boys rushed toward me and offered to put the skates on my feet for the trifling consideration of three kreutzers. "Gehen Sie fort!" said I, "did you ever know a Californian who couldn't put on his own skates?" The boys, when they heard themselves thus addressed in German, cried out, "Ein Engländer! Ein Engländer!" and about fifty miscellaneous skaters of both sexes rushed up to see the Englander put on his skates. I could fancy as I buckled the straps on my boots that every man, woman, and boy in the crowd enjoyed the most enthusiastic expectations in reference to my skill in this complex and difficult art. The weather was cold and the straps were rather short; but I succeeded in getting the skates on at last, and an encouraging cheer arose as I stood up and made a few preparatory flourishes. It should be borne in mind that eighteen years had elapsed since my last excursion upon ice. Well, I don't intend to boast. It is not my way. I like modesty in all things; but I can say with perfect confidence and propriety, there was not a skater upon that field of ice who attracted half so much attention as I did from the very first stride. It was altogether different from swimming—this thing of sliding on the top of the water—frozen water, too, and very slippery at that: the hardest kind of water in case of sudden contact between the surface and the point of a man's nose. Very strange, wasn't it?—one leg actually tried to run away and cut a figure on its own account. The other started off in an opposite direction, and made a strong effort to drag back the first leg and carry it forcibly along, thus exhibiting a very curious and unnatural rivalry between two members of the same family. I leaned over at first to try and get a little ahead of leg number one, which was considerably in advance at the start; but the other, taking a sudden shoot out at right angles, enraged me to such a degree that I immediately whirled and got after it, determined to make it bear the entire weight of my body; but somehow I was utterly unable to gain upon it a single inch. At this stage of affairs a number of ladies came flourishing around me, with

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their merry laughing eyes shooting forth scintillations of electricity; and, being of a very susceptible temperament, I think the sight must have disconcerted me a little, for I began to look up in the sky quite accidentally, and my back was all doubled up trying to keep from noticing them. The little boys cheered and cried out, "Engländer! Engländer! ho, ho! see the Engländer!" The gentlemen roared "Bravo! bravo!" and the ladies were absolutely convulsed with suppressed admiration. It was a new style of skating altogether. They had never seen such complicated figures executed by a foreigner or any body else. These manifestations of applause gave me considerable confidence; and, after jumping three feet backward, two feet forward, and eighteen inches in the air, and doubling up several times before and behind, I stood perfectly still, merely to show that these remarkable feats of activity were not involuntary, and that I could stand still whenever I thought proper to do so. The thunders of applause that greeted this achievement were truly gratifying to my national pride. Cries of Bravo! and Encore! resounded all over the ice. The ladies absolutely shed tears of delight, and saturated their handkerchiefs with the excess of their emotions; and the little boys shouted, in a paroxysm of glee, "Engländer! Engländer! see the Engländer!"

While I was studying out what sort of a figure to cut next, a very respectable-looking old gentleman stepped up and observed in good English, "Sir, I beg pardon—" "Oh, don't mention it," said I; "there's not the least necessity." "Sir," continued the old gentleman, "I observe that you are an Englishman." "Precisely," said I; "born in the city of Lun'on seven and thirty years ago. That's where I learned to skate, but the weather is generally very foggy there, which accounts for the winding and circuitous figures I cut on the ice." "I thought so!" persisted the old gentleman, "in fact, I knew it; and having observed your motions for some time, it occurred to me to suggest, with due respect, that if you continue cutting the same figures much longer you'll be very likely to strain yourself. I know of a man who was ruptured in that way." "The devil you do!" said I, indignantly; "that man certainly didn't understand how to skate. You will observe, Sir, that with me the case is entirely different. I am going to cut some figures now that nobody ever saw or ever will see again in this part of the country." The old gentleman begged that I would not attempt any new feats of dexterity; but nettled at his unfounded insinuations, I boldly struck out. This time it was really miraculous the progress I made after eighteen years of inactivity. It is entirely out of my power to describe the galvanic jumps, the sudden and incomprehensible whirling of each leg entirely on its own responsibility and without the slightest volition on my part; the wild, savage, and determined manner in which I threw out my arms and grasped at imaginary objects in the distance; the final complication of flourishes which brought me up all twisted into a compound and tangled knot; and the very singular and romantic adventure which occurred at this period of the affair. I flatter myself such an exhibition of skill has rarely been witnessed on the River Main; and I am the more confident in this opinion on account of the number of ladies who gathered around to enjoy it.

You remember, perhaps, the old shawl I wore at Washoe? Well, that identical shawl dropped from my shoulders just as I was brought up in the unexpected manner already described. Now comes the cream of the romance. A beautiful and blooming young lady came sweeping along on the ice as gracefully as any sylph could possibly be expected to travel on skates. She saw the shawl—darted at it, caught it up with amazing dexterity, and was about to hand it to me with a smile of malicious triumph, when I darted forward to receive it and to express my profound thanks and unbounded admiration.

What do you think happened? Positively the most remarkable and mortifying accident that ever occurred here or elsewhere, to the best of my knowledge. I undertook to make a graceful obeisance to the beautiful creature as I approached; but being unable to stop my headway or regain my equilibrium, on account of some radical defect in the skates, actually *butted her over!* Yes—I confess it with profound humiliation—butted that bewitching creature clear over, hoops, shawl, muff, skates, and all, and, what is worse, became dangerously mingled up in her embraces upon the iee! It was a dreadful scene of misplaced politeness, and I could not but feel that she was forcibly struck by my manners—or rather my head. Upon my honor, I never was so mortified in my life. The whole crowd roared and cheered, and the little boys gathered round in a paroxysm of delight, shouting at the top of their voices: "Engländer! Engländer! Ho! see the Engländer!" Somebody disengaged the lady and lifted her up. "Lieber Gott!" said she, with considerable asperity, "*Ich glaub Sie sind ein Engländer!*" "Ya, schön Frauelin!" said I, looking up at her with an expression of profound humiliation; "Geborn in der Stadt London! Ich war never outside of that city before in my life, schön Frauelin. Sorry to say, Miss, the style of skating there is altogether different from the German style." "*Nicht gut! nicht gut!*" cried the excited damsel, with a glance of disdain; and giving a beautiful whirl on one leg that came miraculously near carrying off the end of my nose with the point of her skate, away she flew amidst the cheers of the by-standers. After this I picked myself up, so to speak, and concluded it would be better, on account of the severity of the police regulations, to pull off the skates, return them to the owner, and retire from the field, satisfied with the reputation I had already achieved. If I were a young man, as it was my good fortune to be some twenty years ago, I would call upon that

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FALLING IN LOVE.

beautiful creature and renew my acquaintance with her. She has a very pretty pair of ankles, though, of course, I don't pretend to say that is any of my business, only in so far as beauty can never cease to be appreciated by all men who fully and fairly represent the noble State of California.

One of our most common experiences in Germany is to be asked about persons who have emigrated to the United States. There is scarcely a shop-keeper, railroad conductor, guide, or inn-keeper, who has not a brother, uncle, or cousin in "America." Not long since I went into a cigar store in Frankfort to purchase a few cigars. The proprietor, a very worthy sort of man, spoke a little English. He thought at first I must be an Engländer, I spoke such an English style of German; but upon learning that I was from the United States, he was quite rejoiced, and immediately informed me that he had a brother in America. Perhaps I might know him? His name was Ludwig. I thought I knew a German of that name, was not exactly certain, but entertained that impression. "Whereabouts in America does your brother live?" I asked. "Is it in North America?" The cigar-man thought it was. It was either in North America or South America—he couldn't recollect which. "Is it in New Orleans?" He was not quite sure, but that sounded a good deal like the name of the place. Yes; felt pretty confident it was in New Orleans. I didn't know such a person in New Orleans; in fact, had very few German acquaintances there, but I knew a man by the name of Ludwig in San Francisco, a tall thin man, with light hair. "Oh, San Francisco—yes, that's it!" cried my friend, greatly rejoiced; "he wrote to me that he was going to San Francisco! That's the place where they dig gold isn't it?" "Not exactly the spot," said I, "but somewhere near it. What sort of looking man was your brother?" "Well, Ludwig was a man about forty years of age when he left; a short, thick-set man." "With light hair?" I asked, determined to hold on to some point of identification. "Yes, that is to say his head was bald when he left, but his hair might have grown out again." "Wasn't it originally light?" "Ya, wohl! about the same color as mine" (the cigar-man had jet-black hair). "That is to say," I added, hastily, "it was not *very* light—a little disposed to be blackish." "Ya, wohl! Ya, wohl! that must be the very man!" "And you say he was not very tall, and his name was Ludwig?" "So, mein Herr! gans so! that's my brother! I thought you'd know him." Here the cigar-man was quite overcome with joy, and called to his wife, who was in the next room, to come and see a Herr Amerikäner who was acquainted with Ludwig. The good dame came waddling in, and when the matter was explained, her face was suffused with smiles of delight, and she made many professions of gratitude. "And how is Ludwig doing? making money, eh?" asked the man. "Yes, I thought he must be doing well. His restaurant was well patronized. He looked like a man that was doing well the last time I saw him." "Poor Ludwig!" sighed the affectionate brother; "he never could get along in Frankfort. It

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didn't suit him. He always had a turn for traveling. He once walked all the way to München, and was pretty near starved when he got back." Here the worthy couple got into some reminiscences of Ludwig's early career; but their conversation being in German, I could not understand much of it, and took my leave; not, however, without receiving the renewed thanks of those excellent people for the great service I had rendered them by knowing Ludwig. I have nothing to urge in extenuation of my hypocrisy on this occasion, except that it seemed to do the brother of the erratic Ludwig so much good to see a man who knew Ludwig personally that I had not the moral firmness to refrain from affording him this satisfaction. If there be any serious wrong done in the matter, the fault lies with Ludwig, who should be more punctual in his correspondence, and keep his relatives advised of his movements.

The prevailing idea respecting California is, that it is a perfectly savage country, utterly destitute of law. In regard to savages, I tell them there are some there to be sure, but they are becoming rapidly civilized. The white settlers civilize them in one way, and the Government in another. Between the two there will soon be no savages to complain of in the State.

"Touching the matter of law," said I to a German friend the other day, "you make a great mistake. There is plenty of it in San Francisco. I was once engaged in the law business there myself, and can speak from experience." "But," said the worthy German, "I understand property is very insecure there. Is that so?" "By no means," said I; "on the contrary, I know of no country where property is secured by so many titles. I own a small piece of property myself in the city of Oakland for which I paid three times. I consider it therefore three times as secure as property in any other State of the Union, or even in Germany. [This, by-the-way, was when I was engaged in the law business.] A large proportion of the real estate in California consists of ranches and mining claims. Now the great advantage of this sort of property is that it is perfectly secure. It may be covered and overlapped by divers lines, but it always remains fast to the ground. You are therefore very much mistaken, my dear Sir, in supposing property is insecure in California. Security is the rule rather than the exception in that noble State. You can not borrow a dollar at two per cent. a month in San Francisco without giving the very best security."

The explanation seemed satisfactory. My friend expressed his conviction that there was something in what I said; and we immediately proceeded to a beer saloon, where I astonished him by paying for his beer as well as my own. He looked as if he thought California was certainly a very rich country, and seemed much impressed at the novel circumstance of one man paying six kreutzers for another man's beer.

I would gladly relate many more of our experiences, but this imperfect article must be brought to a close. The old home feeling comes over me as I look forward to the day of our departure, now rapidly drawing near.

Germany is a pleasant country to visit. It



LETTERS FROM AMERICA.

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must be a pleasant country to live in—for those who have never lived in California. The gardens are beautiful; the music is delightful; the houses are elegant; the lager beer is excellent; the schools are admirable; and the people are cheerful and polite. I like them all; I like every thing; but (don't mention it to Mrs. Brown, if you please) I can't stand the country any longer myself. It is too slow—too old-fashioned for a man who has seen something of Washoe life. One may enjoy it for a year or two by stirring about from place to place; but the novelty passes away sooner or later. The happiest of all our happy days in Germany is when the postman's voice is heard in the passage amidst the din and clatter of children singing out cheerily, "America! America! *Briefs und Zeitungen!*" Letters and newspapers from Home! It is worth one's while to go abroad just to learn how much enjoyment may be gained from this one source.

"There is an innate feeling clings
Around our human clay,
A fondness for familiar things
That will not wear away."

How often, as I wander about under the leaden sky, pondering over some old ruin or gazing afar off in search of some little bit of nature undisfigured by the hand of man, the glorious skies of California come stealing over my memory; how the broad valleys of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, with their mountain barriers, their wood-skirted streams, and their wild spring flowers, sweep out into the dim distance before the mind's eye; how fresh, vigorous, and hopeful seems life in that land of promise! I think of the pleasant nights I have slept upon my mother-earth in the Coast Range under the star-spangled sky; of the free, hearty, and genial society, with kindred tastes and interests; of the many kind friends we left behind in Oakland, once and still our home; of the flashing waters of the Bay, and booming guns of the steamers sweeping in with friends and tidings from the great outer world; of all that is naturally associated with freedom, energy, and hope. I think of these, and then the rattle of drums and clang of bayonets arouse me from the reverie. Alas! there is no real freedom here. The spirit of decay broods over all. Military despotism reigns in the air, in the fields, in the cities, over the hearts of men—crushing the energies, blasting every aspiration for the future. There is a profound sadness in the very lightness of their pleasures and pastimes. I wander in the crowded cities and hear no familiar voice, see no familiar face, meet

"None that with kindred consciousness endued,
If I were not, would seem to smile the less."

Good-by, then, to the Vaterland! Much as we have enjoyed our sojourn in Frankfort, many happy days as we have spent in the neighboring villages, we must now turn westward, in a few brief months, I trust, to greet our cherished friends, and breathe the air of our sweet cottage home on the shores of the ever-glorious Pacific!

EULALIE.

IT was noon of a cold, cheerless, wintry-feeling day, early in November; the raw, untempered north wind seemed to creep into the very marrow of one's bones; and the weather was pervaded with that chill, uncomfortable, shivering influence which is most commonly conveyed in the expression, "the air is full of snow." Indeed it had been snowing a little at intervals all day: not with that free-hearted abundance which is suggestive to young minds of sleighing parties and mulled wine, and to older ones of snow-shoveling and path-finding; but in a slow, hesitating, inconsistent sort of way, as if the frost-king had caught the infection of our national cautiousness, and feared to bid his armies advance to the fields. Now and again the feathery hosts would be arrested in their winter-quarters, and the heavy atmosphere would grow lighter, and people would lift their heads to say, "Is it going to clear off? Seems to me it is a little brighter;" but this was all delusive; the light fall would recommence, and the heavy air grow thick again. But at noon the hesitation seemed over, and a plan of vigorous action decided upon; and now the wintry surface of the earth began to show the veil of snow which was rapidly accumulating upon it. Certainly, if a thing is to be done, there is a very positive pleasure in seeing it done thoroughly: a blinding snow-storm or a soaking rain may not be exactly pleasant, viewed abstractedly; but they are far pleasanter than a dull, slow, ineffectual drizzle!

So, possibly, thought the housekeeper, Mrs. Merriam, in her warm, comfortable, snug kitchen, where the early dinner—which was literally a "noon meal" with her—had been already dispatched and cleared away, as, standing with both hands resting upon the window-sill, she gazed upon the wintry scene without, in fixed abstraction. Can there be any thing more indicative of wandering or preoccupied thought than this persistent outlook from a window where there is nothing to be seen? Every object now before the worthy woman's eyes—the yard, the pump, the trees, the outbuildings, the carriage-sweep, the garden-wall—she had looked upon thousands of times before; and even the snow-flakes, if they were really a new importation, just sent down, and making their first appearance on that occasion, why, she had seen very similar ones fall just so, over the same ground, from the same window, for thirty years or more; so they had not the charm of novelty to her, if they were new. Still she gazed out, as earnestly as if it was her bounden duty to see that every sprig, twig, and branch of the larch and fir trees which screened the coach-house had its rightful share of the feathery dispensation.

A quick step tripped lightly down stairs, and the inner door of the kitchen opened to admit a pretty, bright girl, yet in her teens.

"How cold it is, Aunt Betsey!" she said, as

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she came shivering up to the glowing fire, and spread out her hands to its genial warmth. "I declare it is a real winter's storm! You don't know any thing about it down here, aunt; you don't hear it here; but up in my room it sounds as much again; the wind howls and the snow beats up against the windows. I do believe we are going to have real winter now!"

"I guess not," said Mrs. Merriam, leaving her post of observation and coming back to the fire. "We don't often have winter set in so early as this."

"Oh! I don't know, Aunt; only see how it snows!"

"Yes, dear, I see it does; but I guess it won't amount to much; it is only November yet, and that's too early in the season to expect much snow."

"What day of the month is it, Aunt Betsey?"

"About the twenty-second, dear, I believe."

"The twenty-second! Oh, dear me! and this is the first snow: twenty-two snow-storms! Oh, my goodness! won't it be a winter!"

"I don't believe in that rule, Bessie—do you?"

"Why, yes, indeed! I thought every body did."

"I don't, for one."

"You don't? I do; and my mother does; and so does father."

"Do they?"

"Yes, indeed; and I guess it's true. I'm sure it snows now as if it had got a great deal to do. Only look out! I don't believe Uncle John will come home to-night—do you?"

"Oh yes, he will."

"What, in all this storm?"

"Yes, indeed, he will. Why, he hasn't slept a night out of this house for twenty years!"

"Twenty years! Oh my! that's a long time, aunt."

"I suppose it seems longer to you, dear, than it does to me," said Mrs. Merriam.

"Of course it does," laughed Bessie; "for it is more than my whole lifetime, you know; but I do hope uncle will come."

"Don't give yourself any uneasiness about that; he'll come before night if he is alive."

"But, aunt, what if he shouldn't?"

"But, child, I tell you he will."

"Yes, I know—but still—what if he doesn't?"

"Well, as you say, what if he doesn't? what then, Bessie?"

"Shouldn't you be afraid, aunt?"

"Afraid he had met with some accident, do you mean?"

"Oh no; I don't suppose there is any danger of that; if he staid it would be the storm that would have kept him, I suppose."

"Afraid of what, then, Bessie?"

"Why, to be here all alone, only you and I."

"There is no fear, Bessie; he is sure to come; I'm certain of it. But what is there to be afraid of if he didn't? Who wants to harm you or me? And even if they did, there are the two great dogs: I guess they are pretty safe guards."

"But," suggested the young girl—looking out of the window, and shivering slightly as she spoke—"this is such a great, lonesome place."

"Not more lonesome than other country seats; all country places look lonesome in winter."

"Yes, aunt, but then this is so gloomy; such a great house, all shut up and lonely."

"Why, Bessie," said Mrs. Merriam, in a tone almost reproachful, "I thought you always admired the place!"

"Yes, aunt," said Bessie, with a slightly constrained manner, "and so I do: I think it is a splendid place; but you know I never made you a visit in winter before, and you must allow it is a melancholy old place even in summer, though it is very beautiful then."

"It never seems lonesome to me," said Mrs. Merriam, reflectively. "But perhaps that is because I have got used to it. If you could only see it, Bessie, as I first saw it!"

"Ah! that was a very different thing, aunt. I suppose it was not gloomy here then."

"No, indeed; I remember the first day I ever came here. Oh! if I could show it to you as it looked to me then; all the house thrown wide open and full of company, and music, and elegant ladies and gentlemen in gay carriages dashing up to the door from noon till night; and then, in the winter too, I'm sure it was any thing but gloomy and lonesome here then. Oh! if you could only remember, as I do, the Thanksgiving-days—yes, and the Christmas-days, when they kept Yule here as they do in England, and the house was full of company, fires in every room, and every bed filled, and such a long table in the dining-room, and music in the hall, and dancing in the great drawing-room, and the whole house alive with glad faces, and ringing with laughter and with merry young voices! Oh! it was not gloomy or lonesome here then, even in winter."

"No, indeed, aunt; it must have been very different then from what it is now. But how long ago was all this?"

"Nigh upon thirty years ago, Bessie."

"Why, aunt, thirty years! I shouldn't think you could remember any thing about it."

"But I do, child—better than what happened last summer." And settling herself back in her chair, she seemed about to relapse into her silent musings.

"Aunt," said Bessie, suddenly, "if you have lived here so long, you must have been here before—before—" She stopped, hesitatingly; her aunt looked at her keenly, but did not speak. Bessie paused a moment, as if to recruit her courage, and then began again:

"Aunt, were you living here when it took place?"

"What took place, Bessie?"

"Why, the—the—terrible—*accident*, aunt; were you living here then?"

"Yes, child, I was," said Mrs. Merriam, carelessly and evasively. "But, Bessie, how is the wind now?—seems to me it looks a little brighter; do see if the wind has worked round

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any yet—I think it has; you look and tell me."

"No, aunt, not a bit; just the old course; and it snows faster than it did. But, aunt, I want you to tell me something. If you lived here so long ago, you must have seen, you must have known her."

"Who is *her*, Bessie?"

"Why, you know, aunt, of course—the young lady who—who—well, then, Miss Eulalie. I want you to tell me all about it, will you? That's a dear, good aunt!—I do so want to know the whole story! You will tell me—won't you?"

"I think, Bessie, we might find a pleasanter subject for such a dull, stormy day."

"But, aunt, I want to hear it so much; I have been longing to ask you this great while."

"Who told you any thing about it, Bessie? I'm sure I never did."

"No, Aunt Betsey; but you know I used to go to school here when I was a little girl and made visits to you. Do you suppose I could go from this house to a village school and not be questioned? And when I did not know any thing about it, do you suppose they were not all willing and eager to tell me? Why, I had heard it long before I was ten years old; and besides, aunt, is there any real reason why I should not hear a story which has been made so public, and rung through all changes for twenty years and more?"

"Then, if you have heard it all before, Bessie," said her aunt, rather tartly, "what do you come to me for? Do you think it is such an agreeable story that I shall find pleasure in telling, or you in hearing it?"

"No, aunt; but I don't suppose I have ever got just the rights of it. It may be that it has been exaggerated; and I thought if you told it—you who had known her—you might explain or give a reason for what she did."

"True enough, Bessie; there is something in that. But what is it you most want to know?"

"I want to know the whole story."

"Bless you, child! I shouldn't know where to begin."

"Begin at the beginning, aunt; that's the place. Begin from the time you first entered this house. There—see here! here is your knitting, and I'll take mine, and you'll tell me the whole, won't you—like a dear, good auntie?"

"Well, Bessie, it is a long way to go back, but I'll try. The first day I ever came here—let me see: I was a young woman then, dear. How old are you, Bessie?"

"Just nineteen, aunt."

"Are you, indeed?—it don't seem possible! just as old as I was then; but I felt myself quite a woman, and you are only a child!"

Bessie bridled a little, and bit her red lip; but she did not dare to enter any protest, as her aunt was just about to tap the springs of memory for her, and her aunt went on:

"I suppose, after all, it's partly the way in which we have been brought up; you never had to rough it, and I had. I had seen a deal of trouble and care before I was nineteen, and had to fight my own way in the world, and that sort of thing ripens people mighty early. You know I came here first as under chamber-maid; Mrs. Clark, who was the housekeeper here then, was an old friend of my mother's, and she got me the place; and it was thought a great thing to get into such a service then. Seems to me, somehow or other, there wa'n't so many rich folks about then—at least, not so many who kept help; and it was counted a good start in life for a girl to get into such a family as this was. My gracious! how times and folks have changed since then! Girls did not presume then to name their wages, and make terms, and ask what privileges they could have, and tell how much time they wanted to themselves. No, indeed! I guess they didn't; they stood shy, and held their tongues, and the lady told what she would require and what she would give; and the question was if they could suit the place, not if the place could suit them; and if they didn't suit they had to hear of it, and keep a civil tongue in their head and mend their ways, or be dismissed, and that was a great disgrace. They didn't toss up their chins and say, 'It seems I don't suit, and you can look out for another girl, for I shall leave you to-morrow morning.' It seems to me that folks knew their places better then, and kept them; I mean folks of all classes: the ladies were a deal more grand and stately; and the servant-girls were more respectful—they had to be. But, dear me! that's neither here nor there, as we say."

Bessie had been thinking so for some time, but she did not dare to speak; and her aunt resumed:

"Well, Bessie, when I came up here that first day (it was in summer, and the trees were all in leaf) I did think it was a perfect Paradise. It didn't look as it does now. The house was all open, and the lawn was so beautifully kept! Why the grass was cut, and swept, and rolled every week, and the drive raked off every day; and there were vases and statues on the lawn, and the fountain was playing—"

"Aunt, I never saw the fountain play," interrupted Bessie.

"No, dear, it never plays now; but it did then. And up and down each side of the wide steps—up to the piazza, you know—there was a thick hedge of green-house plants (the green-house was kept up then); and the gardener used to come every morning early to water them, and change them, and bring fresh ones; so they were always kept in full bloom. And on the piazza were great tubs with orange and lemon trees in them, all in full flower, and smelling so sweet they filled the whole air. I remember that as I came up to the house I thought, could heaven be any more beautiful than this was? and what could the folks that lived here expect in the other world beyond what they had got here?

"Well, I went into the kitchen and asked for the housekeeper, and, dear me! she seemed to me most as grand as the Queen; and she

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took me into her room, and she talked and talked, telling me what I must do and what I mustn't do, and how I must speak, and how I must look, and how I must stand, till I didn't know really if I was on my head or my heels. And then, when she had got me into a red-hot fuss, she sent in to let the ladies know I was there, and ask when they would be pleased to see me; and the word came back that Miss Georgina would see me then in the drawing-room. Now that was a mistake, the young lady said 'in the dressing-room,' but the word came to us 'in the drawing-room;' and so into the drawing-room I went; and I guess none of our brave young soldiers ever felt half as much frightened in their first battle as I did then."

"And were the ladies there, auntie?"

"Yes, all but Miss Georgina. I told you she was expecting me in her dressing-room; but I didn't know it; and so I waited there till she came down herself and took me up."

"And the others were all there, you say?"

"Yes, all the others were there."

"And she—was she there then, Aunt Betsey?"

"She?—who?"

"Oh, you know, of course—Miss Eulalie—was she there?"

"Yes, she was there with the rest."

"Well, tell me about her—that's a good auntie! now do."

"Bless you, child! what shall I tell you?"

"What was she doing then?"

"She wasn't doing any thing; she was lying all curled up on one of the sofas, just like a little lap-dog. She was so little, and so cuddled in among shawls and cushions, I thought at first it was a little child; but presently one of the ladies spoke to her, and she raised her head to answer her; and oh! my soul! I saw it wasn't a child, for all she was so little. No child ever looked like that, I guess."

"What was she like, Aunt Betsey? Do tell me."

"Well, nothing, child, that you ever saw or ever will see, I guess. She didn't favor any of the other ladies—not the least mite in the world."

"Was she handsome?"

"Well, I can't say, I'm sure. I've asked myself that question many and many a time, and I couldn't tell for the life of me. Sometimes I'd think she was, and then again I'd be sure she wasn't. The men all raved about her—about her hair and her eyes—so I suppose she must have been handsome; but I declare I can't tell to this day if I thought she was or wasn't."

"You can't tell if she was handsome or not? How queer that is! Try to describe her to me, Aunt Betsey. Can't you tell me how she looked? and then I can tell in a minute if she was a beauty or not."

"No you couldn't!" said Mrs. Merriam—"not if you'd seen her you couldn't!"

"Well, just try to describe her to me, won't you?"

"Well, she was a little low thing, not bigger than a child of twelve—I've thought, sometimes, if the fairies had ever got into America she must have come of that stock. Her complexion was sort of dark and swarthy—all the other ladies were fair as lilies. I told you the men made a fuss about her hair; but I never could see any thing to admire in a great shock of hair. It always makes me think of Samson, and Absalom, and buffaloes, and orang-outangs, and such sort of folks. But hers beat all I ever did see for length and thickness. Why, when she stood up, and let it down, it reached down to her knees, and it was so thick it would hang round her like a cloak."

"Good gracious, aunt, that was a head of hair, to be sure! What was the color of it?"

"Coal-black and shiny; it didn't curl, but it was just crinkly all the way through."

"But did she wear it hanging down so, aunt? How funny!"

"Why, no, child; bless your heart, no! she couldn't. She might as well have walked round in a horse-blanket. No, she wore it done up in great braids. You've got hair enough, to my taste—very good hair too, just the color mine was when I was a girl; but, mercy's sake! all the hair you've got wouldn't make one of her braids; and she wore it wound round her head, round and round, like a crown. I used to wonder it didn't tip her over backward, it was so heavy. She was very proud of it, and loved to let it down and show it off; and, I remember, that first time I saw her she had one of her braids, as thick as your wrist, in her hand, and was playing with it, as she lay there on the sofa—winding it round her arm and polishing it up with her hand. And then her voice, that was wonderful too; it was so sweet and yet so strong! When she talked it was 'most as sweet as other folks' singing; but when she sung—my goodness!—she used to make me think of a katydid or one of them little green grasshoppers, her voice seemed so out of proportion to her size. But the most wonderful thing of all was her eyes. I never saw any eyes to match 'em. I was 'most afraid of them. She had thick, heavy black lashes; and, when she was looking down, you'd say, maybe, she was sort of stupid-looking; but when she looked up—why, it used to make me think of what I've read of that horrid French thing that they used to cut off men's heads with in the French Revolution, you know—what do they call it?"

"What, the guillotine, Aunt Betsey?"

"Yes, that's it; I guess it wasn't a mite sharper—or—more deadly."

"Thank you, Aunt Betsey; I think I know now just how she looked," said little Bessie, dropping her eyelids, reflectively. "I can see her just as plain as in a picture."

"In her picture!" said Mrs. Merriam, starting. "Why, Bessie, what do you mean? Where in the world and when did you ever see her picture?"

"I didn't say 'in her picture,' aunt; I said,

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'as plain as in a picture;' but, auntie," said the young girl, the flush of quick intelligence passing across her face, "was there ever a picture of her?"

"Well, yes, I suppose there was once," said Mrs. Merriam, reluctantly and fretfully, for she saw she had thoughtlessly betrayed her hand to her clever little opponent; "and now, Bessie, do drop it; I'm tired of all this talk."

"Oh no, auntie, you are not so easily tired of obliging me, I know. Have pity upon the natural curiosity of a woman. Was there a picture of her?"

"Yes, child, there was. Will that do?"

"Where does it hang?"

"It don't hang any wheres now, I guess."

"But where did it use to hang? I never saw it when you took me in to see the rooms. I saw all the others, you know. Why did not you show me that one?"

"It is not there, Bessie; it was taken down after the—"

"Oh yes; I understand: of course it would be. But what became of it, aunt?"

"Nothing became of it that ever I heard of."

"Is it still in existence? Is it in this house? Oh, auntie, just tell me that!"

"Bessie, you beat all for a tease that ever I saw in my life. When you go home you may give my love to your mother, and tell her you're worse than she was at your age."

"Thank you, aunt," laughed Bessie; "I am not going home at present; when I do I will call for your dispatches: but now my present business is, where is that picture?—is it now in this house?"

"Well, yes, you little torment, it is."

"Where is it, auntie? tell me just that one thing, and I'll make you some nice flap-jacks for tea—such as you and Uncle John both like."

"Thank you, miss; but I guess I can make as good flap-jacks as you can any day."

"Oh yes," said Bessie; "better ones, I dare say: only you like to have me make them sometimes, you know. Now please tell me where that picture is?"

"Goodness me, child! it is in the west garret."

"In the west garret? I never was in there, was I?"

"No; I know that as well as you do."

"But, aunt, you will take me up and let me see it now, won't you?"

"No, I will not."

"Oh, auntie! yes, you will: don't be rash. You wouldn't refuse me such a little thing as that, and here am I knitting this beautiful shawl for you; and Dr. James's wife says it is a great deal handsomer than hers or Mrs. Parker's either, and better knit too—only think of that!—see, isn't it a beauty?—and I'm going to put such a lovely fringe to it. Come now, aunt, you will let me see it, won't you? You know you always do what I want you to."

"Hush, you little wheedling thing! You'd wheedle a bird off of a bush, or a fish out of the frying-pan."

"Do you think so? That's quite encouraging; but, as you are neither fowl nor fish, what can I do with you? for I'm bound to see that picture. Won't you go? I should think you would for your own niece, the only niece you've got, or ever did have, or ever will have. I'm sure if I had a nice little niece, named for me and every thing, I'd do 'most any thing for her."

"You don't know. Just wait till you get her. Maybe you'll find it is not such a blessing."

"Why, Aunt Betsey, I thought really you loved me."

"And so I do, Bessie, but there is no satisfying you. You never know when to stop: give you an inch, and you'll want the ell."

"No, aunt, I don't want ell or inch either this time. I only want one peep, and what harm can it do? You have got to go up stairs to get me some more wool—see here, my ball is nearly out—and that will be half-way up. Come now, auntie, don't be cross: why, I'd do ten times as much for you. Come now."

"Bless my soul, Bessie, how you do run on! I might as well try to reason with a water-spout. Come then, you little plague, and have done with it!"

Preceded by her aunt, who mounted the stairs with slow reluctant steps, Bessie's light foot reached the door of the west garret, or lumber-room, and she stood in silent, eager expectation, while Mrs. Merriam sorted over her keys, and at last turned the rusty, long unturned lock; and as the door opened, she darted in with the impatient curiosity of a little child.

"Why, Aunt Betsey!" she cried, looking round upon the mass of incongruous objects with which the low attic was crowded—"what a splendid place! Why didn't you ever let me come up here before?"

"I wish I hadn't let you come now," groaned the housekeeper.

"Oh, Aunt Betsey, I should like nothing better than to rout over all these queer old things!"

"Yes, I dare say you would," said Mrs. Merriam, grimly; "and there's another thing I dare say, and that is, you never will!"

"What a lot of old things! Books, I declare! What are they? 'Marmion,' 'World without Souls,' 'Thinks I to Myself'—what a funny title: I never read that!"

"Let the books alone, Bessie!"

"Why, aunt!" laughed the silvery voice of the girl, "I declare if there is not a crib, and a cradle, and a high chair, up in that corner!"

"Well, suppose there is! Why shouldn't there be? I'll warrant now, you thought, smart as you are, that great folks like the Trevellions were born grown up! Didn't you now? Own up; didn't you think so?"

"No," said Bessie, laughing, though she blushed consciously at the truth of her aunt's sarcasm, "not just that; but I've always heard

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them spoken of as the ladies and gentlemen, and I never thought of them as any thing else."

"There! I knew it—just as I said; but they were babies once, and I suppose they were once as young and as silly as you are!"

"Thank you, aunt; but as they lived to get over it, I trust I may do the same."

"The Lord grant it," said Mrs. Merriam.

"Amen!—but oh, my goodness!" said Bessie, as her aunt was busily removing things, and working her slow way across the room, "if here is not an old guitar!—tum, tum, tum—what a funny old thing!"

"Put it down, Bessie."

"And heaps of old music. Oh, how old and yellow! What is this?

"'In time of need—Thy gallant steed
That champs the rein, delay reproving—'"

"Put it down, Bessie."

"Only one minute, auntie.

"'Shall each peril bear thee by,
With his master's—charmer—roving.'

"Now that's pretty, only it was so covered with dust I couldn't make out the last line."

"Bessie," said her aunt, stopping short in her progress, "do you want to see this picture, or do you not?"

"Yes, aunt, to be sure I do, terribly!"

"Then mind what I say, if you don't let things alone I won't show it to you; mind, now."

"Law, aunt, what is the hurt? I won't do any mischief."

"I've told you, child, the picture, and nothing else; or any thing else, and not the picture. I ain't going to have these things all dragged out and made fun of, I tell you."

"Well, I won't. 'Hands behind us, is the rule at the happy infant school;' see, aunt, I have rolled my hands both up in my apron. I suppose I may use my eyes though. Now just tell me what are those two queer things for, on top of that chest?"

"What things, child?"

"Those two little machines over there, that lot of little sticks, in a frame like two little gate posts."

"Oh, them? Why that's a quilling-frame, and t'other is to weave fringes in."

"Did the ladies use to quill and weave fringe?"

"Yes, indeed; young girls weren't so idle then as they are now."

"I suppose not; but what are all those old letters? Oh, aunt; do you think there are any love-letters among them? I never read a real love-letter in all my life! May I open one?"

"No, indeed; don't you touch them!"

"Aunt Betsey, what have all these great trunks got in them?"

"Some have got house linen, and some have got clothes, I believe."

"What, old dresses of the ladies, aunt?"

"Yes, I believe so."

"Oh, aunt! old party-dresses? What gold and silver muslins, and worked India things, and all such—is there, aunt?"

"I dare say there is, Bessie; but what if there is?"

"Oh, but auntie! I never saw a gold or silver muslin in my life. I've heard mother tell of them, and sandal-wood fans. Let me have one peep, I won't do a bit of harm; let me lift the lid of this one trunk, may I?"

"Bessie, hear what I say: these things are not mine; I am paid for taking care of 'em; they were left in my charge, and I won't have them touched."

"But won't they all drop to pieces here?"

"If they do you will not have to answer for it."

"No, but it seems a great pity, though," replied Bessie.

"I don't know about that; I guess it's just as well as if they were out, turning the heads of silly young girls. They do no harm here, any way."

"Aunt, do you think there is a sandal-wood fan among them?"

"Oh no; I guess there is not."

"Don't you know, aunt?"

"No, dear; I don't."

"Couldn't you let me look? I'll be so careful."

"No, I will not; and there's an end to it!"

"Well, then, just tell me what they use to do with those great china jars?"

"Keep them to look at, I guess," said Mrs. Merriam, who had now reached the object of her search, and taking up the picture which was leaning against the wall, she uncovered and dusted it, and turned it face outward to view; and as she did so it seemed to Bessie that a sudden flash of sunlight illumined the dusky garret. For a moment Mrs. Merriam stood silently holding the picture, her keen eye fixed on the face of the young girl, and neither of them spoke.

"Well?"—she questioned at last—"this is the picture: what do you say to it?"

But Bessie's only answer was a deep inspiration, as with clasped hands she sank down dreamily upon one of the dusty trunks behind her.

"Does it look as you thought it would, Bessie?"

"Yes, aunt," said Bessie, in low, tremulous tones; "just as I thought it would—only more so."

"More so? More what?" asked the matter-of-fact aunt.

"More intense—more passionate—more every thing! Oh, aunt, what a face that is!"

"You asked me, Bessie, if she was handsome, and I said I didn't know; now I ask you the same question—is she handsome?"

"And I answer as you did, aunt—I can't tell. Oh, what eyes! they are terrible in their magnificence! Even in the picture their blue-diamond brightness takes my very breath away! What must the reality have been? I understand now what you meant about the flash of

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the guillotine. I can feel that their glance was like the uplifting of a battle-axe. Oh, aunt, who is she like? Who does she make me think of?"

"I don't know," said Mrs. Merriam; "she don't make me think of any one I ever knew. I am sure I never saw any one who looked the least like her."

"She does remind me of some one," said Bessie. "Not any one I ever saw—I don't mean that; but some one I have read of. Is it any one in the Bible, aunt?"

"In the Bible? Heaven bless the child! no; I'm sure she was not like any one in the Bible that I can think of, unless it was that tall, thin gentleman who talked with Eve under the apple-tree."

"No, no," said Bessie, too much absorbed in her contemplation of the picture even to smile at what her aunt said; "but it certainly is a Jewish sort of face: it is like some female character in the Bible—but which?"

"I don't know, dear, I'm sure," said the less imaginative aunt; and leaning the picture up against a trunk, she came and stood by her niece's side and gazed at it in silence, with her arms akimbo.

Certainly it was a remarkable picture: the artist must have been a man of no ordinary talent, and he had concentrated his powers upon the one object in the picture, for there were no accessories, no drapery, no ornaments, no background—just the head and shoulders of the young girl. The hair, which had the rich abundance of which Mrs. Merriam had spoken, and was of the peculiar lustrous blue-black, such as we sometimes see on the plumage of wild birds, was parted simply over the rather low forehead, and fell rippling down on either side, shrouding the whole small figure like a cloak; just below the chin, where its full waves parted, or rather across the bosom, there was a faint suggestion of white embroidery, of lace or muslin; one small hand was raised to the brow, and, threaded in the gleaming fall of hair, seemed to shed it aside, as one puts aside a heavy veil; and from out this veil looked forth the face, with its great, luminous, wonderful eyes.

For a few moments aunt and niece stood silently side by side, intently regarding it. Then Bessie repeated, "Who is it in the Bible she reminds me of?"

"Surely you do not mean the Virgin Mary, Bessie?"

"Oh no, no, aunt!" said the girl, almost shuddering at the sacrilegious idea of comparing the storm-written face before her—with its wild, passionate, earthly beauty—with the calm, pure loveliness of the holy young Mother! "Oh no, no, that is not what I mean: it is not Deborah, nor Miriam, for they were prophetesses; no, nor Judith, for she was patriotic, if unwomanly—it was love of country dyed her hands with blood. Oh! aunt, I know now!—it is the daughter of Herodias! She must have looked like this."

"I don't know, dear," said the literal housekeeper; "I never heard how she looked. I've read how she acted—dancing, and training round, and asking for a man's head in a charger, and every thing. I don't think it is much of a compliment to say any one is like her; but maybe you are right, dear; I don't know much about such things."

And Bessie was right: the mocking smile upon the full, red, arched lips; the blaze of conscious triumph in the proud splendor of the eyes. So might Salome have looked when the vindictive machinations of her mother and her own artful blandishments had consummated the destruction of the holy teacher whose reproving voice had checked them in their path of guilty ambition.

"Is it like her, aunt?" said Bessie, after another silent contemplation.

"Like who, dear?—the daughter of Herodias?"

"Oh no, aunt—like Miss Eulalie; did she really look like this?"

"Exactly like; only she hadn't so much color usually, though she would flash up just so in a moment if any thing roused her; if she was pleased, or angry either, her cheeks would be just like a Malacatoon peach; but commonly she was rather pale. And now, Bessie, if you are satisfied, do let us go down stairs; for what with the cold, and what with the thoughts of old times, I declare I'm all of a creep."

As Bessie offered no objection beyond a regretful sigh Mrs. Merriam re-covered the picture and restored it to its former position, with its face to the wall, and then, putting the now silent girl out of the room before her, she closed, locked, and double-locked the door, and dropped the key into her capacious pocket with an evident satisfaction.

"And now, Aunt Betsey," said Bessie, when they had regained the snug shelter of the warm kitchen, and as she spoke she drew a rocking-chair up to the fire and beat up the cushions—"now you sit down here and get warm; and then, while I hold this yarn for you to wind, you can tell me the rest of the story, you know."

"Well, my dear," said Aunt Merriam, yielding with a sigh to what she saw was inevitable, "the family, when I came here, consisted of Colonel Trevellion, his two sons, and three daughters."

"And Miss Eulalie?"

"Yes; I didn't name her because she wasn't one of the family."

"What relation was she to them, aunt?"

"I don't think she was any relation, Bessie. She called them 'uncle' and 'cousin;' but I have heard her father and the Colonel were old friends, and he was one of her guardians."

"Where was she from, aunt?"

"I can't tell you that; I don't know. I think she came from over seas somewheres—Spanish, or Italian, or West Indian, maybe; I never heard what she was."

"But didn't you ask?"

"Ask what?"

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"Where she came from."

"Bless your heart, child! no; it was no business of mine. Young girls in my place did not venture to ask such questions then. They had to answer questions, not ask them. A pretty time of day they would have made of it if I had stepped up to Miss Eulalie and asked her where she was raised and who her father was! No; I might hear and see, but I held my tongue in those days; and I sometimes wish I might be allowed to do so now."

"Oh, aunt, that is not pretty, when you are getting on so splendidly!"

"Am I? I'm glad of it; I didn't know it. Well, you see, the three ladies they were all young and handsome; but they were all older than Miss Eulalie. And the two young gentlemen, they were twins—Horace and Maurice—and they looked very much alike; but they were very different. Nurse Dayton, who took care of them from their birth, used to say they were as much alike as two peas till they were three years old, when Master Maurice had a fall, which injured his back or hip, I don't know which, but it made him lame for life. So then they grew to be different. Mr. Horace, he was out in the open air, riding, driving, shooting, rowing; he went to school, and to college, and all that. And poor Mr. Maurice was in his chamber, lying on a couch, and being read to; he couldn't do much more than tend his birds and flowers. And so, you see, though they loved each other dearly, it was natural they would grow up different. Mr. Horace, he was a free-hearted, open-handed, pleasant young gentleman, and full of life and frolic, with a ready smile and a merry word for high and low; and we all loved him. But Mr. Maurice—he was saintly.

"You talk about folks being like folks in the Bible, I guess St. John was not better or holier than our Mr. Maurice. I used to think he was just what a good father-confessor is to the Catholics; for if any body in the house had done a wrong thing, or got angry, or had any grief or trouble or perplexity, they'd go to him, and he'd set things all straight, and put them in the right track, and they'd come away calm and happy.

"Well, servants hear and see a good deal; and if they please they may make observations. I hadn't been there a year before I found out how matters were. Both the brothers loved Miss Eulalie; but Mr. Maurice had been used to sacrifice and self-denial all his life; he knew he couldn't marry her, and he hoped his brother would. Indeed, I think all the family hoped and expected Mr. Horace and she would marry, for she was very rich, and called beautiful. I think Miss Eulalie loved them both—that is, she loved Mr. Horace a good deal, but she loved Mr. Maurice a great deal better. I suppose it was because he was so unlike herself, he was so calm and patient and sensible. He had more control over her than any one else. In her wildest fits of passion she would tear up to his room like a young tiger, and fling herself down by the side of his couch; and he would just smooth down her hair, and talk to her in his calm, low voice; and she would quiet down just like a baby.

"But with Mr. Horace it was different. He loved her too, but he loved to tease her—loved to see her eyes flash and her cheeks flame up; and many a time I've seen her stamp her little foot at him, in a rage too great for words; and then he would laugh, and she would be off to tell her wrongs to Mr. Maurice.

"Well, it went on so for a good while; and at last (on that terrible day, you know) we had had a dinner party here (well may I remember it, for it was the last merry day this old house ever saw!) and among the company was a young gentleman, a stranger. I guess the party was made for him. He was mightily taken with Miss Eulalie, and was very civil spoken to her, it seems; and she was just as vain as a little peacock always; and so, after the company had all gone, what must she do but come out on to the piazza and tell her cousins, as she called 'um, all the fine compliments she had received. It was something about her 'midnight hair and starry eyes.' I'm sure I shall never forget the words; I heard them often enough. Well, there was no real harm in that; she was only a silly, vain child; and the ladies only laughed at her, pleasantly enough.

"But, as ill-luck would have it, Mr. Horace was on the piazza too, though she didn't know it; and he came up to her and began to tease her, as his way was, holding both her hands, and repeating what she had just told his sisters, and mocking what the young gentleman said, till she got as mad as fire.

"Your Uncle John was busy in the dining-room, and the windows were open, and he saw and heard it all. At last she stamped her foot, and said, 'Let me go; you shall repent of this. I will be revenged on you!' and she broke away from him, and flew up stairs to complain of him to Mr. Maurice, I suppose. I was in the upper entry as she went by me, her cheeks all aflame, and her eyes flashing through tears; at the door of her cousin's room Nurse Dayton met her, and told her she must not go in then, Mr. Maurice had been in more pain than usual, he had just taken a composing medicine, and was trying to sleep; and she turned to go down. Oh! if she had only seen Mr. Maurice it would never have happened; he would have talked to her and calmed her!

"On the stairs she met Mr. Horace. He, too, was on his way to his brother's room, to tell him all about the party, I suppose; he always told him every thing to amuse him, for they were very loving brothers. She would have passed him, I think, without a word, for she was sweeping by him, when he caught her hand and began again with his teasing. 'Let me alone,' she said; 'I hate you!' and she pushed him from her violently. His foot was just on the edge of the stair; he lost his balance, reeled, fell heavily against the slight balusters; they gave way, and oh! merciful Heavens! Bessie, he went headlong,

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sheer down, through both stories, to the hall below! And I saw it all and couldn't help him. No one could help him; it was the work of a minute."

"Oh, aunt, it was horrible, horrible!"

"Horrible indeed! Miss Eulalie, she gave one scream as he went over — God forbid I should ever hear such a cry as that again! I told you what a voice she had—the coachman heard it in the stable; he said the horses reared up in their stalls; the gardener heard it at the bottom of the garden; no wonder—it seemed to me it might have been heard in England! Of course it brought the whole house together; and when I got there, there they lay, side by side, seemingly equally lifeless; but she had only fainted; she soon came to."

"And he, Aunt Betsey?"

"He never moved after they took him up. The doctor said his neck was broken by the fall, and he must have died instantly."

"But, aunt, do you think she meant it? Seems to me she didn't."

"Meant to kill him, Bessie? No, indeed, no more than you did; it was her awful, wicked temper, and she was to blame for indulging in such fits of rage; but she might have done the same thing forty times—I dare say she had done full as much forty times before, on the piazza, in the garden, or in the drawing-room, and no harm came of it—and if the balusters had not given way it would never have been thought of again. No, poor unhappy child, she didn't mean to take his life, I know."

"But, aunt, was there not a trial? they told me there was. Was she not taken up and tried for m—— tried for her life? How was that, if it was really an accident?"

"Yes, Bessie, she was tried—tried for murder! and that is another proof of the awful consequences of such terrible tempers! After the accident (for it wasn't any thing else) of course there was no end of the talk about it, and every thing came out, even their little childish dispute. I told you her foolish, thoughtless words, about hating him, and being revenged on him—well, they got air somehow, and were carried round, and no doubt made the most of—until they came to the ears of a young man, who was a lawyer in one of the neighboring towns, who had been terribly in love with Miss Eulalie, and had offered himself to her.

"Well, she was as proud as Lucifer! and she thought it was a great piece of presumption in him, and she refused him, very scornfully it was said: and worse than that, Bessie, she did what no lady ever does, what no true-hearted woman ever would do; she told of his offer openly, and made all sorts of fun of it."

"Oh, aunt, that wasn't right, was it?"

"Right? no, child! but I am not telling you of one who did right, am I? Well, he had a temper full as bad as hers, not so quick, perhaps, but more malicious, and full as deadly; he had vowed to be revenged upon her, and here, you see, was his chance, and he took it; he was the means of her being arrested."

"But, Aunt Betsey, he couldn't think she would be proved guilty—I mean guilty of meaning to take Mr. Horace's life, could he?"

"No, child, of course not. He knew that well enough, and I don't suppose he really wished she should; but he thought (and he was right there) that the mortification of a public trial would be the bitterest revenge he could take upon her. He never stopped to think how many innocent ones would suffer with her, God forgive him; but he brought blood-guiltiness upon his own soul by it. I am certain that in the eye of Heaven he destroyed life as surely as ever she did."

"How was that, Aunt Betsey? What do you mean—whose life did he take?"

"Why, Colonel Trevellion's. He was nigh about frantic, poor gentleman, when he lost his son, the pride of his heart; and he looked to him to be the head of the family, too, seeing how Mr. Maurice had grown up so sickly and feeble. But when this new trouble came, right on the heels of the other, as you may say—the disgrace of a public trial for murder—to have all his family, in their first terrible sorrow, called out as witnesses, and every little thing said and done in his house at such a time told out in open court, he couldn't bear it. He was a high-minded, honorable man, but what you call sensitive; that is, he was nervous and high-strung, and he had a brain-fever and died."

"But she was acquitted, aunt?"

"Yes, to be sure she was; nobody doubted that. But you see it was the disgrace, the horror of the trial; and oh, poor Mr. Maurice! it was hard on him. Sick and feeble always, and never used to any business in all his life; and now, when he was fairly heart-broken by the death of his father, and his only and twin-brother, and by her hand, too, he had to be called upon and give orders, and act as the master and the head of the family. But he did the best he could for her. He had the best lawyers in the land engaged, and he talked, and consulted, and wrote letters day and night; and only think how terrible it was to him to collect all the testimony, and see the witnesses, and hear all the dreadful particulars talked over again and again, as if they were only common matters of business—he that had been spared every thing till now! But he did it all, and made no complaint, though he looked like a ghost all the time."

"But she was acquitted?"

"Yes, indeed! No jury on earth could have condemned her, I suppose."

"Well, and then?"

"Well, it had been settled all along that she couldn't return here to live, where she was so well known, and where the story was all so fresh in people's minds. The other guardian had come on, of course, and he was to take her home after the trial, to live with him; but after she was acquitted she begged so hard to come back, for just one half hour, just to see and thank Mr. Maurice, and bid him good-by, that they didn't

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dare to refuse her. And so she came, she and her guardian."

"And did she see him?"

"No; he wouldn't see her. I don't suppose he could bear to look upon her; and should you think he could? and besides, he was all worn out with grief and anxiety. So he sent her as kind a message as he could: he was thankful for the verdict, in which he fully agreed; but she must spare him the pain of a parting, for he was not equal to any thing more."

"How did she bear it, aunt?"

"I didn't see her. I was busy with the young ladies. They were all miserable."

"And didn't they see her either?"

"No; she didn't ask for them. I suppose she felt if he wouldn't see her they wouldn't; and no more they would; so it was better she didn't ask for them. Poor thing! They said her despair and grief were terrible. But her guardian took her up in his arms, and I saw him from the window put her into the carriage, just like a little child. And we never saw her after that."

"Poor thing! She was to be pitied indeed!"

"Yes, indeed! they were all to be pitied. And there was more trouble still. When Mr. Maurice came to take the affairs into his own hands, and look about him a little, he found things in a terrible muddle! It seemed as if they had been living beyond their means for years. John never would believe it. He says to this day that somebody cheated, and that poor Mr. Maurice, who had never known any thing about money matters, no more than a child, in all his life, was too easy a dupe. John says the Colonel was as true as steel, and he knew he never would have lived so if he couldn't fully afford it. But every thing seemed to be upset, and it was decided to sell the place as soon as possible."

"Was not that a dreadful blow to them?"

"No; I don't think it was. They had all loved the place dearly; but they had seen so much sorrow there now, and they seemed so few, and likely to be fewer—for two of the ladies had been engaged to be married for some time—and I don't think they cared much about leaving it. Well, every body said, and we all thought, it wouldn't be an easy matter to sell off such an expensive place of a sudden. Every body said it would have to be sacrificed, and Mr. Maurice said he expected to sacrifice it; but, to his surprise, it was no sooner made public that the place was for sale than a purchaser appeared.

"He was a stranger gentleman. Nobody here knew him. He asked the price, and made no objections to it. He let them make their own terms as to time, and agreed to buy the whole furniture, carriages, horses, plants—every thing they chose to sell, just as it stood, for a fair valuation. Well, then every body said there must be some catch about it—that he couldn't be a responsible person, and there would be a difficulty at last about the payment. But there was not; he paid up handsomely, to their entire satisfaction. And then, when the bargain was all over, the deeds given, and the payment made—then the secret came out: it was Miss Eulalie who had bought it!

"It seems she heard it was to be sold, and as she knew how they had all loved the place she thought they would feel dreadfully at leaving it, and she insisted upon buying it, to give back to them. Poor, generous, headstrong child! She never stopped to think how all that had happened made them long to get away. She only thought, I dare say, that her cousins were losing their beautiful home, and she had money, and could save it to them. They said it took a large part of her fortune to buy it; but she didn't care for that; she never knew or cared about the value of money; and she let her guardian have no peace or rest till the place was bought and the papers all drawn up to give it back to them."

"And did they take it, aunt? Seems to me they couldn't—could they? And yet it was hard to refuse it from her."

"So it was, Bessie; but as you say, how could they take it? The ladies said it seemed like the price of blood; and it did. There was another terrible time about that; but they didn't take it, and I declare I don't see how they could. It most broke her heart, though, when they refused it, poor child!"

"But what excuse did they give? what could they say?"

"Oh! Miss Georgina and Miss Louise were going to be married, and the doctor had ordered Mr. Maurice to go to the south of France, and Miss Margaret was to go with him. But there comes your Uncle John. You see I was right, Bessie. I knew he would come, storm or no storm. There is not much more to tell you, but I must hurry up while he is at the barn. You must not speak of all this before him; he can't bear to hear Miss Eulalie's very name."

"Why, aunt, did he think she meant to do it?"

"Oh no, indeed! he thinks just as I do—that it was a terrible accident. But then, you know, if it hadn't been for her it would never have happened. And then he set such store by the Colonel; and Mr. Horace, he set his life by him! and the family being all broken up and scattered so—of course he feels it all came through her, you see."

"Please tell me then quick, before he comes in, where are they all now?"

"Two of the ladies were married, as I told you. Oh, such sad weddings! so different from what we all expected; so different from what they would have been. Then Mr. Maurice and Miss Margaret took Nurse Dayton, and went abroad to live; and as John and I were about getting married, they asked us to stay and take charge of the place till Miss Eulalie or her guardian had decided what to do with it; and they have never done any thing with it yet. I don't suppose

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they could sell it again if they wanted to, and perhaps they don't want to—I don't know."

"Then, aunt, Miss Eulalie owns it now?"

"I suppose so. An agent comes twice a year and takes John's account, and pays up our wages, and that is all we know about it. And now don't say another word about it, for I declare I'm just as blue as a raven talking so much of old times."

In half an hour more John Merriam made his appearance in the kitchen, and had to be brushed and dried and warmed, and had to give his opinion as to the state of the weather and the condition of the roads; how they were to-day, and how they would be to-morrow; and to be told how much needless anxiety Bessie had felt upon the subject of his return.

"Pooh, pooh!" said the sturdy, good-natured John, "that's all nonsense; nobody would have come near you to harm you, I guess. By-the-way, though," said he, looking round at his wife, "who have you had here in all the storm? What little girl was that I passed in the avenue as I came in?"

"Nobody, John; no one has been in all day."

"Oh, well, she didn't come in then, perhaps; it was just down by the gate that I saw her. But what in the world makes old Don whine so, I wonder?"

"I don't know, I'm sure; he has been making that noise ever since you drove up the avenue. I thought maybe it was because he was glad to see you and the horse."

"I guess," said Mr. Merriam, laughing, "it's more likely he means he would be glad to see the fire! He's old, and I suppose he feels the first cold weather. Can't you call the old fellow in, Bessie dear? and when I go out again after supper I will put him in the stable."

Bessie rose with ready willingness. As she opened the porch-door where the dog was standing she found a little snow-covered figure timidly crouching by the porch.

"Why, bless me, child!" she said, starting at the sudden apparition, "how you frightened me! Where did you come from in all this storm? and what do you want!" But there was no answer from the shivering creature before her.

Turning back to the half-open door of the warm kitchen, Bessie said, in a whispering tone, "Aunt Betty, there is a little girl out here; I guess, Uncle John, it is the one you saw out at the gate; she must be wet through; she seems benumbed and half frozen; she can not speak for trembling. May I bring her in?"

"Certainly, child! how can you ask? bring her in at once;" and Bessie, returning to the door, brought in the storm-beaten stranger, who, closely followed by the dog, crept shivering to the fire, and cowered silently over the blaze.

"Come nearer, my child!—move away, Don!" said the kind-hearted John, thrusting aside the unwilling dog to make more room—"make room for your betters, old fellow! I guess the back of the kitchen is warm enough for you. Sit down, little girl, and warm you; it is no night for such as you to be out. I found it cold enough, and I was well wrapped up, and riding too; you must be chilled through."

"Take off your cloak and hood, child," said the motherly housekeeper, drawing up a chair for her, "and I'll give you a cup of hot tea: take off your things."

But the drenched and trembling creature only drew her cloak more closely about her.

"No, no; take them off," said Mrs. Merriam, laying her hand kindly on the girl's shoulder. "Why, my gracious! you are wet through; you'll get your death! take them off."

"No," said the shivering stranger, speaking for the first time, in low, sweet, trembling tones, and raising her hand with a slight, and probably unconscious gesture of command; "I prefer to keep them on."

"Who was that?" said John, turning suddenly and almost fiercely toward her. "Who said that? There is but one such voice in the world!"—and as he spoke he flung back the wet hood—"Miss Eulalie!"

"Alas! yes," sobbed the poor, storm-beaten wanderer; "I am that most unhappy creature! Oh, John! oh, Betsey! you used to be kind and good; don't turn me out into the storm again! Oh, John, I know you hate me; but do not turn me out!"

"No, Miss Eulalie," said John, speaking gruffly, and turning away to hide his deep emotion, "you have no right to say that: I do not hate you; I never did hate you."

"But you hate to look upon me," she said, sadly, misinterpreting his averted face; "and no wonder—well may you. But do not turn me out into the night again. I am dying, John! Oh, let me die beneath the dear roof which sheltered my happy girlhood! I know I have disgraced it; but oh, John! oh, Betsey! if you knew with what a hungry longing I have pined to see the dear old place again!—but I would not come till I was dying. I waited, and waited; but I am dying now—and I have come!"

"Miss Eulalie," said John, making an effort to command himself, "when did you come?"

"An hour ago, John; I passed you at the gate—you did not know me."

Alas! the beautiful hair, once so prized and so admired, was cut short, and thickly silvered with age and grief; and from the large heavy eyes, which she raised to his, time and tears had stolen all the lustre.

"But that was an hour ago. Where have you been since, Miss Eulalie?—not out in all this dreadful storm?"

"Yes, John. I have been to all the places where we used to be so happy: to the old greenhouse, the pond, the mill, the grove."

"You out in all this storm and snow! Oh, Miss Eulalie! how could you?"

"Yes, John, what mattered it? The snow has drifted over my footsteps before this time. Oh, would that my whole path through life could be effaced as easily! John, you will not

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turn me out to die," she said, recurring to the idea which seemed uppermost in her mind. "I know you hate me, you must; but—"

"I do not hate you, Miss Eulalie; do not talk so. I pity you. God help you!"

"Then you will let me stay? I have been very sick. I have had a brain-fever, they told me. And you will not—turn me—out?"

"I have no right, and, Heaven knows, no wish, to turn you out of your own house, Miss Eulalie."

"My house, John? how is that? Oh yes, I had forgotten," she said. She spoke sadly and dreamily now. "My Uncle Trevellion, John—he—I—you—" she faltered, put her hand to her head, and stopped.

"Uncle John! Aunt Betsey! quick! quick! she is fainting!" cried Bessie, who, crouching behind her aunt's chair, had been a silent witness of the scene; and springing forward, she caught the slight, drooping figure in her strong young arms, and laid her tenderly back in the great chair.

In a moment Eulalie unclosed her eyes again; but they were brighter, and their gaze more unsettled now.

"I am better—much better, now," she said. "Let me go to my own room, Betsey. Have the ladies come in from their drive yet? Tell Nurse Dayton I want—to see—my cousin—Maurice."

"Poor child! She is wandering now," said Betsey, bending tenderly over her. "Oh, John, what can I do with her? Her own room! why it hasn't been used since she slept in it last! I couldn't get it ready for her. I can not take her there. What shall I do?"

"Put her into my room, aunt," said the kind-hearted Bessie. "Put her into my bed, and I will watch with her to-night; mother says I am a very good watcher."

"Thank you, dear child! but there is no fire there, you know."

"Can't you make up some kind of a bed here, Betsey?" said Mr. Merriam. "It will never do to put her into a cold room; and you must get off her wet clothes, first of all."

"To be sure, so we must! Uncle John always knows just what is right—don't he, aunt? I will run and bring some dry things for her; and hadn't you better get out the horse, uncle, and go for the doctor?"

When John, having got his horse in readiness, came in to ask how she was, and to inquire if he should bring any thing from the village besides the doctor, the trembling hands of his wife, and the eager, zealous ones of Bessie, had removed the wet garments of Eulalie, and replaced them with warm, dry clothing from Bessie's little store, and got her into a comfortable little bed close by the fire; and Bessie, on her knees by the side of the couch, was tenderly bathing the pale unconscious brow, and chafing the little cold white hands.

He stood for a moment, silently contemplating, with tearful eyes and heaving chest, the poor little faded thing, lying so still before him; and then turned sobbing away.

"Go for the doctor now, right away, won't you, John?" said his wife. "And to-morrow morning you must write to her guardian, and tell him she is here."

"She won't be here to-morrow morning, Betsey," said John, solemnly, in a half-choked voice. "She said she was dying, and she spoke the truth; there is no mistaking that look. If ever 'Death' was written on a living face I can read it on hers. She won't be here to-morrow morning!"

And John was right. Tender care and medical skill availed nothing. And when the morning's sun rose clear and bright, scattering the mists and clouds of night and tempest, tinging the new-fallen snow with hues of rose, and speaking of calm after storm, peace after unquiet, a higher than any earthly guardian had summoned the poor wanderer home; and peace and rest (the peace and rest of the grave) had been granted to the erring and passionate, but loving, repentant, and long-suffering Eulalie.

CEMETERIES.

CEMETERY (*Κοιμητήριον*, "Sleeping-Place") is the only word in our language that adequately conveys that idea of perfect repose which we naturally associate with the tomb and its occupants. In the sublime measures of "Thanatopsis" the whole globe is represented as a cemetery densely populated by the men of past ages, and this is, in a sense, true. But from the earliest periods certain localities or regions have been dedicated especially to the dead, so that their countries and cities may be surveyed with tolerable accuracy, and compared with the countries and cities of the living.

Job, thirty-three centuries ago, speaks of cities already desolate in his remote time, and "ready to become heaps;" and further he says, "Then had I been at *rest* with kings and counselors of the earth, which *built* desolate places for themselves."

We are almost every where confronted by mounds, sublime in their solitude and simple grandeur. These are barrows, the earliest funereal monuments erected by infant races, sometimes occupied by a single hero or chieftain, but oftener cemeteries inhabited by families or tribes. They may be divided into two classes—those composed merely of earth, and those built of masonry. The former abound in the vast steppes of Central Asia and Siberia. Herodotus speaks of the remotest parts of Scythia as the region "where the sepulchres are." Barrows are also frequent in Asia Minor and Northern Europe. Homer repeatedly alludes to the tumuli of the heroic ages. Nor are such mounds confined to the Eastern hemisphere. They are numerous in both continents of America, and even occur in the isles of the South Seas. West of the Alleghanies they may be counted by thousands, although seen in other parts of the United States.

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But, as compared with the number found in the trans-Mississippi region, those east of the Mississippi Valley are rare. Squier says, "The purposes of the mounds of New York, so far as can be determined, seem uniformly to have been those of sepulture. They generally occur upon commanding or remarkable positions. Most of them have been excavated, under the impulse of an idle curiosity, or have had their contents scattered by 'money-diggers,' a ghostly race, of which, singularly enough, even at this day, representatives may be found in almost every village." The mounds of Central America, Peru, and Chili may be likened to mines of treasure, such is the wealth they conceal. In one of the huacas of Peru gold was found in 1576 amounting to 46,810 ounces—5,000,000 francs, according to Humboldt's estimate. Nor is this circumstance confined to the cemeteries of the American wilds; the tumuli of Asia have often been rifled of enormous wealth buried with their occupants.

In Etruria or Tuscany numerous mounds remain, of a sort of composite order, either hewn out of a rock basis with a superstructure of earth, or with a platform of masonry, on which the tumulus is reared. These mounds prove, in connection with other data, the Semitic origin of the ancient Etruscans; for the Semitic and Turanian races, unlike the nations of Aryan stock, were great patrons of sepulchral architecture. These Etruscan tomb-hillocks may be termed mortuary histories. As Ferguson remarks, "without the lessons which we learn from them, the architectural history of Rome is an unintelligible maze, and the connection between the arts of Greece and Italy, from the earliest time, equally inexplicable."

In Peru we find barrows similarly constructed, partly of earth and partly of stone, showing an advance in the civilization of the children of the Sun; while in Yucatan the funeral mound attains to greater perfection, and reaches the excellence of the second of the above-mentioned classes of mounds, often consisting of tiers of solid masonry rising in pyramidal form, and constructed with great art and beauty. Nothing can be more impressive than these monuments of departed power, alone in the profound depths of the untrodden forests, hoary with age, and robed in the luxuriant drapery of tropical vegetation, vestiges of unrecorded greatness, sole chroniclers of races that else would have been utterly lost in oblivion. The Indians of Central America are unquestionably descended from those who reared these magnificent sepulchres, if, in the absence of other evidence, deductions drawn from comparative anatomy are deemed conclusive; but so degenerate are they that we must search in the bosom of the tomb for traces of the genius, nay, of the very existence, of their sires. Archæologists endeavor, from a similar source, to discover the origin of the builders of the North American barrows, arguing that the form they bear so resembles the mounds of Britain as to prove identity of race in the constructors. This, it must be confessed, is rather far-fetched; but the fact remains that the remote antiquities of America are only recorded in the archives of the cemeteries.

The transition is easy from the Pyramids of Uxmal to the Pyramids of Egypt. In these we find the crowning excellence reached in the erection of sepulchral mounds, for the stupendous tombs of Gizeh are but the rude cairn of Scotland, or the little memorial heap of stones of the Esquimaux and the Algonquin, carried to the highest scale of architectural progress; as in the sumptuous frieze of the Parthenon we can recognize the Cyclopean architrave of Mycenæ, and the wooden lintel of the aboriginal savage.

So familiar is every one with the Pyramids of Egypt that to describe them here would be superfluous. But before we leave the shores of the Nile, we may remark that the most densely populated cities of the dead are to be found there. In fact the whole country may be said to be honey-combed with graves. The curious mummyologists who have delved in the strata have given us an immense fund of information, the results of their indefatigable explorations; and yet the novelty and wonder which invest the Egyptian catacombs are unexhausted. Their antiquity, their vastness, and their magnificence, but above all the vague mystery that haunts them, are in the highest degree attractive to the imaginative mind. Emblems and mysticisms were the thoughts, the purposes, the actions, the life, of the former people of Mizraim. Their very language was carved on imperishable stone in cabalistic types. How could it be otherwise with a race who, in the legend of Osiris, alone among the nations of heathendom foreshadowed the life, death, and resurrection of our Saviour?—whose ideal of Evil was symbolized by a serpent, and who possessed an indistinct, yet immovable, belief in the immortality of the soul, and at the same time deified fish, flesh, and fowl, wood and stone, and adored with grateful reverence the harvest-yielding Nile, the Pan, the Ceres of Egypt. This people it was, with its score or two of dynasties, its crocodile and non-crocodile worshiping cities, its mummified bulls and world-conquering heroes, that scooped out of the mountain sides their subterranean cities of the dead, with hieroglyphic epitaphs and Bayeux-tapestries of stone, or heaved sepulchral mountains in the air, the tombs of kings.

In the cemeteries of Memphis and Thebes every specimen of funeral architecture may be found; pits where the poor were promiscuously interred, and answering to our squalid tenement houses; or limited private apartments, as in a modern boarding-house; or commodious mansions adapted to the reception of some Coptic grandee, with accommodations for his numerous family, his poor relations, and his descendants; or vast and superb palaces for the repose of royalty, where spacious halls and intricate corridors stretch acres under-ground, carved with elaborate devices, and tinted with hues that time has

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left unfaded. In these silent cities millions innumerable gathered as the ages glided on. Then the frenzy of the Persians dared to wrench asunder some of the barriers which should have been left unopened by man. Centuries again rolled away and Cambyses was forgotten, when there came a sound of war from the desert. Amrû and his Saracens swarmed into Egypt like the eleventh plague, and made a holocaust of a few hundred thousand MSS., and stormed the Pyramids with vinegar and fire. Cephrenes and Cheops, like the pre-Adamite sultans in the hall of Eblis, had lain in their marvelous sarcophagi, in the profound slumber of death, a fabulous period: what was the world and its pother to them! But the Pyramids, for the first time in two millenniums, heard a sound in their inmost depths. Silence was terrified, and the blow which shattered the couch of Cephrenes thrilled through the abodes of the dead from Memphis to the Cataracts of the Nile. Since that day every nation has profaned Egypt's dead. Mummy in the Middle Ages was exported to supply the gallipots of the apothecary and the alchemist. Says Sir Thomas Browne, "Mizraim cures wounds and Pharaoh is sold for balsams." Witches used it in their hell-broth, and modern tourists derive an idle and good-for-nothing entertainment in breaking open shriveled bodies for treasure or curiosity.

Traveling westward from Memphis we come to Barca or Cyrene. In an old geography which it was my fortune to contemplate in childhood was a rude wood-cut assuming to represent the tombs of Cyrene. A bleak hill-side, covered with sarcophagi and tombs, and facing a desert fading away in the dreary horizon, an Arab in the fore-ground, with his burnous blown about his ears by the sandy blast, and leading a dromedary—such was the meagre outline, but it made an indelible impression on the memory of the child. And such, in very deed, is all that remains of Cyrene, or Cyrenaica, the Pentapolis of olden time. A narrow strip, snatched by Doric enterprise from the encroachments of the desert, fragrant with perennial gardens, covered with sumptuous villas, and rendered salubrious by the breezes of the Mediterranean, it was a flourishing outpost of the Egyptian empire. Now you shall find there a few Berbers, a few date-palms, a few wells, and many, many graves. Rawlinson says, "The Greeks on settling in Africa appear to have adopted many customs from their barbarian neighbors.....The habit of burning the dead was abandoned, and rock-tombs were excavated with vast toil (which are often of striking beauty) as receptacles wherein to lay the bodies of the departed. There are no urns nor places for them, but many miles of necropolis, extending all around the city—the monuments and sarcophagi rising in terraces of ten and even twelve rows, one above the other."

If we turn our eyes eastward from Memphis we come to Petra, the city whose inhabitants dwelt, and still dwell, "in the clefts of the rock." In the area between the hills where the city stood are strown shards of pottery and remnants of columns, but the rocks which tower hundreds of feet around are hollow to their very summits with sepulchres. The vanished Edomite bequeathed to posterity the moral and the silence of the tomb. Petra is "no mean city" of the Silent Land.

Rock tombs are also frequent in the mountains of Persia and Asia Minor, and in the vicinity of Jerusalem, exhibiting ingenious design and elaborate finish. Catacombs, more generally known, are likewise to be found at Rome, Naples, Malta, Syracuse, and Paris—excavations with many a labyrinthine winding and of amazing extent. Although generally created for the purpose of supplying building material to the cities contiguous to them, they have subsequently been transformed into vast caravansaries, where many weary hearts, resting from the pilgrimage of life, await "the Sun of righteousness" to arise and summon them from their long repose. The interest attaching to the catacombs of Rome is heightened by the fact that they were the hiding-places as well as the sepulchres of the primitive Christians. There they took refuge when Domitian, Decius, and Dioclesian enforced their bloody edicts of persecution. In the winding thoroughfares of subterranean Rome, that surpasses its external rival in extent, the meek followers of the Cross dwelt contented, their souls illumined by a clearer light than that of the sun which they saw not. Yea more, some were born in those funereal caverns, and their lullaby and their dirge were both heard in the land of the shadow of death. In the lapse of centuries who can tell how many thousands were buried there, with their passport to heaven engraved with their epitaphs—"X P—*pro Christo.*"

As the mounds of Nineveh present two distinct strata, many parts of the second city having been built on the soil that had accumulated over the ruins of the first city of Nineveh, so at Rome we have two cities of the dead, one above the other, for the catacombs lie directly beneath the Appian Way, which was thronged with sumptuous tombs before and during the time of Cicero, who hints at their impressive beauty in a passage in his Tusculan Discussions, implying that if there is comfort in the grave it surely must be in abodes such as they occupied. Of all these monuments of the aristocratic cemetery of consular Rome but two remain, the battlemented tomb of Cecilia Metella, immortalized in "Childe Harold," and the mausoleum of the Cornelian Gens, excavated in 1780, at which time Dutens was enabled to draw up a genealogical tree of the Scipio family, so complete were the inscriptions on the tablets of the sepulchre. The other tombs in the Via Sacra date no further back than the period of the empire. There seem to have been no universal burying-grounds at Rome, but such as could afford it acquired a spot in the suburbs, usually by the side of some busy highway, and there built a family mortuary mansion. The Via Sacra, the great turnpike leading to

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Brundusium appears to have been a sort of Fifth Avenue in the Silent Land.

To such an extreme did the Romans indulge the passion for elaborating their tombs that at one time sumptuary laws were enacted with a view to restrain this extravagance. They agreed with Trimalchis in the directions he gave for the construction of his last resting-place, that "It is a great mistake to adorn houses for the living, and to bestow no care on those in which we shall dwell so long." The passage in Petronius, of which the above is an extract, is one of the most remarkable in classic literature relating to this subject. The Greeks, while they adopted interment as well as cremation, never spent much time or money on the abodes of the dead; which partly explains the fact that ancient cemeteries in Greece are extremely rare, although the writer recollects having often seen isolated stone sarcophagi excavated in the vicinity of Athens, containing, perhaps, the bones of the contemporaries of Pericles and Phidias. The tomb of Themistocles yet remains at the Phalerum, washed by the waves of the sea on which he won such imperishable renown.

The catacombs at Paris can have only a passing notice. When Napoleon decreed extramural interments, the grave-yards of Paris were depopulated and their inhabitants exiled to the catacombs under the city. Millions of Frenchmen thus emigrated against their will. As we thread the gloom of that subterranean city we pass between two walls of skulls, while thighbones are disposed in grotesque forms at every turn. Stephens mentions a similar attempt at ornamentation at Mochacab, in Central America. The walls of the church, the eaves, even the cross itself, were surmounted with skulls arranged in double and triple rows, often with labels on their foreheads by way of epitaph.

A still more hideous ingenuity is displayed in the cemetery of the Capuchin convent at Palermo. The occupants of this singular abode undergo a preparation which preserves the flesh an indefinite period, and then, dressed in the habiliments of life, are placed in a standing position in niches hollowed out of the walls of the vast subterraneous hall. Those who contemplate a final retirement to this philosophic retreat not unfrequently make choice of the niche they are to occupy and fit it to their person, very much as the Chinese has his coffin ready for any emergency, and occasionally familiarizes himself with its narrow limits. But the master-piece of this order of sepulchral art is found in the Capuchin convent at Rome. The earth in its darksome vaults was conveyed thither from Jerusalem, and the bones of those there deposited are arranged in curious cornices and mouldings, graceful arches, and elaborate chandeliers. Monks and courtiers, Death with his scythe, and the crowned monarch on his throne, are there represented, grinning skeletons. Grim must be the genius that displays itself in such repulsive forms.

The cemeteries of the Parsees or Guebres may be considered a modification of the catacombian style of architecture, resembling the Roman columbaria, which were subterranean rooms pierced with pigeon-holes for the reception of urns containing the ashes of the dead. They are circular galleries of masonry built in tiers in the open air, and the occupants are watched by their friends with agonizing suspense; for the salvation of the beloved dead, the triumph of the Good or the Evil Principle, depends upon which eye the fowls of the air first devour.

These varieties of catacombs which we have been considering are but improvements on the cavern cemetery, which is evidently the earliest form of this mode of burial. The use of natural catacombs for interment is repeatedly mentioned in the Bible; as, for example, the acquisition of the cave of Machpelah by Abraham for a family tomb. It is an interesting fact that in this purchase we find the first allusion made in history to the employment of metal currency; and by comparing the term used by the narrator in this connection with paintings on the walls of sepulchres at Thebes, we are able to learn the style of coin then in use—a striking instance of the value of funereal records to the numismatist.

But let us turn from these haunts of outer darkness, for lo! even the Silent Land hath its bowers of bliss, where the birds may carol "at their own sweet will" to the patient sleepers, and the winds croon to the weeping willow. Père la Chaise, Mount Auburn, Greenwood, Laurel Hill!—who can wander through their pathetic shades unmoved by the tender melancholy that steals over his soul, or can return to the cares and turmoil of life without half envying those who slumber in those hallowed retreats?

To one who is fond of contemplation in those haunts of repose how appropriate are Evelyn's beautiful words: "Our blessed Saviour chose the garden sometimes for his oratory—and dying, for the place of his sepulchre; and we do avouch, for many weighty causes, that there are no places more fit to bury our dead in than our gardens and groves, or airy fields, *sub Dis*, where our beds may be decked and carpeted with verdant and fragrant flowers, trees, and perennial plants, the most natural and instructive hieroglyphics of our expected resurrection and immortality."

How his sympathetic heart would rejoice if he could wander and meditate through the cemeteries of the present day in Europe and America, on which are lavished all the beauties which cultivated taste and fond affection can suggest, combined with the choicest graces of nature! There are now few towns of any size in this country which have not bestowed particular attention to the selection and ornamentation of their grave-yards. But of all the beautiful cemeteries of America probably none presents an appearance more in conformity with the character of the place than the cemetery of Savannah. The trees which embower its ave-

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nues are hung with the crape-like moss of the South, pendent from branch to branch in funereal festoons, curtaining the marble tombs with phantom drapery, and lending additional impressiveness to the solemn quietude of the scene. How much reason for gratulation we possess when we compare our cemeteries with those of the aborigines, such as Bartram repeatedly met in Florida, and which are frequent in the West, or even with the old grave-yards of New England, situated on bleak hill-sides, and suggestive of the stormy fortunes of the early colonists.

He who would view the crown of loveliness, the Damascus of the shadowy realm, should visit the cemeteries of the Bosphorus. Lord of the richest spot earth can boast, nursed by a climate where the extremes of heat and cold are unknown, and possessed of a keen appreciation of the beautiful bequeathed to him by his ancestors, the Islamite of Constantinople contemplates Israfel in the guise of an angel rather than as a skeleton; therefore he has rendered the cemeteries, which for miles crown the hills of the Bosphorus, attractive and picturesque. Self-consecrated guardians of the dead, the endless ranks of cypresses stand in solemn majesty around the millions slumbering at their feet, and as the rays of sunlight steal here and there through a rent in the wall of verdure, they light up tombs carved with arabesque inscriptions, and it may be ornamented with gold or brilliant tints. Before we turn from these cemeteries, let us glance at one of their suburbs, lying almost in the shadow of the cypresses on the European side of the Bosphorus. It is limited in extent, no trees beautify its precincts, and it is often profaned by the careless foot of the passer-by; but it is enriched by many tears, and love has consecrated the dust which lies mouldering there. This is the Protestant burying-ground of Constantinople. The faithful soldier of the Cross and the winsome child of scarce three summers, the dauntless hero of the Crimea and the beloved wife dying away from the home of her childhood, resting there from the anguish and the toils, the baffled hope, the watching and the tears of the world, repose in the sacred quiet of the Silent Land.

We pass onward through the Silent Land until the venerable gloom of Gothic ages falls upon us; we feel the dusky air moved by banners escutcheoned with royal devices; religious gleams steal through mullioned windows, where martyrs and saints have watched for centuries over kings and queens enthroned in the gorgeous magnificence of medieval days. We are in Westminster Abbey. As we ramble through this imperial city of the Silent Land we see how all distinctions are lost in the grave, for here intellect ranks with royalty. The king and his subject are each allowed but a scanty six feet, and the monument of a hero or a poet is side by side with that of his sovereign. How truly is Death a common leveler! All that enter his dominions must pass under the yoke. Pride must stoop, power must bend, and wealth pay tribute at the gates of him who rides the Pale Horse. Hence Jeremy Taylor hath pertinently observed, "A man may read a sermon, the best and most passionate that ever man preached, if he shall but enter the sepulchres of kings." The wonder of Westminster Abbey is the chapel of Henry VII., where he and his queen lie enshrined in the finest specimen of the pointed Gothic school existing, the most superb mausoleum in Christendom. The vesper harmonies of the organ sweep through the cloisters of the antique pile, as if it were the souls of those that sleep there hymning their slumbering bodies to repose; and as the last notes die away over "the wilderness of tombs," let us turn to the only rivals of the magnificence of Henry's tomb which are to be found in the Silent Land.

The first of these, the Mausoleum of Halicarnassus, is, alas! but a heap of ruins. One of the seven wonders of the world, it existed uninjured until the twelfth century, when Eustathius saw it, and declared that "It was and *is* a marvel." Overthrown soon after by an earthquake, and its fragments to a considerable degree converted into building material for fortifications by the Knights of St. John, early in the fifteenth century, its very site has for ages been unknown. The classical scholar and the antiquarian will rejoice to learn that within the last decade Mr. Charles Newton, of London, has not only identified the location of the Mausoleum, but has also excavated many precious relics from the mounds where they threatened to be buried forever; and now the matchless statues of Mausolus and Artemisia his queen, the heroine of Salamis, which crowned the pyramidal apex of the structure, and filled the mariner with wonder as he sailed the Ægean and beheld them from afar towering against the deep blue of the Ionian sky, are in the British Museum, in almost perfect preservation. The world of letters and of art owe great thanks to Mr. Newton.

At Agra, in Northern Hindostan, we find the Taj Mahâl, the third of the mausoleums above alluded to. As it is probably the least known of the three, it may not be amiss to linger here a few moments. It was erected by Shah Jehan, the Mogul, for Noor Mahâl, the best beloved of his wives, the heroine of Moore's "Light of the Harem." The Taj stands on a platform eighteen feet high, and three hundred and thirteen feet square, faced with white marble. The dome of the edifice seems to rise with the majesty of the full moon, and the corners of the quadrangle are guarded by the four most elegant minarets in India. Under the central dome are the cenotaphs of the Shah and his consort, ornamented with gems, but their remains repose in a vault below. The spandrels and all other available spaces are inlaid with mosaic arabesques of agate, jasper, lapis-lazuli, and other precious stones, with unsurpassed elaborateness and fancy. The whole of the Koran is said to be thus inscribed on the interior. Truly has it been observed that "the Pathans designed like Titans and completed like jewelers." The glorious

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effect of the interior is softened and beautified by the marble screens that diffuse a delicious twilight through their fairy-like tracery. The mausoleum derives additional charms by standing in the midst of gardens still kept in perfect order, where the zephyrs murmur through bowers of roses, and marble fountains weep silvery tears by the royal tomb.

The nations of Tartar origin have been great tomb-builders in their day, as the magnificent royal cemeteries and mausoleums of Constantinople, Bagtché Serai, Ispahan, Gizneh, Agra, and Golconda bear witness; but they have reared no monument that equals the surpassing splendor, the faultless proportions, of the Taj Mahâl, the chef-d'œuvre of Saracenic art. Thus we find that the Silent Land can boast respectively the finest examples of the three principal architectural schools, the Grecian, the Gothic, and the Saracenic. May we not christen them the three graces of architecture?

By way of contrast to the superb cemeteries of royalty we have just visited, let us turn to the necropolis of the olden Scottish kings. The lover of Shakspeare will readily recall the passage where Macduff says of Duncan, the murdered monarch, that he was

> "Carried to Colmekill;
> The sacred store-house of his predecessors,
> And guardian of their bones."

In Iona or Icolmkill—that little isle famed for sanctity during the Dark Ages—the chieftains of Scotland were wont to retire from the turbulent scenes of the times and court the seclusion of the grave. The northern waves, whitening the bleak shores of the islet with foam, moan a perpetual miserere for the fallen "Lords of the Isles." The sovereigns of Scotland no longer receive their investiture at Scone, but

> "Iona's saint, a giant form,
> Throned on her towers conversing with the storm,"

still gazes on the mouldering cloisters and crumbling tombs around which, as the legend goes, the long procession of thanes and monarchs winds in spectral majesty at dead of night.

No regions of the Silent Land offer more attractions than those appertaining to royalty. The historic associations clustering around them, the splendor they often present, the reflections they suggest urge us to linger yet longer amidst their hallowed precincts; but time forbids. As we take our leave of these abodes of kings, the sublime apostrophe of Sir Walter Raleigh comes home to the heart with thrilling effect; and still more powerful is it when we consider how his own career gave a bitter reality to his words: "O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far-fetched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it all over with these two narrow words, Hic jacet!"

At this point we are struck by several analogies existing between the world we live in and the Silent Land—one of which is the circumstance, that, as genius or worth may celebrate an object or locality in the Land of the Living, so in the Land of Sleep the spot where the great or the good repose is hallowed and immortalized. The tomb of Mohammed at Mecca, and the grave of Washington at Mount Vernon, witness to the fact. But in all the Land of the Shadow of Death there is no grave so celebrated and so loved as that sepulchre hewn in the rock where the crucified Redeemer of mankind, eighteen centuries ago,

> "Entered the grave in mortal flesh,
> And dwelt among the dead."

For its possession did the voice of St. Bernard peal from the Tiber to Ierne's Isle; for this did Saladin and the Lion Heart meet in chivalrous combat; for this were Palestina's hills whitened with the bones of heathenesse and Christendom.

We may trace another analogy in the attempt that is made to perpetuate the professions and titles, the honor and dishonor—in a word, the various distinctions of society, in that mysterious realm where all must inevitably take up their residence. A crusader will have his effigy on his tomb in morion and cross-legged, as who should say, "I, Walter Fitz-give-'em, Kt., having fought doughtily in the Holy Land, and hewed many circumcised infidels, now rest here *in pace. Odi profanum.*" Royalty endeavors to preserve its dignities by affecting sumptuous mortuary palaces, in some cases even reposing in apartments contiguous to its living abodes, as at the royal cemetery of the Escorial, where the dead monarchs of Spain are sheltered by the same roof that covered them when they sported their honors with Castilian pomp. On the other hand, the infidel, the suicide, or the outcast must be content with a grave in unconsecrated ground, at cross-roads, or some other equally desirable spot. So closely do the Chinese monarchs maintain relations between their own and the Silent Land that one of the four executive boards of the empire is expressly devoted to the charge of the royal cemeteries and mausoleums. As the Emperor possesses several hundred wives and concubines this is a very judicious notion. Again, occupations, the manner of death, and other circumstances are symbolized on tomb-stones by devices more or less suggestive. The tombs of the ancients are often magnificent specimens of attempts to describe the exploits of the dead. The sarcophagus of Alexander the Great is a well-known example. In the Armenian cemeteries of Constantinople a pair of shears, a trowel, or an inkhorn represent respectively that the individual residing under those signs is a retired tailor, mason, or scribe. A human form decapitated, and with the head between the legs, or under the left arm, indicates that the sword of the executive translated the sub-sleeper to a less turbulent sphere. Mrs. Jameson thus mentions

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one of the tombs in that famous aristocratic cemetery at Nuremburg, where lies Albert Durer, "the Evangelist of Art:" "I remember one, to the memory of a beautiful girl, who was killed as she lay asleep in her father's garden by a lizard creeping into her mouth. The story is represented in bronze bas-reliefs, and the lizard is so constructed as to move when touched." How odd is the—so-called—baker's tomb at Rome, which is built of stone loaves and the utensils of his trade! To many the monument of Thomas Freeborn, at Greenwood, must be familiar. This is a very remarkable instance of the tenacity with which men cling to the pursuits of life. He was a pilot; and now observe in how many ways his profession is declared. A solid base supports his sarcophagus, on which is placed a capstan coiled with a cable, and this is surmounted by a mast, whose top is crowned by a beautiful statue of Hope leaning on her anchor and pointing to the skies. As if this were not enough, two vessels in a storm, his own and the one he was piloting into port, are carved on the sarcophagus in bas-relief. Primitive races still farther carry out the idea of correspondence between the two worlds by inclosing in their tombs implements used in life—cooking utensils, weapons of the chase and warfare, and not unfrequently a favorite wife or concubine, horse or dog, and the like. The ancient cemeteries of America, the barrows of Scythia, the tombs of Etruria are amply furnished with all these.

Such, in brief, is the realm of peace; such are some of its territories and provinces, its cities and townships, its palaces and shrines, its patrician and plebeian abodes, its caverns and its groves. As we take a retrospective view of the ground passed over we are enabled to deduce two or three facts which are of interest and value. We learn, in the first place, that a knowledge of the Silent Land is not so visionary and unimportant a matter as it is treated by the world at large; for it presents corroborations of history, memorials of many an event otherwise unrecorded, and traces of many a people whose very existence would else have remained unknown. In the epitaphs and sculptures, the articles of human use, and the specimens of art there discovered, the chronicles of the nations are written in characters that can not be misinterpreted.

We observe in the next place, that merit in sepulchral art is attained by successive steps, and is as much dependent on the relative civilization of races as art in the Land of the Living, as is illustrated by the Egyptian Pyramid, the culmination of mound-building, which was reared by a nation of architects at a period when their genius created its master-pieces. In like manner the elaborate catacombs of Jerusalem or Rome are far superior to the cavern sepulchre. Again, we can trace the stages of monumental art from the tomb of Atreus to the Carian Mausoleum, from the Etruscan mound to the stupendous sepulchre of Hadrian on the Tiber. These various branches of mortuary art reached their apogee hundreds, in some cases, thousands of years since, but their progressive excellence is none the less perceptible on that account.

We discover finally, that what was unquestionably the earliest and the simplest form of burial, mere interment in the ground, has been continued to the present day, and while other modes of sepulture have reached the limit of their improvement, this is continually developing new beauties and attractions. It can be traced down from generation to generation with even more certainty than the Apostolic succession of the Church, until, in our day, it presents the wonderful beauty of Greenwood and Mount Auburn. And this, the most natural form of burial, will probably survive all others, nor could a better be desired. Can "couch more magnificent" be sought for than the green cathedral of the woods, whose cloisters are pervaded by the incense of flowers, and lit by the glory of the sun; where the strains of the choir are the chant of the winds, and where spring ornaments the mighty mausoleum with rarer mosaics than sculptor ever wrought or dreamed of, and over all arches the azure canopy of heaven. There should be the last resting-place of man.

Having shown that it is rational for us to think well of cemeteries, let us also see why it is for our interest to love and cherish them. The associations and sympathies of the Silent Land are so analogous to the pursuits of the living, and so nearly related to every human being, that it must necessarily be to our comfort to regard with favor an object that so frequently appeals to our notice. There Charlemagne condoles with Louis Napoleon on his inevitable abdication of the imperial throne; there the soldier meets comrades in the heroes who sleep in the barrows of Marathon, and bivouac on the field of Waterloo; there the lawyer finds a tribunal from which there is no appeal, and the oppressed a court of equity that recognizes no distinctions; there the seeker after gain can realize substantial wealth by instituting pilgrimages to the tomb of St. Thomas à Becket, or speculating in cemetery stocks; there the physician will see the patients he has lost soothed by anodynes such as Paracelsus and Arbuthnot never knew, and the pastor will find the most unruly of his parishioners observing the Christian virtues of meekness and humility; there the historian may gather material from epitaphs and relievos, and the ethnologist trace the origin of races; there the man of taste may feast his eye on the choicest works of art, and there the philosopher will arrive at the realization of the equality of Plato's Republic and More's Utopia.

Another consideration induces us to think well of the Silent Land. Who that treads the globe hath not friends slumbering in its calm retreats, perchance a brother, a sister, a parent, a wife, or a child? Should we not then love the abodes they occupy, and fondly deck their pillows with flowers, and think of them as sleeping in the

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"Valley of the Avilion;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow,
Nor ever wind blows loudly?"

With what thankfulness we should behold the innumerable graves of children which we meet every where in that quiet realm! The little barefooted thing stretching out her shivering hands at the street corner, when the remorseless blast drives the snow through her flaxen hair, and in piteous accents implores a trifle to sustain life—the dancing, prattling sprite nurtured in luxury, and careless of the ills that inevitably await her, if she attain to the stately sadness of womanhood, both alike arouse emotions "that lie too deep for tears." Therefore, when we pace the still avenues of the cemetery, and see the short graves and small tombstones thickly strewn amidst the grasses of spring, and think how many a dear little Nell lies there, cradled and sheltered forever in the fond arms of her tender foster-mother, should we not be filled with solemn joy, and love the place of their repose?

Another and a final consideration should incline us to think well of cemeteries. We ourselves, at no very distant day, shall be denizens there. We also, as the Chinese express it, shall go to our fathers. Low and weird is the voice of the mysterious angel of the Hereafter, as she whispers that we also shall rest in the land of sleep and oblivion.

THE BATTLE AND TRIUMPH OF DR. SUSAN.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART I.

I.—ON THE FIELD.

VERY sick, but knowing nothing of it. Careless of the fact that for days I had been vacillating on this side of the gate which lets men in from the Hither to the Farther Mystery. Tossing upon a bed which might have been hard or soft for aught that I had complained, for I thought it was a sea whose endless billows swung under me in eternal monotony of vibration; and near and afar giant, inexplicable shapes kept coming and flitting between the fearful vast of shoreless water and horizonless sky. Lead-colored was the air; dead, save when it shook with a sound as of far-off, expanding thunders, or glowed with a lurid momentary glare which lighted only still vaster wastes and skies still unbounded.

So I went drifting—they told me afterward—fifteen days.

I had come to the Hydropathic Institution of Beech-Wold sufficiently ill, it is true, but little expecting any such dénouement to my case. Utterly weary—world-weary, self-weary—was I when I set my foot languidly on the threshold of the moist place of cure. I fled to the water literally because I was sick of the earth. And I might have known that no surer signals than these feelings exist to tell when the paralyzing typhus is stealing on with its cat-like tread. But I never once thought of this. I knew only that I was tired out; that I fain would rest. And no nearer rest presented itself than Beech-Wold Water-cure. So I gathered up enough vitality to get there; and after that evening, for fifteen days, I knew nothing more of the world popularly called "sane."

Happily I was not altogether a stranger at the place. The head physician at Beech-Wold, Dr. Laurence Medlicott, had visited years before in my father's family. I myself had been at Beech-Wold before—not the patient, but the guest—looking with dilettante eyes of wonder on the curious men who stood under great douches, hobbled about with wet caps on their heads, or sat in immense tubs, and really got well gradually under these processes.

I was a young man, fortunately with what they call "constitution" in my favor. I am at a loss, however, for the propriety of this expression. "Constitution" is a bank which honors every draft, even the heaviest, without grumbling, till the last coin of deposit is gone, and then it breaks, quickly, unexpectedly, with a crash; after which, naturally enough, there is no more "constitution" to be in one's favor. I was a young man, I said, a third partner in a New York shipping-house; and from this very fact, as by a steady law of metropolitan being, I worked myself to death. For a third partner is a man whose next thing to do in the universe is to make himself second partner, and next after that head of a firm, though he arrive at the latter eminence just too late to live any longer, his brains being burned out and his nerves hanging in loose strings. I was as yet only third partner when I discovered, almost in desperation, that whatever else that crisis might elevate me to, I should not become second partner by being dead; and so, in great suffering at the loss of time, came to Beach-Wold to take breath for another three years' rush, at fifteen-hours-a-day pace, in the direction of headmanship.

II.—COMPANY PARADE.

Strangely, on the morning of the sixteenth day at Beech-Wold, did the swinging sea beneath me fall into a great calm, and I began to recognize it as that old and familiar idea—bed, whereon I found myself lying, helpless, motionless, almost utterly speechless. Above me, too, the leaden, lurid firmament broke away; and out of bewildered eyes—scarce, as yet, apprehending any naturalness—I looked upon a room wall, papered in a white and red vine-leaf pattern. The phantasmal shapes of gianthood and wizardry also faded utterly away, and there were two woman-figures in the half-darkened chamber. Talking in a low tone, with an occasional glance at the spot where I lay silently, they sat by the only window—the one catching upon some crochet-work which her fingers plied in the smothered light beneath the low-drawn shade; the other with her arms folded in a self-possessed, almost man-like manner.

The former of these was Helen Talfourd.

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The latter was Dr. Susan.

I did not want any thing particularly when I first regained consciousness. I felt no longing: all I wished was to lie still, and form a new familiar acquaintance with the old things of life which looked so strangely, though they could hardly, I thought, have been gone from me longer than since yesterday. At first I took in the clock, with its white moon face and its restless tick, and realized that; then my eye wandered over looking-glass, chairs, tables, and stand, with its row of tumblers—a spoon in each, to measure the drops of water, Homeopathically tinctured, which formed at Beech-Wold the only medicinal ally to water tinctureless. But invariably—after I had scrutinized every separate object thoroughly, and steadied my poor pulp-feeling brain into a conviction that it was real—did my gaze fall back upon the two women at the window. I had never seen them before; and I felt, every time I looked at them, an involuntary tremor run through me, which might have been from one of three causes:

1*st*. Because I was sick, and any unfamiliar presence disturbed my nerves. 2*d*. Because I was modest, and the bare fact of having ladies in my bedchamber embarrassed me. Or 3*d*. Because, as I have often considered with myself, the state of mind immediately succeeding any terrible sickness is a state immeasurably clear, in which truths before unrecognizable are distinctly perceived and come into almost immediate contact with the spirit. If this be so, most fitting should it seem that, having just walked hand in hand with Death up to the very threshold of his kingdom, and looked in upon it as he bade me unwilling good-by for the present, I should be able on my return to recognize also other spiritual forces of great influence with me; to behold, in fine, the fact that these two women were my Fates!

For it is true, as afterward appeared plainly, that in their different ways Helen Talfourd and Dr. Susan were two parcæ of mine. It is natural that you should wish to have me describe them, as they looked sitting by the window, the one still crocheting, the other ever with folded arms pressing in an evidently reserved, resolved heart, while they both talked quietly.

Dr. Susan was a woman above the usual height of her sex by at least two inches. She encroached on the region of the lesser virile longitudes. Her hair was a very dark brown, almost black, rather coarse and not in the least glossy; the impossibility of its being the latter, was owing to natural temperament sustained by a very negligé manner of wearing it pushed back over the ears and done up, as women say, "any way," in a loose knot, from which radiated several uncombed and uncomprehended strands. But her general appearance was not that of a slovenly person; rather that of one who would have been nice had not her time been required for other things. A pair of very strange and expressionful large, blue-gray eyes lit up her whole face from beneath a man-like high forehead, giving the upper part of the countenance an irregular and not thoroughly pleasing look, as of a Grecian pediment under which, by a freak and jumble of architecture, deep-linteled Gothic windows had found their way. Yet the effect was fascinating. Her nose and mouth were large, masculine, and forcible; yet the contour of her cheeks and chin was softly graceful as a beautiful child's. A very queer visage! Aspasia wearing the mask of an Amazon!

Her figure was lank, angular, unsymmetrical. Her hand long, dry, and nervous; its fingers were forever unsatisfied, and seemed trying to creep away from the resolute arms that held them back, and clutch some wanted, some unfound thing. But with exception of the hand, no signal of any thing within looked from the impenetrable wall of Dr. Susan's cold exterior.

Of an altogether different creation seemed the young girl who sat opposite her and plied the crochet needle. Apparently at least eight years Dr. Susan's junior, she had all the fresh bloom of her first young womanhood upon her, as well as every feminine grace, which the other had not. Her face was so regular that it would not have been remarkable, and she would have fallen into that unfortunate category, the merely pretty woman, had not one of those expressions which years ripen into something angelical sat in her eyes and on her mouth. This redeemed her entirely from ever being looked on as a toy—a fashion-plate. She looked *pure*, she had within her evidently latent possibilities of crimsoning to the temples at the suggestion of a mean thought, or the proposal of a low-motived action. That look had its seat principally in her mouth and its expression; it was a mouth that could give virgin kisses from a virgin soul to any pure man that was worthy of them. And the expression of her eyes was this: "Give me some high aim, and I can be devoted to it! I can crucify self for it. I can shed woman's precious blood and tears for it. I can endure having the tenderest sensibilities tortured for its sake, and all that torturing, though it may kill *me*, will never blunt *them!*"

Dr. Susan wore a loose black silk morning robe. Helen Talfourd was dressed in a blue muslin summer dress, cut girlishly in all but length, as if her womanhood had come upon her so gradually that she did not know it yet, and was not aware that there was any thing remarkable in her of symmetry to hide.

All these things I noticed as minutely as I have told them, while I lay silent and motionless on that bed which had so nearly been to me the bed of death. Through eyelids just a little ajar I noticed them, so that neither of the women fancied I was awake, and continued their conversation as spontaneously as if I had been a lay figure. I purposely do not say as much without *reserve*—that is not the word—for I suppose that Dr. Susan never even soliloquized unreservedly, if she ever soliloquized at all. I was very weak, almost in a state of bodily paralysis, as may well be imagined would be the case,

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with a man just emerging from a fortnight's sojourn in the valley of the shadow of death. This must be my excuse for listening passively to a conversation which I might have stopped in a moment by a cough. I was not equal to a cough.

Perhaps, too, there was something additionally paralyzing to a person feeble as I in the strange magnetism of Dr. Susan. At first I had forced myself to look at her from an abstract sense of justice, and because I felt as if the tender beauty of her younger companion were making her face too repulsive to me. I would study it therefore, and be fair to its good points. But this had been my motive only a very little while before I discovered that I could not withdraw my gaze from that weird face of hers if I would. If she was not handsome she was homely to fascination, and her immense strange eyes held me even though they did not look at me. At the same time Helen Talfourd's sweet woman face seemed growing more and more indistinct and ideal, as Dr. Susan's waxed positive, commanding, and real. All this had the effect on me of a nightmare, in which I heard voices speak thus:

Dr. Susan. "I should be very glad to help you, my dear, but you know I never crocheted a stitch in my life. What is that? Floss you call it, don't you?"

Helen. "Oh no! Sadler's silk, dear; floss is a very different thing. How droll it does seem to think that *you* could know any thing about crochet-stitches, now I consider it! What makes it so droll to think of those things in connection with you, Susan, I wonder?"

Dr. Susan. "I suppose the same reason that every body would be astonished to hear me called Susie. I don't think you were ever tempted to call me any thing but Susan in your life. I can not remember any body else who ever yielded to such a temptation."

Helen. "Susie! How absurd it does sound to be sure! It's quite as comical as it would be to talk about the Court of St. Jimmy, or the Cathedral of St. Pete, or Mendelssohn's Oratorio of 'Lije! Do you know that I believe 'Oh Susannah' would never have been written if the composer had been acquainted with you? 'I thought I saw Susannah a coming down the hill.' Did you ever come *down* a hill, Doctor? 'The buckwheat cake was in her mouth.' Dear me! profanity, as connected with the name of Susan! Oh, forgive me, dear! have I offended you?"

Dr. Susan. "No, child, you have not offended me. I suppose what made you think so was that I looked a little red, wasn't it? That is only the remains of a pretty quick temper, conquered tolerably well since childhood, when it flared occasionally. The embers are not quite out, and when they glow up for a moment my face grows warm. Why should I be vexed at you? You are only a little playful woman!"

Helen. "Which means, in your view, that I am something to be petted, sheltered, condescended to, excused, and not regarded affirmatively any way, eh, Susan? I'm only a woman, am I? Well, I hurl back the insinuation, you're another, Susan! you're another!"

Dr. Susan. "Not your kind, dear, not the general kind! There are precious few women that I can understand, or that can understand me, I suppose, for that matter. Well, I don't want them to. I am not unsocial, however. I should like to attend even a gossiping tea-party if I could pick my company."

Helen. "Whom would you invite? Mrs. Bugsby, the spiritual medium?"

Dr. Susan. "Mrs. Fiddlestick! That woman you mention is the weakest of intellectual dish-water. Her spirits are the vapor of green tea and a volatilizing cerebellum. All this water-cure can't save her; has tea in her room every night after I go my rounds—smelt it last night. Then she comes down in the morning, and has been visited by Homer! Pish! I suppose he has a curiosity to see if his Iliad ever *was* put into a nut-shell, as people say, and comes to look into her skull, mistaking her brain for that receptacle. No, I would invite Deborah the Prophetess, and Jael, wife of Heber the Kenite. I would send cards also to Jephtha's daughter, and to Judith, the Avenger of Israel. The maid of Zaragossa should be there, Joan of Arc, Charlotte Corday, and Grace What's-her-name, the light-keeper's brave girl, and I would have Longfellow's Evangeline."

Helen. "Would you! Oh, let me come too, and have the seat next to her. I could understand her; I could love her; I think I could even *be* her."

Dr. Susan. "Let us shake hands there! We have one point in common. You shall come to the tea. Only don't break right into the midst of one of Sappho's recitations, and ask her whether she counts six stitches to a scollop, or eight in corn-colored lamp-mats."

Helen. "No, Miss High-and-Mighty! I should go to a much more ancient and famous female authority for that information—not to Phaon's but to Homer's friend, Mrs. Penelope, who, having been four thousand years ago, as we know, such an excellent webster, is probably at this day quite up with the age in double stitch, single stitch, over and over stitch, back stitch, and—"

Dr. Susan. "Stitch in the side! which I myself am experimentally acquainted with at this present through overmuch yawning. Yes, Penelope was a good woman; true, true; very good, but very tiresome. Besides, why didn't she charge on all those vagabond persecutors of hers, imbecile hangers-on standing around the loom, mouths agape and hands in their pockets (as I verily believe most men are born, and have to undergo a surgical operation to get any use of their lazy fingers); and when they kept asking, 'Ain't you almost done?' 'When are you going to get through with that?' 'Aren't you an awful while doing that cloth?' and all such questions just like them, why didn't she charge

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on them, I say, with the handiest distaff, and put them to flight with abrasions over the os frontis? No. Instead of that she had to keep weaving away patiently as you and Homer describe it—stupidly as I call it—pretending to every one of the Embêtes that she was head over ears in love with him, and that the affair she was at work at was her trousseau!"

Helen. "My dear Doctor, can't you see the woman's wit in that? She wanted to make all those fellows sick of the idea of marrying her. 'Bless me!' any one of them who saw her weaving might naturally be expected to say, 'Bless me! If this woman takes ten years for her trousseau, what won't it cost to keep her in clothes after we go to housekeeping?' Whereupon, if you knew any thing at all about men, my dear Doctor, you would be sure that they would all take to their heels. Back a vision of bills from Stewart's, Lambert's, Lawson's, Peyser's, Lichtenstein's, and fifty other establishments, against the toughest distaff that ever was twirled. And don't you fancy our Greek grandmothers were so out of the mode that they didn't have those nice little places in Ithaca! That was a quiet woman's trick of Penelope's, I tell you, Dr. Susan."

Dr. Susan. "It doesn't seem to have been a remarkably successful one, however."

Helen. "Then their love must have been very sincere. Samples of so strong a kind for wear have not come down to our day."

Dr. Susan. "Of course they have not! That is just what I always say. Who knows how to love nowadays? Who knows how to hate? Who knows how to feel strongly, think, speak, act strongly in any way? No! it is *vulgar* to have more vitality than a caterpillar. Heavens! can *you*—could *you love*, little woman?"

Helen. "Why, Susan! much better might I ask *you*, I think. Could *you* love?"

Dr. Susan. "I might have done so—some time ago."

Helen. "What do you mean—when you were a young girl?"

Dr. Susan. "When the world was! Several thousand years ago, when there were *men* to be loved! Real, stout, earnest, fighting, love-*compelling* men. Men who did not care so much about being loved as about being *worthy to be*—yes, and to be adored too. I think I have considerable love somewhere that I could have given to such a person that I can not lay my hand on just now!"

Helen. "Put your palm just over the region of Ideality and you will find it, I think."

Dr. Susan. "You're probably correct. Unfortunately so for me."

Helen. "Yes, and for some Ajax, or Achilles, or Götz Von Berlichingen, whom, after he had carried you away struggling on his broad, muscular back, with a black eye as his marriage token from you, you would have made a most excellent, faithful wife. Such a beautiful housekeeper! Such a neat repairer of shirts! Such a charming maker of the barbaric sweetmeats of that period! Such an excellent crocheter of mats for his festal wine-cup! My! how glad he would be that he had carried you off when he found that what you could do in the way of housekeeping was restricted to sitting on a lion's skin in his tent and imparting an air of sublimity to his ménage! Warriors like such wives—oh yes!"

Dr. Susan. "I had rather know how to do nothing but sit on a lion's skin than to be one of those women to whom the asses of this day, who wear that skin, could make love comfortably! Well, have your own ideas—you're welcome to them. *I*, rather than be wooed by such a man as would love you and modern women, would fall desperately in love with that inanimate, almost dead man (poor fellow!) on the bed yonder, and be married to him."

Helen. "Who knows but you may, really? It would be such a beautiful judgment on you! Capital! Wouldn't I clap my hands?"

Dr. Susan. "Pshaw! You talk like—"

I *was* equal to a cough. I accomplished it. And both the women started up at once. They listened intently, and fixed a curious, pleased gaze upon me. I repeated the cough, and put my hand over the edge of my bed. I believe I also added, "How late is it?" Whereupon, with a countenance quite beautified by its surprise and pleasure, Dr. Susan came to my bedside with one masculine stride and perhaps half another, and without replying, stood gazing into my face, evidently full of an intense satisfaction at my return into the articulate and intelligent world. On the other hand, Helen Talfourd, crimsoning to the roots of the hair at finding herself in the bedchamber, under the mortifying modification of circumstances produced by my being a real live man, ran out as precipitately as possible, desiring to be excused for a moment, and leaving, on my still gelatinous brain, an indescribable mixed, mellifluous, coral and blue-muslin sensation, rather pleasant than otherwise, although agitating.

The conversation between a patient, restored after a fortnight to his first consciousness, and a physician of any common sense or science, necessarily amounts to very little. Between Dr. Susan and myself it consisted of, "I'm glad to see you better;" my answer a faint "Yes;" and her conclusion with, "Now keep very quiet, and, if possible, go to sleep." Which injunction I was fortunately able to obey in the course of the next ten minutes.

III.—IN THE TUBS.

If the preceding chapters have been dry the present one ought to make up for that fact. This end will be aimed at—perhaps attained—by a brief relation of my water-cure life. Put on your rubbers and hoist your umbrella, O my reader! and begin splashing through Chapter III.

I was well enough (we skip, you see, the first few weary days of valetudinarianism) to walk from my bed to the bath-room—a distance of

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some twenty steps—supported by an orange-wood cane on one side, and an equally wooden-headed but immeasurably kind-hearted Dublin Irishman on the other. In his own country the latter was, by his own description, bright, knowing, and "a different b'y intirely," but he had been a hydropathic servant so long that "the wather had all gone to his head," which fact was also related to have "quite mulvathered him," whatever that may be. I sometimes used to think that the water on his brain had a small stick in it—a modification of Hydrocephalus not uncommon. But at any rate I will do Michael the justice to say that he never staggered under the ninety-five pounds of which the typhus fever had left me residuary legatee.

I am in the general bath-room, let it be supposed. This apartment is a square one—or nearly so, twenty feet by twenty-two, let us say—and has a slab floor. You may spill a hogshead of water any where on it, and it will drain out in three seconds. There is a smell of warm, wet wood—an odor as of a whole almanac of Monday mornings condensed into one blissful moment by some hydraulic press—and this smell, together with a slow-rising mist which addresses itself to sight, has not ceased night or day for many years.

I am in this bath-room, I say. I am taking what is called tonic treatment. This means that enough hot water from the large steaming tank at one end of the room is mixed in a round tub with enough cold water to make the mass mark 75° Fahrenheit. This is as low temperature as I can bear in my weak, nervous condition; and in this weak preparation I sit down, to stay fifteen minutes by the bath-man's watch. The bath-man is Robert Jarvis, a very nice Irishman from the North, with a fondness for sententious expression which would have animated Captain Cuttle to an ecstasy, and made him want nothing but to be bathed all the time in this bath-room. Robert has other fondnesses. One of them is for getting swells and "stiffies," as he calls dignified people, into a bath where he has them at his mercy, and can rub the rigidity and the skin off of them at the same time with a crash towel, or make them limp as a wet ribbon with buckets of 50° Fahrenheit.

I am not alone in my glory. No one Neptune here holds the honor of founding his throne upon the floods. The gentleman who occupies the tub next me is Dr. Sylverie Beames, a plump, rosy-haired clergyman; deified by his congregation, and D.D.eified by his college. While still in the A.M. of life—viz., 38—he is seized with the bronchitis. This is the result, not of preaching, in the abstract, as is supposed, but of the homiletic act performed in that one unvarying B flat, which is the only tone through which some pious minds can consent to express themselves. Present termination of his brilliant career—a tub! Dr. Sylverie Beames has ended where so many eminent exhorters have begun.

On the other side of me, in his own individual dampness, sits a State Senator. This is a statistical tub; a political tub; a tub full of a deeper philosophy, more caustic sarcasm, more unselfish wisdom than the one which held Diogenes. I listen to this tub, and notwithstanding my poor pulpy brain, learn more of the history of my country than I have done from many volumes bound with calf instead of hoop-iron.

There are two or three merchants about me, some lawyers, an author, a maker of scythes. Singularly enough, in the tub directly opposite sits a man who has filed his caveat for a new mowing-machine. These latter glare at each other out of the water like two rival alligators, one of whom had a set of patent double-action teeth for mincing little darkeys, while the other does it by the old process. To counterbalance this discord, and restore harmony to the humid little group, a celebrated musical composer soaks close by. He beats time on his knee, now and then whistling audibly, thinking out some strain of the opera whose incessant head-labor brought him here. The doctor has forbidden his playing on the piano; but, bless me! he might a great deal better be doing that than beating out the ideas he can't help having in anvil-choruses on his brain.

Altogether I suppose there are twenty of us who belong to this one of the four bath-rooms at Beech-Wold. And for the present purpose there are a dozen of the score taking their social soak together. The conversation is opened by the Rev. Dr. Sylverie Beames (sadly, yet sweetly, and addressing me, Paul Remy):

"A very novel place this must be to you, Mr. Remy; strikingly monotonous—if 'monotony' and 'striking' be not a confusion of metaphors—after your life in the busy world."

I (very weakly). "I can hardly say how it seems to me yet; it is all very strange."

Rev. S. B. "Ah! to be sure. You are the young man who has been so very ill. We have all felt a deep solicitude—Robert, did you look what time it was when I got in?—for you. 'Tis a solemn thing to stand upon the cold shore of the vast mysterious sea, and hear the billows breaking on your very ear. May I ask what temperature you take now?"

I. "I won't be sure, but I think it's about 75 or 76. I can't stand very cold baths yet."

Rev. S. B. "Who is your doctor?—mine is Dr. Laurence Medlicott."

I. "He is mine also, I suppose. There was a tall person—a lady in black—who was very kind to me when I was worst; who gave me all my medicines and gruels and things, and was the means as much as any body of my getting well at all. I suppose she is a nurse; I have heard her called Susan."

Rev. S. B. "Ah! she *is* a blessed woman! Permit me to correct a mistake; she is not a *nurse*, but a regular scientifically educated and graduated *physician*. Bloomfield—Miss Susan Bloomfield—is her name really, but she is always called Doctor Susan here. Ah! a blessed woman indeed!"

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I. "Is it possible? I have noticed an air of superiority in her whole manner and language, but I had no idea she was really a physician. I thought she was called Doctor by brevet. But does she take charge of the gentleman's department?"

Rev. S. B. "Oh no, indeed! but she has had a great deal of experience in typhoid cases; even more, I suppose, than Dr. Laurence. And so, whenever there is any patient dangerously ill with that class of symptoms, the rest of the faculty—Doctor Laurence and his brother, Doctor Bartholomew—always turn him right over to her."

Tub on the other side, containing the Senator. "Yes; and besides her science she is one of the most patient, watchful women that ever lived. It seems sometimes as if she could absolutely exist without sleep. And your case, I hear, has been one of those which require the utmost vigilance. That was the more reason for giving her the care of you. She never left your pulse for six hours together a week ago last Monday night, but kept her finger on it all the time, while she had a table of tumblers on the other hand."

I. "Did you see me?"

Senatorial Tub. "Oh no, no. Nobody was admitted except the doctors and nurses. Oh, I believe there was one other—a young lady visiting Dr. Susan—a Miss Talfourd, who, solely from admiration of Dr. Susan, begged to be let in to see her management of a critical case."

All the Tubs. "Ho-ho! Ha-ha! He-he! Hi-hi! How exactly like a woman; always full of curiosity!"

Senatorial Tub. "I think there is very little to laugh at in the young lady's conduct. In the first place, her admiration of skill led her to seek admission. Admiration of skill in the abstract—of a friend's skill in particular. And then, when she became interested in the progress of the case, and her sympathies were enlisted for our sick Mr. Remy here, she entreated that she might remain longer—till the balance turned toward kill or cure—and vied with Dr. Susan in her sleepless, patient nursing, hardly giving herself time for the necessary food which was to guard her against infection. Another Florence Nightingale, in a narrower field."

All the Tubs. "Ha! Ah! Oh! How exactly like a woman!"

I. "I must have been very much favored. I hope when I get a little strength again I shall be very grateful."

Rev. S. B. "Robert, my time is up, isn't it?"

Robert. "Then why ain't ye up yerself? I believe there isn't a sowl o' ye all that wouldn't sit there, if I didn't tell ye to rise, till ye sthrook root like hyacinths. And that with the white o' yer eye right on the blessed clock beyont! Can't ye tell time? From the big twelve toppermost to the one next it—that's what we call five minutes. Three o' them make fifteen—d'ye mind now? Mr. Remy, your time is up. Mr. Beames, you stay in five minutes longer."

Nervous-complaint Tubs. "*My* time's up, Robert!" "So is *mine*, Robert!" "Ain't *mine*, Robert?" "Robert, *I'm* next to him!" "Robert!"

Tubs containing Obstructions of the Biliary Ducts. "Raw-be-e-rt, will you ge-e-et me a dri-i-y to-ow-ow-el? If y-e-u pl-e-ease, Raw-aw-b-e-ert."

Rheumatic and Gouty Tubs. "Oh dear me!" "Oh my!" "Oh! oh! ugh!" "Robert! Robert! The d—l! There it goes; right through the small of my back!" "Oh my toe!" "Oh my head!" "Oh my neck!" "Ugh! I shall never be able to get out alone, Robert!"

Robert. "All together! Don't stop. It isn't me but the ouldh gintleman in the nixt room that's half deid wi' the heidache! I love to hear ye! Ye cheer me sowl! As long as ye can do that, I am sure ye ain't deid yet! Let me hear from ye's!"

The bath being over, one by one the tubs spill their contents, part of which through the slats return to mother earth; the remainder, who are trying to keep themselves from that destination a little longer, pass through the door to their several rooms. It is now about twelve o'clock o' the day. My Dublin Irishman helps me to No. 12, where I live, and assists me to dress. One of the particulars of which assistance he understands to be making two parts on the back of my head, for fear one of them shouldn't be straight.

Having dressed, I feel myself able to go down to the gymnasium. It is the first time since I came to Beech-Wold that I think of attempting this feat. The gymnasium is a long, high, well-ventilated structure, cut into two rooms equal in length but very unequal in breadth by a partition passing from end to end, parallel with the longest sides of the building. One of these rooms—about twenty-five feet wide—is apportioned to the twin bowling-alleys of the establishment, which lie side by side, made of selected yellow-pine strips laid on the narrow edge, smooth as a looking-glass, level as fluid at rest, straight as the course of conscious rectitude. The other room—sixty feet wide by ninety-eight long—has an elastic oak floor, between which and the earth is a layer of water-proof cement a foot thick, as a concession to the claims of people with lungs. Above this floor is strown as great a depth of dry tan-bark—deprived of its tannin by a complicated chemical process of Dr. Medlicott's, that its odor may not interfere with the operation of homeopathic medicines. I have also heard that he subjected the boards that form the ten-pin alley floors to the same process for the extraction of the turpentine. This latter room contains all the usual paraphernalia of such a place. Horses of leather—padded wood—masts to climb, bars to spit yourself on like a turkey trussed for roasting, weights to lift, dumb-bells to ring, teeters to jump on, rings to swing by, ropes to go up, ropes to come down, ropes with the end strapped to the floor, ropes with the end swaying loose, ropes without end.

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My Dublin Michael brings me down to this latter room. I prefer it to the bowling-alley, as the very thought of seeing all those balls rolling carries a sympathetic bouleversement to my pulpose brain. There are a few arm-chairs near the door for visitors—I sit down in the nearest of them.

"Shall I," queries Michael, "be afther helping ye to lay hould o' one o' thim rings?"

"At the risk of forfeiting my next cast-off vest let not the abhorrent idea be mentioned!"

"And isn't there nothing ye'd like to be doing?"

"To use your own sweet tongue, Michael, divil a thing. It's as much as I can do to *see* any thing done."

"Bedad," returns Michael, kindly taking on himself the onus of the conversation—"Bedad, and if it's comparin' meself to a gintleman I'd be, your honor reminds me, in that regard just, of what I was in me tinder years. Whin I was a broth o' a gossoon, I wint away one fine July mornin' with me father an' the lave o' me brothers—and it was afther diggin' toorf that we were. The ouldh gintleman, rist his sowl! for his toes touch the roots o' the shamrock—had got a little spade for me—a fork jist—to take out the bogs with; and bein' he was very proud o' me, he set me to work on his right hand, between himself an' me brother Tim. Would ye belave it, Sir, we hadn't been workin' above fifteen minutes before the sweat poured down my forehead I thought me breath was lavin' me. So I stopped work, a minute jist, and leaned on the handle o' me fork. 'What's the matter?' says me father, 'what's the matter with ye, little Mike?' 'Work away, that's a mon, ye dirthy baste ye!' says Tim alannah. 'And it's not another sthroke I'll do to-day,' says I. 'If it's alone I was, I could dig bog with any spalpeen in all the blissed kingdom o' Leinster, and not rist for a bite o' a pratie or a sup o' buttermilk till sundown; but with seein' Pap on one hand, and Tim on the other, and all the lave o' ye's fornent me, and ivery one ye's all puttin' in to break yer backs, I'm so tired that I can't do another sthroke meself.' And it's *lazy* they called me, the beggars!" concluded Michael, with a most wronged expression of countenance. "Don't tire yerself, me darlint," added he, by way of improvement, "with lookin' at thim gintlemen with the dyspepsia a turnin' themselves inside out on the big powls. Look the other way, and be me sowl ye'll see somethin' a dale prettier!" This last was in whisper. I turned in the direction Michael indicated, and half started, so weak was I, to perceive Helen Talfourd, who had come noiselessly in at the door from the bowling-alley, and stood looking at the introverting dyspeptic gentlemen aforesaid, with a mingled girlish pleasure and terror.

"And now, Misther Remy, it's lavin' ye I must be, though it breaks the heart of me," continued Michael. "For there's No. 32 as must take exercise regularly, or gits the apple-plexy—and afther I walk him up and down a bit I'll be wheeling one sore leg and two lame backs down to the cowld sulphur—besides 26 to have his hair combed before dinner, jist as soon as he gets out of pack. So good luck to ye, and I'll be back between times to bring ye up to the house again—in a quarter of an hour jist. So sit still and rist yer eyes where I showed ye."

With which my attendant gave his pantaloons a souvenir of salt-water hitch, and departed, leaving me solus.

I don't know why a very feeble man is generally so bashful, or why I was so in particular. But certain it is that the emotion of sitting alone in the presence of a very lovely young girl, beneath the impending risk of being looked at by her at any moment, was very painful to me. I suppose that the reason any man is *not* bashful in the presence of woman-beauty, grace, and wit will give the best clew to the reason why some men are so. He who feels his superiority over the woman he talks to, or his equality with her, is at ease. He may be an ass, but, not knowing it, is comfortable. And I—so weak, so helpless, that any resolute girl could have given me a good whipping were she so minded—could not help feeling that I might be an object of disrespect to this very estimable young lady.

It is very hard for a man to become accustomed to the truth that a woman may regard him with veneration for other qualities than physical prowess. The old Hellenic vis works in our modern veins, and even the man who can write poetry like Homer loves to offer his lady-love an arm with the biceps of an Achilles in it.

I think, therefore, that I must have perceptibly blushed when the noise made by my volatile Dublin Irishman in shutting the door behind him drew Miss Talfourd's eyes full upon my face. And, as a matter of course, the moment that she saw me blush she herself took fresh courage, and felt as little embarrassment in approaching me as she would a large sweetmeats-eating boy whom her brother had brought home from school to spend the Christmas holidays. The consciousness that this is the manner of women; that the little cowards never run when they see their lawful masculine prey is scared; that I was regarded with commiseration, allowance, and not a shade of timidity by this very pretty girl—all increased the agony of my situation. I blushed more and more as she drew near. I was never so thoroughly at a disadvantage in my life. She sat down beside me with a manner of the most unflattering sisterly solicitude, and said,

"How do you do now, Sir? This is the first time I have had the opportunity of asking personally since you were able to leave your room. *Poor* Mr. Remy!"

I was almost provoked enough to be consistent with the rôle of the bashful hobbadehoy I seemed, and say, in a sulky tone, "I *ain't* poor Mr. Remy! poor *yourself!*" but I governed my evil disposition, and replied that I was as well as could be expected, thank Miss Talfourd.

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Helen. "You have been very, very ill; and I don't know now but it's cruel to talk to you, weak as you must be. But don't feel as if you must keep up a conversation. I only happened to think that perhaps there was something that some of the ladies might do to make it agreeable for you—read to you out of some pleasant book, for instance—something that wouldn't tax your mind too much to follow it, like a simple story or a poem."

I. "Oh, you're very, very kind indeed. I *should* like the idea very much, as soon as I am able to come down into the parlor and lie on the sofa for any length of time. You are very kind indeed, very!"

Helen. "Oh, don't give me more than my share of the praise. It's nothing more than the ladies that can read—the ones without throats, I mean—do for a number of the feebler gentlemen. The Senator and the musical gentleman have to let them read to them three or four times a day. So, you see, my good intention is a pretty small quotient after all. I'm a kind of —what do you call it?—a delegate from the rest, to know whether it would be pleasant to you."

I reply (with the pleasing emotion natural enough to be felt by a *man* upon learning that a given woman-kindness is nothing particular to himself, but only just what is done to a dozen others), "Very well. Thank the ladies for me. When you are ready to read I shall be ready to be read to."

Alliteration has its effect upon the gentler sex; like punning—which always reaches them by the express, while humor, if ever, by the luggage-train—it seems to them a much greater feat of conversation than it really is. So that Helen Talfourd looked up into my face after I had uttered the last sentence with an expression akin to curiosity whether I was really such a weak brother after all. This feeling in her was probably heightened by the dignified brevity with which I spoke—necessarily from being averaged with a dozen other cripples. I began to think I was getting a little the vantage-ground, and continued:

"You are right, perhaps, in distributing this kindness among so many other people. You can well afford to do so. I shall never forget to whom I owe it that I ever again hear kindly voices, reading or speaking.

Helen. "Ah! that Doctor Susan! That *noble* woman! I do believe that if it hadn't been for her, Mr. Remy, you would have died. Doctor Medlicott, so I hear from him himself, has lost cases of typhus fever that were not as critical as yours. Do you know what she made me think of? A pilot! Just such a one as I think it must take to go round some of those stormy capes—double them, my father used to call it. He was a captain. And Doctor Susan stood with her hand on your pulse as if it were the rudder of your life she were holding! Her eye had such a far-piercing look, night after night, as she watched you, that I could almost see curling, frothy tongues of mad sea-water through a gray pelting, slanting rain ahead of her—and expectation grew sometimes absolutely painful as we seemed just going to hear, 'Breakers on the lee bow! Nine fathom, six fathom, four'—and the crunch of a bow on ragged black rocks while the whole ship shook from keel to main-truck! But it never came! The pilot steered straight on in the dark and answered no questions. Oh, she is a wonderful woman, Mr. Remy! Just think of her being able not only to comfort sick people with kind words and soft hands, as so many of our sex—most of the good ones among them, I think, love to do—but to carry them boldly through the roughest or the subtlest dangers and bring them out safe and well—or as near it as you are—by patient skill and science! I should think any man would worship Doctor Susan—if I were a man I would, I am sure!"

I. "Perhaps."

Helen. "How, Mr. Remy? Why 'perhaps?'"

I. "'In joining contrasts lieth Love's delight.' If you were a man you would probably have all that practical skill, experience, science, in so increased a proportion as to make up for not having the patience quite as large as if you were a woman. Or if you hadn't you would *think* you had. That amounts to the same thing for our purpose. Wherefore you would seek to mate yourself with tenderness, sensitiveness, delicate qualities, more exquisite in detail than grand in *tout ensemble* of all kinds. I think very likely Doctor Susan is saying, 'I should think any man would worship Miss Talfourd. If *I* were a man I would, I am sure.' And Doctor Susan, I think, is of a nature better calculated to know what men would feel than most women."

I hope that the very subtle compliment contained in the last remark did not seem to be a mighty effort on my part. But, be it so or no, Miss Talfourd colored just perceptibly again, looked at me with a half puzzled expression for one silent moment, and then said,

"You ought not to be taxing yourself so much, weak as you are. Forgive me for having talked and kept you talking so long." At the same time she rose to leave the gymnasium. With the instinct of gentlemanly courtesy, which even the selfishness and weakness of wearying fever had not quite killed, I also arose, and languidly buttoned my loose coat in preparation to see her to the house. My tottering knees reminded me how little of the preux chevalier was left in my body, however it might be with my soul.

"I wonder where that Paddy of mine has spirited himself away to," said I, in a tone meant to be ludibrious, but really on the other hand somewhat lugubrious instead. It *was* so mortifying to see one's self reduced to a mere hand-car arrangement on the railroad of this life. Irishman at the crank: result, propulsion. Hibernian absent: consequence, inertia.

With a compassionate and modest, but as be-

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fore by no means timid sisterliness, Helen Talfourd said to me,

"I am strong, may I offer you my arm to lean upon, Mr. Remy? That is, if you would like to go up to the house now." And the young girl looked at me with a frank eye full of kind pity, which not even the basest slave of mere etiquette would have dared to call unwomanly boldness. With equal frankness I took the arm which she bent to receive my hand, thanking her, as seemed best, entirely as if it were a matter of course, and trying to lean as lightly as possible upon its delicate soft curve.

As I have said, it was only a very few steps from the gymnasium to the house; but it was my first effort to-day, and I felt quite faint. The talk in the bath-room had tired me. Dressing had tired me. Finally, the walk to the gymnasium and the hard seat there, as well as the conversation with Miss Talfourd and its accompanying excitement, had finished the business for me. I could not help taking a great deal of support from my fair substitute for the Irishman. She looked around at me with some concern and asked, "Dear me! Do you feel very faint, Mr. Remy?" at the same time bracing herself to be more assistance to me.

"No, not very," I replied, in a tone that carried the denial of the words. At the same time I beheld, about twenty rods in front of us, past the house, and in the large court-yard that extended on each side of it and beyond, a sight which might have made a sicker man than I provoked, and one not quite so sick demonstrative of that emotion.

There was my big Dublin Irishman—who was certainly coming back within the next quarter of an hour—amusing himself as unconcernedly as if there had been no such person in the world as Paul Remy, Esquire—nothing, in fine, connected with that person save an elegant sinecure held by Mr. Michael Dobry, and paying a handsome income in small change, second-hand coats, vests, and so forth.

He and another of the water-cure servants were extemporizing a dog-fight. Michael's animal was Tobin, the fiercest and ugliest of all the bull-dog kind, and usually kept tightly chained at the stable, which it was his duty to watch when the hostlers were not attending to their business. The other servant had procured a mangy and melancholy-tailed cur, of some nameless hybrid species, whose great virtue was discretion, and who was preserving an armed neutrality on his own basis in spite of all the efforts of both men to awake his soul to victory. This creature—addressed as Podge—would doubtless have run away but that his backer held his collar firmly. Tobin, on the other hand, seemed to possess internal rage enough to have devoured his antagonist at one mouthful, had not Michael restrained him in a similar way. I did not like the dog's look. That foolish Dublin had fevered him by hissing him on and then drawing him back, until his eyes glowed with a white light from which all dog-reason had departed, and the snowy strings of slaver hung dangling from the serrated edges of his lips in a very ugly manner. And like a man who is at his highest pitch of anger he did not give tongue at all, but every now and then uttered a short spasmodic "ugh!" which expressed the tug it gave him to hold his mad heart in. He had what the prize-fighters call "business" in his eye at this moment, and I prayed Heaven silently that the fool who held him might not let him go.

Helen Talfourd caught sight of the group at the same time with myself, and cried out, in undisguised terror,

"Oh, look at those dreadful men! They are making the dogs fight!"

"Yes, the rascals! Michael, what are you doing there, Sir? How dare you!"

"Oh, don't speak to him—don't speak to him, Mr. Remy—it always makes men worse! Let's hurry into the house as fast as we can go."

When I called to Michael the backer of the dubious dog slunk away. Podge followed him, with an appearance caricaturing his master's—tail slowed and ears close. But Michael, with all the matchless effrontery for which he was celebrated, and to show that he was not all taken aback at being caught in those mere amiable weaknesses of lying and idling, turned square around toward Helen Talfourd and myself, Tobin in front of him, and addressed us familiarly with,

"An' isn't this yer quiet, dacent little darlint to be a pet for a family o' childer?"

And just then the catastrophe I had prayed against came. He was *too* saucy. His over-impudence made his hold on the dog's collar-strap too loose—it slipped, and almost before Miss Talfourd and I could realize what had happened, the raving beast was rushing straight at us, thinking that we were the victims indicated by the facing us of the fool that had held him!

I felt all the old strength that I ever had possessed coming back to me, in an instant. I felt also at an advantage from my mind having been cleared by the typhus. I drew my arm out of Miss Talfourd's, and whirled her around behind me. "Hold tight to my waist," said I. She obeyed, clinging there cold, white, and motionless as death. All this might have taken two seconds. One more was occupied with this thought and its resulting action. The dog, I considered, will spring at the foremost object which looks menacing. If I hold out my fist and shake it quickly up and down he will make for that on his first leap. I advanced my right foot a trifling distance, leaned down a little, and began brandishing my right fist, as per programme. Helen Talfourd never uttered a cry or hampered me but just clung as I told her, giving me the free use of my arms and bending over with my inclination while my body covered her.

The next moment and the dog, as expected, made a mad plunge at my fist. I was steady and cool of nerve as I had ever been in a ball-room. I let his jaws come down toward my

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knuckles for what seemed in that strange coolness quite a perceptible extent of time. And then, quick as lightning, dodged my fist under his throat, knocked up his chin, and had him by the collar.

"Miss Talfourd," said I, "you are perfectly safe now; you can let go of me and go into the house without the slightest danger."

Miss Talfourd loosed her hold, but did not go into the house. Silent and trembling, she stood gazing at me, as if she saw a strange, different, unusual, and not on the average contemptible or pitiable Paul Remy in a dream. Meanwhile I pressed the villainous Tobin's head upon the sod, put my left hand as firmly into his collar as my right was, withdrew that latter, and with it fumbled in my waistcoat-pocket for my knife. Finding that weapon, I opened the stoutest blade with my teeth, and made ready to put all pantaloons, weak nerves, and every other frailty whatsoever, out of danger from Tobin forever more. One quick, resolute gash across the throat would have effected it; and I hated the vile beast enough not to have the slightest compunctions.

But Helen Talfourd saved him. Laying her hand pleadingly on my arm, she spoke for the first time:

"Please wait one minute, Mr. Remy; don't kill the dog, please."

"I will not kill him if you ask his life; but he is a very dangerous animal indeed, and may kill somebody yet. It would look like boasting for us to say that but for our coolness he would have killed us to day; but I don't know that the truth is any otherwise."

Helen. "Oh, thank you! Give him to Michael—if it's necessary let some of the men kill him—but I can't bear to see *you* do it."

I. "Yes, you pity my poor weak nerves, I suppose."

Helen. "No, that's not it at all! But the man that could save us from Tobin, as *you* did, can afford to spare him when he's conquered. It looks consistent *not* to kill him; it seems like the *rest* of a brave, noble character. Oh, do you understand me?"

And Helen once more realized her enthusiasm and became silent, her cheeks wearing a most maidenly rose-color. Michael at that moment came up to me. "Take the dog," I said, faintly; and then, the moment I saw the Irishman's stout hand knit into Tobin's collar, my own clutch relaxed; the horizon courtesied backward; Helen Talfourd, earth, sky, all created things, flickered up and down, and then went out. "Dead away!" said Michael; but I did not hear it.

IV.—IN WHICH THE REMY STOCK GOES UP.

I am not going to dishearten you, good reader, by taking you through a relapse. One good course of fever is enough to test the fidelity of any man's admirers, and I am not selfish enough to carry you through another. At the end of the last chapter I had fainted—and that was, of course, a painful shock to you. I relieve you as soon as possible by saying that I neither died nor experienced any serious pull-back from the effect of my excitement.

The affair with the dog I believe to have been providential physically as well as spiritually. My very proud and sensitive nature could never have brooked being pitied by any woman whose opinion was worth a straw, with that gently contemptuous pity which I saw, or seemed to see, accorded to me when I first returned to consciousness. Had I continued to be regarded in that way I believe my recovery would have been much retarded, if not entirely prevented, by sheer mental depression. On my return the second time into the world of conscious life I found altogether a different reception. Not as the captive, led in the rear of Dr. Susan, and swelling the procession of a hydropathic victory, did I return, but myself the hero of the ovation, marching in the van.

No man could have desired a more delicious *far niente* than I was fairly forced into by the new-sprung host of my lady-admirers at Beech-Wold. The dog-story—told by Helen Talfourd with all that eloquence which flowed from her large bumps of language and veneration—raised up for me, by the time that camphor and rubbing had brought me to, a host of devotees whom Guadama the Elephant-Headed might have envied. They set me upon cushions; they bathed my brow with every scent which Lubin knows, or the toilet of civilization possesses, each good and worshipful woman bringing from her treasury the liquid incense which was her favorite, to pour it out lavishly upon my locks. There was contention to settle who should hold the vinaigrette under my nose; fifty sweet voices asked at once only to be told what to do, and it should be done instantly.

Omnes. "How are you now?" "How do you feel?" "Are you better?" "Can I do any thing for you?" "Sha'n't I shut the blinds?" "Sha'n't I open the blinds?" "Sha'n't I put the sash down?" "Sha'n't I throw the sash up?" "Shall I go for Doctor Laurence?" "Wouldn't you like to have us read to you?" "Wouldn't you like to have all this noise stopped?"

"I thank you all *very* much. I'm better—very well indeed—a little weak, that's all. Please give me a glass of water."

At this request there was almost a simultaneous rush of every body to the door. In a body they were all going out to the spring to get me fifty tumblers-full. But at the door they met an obstruction. For as they opened it, or rather as it was opened upon them, lo! Helen Talfourd bearing in her hand that for which they were in quest. And behind her towered the tall form of Dr. Susan. The ladies all hovered back to the spot where I lay. Helen Talfourd put the water to my lips—a dozen hands raised my head up on the cushion—I drank—was refreshed—and then, in a stately and commanding tone:

Dr. Susan. "It is better that Mr. Remy should have quiet now. If he does not this excitement

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will do him great ill. Mrs. Hall, you are hurting *your*self by overmuch exertion; your congestion will return unless you go and lie down. Miss Pritchard, even in kindness the voice of a laryngitis patient should not be raised so high. The dinner-bell will ring in twenty minutes, and I suppose you would all prefer to be ready. *I* will do all that is necessary for Mr. Remy, with the assistance of the servants."

I should have felt somewhat nettled, I own, at the imperative manner of Doctor Susan had she been addressing herself to me, and it was evident that a few of the more positive spirits among the ladies very little relished the style in which they were spoken to, but so accustomed do water-cure patients get to being ordered about as if they were children, and so stultifying upon many constitutions is the effect of so much water application, that very little resistance is ever made to commands spoken in a firm tone; and in the present instance the ladies one by one dropped away from my side and out of the door, leaving me alone on the settee in the office with Dr. Susan. I was provoked—though both reserve and sickness prevented me from showing it—at the way she had broken up my ovation, and offered no remark of any kind. Doctor Susan broke the silence in a voice so unlike her usual tone that I opened my eyes, which had been quietly shut, with astonishment. In the most musically gentle, womanly tone she said to me:

"Ah, my obstinate patient! Is it for this that I have nursed you up from the bed of death —that I have watched you day and night for two weeks—that you should go off and get into dog-fights the moment you can leave your room?" So speaking, she put out her hand half-timidly, half-boldly, and caressingly taking my own wan fingers into it, she looked with a playful rebuke out of her great, strange blue-gray eyes. I ceased to be provoked at her for some reason or other.

Still holding my hand in hers, with the one at liberty she stroked away my essence-dampened hair from my forehead—not with a graceful ease, as if she had often done so before and were accomplished at it by use, but with a tender unreadiness which was far more fascinating, because it seemed to say, "These fingers are not so kind every day." And I recollect saying to myself, "I wonder whether she ever does this for Rev. Sylverie Beames. He says she's a blessed woman!"

"Bah!" said Doctor Susan, wiping her fingers on her pocket handkerchief with a slight shrug of the shoulders—"how these women do deluge themselves and other people with outlandish smells! What is all this they've been sticking on your head?"

I informed Doctor Susan that if she was able to track the individuality of an odor through all the labyrinth of bergamot, rose, musk, jargonelle, and fifty other named and nameless things combined, I would christen it for her when she brought it out at the other end. Till then I begged to be excused.

She seemed to think that her exclamation and question had given offense—though there was no pique meant in my answer—and directly she began combing back my locks with her fingers again, all the more tenderly than before.

The effect of Doctor Susan on me was very remarkable. I can not tell, at this distance from the circumstances, whether it was because I was very weak, or would have felt so in any condition physically, but I lay perfectly passive to her look and touch, and felt unutterable things in having her gaze at me. Had it been possible for her to be that terrible perversion of God's gift of womanhood—a flirt—she would have been a very dangerous one; but she did not err either on the side of vengeful retaliation upon virile inconstancy or petty-minded good-for-nothingness, one of which is necessary before a woman can be the sinner or the fool which a flirt is.

No, even on the settee with my weak hand grasped in her nervous, life-throbbing one—with her earnest look holding mine with what seemed a grasp as tangible, I did not change the opinion I have elsewhere expressed that she was not beautiful. An enslaving *power*, not a beauty, was that which she possessed; but for the time being, man as I was, she possessed me utterly. I think it must have been only because I was very feeble—for women seemed to own her sway almost equally with myself—and probably her influence over me increased with the resemblance of my physical condition to that of womanly weakness. And I sometimes have a great mind to believe of her, as of all the few such women that there be, that she was a masculine soul—run by a freak into the feminine mould—and that when she dies she will become a strong-winged man-angel, not a golden-voiced woman one—finding at last her right place in the array of Being.

As she stroked my forehead she kept up that low, Zauberflöte music of her voice.

Dr. Susan. "I scold you for having tired yourself out, to be sure; but don't take that to heart. *You* are brave enough to bear a little scolding."

I. "Braver men than I have run away from scolding women. We others, the brave ones, are very much afraid of you, considering how we call you the weaker sex."

Dr. Susan. "Well, I must try and not be very terrible, considering how much I owe you for saving the life of my friend, little Helen. You did bravely, Mr. Remy! Only don't fight dogs every day, but keep out of their reach till you get strong enough to—run away from them. And now I must give you your medicine. Here, take these six pellets of veratrum; and—are you going into the dining-room with the rest? Ah, indeed! It is your first meal down stairs then. Are you sure you feel strong enough—perfectly sure? Well, I will send you a bowl of mutton broth from my end of the table then. There goes the bell; excuse me, as I have to visit Mrs. Burnie before dinner. I'll send a servant to you. Be careful—don't over-talk or over-listen —and, for the present, good-morning!"

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So saying, she laid my hand down as tenderly as if it had been a child's, arose with a calm, professional dignity, and strode out of the room like an Amazon queen.

Michael came to take me to dinner. Said I, "Michael!"

"Yis, yer honor!" promptly returned the villain.

"There was once a man—"

"And was there, sure?"

"Hold your tongue till I say 'Speak.' There was, as I began to tell you, once a man. He had a dreadful habit of swearing. This used to amuse the bad boys in the neighborhood very much indeed—"

"Bad loock to the nagers! and thim knowin' it wasn't good for his sowl!"

"Keep still, beast! These bad boys one day thought it would be great fun to hear him rip out all sorts of strange, original oaths. So, as he was driving up a long hill, with a heavy load of ashes behind him—"

"And was his ould woman afther makin' soap? Oh, I suppose so—av coorse."

"Never mind what it was for. The wicked boys stole behind his wagon and quietly drew the tail-board out."

"Divil fly away wid thim! An' how could they tell but it might have spilt?"

"It did spill, you goose! It dribbled out slowly all the way up hill, and the boys followed behind—at safe distance. When the man who had the bad habit of swearing came to the top of the hill, he looked around of a sudden and saw an empty wagon, with a trail of ashes about half a mile long behind it. Then the boys said it was coming, and cocked their ears up for it. What do ye think it was he *did* say?"

"Tare an' ages! Hivin only knows, meself doesn't."

"He looked first at the wagon, then at the streak of ashes, then at the bad boys. Finally, says he, very solemnly, 'Boys, I can't do justice to *that*. Get up, Dobbin!' I don't swear at you this morning. Do you understand the reason why?"

"Be all that's howly, Misther Remy, an' it's not me that was to blame! but it was all that blaguard new carriage-grease that got onto the sthrap, and made it slip jist. If ye don't belave me, ye can—"

"Never mind—don't let it happen again; or I may do justice to it that time. You may help me in to dinner."

SIR GUY OF BRITTANY.

A MEDIEVAL STUDY.

"LIFT the helmet from my brows;
I scarce can breathe in this steel house—
I scarce can breathe, who, but a brief while since,
Clove to the midriff the most valiant prince
And basest Englishman that ever went
Singing, heart-sure, to tournament.
Raise me a little, ye good knights. I bleed!
Raise me, and listen: at my sorest need
I think of Lady Lillian. By this cross
Swear that thou tell her: tell her I have slain
Cuthbert of Avalon and half his train—
Sir John Bonne Lance and Montague le Grosse.

"It does me please to see him lying there,
With his white favors trampled in the dust.
His plume no more shall take the morning air:
In his old tower shall his armor rust.
And though worms eat me, I am great this day,
In that I slew him in such knightly way:
Cuthbert, who wrought the Lady Agnes wrong,
My sister, in the happy summers fled.
Oh, I have watched, and watched, and waited long—
And now the dead hath gone to wed the dead!

"I came upon him in this little wood—
Him and four stalwart men-at-arms. The blood
Leapt to my heart with joy when I did see
The hateful shield that bears the fleur-de-lis,

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And the gold Scorpion writhing on his crest;
And straight I rode at him and his four men,
Striking as if my single arm were ten;
And two went flying, dastards! to the west,
And two will never couch a spear again;
No more shall I! There stood we, helm to helm,
Alone, save the red oriole swinging from yon elm
Looked down on us. Then mad Prince Cuthbert hurled
His spiked mace at me: right sure it came,
And all the vivid colors of the world
Danced in my helmet: like a purple flame
I saw his sword flash; saw the Scorpion writhe,
Accursed, in the sunshine, fierce and lithe—
There seemed a thousand scorpions, by this cross!—
As he bore down on me in his wild wrath,
Beating a fire from out the very moss.
Jesu! he came; but I blocked not his path,
But spurred aside, and, as he passed me, smote
Down through the Scorpion, through his lying throat.

"What else I know not. Presently I knew
The sky stretched over me, serene and blue,
And then ye came. But I am hurt to death.
Yet great at heart; for I am that Sir Guy
Who ever lightly held this mortal breath
In a just service. Certes, all must die—
This one to-day, and that to-morrow. Though
I fain would see the almond-blossoms blow
About the marble palace where she dwells,
And Lillian, with her stately damosels,
Walking the leafy Pleasaunce—not the less
Do I deem death a special happiness.

"There's an old church in Brittany, wherein
I used to lounge among the carven aisles;
There knights in marble, white and without sin,
Take great content. A Saint Cecilia smiles
From a vast painted window, and the blooms
Of painted roses fall on those still tombs,
And shadowy lilies. Nothing evil comes
Into that place. Whoever lieth there
Is shut from heartache. Even the sweet moan
Of the sad organ brings no sense of care
To those most tranquil sleepers lapped in stone.
And oft I longed to lay me down and rest,
My hands, like theirs, laid cross-wise on my breast,
But dared not, seeing Cuthbert still unslain.
This day my shield is washed of its foul stain;
And oh! good knights, when I nor speak nor move,
Bear me unto that chapel, for God's love!"

So spoke Sir Guy. When he nor moved nor spoke,
They wrapped him decently in his long cloak,
And bore him on their lances.
To this day,
In that old church, at Pentecost there come
Young girls with violets, and sprays of bloom,
And solemn cypress-leaf, to dress the tomb
And statue of Sir Guy of Brittany.

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"MY HEART AND I."

I SHIVERED in the November breeze. Not because I walked in a desolate garden, and the last autumnal leaves, wearing sunset hues for the ending of their day of life, fell at my feet. Purple or dun, golden-flecked or rimmed with bronze, or with dripping crimson stains, I heeded them not as they skurried past. I felt a deeper chill than the bleak wind, because the hopes of years had fallen as thick in the blast, because there was no hearth by whose sacred household glow I had a place; no heart that came near enough my own to keep it from the cold. I was alone in the world. No matter how. Perhaps my ship went down, snowy-sailed, treasure-freighted, in a tranced summer calm, shoaled on treacherous sands, or sucked into some swift-whirling vortex. Perhaps with creaking mast and strained timbers it fought against the assailing billows that crested a storm-tossed sea.

Yet I was still bound to life by three invisible cords: a Memory, a Hope, and—shall I so dignify it?—a Friendship—a boarding-school fervor merely. True, the fabric of such friendship is only good for summer using; the texture will not stand the wear and tear of life. Never mind; gauze is pretty if not durable. So I read the pink-tinted sweet-scented note which I held in my hand over again, and dwelt on its tender expressions gratefully, though I thought at the close, "This is not the kind of fire for a heart to warm itself withal." But no matter for that. Therein was an invitation, and that invitation I decided to accept. Of the friend who sent it and what came of it you shall hear anon.

Just at that time clouds darkened the national horizon, and the mutterings of a far-off storm seemed to shake some hearts. But I did not heed that lowering sky, baleful with coming disaster. I had been too busy with my own struggles—too sore beset around to look away to any gathering tempest. So I started for the South with no fears of the solid mass of States being wrenched asunder by any power of earth, or air, or fiend below.

Washington was as serene as ever. No heaving in the heart of society betrayed the coming earthquake. The National flag gave its gay bunting to the breeze, with not a star dimmed or wandering from its place. All these seemed fixed and stable, though South Carolina was all aglow with secession. I was going to North Carolina, the staid, matronly, and discreet, who looked upon her neighbor's vagaries with the eye of distrust.

As I went farther South the foliage grew tamer. The Tyrian dyes of the Northern forest trees vanished and were replaced by the unfading pine. At first the stunted growth of an unkindly soil; then the giant trees that suggest North Carolina staples—"pitch, tar, and turpentine." Sturdy giants they stood, scarred with many a wound, yet full of life. Then the ground grew swampy, and the trunks of the old trees whose roots were in water showed a strangely swollen and distorted base. There was an inexpressible desolation in the scene, which I did not lose till the town of Newbern dawned upon my vision. I had heard from my "affinity" of its overarching elms, its fragrant yellow jasmine, its melodious mocking-birds, its two bright rivers which clasped it lovingly in their embrace, and various other delights, upon which Ala Russell was accustomed to dilate to the great enjoyment of us Northerners. We may blush for it now, but it is certain that the uninitiated among us always looked toward the South with strange illusions, as though it were a new Arcadia.

I, among others, had not been without a weakness concerning the chivalry; and it was as much to satisfy a vague desire to enter that charmed life as to clasp my friend to my bosom that I accepted her kind invitation to spend the winter with her in Newbern.

The Southerners have a way of showing love of State—they have no love of country—even in naming their children. So my friend rejoiced in the euphonious title of "Alabama," after her mother's native State, shortened in the home dialect to "Ala."

The family house of the Russells, I saw at the first glance, was large and old, with the air of respectability which houses acquire which have been handed down from father to son. Houses can announce as well as individuals, "We are none of your upstarts; we are not guilty of being *new*." And so the Russell mansion proclaimed from every old timber, somewhat in need of paint, as most of the Newbern houses were, its claim to long descent.

Ala Russell stood at the door, and crushed me with a most demonstrative greeting. I gathered up my energies and responded feebly, but to the best of my ability—at which she laughed merrily.

"Oh, what a frosty kiss!" she exclaimed, "just like you cold, stiff Northerners. Never mind, we'll thaw you out here."

It was two years since I had seen Ala Russell, but she was still the same lively "gushing thing" as of old—kittenish in her buoyancy, playful in her gambols, and I had never felt her claws. Lest the reader should find the foregoing rather mixed metaphor, I will say that she was a sparkling brunette, short of stature, with dark, yet bright complexion, chestnut hair, worn in heavy braids, full red lips, and languid hazel eyes. She looked well that afternoon, in a fleecy cloud-like dress of snow-white lawn, lit up with vivid scarlet velvet bows, and a little foam of lace at neck and wrist. She led me up a broad staircase to a pleasant front room, showing a bed white as a snow-drift, easy-chairs, and a view of the only available beauties—the elms and the water. The window was open, and a breeze like a breath of balm stole in. No frosty prophecy of winter was in that zephyr.

She threw herself gracefully, though carelessly, upon a luxurious lounge by the window, and talked in an idle, desultory manner, looking out

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from time to time while I removed the dust and stain of travel, and changed my dress.

"You had better let Cinder help you with that," she said, as she noticed that I was performing toilet duties unassisted.

"No, I thank you, I like to wait on myself. What unfortunate has been blessed with that name?"

"My maid. You saw that bright mulatto at the door, didn't you? Her name is Cinderella; but we call her Cinder as being shorter and more appropriate. There is a little glow about her sometimes too," continued Ala, musingly. "I really believe she has thoughts of her own—and—and feelings, too, about things."

"How strange!" I replied, laughing; "I hope they are not black thoughts."

Ala did not answer, for just then her attention seemed fixed upon some object in the street. A quick eager spirit infused the large and liquid eyes with new life—a roseate hue suffused her olive cheek.

"Who is it?" I said; "you are looking at your fate."

"Nonsense," she answered, with a quick movement; "it was Hugh Carter."

It was my turn now to busy myself with something to avoid her glance lest her quick eye should note a pallor or a tremor. It was my care now to make my face a blank which she could not read.

"You remember Hugh Carter?" she asked, after a pause.

"Oh, a little slim fellow, with a slight squint and fiery hair," I said, with unworthy dissimulation.

"Horrors! Gretchen, you rave. Hugh Carter is a splendid fellow."

My name is plain Margaret—Margaret Leeds—but Ala, with a praiseworthy desire of using her limited knowledge of German, always called me Gretchen.

"Don't you recollect? We used to meet him at the Denvers, in Philadelphia; and he read poetry so well. Did you never see him after I left?"

Did I recollect? Pulses of my heart that throbbed in tumultuous reply—waves of time that rolled back over golden sands, leaving me listening to melodious words that made the music of my life—silvery moonlight flooding that night with an undying splendor! did I recollect? What was my Memory and my Hope if I did not?

But I answered quietly, "Oh yes, I think I recall him now."

"I sha'n't tell him what hard work I had to recall him to your mind, because it wouldn't be flattering, you know," said Ala, archly, as we went down stairs.

Mr. Russell was a bland and portly old gentleman, with courtly manners and snowy hair lying in flossy little rings, like a child's, over his head. Yet there were lines about his mouth which had never been traced by time, I thought; deep furrows made by a sharper, harder plow, I was sure. I saw no Mrs. Russell, so it might be sorrow for his wife. Frank, the only son, was away at college, and Ala, the only daughter, still safe in the paternal nest. The Pater smiled benignly on me. I was Ala's companion, and might keep her out of mischief, which mischief was indiscriminate flirtation, as I soon discovered. Northern girls work off any superfluous life and energy in teaching or in writing. Southern girls flirt.

After tea we were left to ourselves. Mr. Russell strayed up the street to talk over our country's prospects, and we talked over our own.

"I am so glad to have you with me," Ala said. "I like you better than the girls here: they are good enough, but tame and spiritless; no variety about them. I always know beforehand what they will talk about, and I've seen all their new dresses. Now *you* say unexpected things."

"And how is it with the gentlemen—do you know them by heart, too?" I asked. "The noblest study of mankind is man, you know."

"I can't say I have studied them," said Ala, laughing; "they are not worth that. I have just skimmed them over, as we do with trashy novels, and find them weak in style and lacking in finish."

"You are blasé," I answered. "Oh! for new worlds to conquer."

"Yes; Newbern is rather a small sphere for my capabilities. But it is better than it used to be. Oh, if you knew how dull it was before the railroad was built. The horrible stage ride to Goldsborough. No wonder people shunned us. It used to haunt me for days like a nightmare. Then you started in the grim gray morning, at two o'clock—think of that. Fearful was the crowding of three on a seat, when you couldn't choose your company. Slowly the horses dragged the weight along. Most fearful was the sole meal of the day at dirty little Kinston, where the biscuits were jaundiced with saleratus, and bits of fried bacon floated around like the fragments of a wreck in an ocean of fat. Oh, Kinston!" exclaimed Ala, with mock fervor. "I ought to be happy when I think of those days and realize that they will come 'no more—no more—ah, never more to me.'"

"Quoting Byron, eh?" uttered a voice at the door.

The hall door of the Russell domicile always stood invitingly open, so that any straggler could walk in. These open doors are supposed to faintly shadow forth the open-hearted hospitality of the Southerners.

The vagrant who claimed our attention at that moment walked in with an easy, self-possessed air, as though he had been unanimously voted the freedom of the house. Tall and comely he appeared, with a careless but conscious expression. Crisp black locks crowned a smooth high forehead, where no undue prominence betrayed intellectuality; deep set, but large gray eyes; rather an obstinate looking nose; but a gentle mouth that spoke of sweet compliance; a mouth formed to utter kindly words, which per-

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haps the heart did not fully feel. Of course I knew him at once, and of course I kept silence. Which did not Ala.

"Oh, is that the way you steal in, Hugh Carter?" she said, with a petty scorn; "what might you not have heard? I only wish you had overheard a remark I made about you a little while ago."

"You are dying to tell me I am sure," he answered; "and in the mean time I shall pay my respects to Miss Leeds, which is the sole purpose of my visit this evening."

He walked toward me slowly, and I gathered my energies to meet him. All my heart flew to my lips to greet him as he came, but I put it down with a stern hand. The blood in my veins, at first a fiery torrent, turned to ice as I reached out a hand, which I am sure was marble cold, to meet his warm grasp. My eye sought his face a moment. I saw no token there of fierce struggles, or the solemn vigils of a great grief—no lines inscribed upon that smooth monument showed the grave of buried hopes. The grief was mine alone.

The bars of conventionalism being laid down deftly between us, I took my place behind them in silence while Mr. Carter turned toward the sparkling Ala.

"Your servants are not on the alert for wayfarers, I can tell you," he said. "I saw Cinder in the garden looking much like a live coal, in her flaming red dress and yellow turban. She had a dusky follower, I am sure, and I think I heard something about 'Linkum's 'lection.' I hope you both carry revolvers, for it might mean treason."

"Now, are you not ashamed to try and frighten Gretchen on her arrival? As for me, you can't effect any thing, you know. Don't all our newspapers say that we have perfect confidence in our negroes and never bar our doors; and when did you hear of a newspaper that didn't tell the truth? Now I know who the ebony beau is; it's just Powis, father's boy, that he hired out to Mr. Rutledge. He has run away. He always does. Every year, and often three or four times a year, Pow is sent to a new place—for there is nothing for him to do here. But he is as sure to come back as a bad penny."

"That is comforting," answered Mr. Carter, with a smile. "Nevertheless we don't know what upturning, what fermentation is coming to pass."

"Now don't talk politics, I am going to sing," said Ala, seating herself at the piano, and beginning,

"When swallows homeward fly."

She sang it well, but with little true feeling: there was execution but not inspiration about her style.

Hugh Carter stood near me all the time. Once he slightly turned and said, softly,

"Margaret, you sang that once?"

I bowed.

"Do you sing it any more?"

"No more."

I believe I saw more in that song than was really there. It awoke echoes in my heart more mournful than itself. I had sung it on the last evening I had spent with Hugh Carter, just before I collected strength to take the fateful scissors in my puny hand and cut the cord that bound our future lives. How that evening shaped itself in memory now! It was at a party. Airy phantasms, in "gloss of satin and glimmer of pearl," flitted around us, yet we felt alone. With passionful voice I sang that song, uttering all my love safely in its wail, yet with a heart intent on a stern purpose, with the altar laid for the sacrifice and the fire kindled. Hugh Carter thought of it too, and with some bitterness, as he had mayhap the right. He could not rest even on the same ground of memory with me, but turned smilingly to Ala to take his leave. Upon which she pouted with a pretty gracefulness, and with the air of one who had the right to be offended. I wondered as I looked.

"So soon," she murmured.

Hugh looked uneasy. He evidently felt my presence a restraint. No one wants a dead Past resurrected when it has been once decently interred, to sit with its hideous skeleton form at the gay banquet of the Present.

"And you go back to Wilmington next week, Hugh?" said Ala, half questioning and half as a statement.

"I'm afraid so," answered the gentleman, listlessly. "I must settle down to work now. I have lounged this summer away in the most delightful style. What a pity Miss Leeds was not with us at Beaufort! Do you remember the languid mornings and the breezy evenings; the stone crabs of delicate flavor but colicky disposition; the fascinating flounders, the bathing in the surf, and all the other delights? When will they come back?"

"Next summer," said Ala.

"Ah! who knows?" answered Hugh. "There are possibilities in the future which your lovely eyes can never fathom. God forbid that they should."

"So you're in earnest about going back to work?"

"Yes; though, to quote an elegant sentiment of a Hibernian friend of mine,

"'I'm not over-fond o' wurruk,
It's the way with all the Bradys.'"

"Why go, then?" Ala asked, with a glance which I did not understand.

"Because—you know the nursery rhyme about idle hands; idle minds are as bad, I think."

"But you'll stay to Mrs. Gibson's party?"

"Maybe, if you'll offer inducements."

"I will be there," said Ala, with a regal air.

"Enough. I will be there then, in spite of all," he exclaimed laughingly, as he bowed and left.

For a few days he came not, and when he did call I kept out of the way. He sat with Ala a long time, and I stole out of the house for a

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walk. Did he wait expectant of my entrance? I wondered; or was he happy with my friend while I was shut out of all his thoughts? I was glad that he was going to Wilmington, where I should be no more tortured by so many vain questionings, such weak repinings at what my conscience had required at my hands.

Time passed, and still Mrs. Gibson's party was in the future. The rumored cause of delay was that the chief part of the supper lay safe in a schooner that couldn't get over a sand-shoal. At last Christmas Eve was chosen.

These festivities were by no means rare in Newbern, but this one commenced the season. Ala was overflowing with excitement about her dress and mine. She dreamed of laces; she talked ribbons and jewels. She lived, and moved, and had her being in a restless sea of silk, with foam of tulle or crêpe. She endured agonies of doubt about a color; she tortured herself concerning the pattern of a sleeve; she almost went into a fit over a misfit.

The evening came, Alabama subsided to a quiet flutter. Her dress was perfect, and she knew it. Her hair, glossy and smooth as a Spanish nut, lay coiled in silky braids around her perfect head. Her eyes were full of infinite content as she looked in the glass. Excitement gave the coloring which the picture needed, in a faint tinge on her somewhat sallow cheek and a fuller crimson to her lips. I stood beside her like a pale shadow, I thought, from whose life all the color had faded. I wore a silvery poplin of uncertain hue. It floated around me like a mist, and made me feel unreal. It shone with a cold and frosty shimmer to my eye, and seemed to close me in with chill, impalpable folds from all the fresh glow of youthful feeling or social joy.

Ala danced down the stairs merrily, when Hugh Carter's voice was heard, and I, walking more quietly, left him time to do his work of praiser. He was eloquent, and really felt part of what he said. To me he vouchsafed one look, and shivered with a mocking smile.

"You would do for the Frost Queen, Miss Leeds."

The party was like all others. A great success Ala pronounced it, for the host was convivial, the hostess impartial, the ladies dressed up to the occasion, the beaux agreeable, the dancing indefatigable, and the supper from New York. At this supper I became aware that Hugh Carter had helped us to many things, but ate or drank nothing himself. I wondered silently. How often I had seen him grow flushed and voluble in speech; how often had my cheek flamed like his, to see how wine could steal his reason away!

When first the knowledge that Hugh Carter drank too deeply came home to my unwilling heart, duty showed my path and conscience forced my trembling feet to walk in it. When charm by charm unwound that clothed my idol and I found it clay, I dethroned it with unsteady hand, it may be, and tearful eyes, but still with firm resolve. No wonder he was bitter and proud: he had been educated in a different school; he saw from a different stand-point. He drank the social glass in an open, manly, hospitable manner. That he drained it too often was merely an excess of conviviality and good fellowship. I had been built in with Puritan creeds, he said, till I didn't see things in their true light. He thanked God he had larger views and more charity; he hoped I might find some Puritan saint with a stricter code of morals and a sanctimonious visage, who might sing with me the Psalm of Life in his own nasal fashion. These bitter parting words came after passionate appeal, pathetic grief, and clamorous adjuration were exhausted. I withstood all, and that was the end. He was too proud to promise reform; he would not trammel himself with resolutions; he scorned the love that could not trust, and so he went and I had seen him no more till my first evening in Newbern.

No wonder I gazed at him now when the Champagne was popping merrily on every side, and he did not taste it. Was this a whim for the moment or reform? I dared not let the blissful hope expand in my heart. Perhaps he only waited for the restraint of our presence to be removed to drain deeper draughts. He did stay a while, but when he joined us I saw no flush, no fitful, unsteady glance, no unwary word, and every doubt was stilled by Ala's gay raillery.

"Now, Hugh, you don't mean to say you been with those fellows all this time and drank nothing but water?"

"Yes."

"But what do you do it for?"

"To test my own strength."

Ala laughed as if the whole thing were a good joke:

"Take care you don't bend your resolutions too far. They're brittle things, you know; they break sometimes."

Some one came then for Ala to dance. She was the belle of the evening, and had little time to waste on me. I was already tired. I was glad to slip unperceived into a little conservatory full of flowers, which opened out of the front parlor. A faint odor of tuberose weighed down the air with Oriental languor. Waxen-white camelias held up their queenly cups, and trailing scarlet flowers ran riot here and there among leaves of glossy green. I sat down, faint and weary, feeling almost envious of those sweet flower-lives, and wishing I might so exhale existence in a breath. A pot of mignonnette at my side tempted my idle hand, and I broke one of the delicate sprays.

"It is Christmas Eve—will you give that to me?" said a sudden voice at my side. I did not need to turn to know that voice. "Give it to me, Margaret," he said, in a low tone. "I need something. Not a flower has bloomed in my life for the last year."

I yielded it, and drew my trembling hand away.

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"How cool and full of repose you look to-night, 'Oh, fair, pale Margaret?'" he went on, rapidly. "You live in thoughts, not feelings. You have lost a little pink bloom—the shadow of a rose-leaf—since I left you; that is all."

"You are wrong, Hugh Carter," I said, stung into speech by his reproachful tone, "and you know it. What are outward seemings? If I judged you by their rule I should say you are as calm as an untried serenity."

"So are volcanoes sometimes," he muttered.

"Do you think, because I don't pale and tremble at your approach, because I don't carry the sign of a restless grief on my face, because the crêpe drapery is not seen, is there no mourning? Did I not love you truly in those days of old, because I eat, and drink, and live without you now?"

"Yes, I think you loved me," he said, "with a sober, saintly affection; not with the irrepressible fervor that fires the Southern heart."

"My love would have sacrificed all just things for you; yours would not give up a depraved appetite for me," I replied, with some bitterness. "Let God be the judge between us."

"Yet you have only ashes left where once was flame," he said: "mine glows and burns yet; time or pride can not extinguish it."

Just then Ala Russell's rose-colored robe filled the doorway with bloom. She gave a quick look of surprise at seeing my companion, yet she was too secure of empire to fear me. Hugh looked unconscious; all his face was divested of passion: a cynical smile played about his mouth. He held my flower in his hand.

"What are you doing with that mignonnette?" exclaimed Ala; "do give it to me. You are crushing the poor thing to pieces."

"And making it sweeter," he said, "as sorrows do with people."

"They often make them sourer," laughed Ala: "for instance, your maiden aunt. How is she, to-night?"

"Well, she has been endurable this time, and to-morrow is my last day."

"Not stay through our holiday-week?" asked Ala.

"Positively no."

"But that flower—if you have squeezed it to death I'll take it."

"I'll give you something better."

"No, I must have that."

So he laid it in her hands, with a careless smile, and I turned away, seeing that his eyes examined me. Was he trying my heart after this fashion? Then not a ripple on the surface should betray the stormy surges that heaved below. He bade us good-by at the door that night, and did not call on Christmas-Day. On the day after he went to Wilmington.

Holiday-week is the slaves' carnival. A black torrent pours through the streets—merry, careless souls living in the present, forgetful of a hard and arid past and an unpromising future. Cinder came early to my door for a Christmas gift, and was delighted at the gay breast-pin of barbaric gorgeousness which I had ready for her. She was overflowing with thanks.

"Sure enuff, Miss Greatshins, you dun bought it for me?"

I assured her of the reality of the purchase.

In the excess of her pleasure she grew confidential.

"Now look yer," she said, in a low tone; "I'se mighty curus to know somthin."

"Well, what is it?" I asked, in an encouraging tone.

"Do you reckon the Norf'll fight?"

"I reckon they will."

"I'd a heap rather they would, cos we'd be free then."

"And would you like it?"

"Oh yes. Den I'd have some niggers of my own, and lick em like forty, two or tree about yer. Dey needs it bad."

"But you couldn't," I answered, laughing, "if they were all free."

Cinder seemed to revolve this idea unwillingly in her mind. "Heap o' use o' bein free," she muttered, "if I couldn't be like white folks, and knock some sassy nigger roun—they was onbearable nuff now;" and she went out of the room with a new notion in her head.

Winter does not linger long in Newbern. Roses bloom in the gardens nearly every month in the year. Spring comes, not with slow approaches, as in this Northern clime, but with all her lavish beauty at once; with no chill days, no chary bringing out, one by one, of her treasured charms, like a miser with his stored gold, but rather as a spendthrift she scatters her rich gifts on the bounteous earth, as though they were inexhaustible.

In April Sumter was taken. Till that day Newbern was apparently loyal; then in a moment the great popular heart surged over into the seething, restless vortex of secession. Some shrank back afraid; timid souls shivered on the brink and feared the plunge; but many hailed it as the tide in their affairs which was to lead on to fortune. Wondrous dreams of a strong and wealthy empire fired the Southern heart. Some faces glowed with visions of coming greatness; some trembled and blanched at phantasms of coming horror. Ala took the crisis coolly. The stab at national life did not wound her. The traitorous shot at the national flag woke no painful echo in her serene heart. The excitement was rather a stimulating draught for the languid summer day. To meet in gay parties for scraping lint, or sewing for the soldiers, was a pleasant variation to a monotonous season. The beaux joined these festive gatherings, and gave zest to the fair workers by their smiles and jokes. I went but once. No one would have dreamed that the dread realities of war were impending—that carnage and desolation were soon to sweep the land with the besom of destruction—to hear those fresh young girls and dainty, delicate-handed men discuss matters. Nothing more import-

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ant than a target-shooting match seemed in their minds' eye.

I felt that it was time for my visit to end, and I said so to Ala. Then she used all her power of entreaty.

"Papa may have to leave me; he has some government business, you know. Frank has left college and joined the army. I can not do without you."

"But I might be tarred and feathered for treason to the Confederacy; that would be quite uncomfortable in this warm weather."

"I'll take my oath you're not an Abolitionist, so you needn't fear."

"But I won't take the oath of allegiance, and they may confiscate my trunk and its contents," I urged.

"Then you shall have new ones. I should like that mightily; it would be a good way to sweep out all the old things that my conscience won't let me throw away. Don't say another word about it. If you do go, I'll telegraph to all the way-stations that a suspicious character is coming, who is secretly known to have a dangerous proclivity for enlightening woolly-heads; and you would never reach your home—you would roam about like the Wandering Jew. Then we are going to Beaufort in two or three weeks, and the delights of that inestimable resort have never been opened to your unsophisticated eye and palate."

I was silent.

"Lastly, Hugh Carter is coming back. His aunt is so overcome with a fear of the Yankee invasion that she has ordered him home. They will be of our party to Beaufort."

"Ordered!" I exclaimed, musingly.

"Yes," answered Ala. "He expects that she will leave him her fortune, so he is dutiful of course."

I suppose I looked contemptuous.

"You want to use an elegant Turkish exclamation now, and say 'Bosh,' I suppose," said Ala, laughing, "but money isn't 'bosh.'"

The result of our conversation was that I consented to stay. I had little to draw me away; little to lose in the universal wreck if I remained. At last sea and land were alike blockaded for me, so that like Sterne's starling "I couldn't get out." But poor Miss Carter's sickness was more than a nervous whim. It was a mortal malady. Hugh Carter put crape on his hat and joined us at Beaufort, to divert his mind. He really did look thin and sad. His mood was fitful and strange. I thought at first it was grief that swayed him, but I found my mistake. I feared that he might seek once more the tempting cup; but he seemed as firm in his resolve as ever. Though some of the other young men were carried up to bed in a helpless state after midnight, he never indulged. Then my hope grew—the future was no longer a dreary waste—the desert blossomed as the rose. I waited with blissful surety that he should some day say "Behold me, I am worthy of thy loving, for I love thee: I am worthy as a king."

The mornings at Beaufort are hot and languid. One rises with the feeling of living and moving in a warm vapor bath; the fog sponges out the solid ground, and you seem to float in nebulous ether between earth and heaven. Then a torrid sun comes out and the mist spirits fly before his fiery breath, till one pants and sinks exhausted with the fierce heat. Only the sparkling, life-giving touch of old ocean could revive the drooping energy—only in looking forth to its limitless waste of waters did I ever feel the place endurable. Beaufort itself is a meagre little town, unwashed, unkempt; sprawled out upon a sand-beach, where the grotesque amphibious "sand-fiddlers" and the little darkeys are the only exponents of energy. The thin, gaunt inhabitants lounged about with no perceptible occupation. They were quite despised by the Newbern visitors, who considered themselves fifty years in advance in civilization. The great hotel of the place, which stood elbowing the sea, was quite a spacious wooden edifice with long piazzas stretching around it. The visitors were expected to live out of doors evidently, for there were few accommodations within. The simplest New England boarding-house keeper would have scorned the rough rooms, bare floors, and curtainless windows which received us. But people went to Beaufort to be fanned by sea-breezes, to bathe in the surf, and to eat stone-crabs and fish. All these delights were unfailing, and they asked no more.

A little way out, dimly discerned on a sandy bar, stood Fort Macon. I expressed a wish for a nearer look at the old fort one day, so we went. A queer-looking ebony image, familiarly called "Uncle Jeff," was our captain. His face had the effect of a dried persimmon, but his eyes were full of good-nature; and he wore a new suit of clothes so much too large for him that he looked like a shriveled nut shrunk up in a large shell.

"Why you're coming out, Uncle!" said Hugh, merrily, as he observed them; "been getting married, or had your free papers signed?"

"Nuffin so bad as dat," said Uncle Jeff, with a grin.

"As bad as what? I thought you were working for your freedom last summer."

"Why yes, Massa Kyarter, dat am a fac and no mistake. You see when I was young I tought a heep o' bein free, and as I was a likely han, ole Marse he let me have this yer boat and all I gits over what my hire's wuth is mine; so bein an ambitious nigger I put in sure enuff, and I reckon I couldn't ha spent much, but I made a heap. Ole Marse used to count it, and he said 'twas a fortin. Well, jes after you lef I went out in dis yer boat one day and a mighty stiff gale blowed up, and bimby de boat tipped over and dis yer chile was a blowin too in the water like a porpis. Fore I knowed any ting I didn't know nothing, somebody fished me out; but I loss my ambition dat duckin sure nuff; tole ole Marse didn't want to own myself any mo', niggers is such mighty onsartin property."

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"So as long as you belong to old Marse it will be his loss and not yours if you drown," said Hugh.

"Jes so, Sah," answered Jeff with the utmost complaisance.

"His logic is rather different from our Dusty's; you remember her, Hugh?" exclaimed Ala.

"A tall, slender woman, with the air of an Indian princess," asked Hugh.

"Yes, named 'Desdemona' by papa; he has always delighted in long and sonorous names: witness mine. But it has dwindled ignominiously down to 'Dusty,' in the lazy darkey dialect. Well, for years Dusty has concentrated in herself all the ailments that human flesh is heir to. She was a dead weight, did nothing for herself but consume innumerable bottles of agreeable medicine till at last papa, in despair, sold her to herself for a hundred dollars. Then she recovered miraculously, and is able to do any thing. She told Pow the other day 'she reckoned she made nine hundred dollars clar out o' ole Marse dat time.'"

We reached the low sand-beach near the fort. Sand-shoals lay around us waste and desolate; no vegetation is seen. A few common shells are strewn about, but none of delicate tint or much beauty of form. The old fort loomed upon our gaze; a low stone-work, somewhat dilapidated, and of slight elevation. It had lately been seized by the State authorities, and two regiments of soldiers were endeavoring to make some repairs, so that the ancient structure might be in a better condition for defense. We walked over a draw-bridge, and found ourselves at an entrance, formidable in appearance, built in solid masonry. There was a parade nicely sodded and neatly kept, refreshing in its greenness after the dazzling white sand. The air was cool and damp within those stone-walls, and struck a chill through us.

In springing out of the boat Ala had hurt her foot on a sharp stone. Her delicate kid-slipper was cut through. She declared she could hardly walk, but must be supported to the fort, where she could wait till we explored things. Hugh showed a very chivalrous concern at her injury, and she leaned with a pretty languid air upon his arm till we entered the fort.

Some officers met my companions as old friends. Ala was in her element. She declared she could not by any possibility walk another step.

"I'll wait for you here," she exclaimed, with a bewitching smile. "I've explored every thing. I know all the joys of a stroll on the sandy beach; there is nothing new to me under the Beaufort sun."

"Only last summer *we* were not here," returned a slim young Lieutenant.

"Old foes in a new disguise, Sainty Tudor," laughed Ala. "I might have stormed the fort and taken possession last summer, for there was only an old man and a child here. What a heroine I might have been!"

"You could storm it now and take possession —of our hearts at least," returned Lieutenant Tudor, with a courtly bow.

"Well, Miss Ala," said Hugh, "I shall leave you with your old friend, while I address myself to a pacific stroll with Miss Leeds on the beach."

As Ala could not readily divide herself, so as both to go and stay, she contented herself with dismissing us in a benignant manner.

I trembled a little as I walked away from the old fort with Hugh Carter. I had never been alone with him since that brief moment in the conservatory. I felt as if some crisis in my life approached, and I would gladly have shrunk back, childishly, from facing it. There was that sense of isolation about the spot which makes human beings draw nearer to each other. Above us the clouds began to golden with the setting sun; but here and there darker ones trooped by as if borne by the breath of some coming gale. The sea surged ever on, but its waves were flecked with foam, and I felt a hot breath upon my cheek, and that dead calm in the air which precedes a thunder-storm. Our walk should not be long, I resolved. The silence grew oppressive; it seemed to "ache around us."

"I'm not wise in such things," I exclaimed; "but I'm afraid we are going to have a storm."

Hugh looked absently at sea and sky. "No matter," he said; "you and I have passed through worse storms. I wish, Margaret, that you and I could be cast away on some such place as this—away from society, with its false Mammon-worshipers — away from the world's social fictions: we might be happy then."

I longed to ask him why we could not be happy as it was; what social bar stood between us, that only stranded on some desolate island our love could live. But pride kept me back.

"I should want an island like Crusoe's," I answered, with a smile, "where all the conveniences of life really existed, only needing ingenuity and wisdom to make a complete home."

"And could you be happy so?" he asked, in a tender tone.

"I believe so—I am sure so," I answered; "if I had only one to whom I might say, 'How pleasant is solitude!'"

"Yes, if we could only reach one of those 'purple isles of Eden lying in dark purple spheres of sea,' where fruits hang ready to be eaten, and the waters teem with fish. Do you think there is any land, Margaret, where they don't worship the golden calf?"

"What do you mean?" I asked, wonderingly.

"Why, any spot where men do not give themselves up, body and soul, for money?—any blessed land where girls are not as shamefully sold as the Circassian beauties for the harem?"

"I don't know," I said; "but of this I am sure, that there are noble hearts who scorn to bow to wealth, and true women who would die rather than marry without love!"

"Are there?" he said, quickly. "How proudly your eyes flash! Well I know you are one of those true women! You have a noble

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nature, Margaret—strong and true! I could trust you in the hour of trial; I could lean upon you, and never find you fail and pierce me. You are a strange contrast to your friend."

"To Ala?" I asked.

"Yes; there is a dangerous fiend peering out of her shining hazel eyes sometimes, that makes me remember her mother."

"What was her mother like?"

"She is living now—divorced. I thought you must know."

"Comfortable prospect for the hardy individual who shall venture on Ala, is it not?"

He never spoke of his reform. I wondered, yet could not speak for him. I felt he loved me with the same love, and in my happiness I did not fetter him with promises. We forgot the threatened storm in our talk, and were only recalled to the unpleasant knowledge by a drift of sand in our faces. Our dream palace, with its misty pinnacles of more than real beauty, vanished in the besieging gale. I had been treading a charmed path in an unreal world; I found myself on the desolate sand-beach, scudding before the blast. Something in his protecting manner to me recalled his tender care of some one else a short time before. I shrank away a little; and the remembrance came over me that Hugh Carter had alluded by no word or hint to our future. I had not noted it in the brimming joy that overflowed that hour; but now that the "delirious draught" was drained, I found some bitter dregs in the empty cup. He had talked eloquently of his love—no one could better utter "love's silver phrases"—and I believed him; yet, amidst all the flowery drapery of words, I could discern the hard fact that he had *not* asked me to be his wife.

"He takes too much for granted," I thought, with a pang of wounded pride. "Because we were once engaged, he is too sure now even to give me the privilege of accepting him."

But I had no room for reproachful thoughts while he drew me so protectingly to his side and said, "How I wish I could shield you from all storms, Little Pearl; I wish I could!"

Was it my place to ask why he could not?

Only on entering the fort again Hugh said, in a sudden voice of pain, "We have been dreaming, Little Pearl—only dreaming!"

Before I had time to wonder, Ala cried out, "What an age you have been! You must have discovered something far more interesting than I have ever seen on the beach. I thought you'd hurry back when you saw the storm brewing."

"I, for one, have not found the time long!" exclaimed Lieutenant Tudor, reproachfully.

"We wanted to give you time to recover," laughed Hugh. And after many farewells we hastened back to our boat. Uncle Jeff sat looking at the gathering blackness with wistful eye. He made what haste he could, evidently keenly alive to the memory of his last "duckin."

"If we're upset, Uncle Jeff, you may find your ambition again running loose in the water."

"Don't want him," answered the colored sage; "'tain't no account to a nigger."

We just gained the shelter of the piazza before the storm burst in tropical fury. Thunder that never ceased its peal, lightning that gleamed like bars of living flame, lit up the sea with its ghastly glare, and then seemed to quench itself in the seething waters. All the elements strove in fierce conflict. Yet a pale, serene evening ended that day. Night came luminous with stars, and the moon, a silver boat upon a cloudless sea, rode benignly on. Its argent bars lay upon the waves, which were still heaving with the restless heart beneath. Only a mild south wind touched my face like the kindly greeting of a friend.

I felt too weary after my long stroll, the storm, and the emotions of the day, to do any thing but lean indolently back in the only easy-chair I could find, and try to take up again the bright-colored threads of blissful dreams. Ala was not in her room when I took possession. She had recovered her fatigue, and was spending the evening in Beaufort fashion out of doors. I had no light, but the moonbeams illuminated the room with their pallid rays, and I could see through the open window the dark figures pacing up and down the piazza. Now and then a gay group would linger near, and I could hear the ripple of merry laughter or a fragment of conversation. How pleasant life seemed! Serene as that moonlit night appeared my future; the storm had come and passed; all should now be peace, and I hummed a pleasant verse of Tennyson that came into my mind:

> "Ah! but I will love him truly,
> He shall have a cheerful home,
> I will order all things duly
> When beneath his roof I come."

So I dreamed the evening away. When Cinder came in I was startled to find it so late. She lit a candle and began to prepare things for the night.

"Pow dun come to-day," she said, as though I was as much interested in the advent of her sable beau as she was herself. I felt tender to all lovers at that moment, so I roused myself to an appearance of attention.

"Any Newbern news?" I asked.

"Mighty little; nuffin but drillen and gwine to de war. Oh, he did say Massa Wilmot's folks gwine North de fust chance."

I was silently pondering the fact that here was an opportunity to go North which I ought not miss; but like the caged canary, I began to love my prison too well.

When Ala came in I could see that her eyes were strangely bright and her cheeks burning. She seemed full of a pleasant excitement, palpitating with an excess of joyous emotion.

"Cinder!" she exclaimed, in an excited tone, "get me a glass of ice-water. My mouth is parched, and my blood is on fire."

"It is not such a warm night," I said as the girl went out.

"No, Gretchen, but—I might as well tell you,

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though otherwise it is a secret—I have had something to flurry me—an offer of marriage."

"From whom? Sainty Tudor?" I asked, gayly, this gentleman being one of the moths who employed themselves in singeing their wings in the dangerous blaze of Miss Alabama's charms.

"No, but I shall have some fun with Sainty yet—can't you guess, Gretchen?"

"I'm not a bit of a Yankee in that art," I answered.

"Well, to put you out of your misery, it was Hugh Carter."

Like a bolt of ice these words struck home to my inmost heart. I fell back as one who has received a mortal blow; but the dim candle gave but tremulous light, and Ala was occupied with her own joy, so she took no note of me.

"Why don't you congratulate me?" she asked, with a little impatience.

I gained a seeming calm and answered, "I must recover first from my surprise. I hope you will be happy."

"Of course I shall—he is not rich, to be sure—how mean in his aunt to leave her fortune away from him!"

"Did she?"

"Yes, to an orphan asylum; but I am an heiress, and we'll manage very well. Still Hugh had a right to expect the old woman's property. And he could have spent her fortune gracefully."

So here was the key-note to my false lover's character. With his ideas only two paths lay before him—to marry for money, or to work for his living. Who can wonder that he chose the smoothest? I rose to go, saying, with what calmness I could gather,

"And I have a bit of news to tell you, Ala."

"Oh! are we to have another wedding?" she exclaimed, gayly; "let it be on the same day as mine."

"Mr. Wilmot and family are going North as soon as possible. I must go with them; it may be my last chance," I answered, calmly.

Ala plead with me for a while, but I imagined there was less fervor in her tone than she had used before. She was too happy now to need me as much. I left her with some bitterness at heart, unjustly feeling that her love had failed me in the hour of need.

I must pass rapidly over all that lingering and wearisome journey, where we meandered over half the Southern States to find our way to New York. Every where we met the roused Southern chivalry going to fight for their altars and their fires and their slaves. Bands of patriotic maidens welcomed the heroes of many coming battles with choicest flowers and tender looks. But I thought the men would have liked something less ethereal. Indeed I heard one rude Georgian say, quite audibly, "Bother the flowers agin; reckon a fellow can't eat flowers like a beast; bin a travelin' three days, and had bouquets enough to smother us, but not a darned warm bite o' wittles." The journey was useful to me just then. The shifting panorama of new scenes made the past less painfully vivid. Change, like time, has power to soften trial. At last, after a long and wearisome journey, we reached Louisville, and soon were once more at rest in New York.

I strove to conquer fate by bearing it, often repeating to myself the old French motto, "It is not the victory which makes the happiness of noble minds, it is the combat." And at last, from the hard, unsightly root, Duty, I gathered the pale blossom of Peace. I settled down to a life uneventful yet not unfruitful, and, like a storm-tossed mariner, I gave thanks for a quiet haven. But rest is not happiness. Yet time wore on; winter was nearly at an end, and Lent, with a deeper meaning in wailing prayer or penitential psalm, was kept in the churches.

And the past, though dead, was not buried. I knew this by the deathly faintness that chilled my pulses when I saw a name among the prisoners taken at Roanoke Island—"Lieutenant Hugh Carter, dangerously wounded." How had he, ease-loving, luxurious as he was, been pressed into the Southern army? What dread possibilities lay in those two words! Lying in a Northern hospital, sick and dying it might be, with no loving lips to whisper comfort—no tender hand to smooth the pillow for his head as the last of earthly pains ebbed away before the eternal peace; no kindly heart near to treasure the last faint utterances of human love, and to deliver them, still fragrant with his last sigh, to dear ones left behind—to his bride, perhaps.

But I thought no more of his sin against me and against his own soul. I only remembered that he was alone, a stranger in a strange land, and that Christian duty made him my care. So I went to seek him at once.

I had little difficulty in finding the hospital. I nerved myself to firmness as I followed the nurse between the long rows of beds, where prone and helpless lay the once stalwart men. Some were ghastly and spent with disease, others strong as giants in the delirium of fever. But when we paused at last I groaned aloud, "Never, oh never could that be Hugh Carter!" But the calm-voiced official assured me it was no other than Lieutenant Hugh Carter. "And he's fought his last battle," she said. I heard the words as one in a dream. For I looked at a wreck—a worn and haggard face flushed with fever; wide-staring eager eyes that questioned vacancy with some frantic longing; thin, nervous hands that clutched and fought the air. What could I do there?

"He is very strong yet," I said, with a gleam of hope.

"That's only fever," said the nurse; "as soon as it goes off he'll sink. There is no hope."

"Then I'll stay with him till the last," I said, sitting down by the bedside.

"Are you a relation?"

"No—a near friend," I answered.

"Well, if you want help let me know."

I nodded, and she left me to my weary vigil

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—to wet the parched lips, to cool the fevered brow, to listen to the ravings that often pierced me with keen arrows as they brought the past vividly back again. The body lay there tenantless, while the mind wandered wildly over other scenes. Sometimes my name broke with a burst of agony from his hot lips—sometimes gay, light-hearted words mocked the awful tragedy that was transpiring—sometimes he battled again on an imaginary field, and bravely charged on the foe, and then he grappled with the last and great enemy, Death. And last, I saw the strange strength slowly ebb away; I saw the nervous energy fail, the eyes grow languid, the lips tremulous. The weird gray shadows crept cold and chill to his face—the shadow that no mortal hand can stay, even when it darkens down on our soul's beloved. I saw it coming, but I called no one. I would be alone with him to the last. No one could come between us now.

So I took his hand in mine, and looking into the eyes where reason began to shine, but with a flickering and uncertain light, I said:

"Hugh, do you know me? It is Margaret."

I felt his hand clutch mine with a nervous grasp, and he said:

"Where am I? What is the matter? Excuse me, Madam—I will see you some other time."

His mind still wandered; but I held fast his hand, and tried with steadfast gaze to recall him to the present.

"Hugh," I said, with tremulous tone, "don't you remember little Pearl?"

Then he gave me a keen glance, and turned his head away. I knew that he had taken in all the circumstances then, and in one glance had recognized me and his own position, and would fain, even in his last hour, avert his feeble gaze from mine. But I bent down and touched his forehead with my lips, keeping back the hot tears lest they should seem to reproach him with bitter memories.

"This cancels the past," I said, as my lips touched him. "Let it be the kiss of peace, Hugh. There shall be no shadow of reproach between your soul and mine in this supreme hour."

Then he turned toward me a look of trust, and the old love had relit its fire.

"It is like you, Margaret, to forgive," he murmured. "I was never worthy of you."

"Never mind now," I whispered.

"I have been a selfish pleasure-seeker," he said. "I sacrificed you to my love of an easy, careless life. No wonder God has chosen to cut me down in the pride of youth; I only cumbered the ground."

"Oh, Hugh!" I exclaimed—and now the blinding tears fell fast—"think of me no more. Let that all be as though it had never been. Think of God."

"Am I so near death?" he asked, with a nervous stare.

I saw that he was growing paler—that his eyes were losing their fire. I felt his pulse grow feebler in its fluttering beat.

"Yes, Hugh, so the doctor said."

"And you'll stay with me to the end?"

"To the end," I echoed; "and I'll keep your last message to Ala."

He looked at me reproachfully. "You might have spared me that," he said; "she is nothing to me now."

"Not your wife?" I faltered.

"No."

"Who says 'it is sweet to die for one's country?'" he asked, after a few moments' pause. "I find it bitter—bitter!"

I could not say any thing then of dying in an unholy cause, which gave a bitterness to the cup—of aiming a stab at the life of the country, that one ought to honor—of proving recreant to the holiest instincts of a patriot's nature.

"God can take away the bitterness of dying," I whispered. "Ask him, Hugh." And I prayed inwardly that I might have grace to take away the bitterness of seeing him die.

"Pray for me, little Pearl," he said, plaintively, with almost a child's pleading in his tone—"pray for me. I feel as if I was going to launch my little bark on an unknown sea."

"Pray with me, dear Hugh, and ask Jesus to be your guide."

I saw his lips move, but his soul's pleadings did not reach my ear. I knelt by his bedside and uttered an agonizing cry for help to hold and support him as he strove with the chill waters of the River of Death. When I rose I saw a change in his face. The lids drooped over the plaintive eyes, so lately turned in sad appeal to me. Colder settled the deathly shadows on his face. The thin hand lay nervous and relaxed upon the bed. He seemed fainting, and I sent to call the nurse, while I put some wine to his lips and dashed fragrant waters on cheek and brow.

Not fainting—ah, no—dying—sinking into the dread abysms from which no human hand could bring him back, no earthly potion recall the flitting spirit. Dying! and no mad human questioning could ever attain to the knowledge of that soul's experience—whether infinite peace crowned it on the very threshold of death, in the utterance of that last prayer—or whether it went shuddering blindly down into the abyss of dark waters, with no divine rod and staff for a comfort forever.

I know what I believe and hope. I know that in a moment the heavenly rapture of pardoned sin could glorify the soul of the crucified thief: and I believe and hope that I shall one day see the beloved one, redeemed and purified from every earthly stain, in the courts above.

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ROMOLA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE."



CHAPTER LVII.

WHY TITO WAS SAFE.

TITO had good reasons for saying that he was safe. In the last three months, during which he had foreseen the discovery of the Medicean conspirators as a probable event, he had had plenty of time to provide himself with resources. He had been strengthening his influence at Rome and at Milan, by being the medium of secret information and indirect measures against the Frate and the popular party; he had cultivated more assiduously than ever the regard of this party by showing subtle evidence that his political convictions were entirely on their side; and all the while, instead of withdrawing his agency from the Mediceans, he had sought to be more actively employed and exclusively trusted by them. It was easy to him to keep up this triple game. The principle of duplicity admitted by the Mediceans on their own behalf deprived them of any standard by which they could measure the trust-worthiness of a colleague who had not, like themselves, hereditary interests, alliances, and prejudices, which were intensely Medicean. In their minds to deceive the opposite party was fair stratagem, to deceive their own party was a baseness to which they felt no temptation; and in using Tito's facile ability they were not keenly awake to the fact that the absence of traditional attachments which made him a convenient agent was also the absence of what among themselves was the chief guarantee of mutual honor. Again, the Roman and Milanese friends of the aristocratic party, or *Arrabbiati*, who were the bitterest enemies of Savonarola, carried on a system of underhand correspondence and espionage, in which the deepest hypocrisy was the best service, and demanded the heaviest pay; so that to suspect an agent because he played a part strongly would have been an absurd want of logic. On the other hand, the Piagnoni of the popular party who had the directness that belongs to energetic conviction, were the more inclined to credit Tito with sincerity in his political adhesion to them, because he affected no religious sympathies.

By virtue of these conditions the last three months had been a time of flattering success to Tito. The result he most cared for was the securing of a future position for himself at Rome or at Milan, for he had a growing determination, when the favorable moment should come, to quit Florence for one of those great capitals where life was easier, and the rewards of talent and learning were more splendid. At present, the scale dipped in favor of Milan; and if within the year he could render certain services to Duke Ludovico Sforza, he had the prospect of a place at the Milanese court, which outweighed the advantages of Rome.

The revelation of the Medicean conspiracy, then, had been a subject of forethought to Tito; but he had not been able to foresee the mode in which it would be brought about. The arrest of Lamberto dell' Antella with a tell-tale letter on his person, and a bitter rancor against the Medici in his heart, was an incalculable event. It was not possible, in spite of the careful pretexts with which his agency had been guarded, that Tito should escape implication: he had never expected this in case of any wide discovery concerning the Medicean plots. But his quick mind had soon traced out the course that would secure his own safety with the fewest unpleasant concomitants. It is agreeable to keep a whole skin; but the skin still remains an organ sensitive to the atmosphere.

His reckoning had not deceived him. That night before he returned home he had secured the three results for which he most cared: he was to be freed from all proceedings against him on account of complicity with the Mediceans; he was to retain his secretaryship for another year, unless he previously resigned it; and, lastly, the price by which he had obtained these guarantees was to be kept as a State secret. The price would have been thought heavy by most men; and Tito himself would rather not have paid it.

He had applied himself first to win the mind of Francesco Valori, who was not only one of the Ten under whom he immediately held his secretaryship, but one of the special council appointed to investigate the evidence of the plot.

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Francesco Valori, as we have seen, was the head of the Piagnoni, a man with certain fine qualities that were not incompatible with violent partisanship, with an arrogant temper that alienated his friends, nor with bitter personal animosities—one of the bitterest being directed against Bernardo del Nero. To him, in a brief private interview, after obtaining a pledge of secrecy, Tito avowed his own agency for the Mediceans—an agency induced by motives about which he was very frank, declaring at the same time that he had always believed their efforts futile, and that he sincerely preferred the maintenance of the popular government; affected to confide to Valori, as a secret, his own personal dislike for Bernardo del Nero; and after this preparation, came to the important statement that there was another Medicean plot, of which, if he obtained certain conditions from the government, he could by a journey to Siena, and into Romagna where Piero de' Medici was again trying to gather forces, obtain documentary evidence to lay before the council. To this end it was essential that his character as a Medicean agent should be unshaken for all Mediceans, and hence the fact that he had been a source of information to the authorities must be wrapped in profound secrecy. Still, some odor of the facts might escape in spite of precaution, and before Tito could incur the unpleasant consequences of acting against his friends, he must be assured of immunity from any prosecution as a Medicean, and from deprivation of office for a year to come.

These propositions did not sound in the ear of Francesco Valori precisely as they sound to us. Valori's mind was not intensely bent on the estimation of Tito's conduct; and it *was* intensely bent on procuring an extreme sentence against the five prisoners. There were sure to be immense efforts to save them; and it was to be wished (on public grounds) that the evidence against them should be of the strongest, so as to alarm all well-affected men at the dangers of clemency. The character of legal proceedings at that time implied that evidence was one of those desirable things which could only be come at by foul means. To catch a few people and torture them into confessing every body's guilt was one step toward justice; and it was not always easy to see the next unless a traitor turned up. Lamberto dell' Antella had been tortured in aid of his previous willingness to tell more than he knew; nevertheless, additional and stronger facts were desirable, especially against Bernardo del Nero, who, so far as appeared hitherto, had simply refrained from betraying the late plot after having tried in vain to discourage it; for the welfare of Florence demanded that the guilt of Bernardo del Nero should be put in the strongest light. So Francesco Valori zealously believed; and perhaps he was not himself aware that the strength of his zeal was determined by his hatred. He decided that Tito's proposition ought to be accepted, laid it before his colleagues without disclosing Tito's name, and won them over to his opinion. Late in the day Tito was admitted to an audience of the Special Council, and produced a deep sensation among them by revealing another plot for insuring the mastery of Florence to Piero de' Medici, which was to have been carried into execution in the middle of this very month of August. Documentary evidence on this subject would do more than any thing else to make the right course clear. He received a commission to start for Siena by break of day; and, besides this, he carried away with him from the council chamber a written guarantee of his immunity and of his retention of office.

Among the twenty Florentines who bent their grave eyes on Tito, as he stood gracefully before them, speaking of startling things with easy periphrasis, and with that apparently unaffected admission of being actuated by motives short of the highest which is often the intensest affectation, there were several whose minds were not too entirely preoccupied for them to pass a new judgment on him in these new circumstances; they silently concluded that this ingenious and serviceable Greek was in future rather to be used for public needs than for private intimacy. Unprincipled men were useful, enabling those who had more scruples to keep their hands tolerably clean in a world where there was much dirty work to be done. Indeed, it was not clear to respectable Florentine brains, unless they held the Frate's extravagant belief in a possible purity and loftiness to be striven for on this earth, how life was to be carried on in any department without human instruments whom it would not be unbecoming to kick or to spit upon in the act of handing them their wages. Some of these very men who passed a tacit judgment on Tito were shortly to be engaged in a memorable transaction that could by no means have been carried through without the use of an unscrupulousness as decided as his; but, as their own bright Pulci had said for them, it is one thing to love the fruits of treachery, and another thing to love traitors.

> Il tradimento a molti piace assai,
> Ma il traditore a ognun non piacque mai.

The same society has had a gibbet for the murderer and a gibbet for the martyr, an execrating hiss for a dastardly act, and as loud a hiss for many a word of generous truthfulness or just insight: a mixed condition of things which is the sign, not of hopeless confusion, but of struggling order.

For Tito himself, he was not unaware that he had sunk a little in the estimate of the men who had accepted his services. He had that degree of self-contemplation which necessarily accompanies the habit of acting on well-considered reasons, of whatever quality; and if he could have chosen, he would have declined to see himself disapproved by men of the world. He had never meant to be disapproved; he had meant always to conduct himself so ably that if he acted in opposition to the standard of other men they should not be aware of it; and the barrier

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between himself and Romola had been raised by the impossibility of such concealment with her. He shrank from condemnatory judgments as from a climate to which he could not adapt himself. But things were not so plastic in the hands of cleverness as could be wished, and events had turned out inconveniently. He had really no rancor against Messer Bernardo del Nero; he had a personal liking for Lorenzo Tornabuoni and Giovanni Pucci. He had served them very ably, and in such a way that if their party had been winners he would have merited high reward; but was he to relinquish all the agreeable fruits of life because their party had failed? His proffer of a little additional proof against them would probably have no influence on their fate; in fact, he felt convinced they would escape any extreme consequences; but if he had not given it, his own fortunes, which made a promising fabric, would have been utterly ruined. And what motive could any man really have, except his own interest? Florentines whose passions were engaged in their petty and precarious political schemes might have no self-interest separable from family pride and tenacity in old hatreds and attachments; a modern simpleton who swallowed whole one of the old systems of philosophy, and took the indigestion it occasioned for the signs of a divine afflux or the voice of an inward monitor, might see his interest in a form of self-conceit which he called self-rewarding virtue; fanatics who believed in the coming scourge and renovation might see their own interest in a future palm branch and white robe: but no man of clear intellect allowed his course to be determined by such puerile impulses or questionable inward fumes. Did not Pontanus, poet and philosopher of unrivaled Latinity, make the finest possible oration at Naples to welcome the French king, who had come to dethrone the learned orator's royal friend and patron? and still Pontanus held up his head and prospered. Men did not really care about these things, except when their personal spleen was touched. It was weakness only that was despised; power of any sort carried its immunity; and no man, unless by very rare good fortune, could mount high in the world without incurring a few unpleasant necessities which laid him open to enmity, and perhaps to a little hissing, when enmity wanted a pretext.

It was a faint prognostic of that hissing, gathered by Tito from certain indications when he was before the council, which gave his present conduct the character of an epoch to him, and made him dwell on it with argumentative vindication. It was not that he was taking a deeper step in wrong-doing, for it was not possible that he should feel any tie to the Mediceans to be stronger than the tie to his father; but his conduct to his father had been hidden by successful lying: his present act did not admit of total concealment—in its very nature it was a revelation. And Tito winced under his new liability to disesteem.

Well! a little patience, and in another year, or perhaps in half a year, he might turn his back on these hard, eager Florentines, with their futile quarrels and sinking fortunes. His brilliant success at Florence had had some ugly flaws in it: he had fallen in love with the wrong woman, and Baldassarre had come back under incalculable circumstances. But, as Tito galloped with a loose rein toward Siena, he saw a future before him in which he would no longer be haunted by those mistakes. He had much money safe out of Florence already; he was in the fresh ripeness of eight-and-twenty; he was conscious of well-tried skill. Could he not strip himself of the past, as of rehearsal clothing, and throw away the old bundle, to robe himself for the real scene?

It did not enter into Tito's meditations on the future, that, on issuing from the council-chamber and descending the stairs, he had brushed against a man whose face he had not staid to recognize in the lamplight. The man was Ser Ceccone—also willing to serve the State by giving information against unsuccessful employers.

CHAPTER LVIII.

A FINAL UNDERSTANDING.

Tito soon returned from Siena, but almost immediately set out on another journey, from which he did not return till the 17th of August. Nearly a fortnight had passed since the arrest of the accused, and still they were in prison, still their fate was uncertain. Romola had felt during this interval as if all cares were suspended for her, other than watching the fluctuating probabilities concerning that fate. Sometimes they seemed strongly in favor of the prisoners; for the chances of effective interest on their behalf were heightened by delay, and an indefinite prospect of delay was opened by the reluctance of all persons in authority to incur the odium attendant on any decision. On the one side there was a loud cry that the Republic was in danger, and that lenity to the prisoners would be the signal of attack for all its enemies; on the other, there was the certainty that a sentence of death and confiscation of property passed on five citizens of distinguished name would entail the rancorous hatred of their relatives on all who were conspicuously instrumental to such a sentence.

The final judgment properly lay with the Eight, who presided over the administration of criminal justice; and the sentence depended on a majority of six votes. But the Eight shrank from their onerous responsibility, and asked in this exceptional case to have it shared by the Signoria (or the Gonfaloniere and the eight Priors). The Signoria, in its turn, shrugged its shoulders, and proposed the appeal to the Great Council. For, according to a law passed by the earnest persuasion of Savonarola nearly three years before, whenever a citizen was condemned to death by the fatal six votes (called the *sei fave*

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or *six beans*, beans being in more senses than one the political pulse of Florence), he had the right of appealing from that sentence to the Great Council.

But in this stage of the business the friends of the accused resisted the appeal, determined chiefly by the wish to gain delay; and, in fact, strict legality required that sentence should have been passed prior to the appeal. Their resistance prevailed, and a middle course was taken: the sentence was referred to a large assembly convened on the seventeenth, consisting of all the higher magistracies, the smaller council or senate of eighty, and a select number of citizens.

On this day Romola, with anxiety heightened by the possibility that before its close her godfather's fate might be decided, had obtained leave to see him for the second time, but only in the presence of witnesses. She had returned to the Via de' Bardi in company with her cousin Brigida, still ignorant whether the council had come to any decisive issue; and Monna Brigida had gone out again to await the momentous news at the house of a friend belonging to one of the magistracies, that she might bring back authentic tidings as soon as they were to be had.

Romola had sunk on the first seat in the bright saloon, too much agitated, too sick at heart to care about her place, or be conscious of discordance in the objects that surrounded her. She sat with her back to the door, resting her head on her hands. It seemed a long while since Monna Brigida had gone, and Romola was expecting her return. But when the door opened she knew it was not Monna Brigida who entered.

Since she had parted from Tito on that memorable night she had had no external proof to warrant her belief that he had won his safety by treachery; on the contrary, she had had evidence that he was still trusted by the Mediceans, and was believed by them to be accomplishing certain errands of theirs in Romagna, under cover of fulfilling a commission of the government. For the obscurity in which the evidence concerning the conspirators was shrouded allowed it to be understood that Tito had escaped any implication.

But Romola's suspicion was not to be dissipated: her horror of his conduct toward Baldassarre projected itself over every conception of his acts; it was as if she had witnessed him committing a murder, and had had a diseased impression ever after that his hands were covered with fresh blood.

As she heard his step on the stone floor a chill shudder passed through her; she could not turn round, she could not rise to give any greeting. He did not speak, but after an instant's pause took a seat on the other side of the table just opposite to her. Then she raised her eyes and looked at him; but she was mute. He did not show any irritation, but said, coolly,

"This meeting corresponds with our parting, Romola. But I understand that it is a moment of terrible suspense. I am come, however, if you will listen to me, to bring you the relief of hope."

She started, and altered her position, but looked at him dubiously.

"It will not be unwelcome to you to hear—even though it is I who tell it—that the council is prorogued till the twenty-first. The Eight have been frightened at last into passing a sentence of condemnation, but the demand has now been made on behalf of the condemned for an appeal to the Great Council."

Romola's face lost its dubious expression; she asked, eagerly,

"And when is it to be made?"

"It has not yet been granted; but it *may* be granted. The council is to meet again on the twenty-first to deliberate whether the appeal shall be allowed or not. In the mean time there is an interval of three days in which chances may occur in favor of the prisoners—in which interest may be used on their behalf."

Romola started from her seat. The color had risen to her face like a visible thought, and her hands trembled. In that moment her feeling toward Tito was forgotten.

"Possibly," said Tito, also rising, "your own intention may have anticipated what I was going to say. You are thinking of the Frate."

"I am," said Romola, looking at him with surprise. "Has he done any thing? Is there any thing to tell me?"

"Only this. It was Messer Francesco Valori's bitterness and violence which chiefly determined the course of things in the council to-day. Half the men who gave in their opinion against the prisoners were frightened into it, and there are numerous friends of Fra Girolamo both in this Special Council and out of it who are strongly opposed to the sentence of death—Piero Guicciardini, for example, who is one member of the Signoria that made the stoutest resistance; and there is Giovan Battista Ridolfi, who, Piagnone as he is, will not lightly forgive the death of his brother Niccolò."

"But how can the Appeal be denied," said Romola, indignantly, "when it is the law—when it was one of the chief glories of the popular government to have passed the law?"

"They call this an exceptional case. Of course there are ingenious arguments, but there is much more of loud bluster about the danger of the republic. But, you see, no opposition could prevent the assembly from being prorogued, and a certain powerful influence rightly applied during the next three days might determine the wavering courage of those who desire that the Appeal should be granted, and might even give a check to the headlong enmity of Francesco Valori. It happens to have come to my knowledge that the Frate has so far interfered as to send a message to him in favor of Lorenzo Tornabuoni. I know you can sometimes have access to the Frate: it might at all events be worth while to use your privilege now."

"It is true," said Romola, with an air of ab-

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straction. "I can not believe that the Frate would approve denying the Appeal."

"I heard it said by more than one person in the court of the Palazzo, before I came away, that it would be to the everlasting discredit of Fra Girolamo if he allowed a government which is almost entirely made up of his party, to deny the Appeal, without entering his protest, when he has been boasting in his books and sermons that it was he who got the law passed.* But, between ourselves, with all respect for your Frate's ability, my Romola, he had got into the practice of preaching that form of human sacrifices called killing tyrants and wicked malcontents which some of his followers are likely to think inconsistent with lenity in the present case."

"I know, I know," said Romola, with a look and tone of pain. "But he is driven into those excesses of speech. It used to be different. I *will* ask for an interview. I can not rest without it. I trust in the greatness of his heart."

She was not looking at Tito; her eyes were bent with a vague gaze toward the ground, and she had no distinct consciousness that the words she heard came from her husband.

"Better lose no time, then," said Tito, with unmixed suavity, moving his cap round in his hands as if he were about to put it on and depart. "And now, Romola, you will perhaps be able to see, in spite of prejudice, that my wishes go with yours in this matter. You will not regard the misfortune of my safety as an offense."

Something like an electric shock passed through Romola: it was the full consciousness of her husband's presence returning to her. She looked at him without speaking.

"At least," he added, in a slightly harder tone, "you will endeavor to base our intercourse on some other reasoning than that because an evil deed is possible, *I* have done it. Am I alone to be beyond the pale of your extensive charity?"

The feeling which had been driven back from Romola's lips a fortnight before rose again with the gathered force of a tidal wave. She spoke with a decision which told him that she was careless of consequences.

"It is too late, Tito. There is no killing the suspicion that deceit has once begotten. And now I know every thing. I know who that old man was: he was your father, to whom you owe every thing—to whom you owe more than if you had been his own child. By the side of that, it is a small thing that you broke my trust and my father's. As long as you deny the truth about that old man there is a horror rising between us: the law that should make us one can never be obeyed. I too am a human being. I have a soul of my own that abhors your actions. Our union is a pretense—as if a perpetual lie could be a sacred marriage."

Tito did not answer immediately. When he did speak it was with a calculated caution that was stimulated by alarm.

"And you mean to carry out that independence by quitting me, I presume?"

"I desire to quit you," said Romola, impetuously.

"And supposing I do not submit to part with what the law gives me some security for retaining? You will then, of course, proclaim your reasons in the ear of all Florence. You will bring forward your mad assassin, who is doubtless ready to obey your call, and you will tell the world that you believe his testimony because he is so rational as to desire to assassinate me. You will first inform the Signoria that I am a Medicean conspirator, and then you will inform the Mediceans that I have betrayed them, and in both cases you will offer the excellent proof that you believe me capable in general of every thing bad. It will certainly be a striking position for a wife to adopt. And if, on such evidence, you succeed in holding me up to infamy, you will have surpassed all the heroines of the Greek drama."

He paused a moment, but she stood mute. He went on with the sense of mastery.

"I believe you have no other grievance against me except that I have failed in fulfilling some lofty indefinite conditions on which you gave me your wifely affection, so that, by withdrawing it, you have gradually reduced me to the careful supply of your wants as a fair Piagnone of high condition and liberal charities. I think your success in gibbeting me is not certain. But doubtless you would begin by winning the ear of Messer Bernardo del Nero?"

"Why do I speak of any thing?" cried Romola, in anguish, sinking on her chair again. "It is hateful in me to be thinking of myself!"

She did not notice when Tito left the room, or know how long it was before the door opened to admit Monna Brigida. But in that instant she started up and said,

"Cousin, we must go to San Marco directly. I must see my confessor, Fra Salvestro."

CHAPTER LIX.

PLEADING.

THE morning was in its early brightness when Romola was again on her way to San Marco, having obtained through Fra Salvestro, the evening before, the promise of an interview with Fra Girolamo in the chapter-house of the convent. The rigidity with which Savonarola guarded

* The most recent, and in several respects the best, biographer of Savonarola, Signor Villari, endeavors to show that the Law of Appeal ultimately enacted, being wider than the law originally contemplated by Savonarola, was a source of bitter annoyance to him, as a contrivance of the aristocratic party for attaching to the measures of the popular government the injurious results of license. But in taking this view the estimable biographer lost sight of the fact that, not only in his sermons but in a deliberately prepared book (the *Compendium Revelationum*) written long after the Appeal had become law, Savonarola enumerates among the benefits secured to Florence, "*the Appeal from the Six Votes, advocated by me, for the greater security of the citizens.*"

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his life from all the pretexts of calumny made such interviews very rare, and whenever they were granted, they were kept free from any appearance of mystery. For this reason the hour chosen was one at which there were likely to be other visitors in the outer cloisters of San Marco.

She chose to pass through the heart of the city that she might notice the signs of public feeling. Every loggia, every convenient corner of the piazza, every shop that made a rendezvous for gossips, was astir with the excitement of gratuitous debate; a languishing trade tending to make political discussion all the more vigorous. It was clear that the parties for and against the death of the conspirators were bent on making the fullest use of the three days' interval in order to determine the popular mood. Already hand-bills were in circulation; some presenting, in large print, the alternative of justice on the conspirators or ruin to the republic, others, in equally large print, urging the observance of the law and the granting of the Appeal. Round these jutting islets of black capitals there were lakes of smaller characters setting forth arguments less necessary to be read; for it was an opinion entertained at that time (in the first flush of triumph at the discovery of printing), that there was no argument more widely convincing than question-begging phrases in large type.

Romola, however, cared especially to become acquainted with the arguments in smaller type, and, though obliged to hasten forward, she looked round anxiously as she went, that she might miss no opportunity of securing copies. For a long way she saw none but such as were in the hands of eager readers, or else fixed on the walls, from which in some places the *sbirri* were tearing them down. But at last, passing behind San Giovanni with a quickened pace, that she might avoid the many acquaintances who frequented the piazza, she saw Bratti with a stock of hand-bills, which he appeared to be exchanging for small coin with the passers-by. She was too familiar with the humble life of Florence for Bratti to be any stranger to her, and, turning toward him, she said, "Have you two sorts of hand-bills, Bratti? Let me have them quickly."

"Two sorts," said Bratti, separating the wet sheets with a slowness that tried Romola's patience. "There's 'Law,' and there's 'Justice.'"

"Which sort do you sell most of?"

"'Justice'—'Justice' goes the quickest; so I raised the price, and made it two danari. But then I bethought me the 'Law' was good ware too, and had as good a right to be charged for as 'Justice;' for people set no store by cheap things; and, if I sold the 'Law' at one danaro, I should be doing it a wrong. And I'm a fair trader. 'Law' or 'Justice,' it's all one to me; they're good wares. I got 'em both for nothing, and I sell 'em at a fair profit. But you'll want more than one of a sort?"

"No, no: here's a white quattrino for the two," said Romola, folding up the bills and hurrying away.

She was soon in the outer cloisters of San Marco, where Fra Salvestro was awaiting her under the cloister, but did not notice the approach of her light step. He was chatting, according to his habit, with lay visitors; for under the auspices of a government friendly to the Frate, the timidity about frequenting San Marco, which had followed on the first shock of the excommunication, had been gradually giving way. In one of these lay visitors she recognized a well-known satellite of Francesco Valori, named Andrea Cambini, who was narrating or expounding with emphatic gesticulation, while Fra Salvestro was listening with that air of trivial curiosity which tells that the listener cares very much about news and very little about its quality. This characteristic of her confessor, which was always repulsive to Romola, was made exasperating to her at this moment by the certainty she gathered, from the disjointed words which reached her ear, that Cambini was narrating something relative to the fate of the conspirators. She chose not to approach the group; but, as soon as she saw that she had arrested Fra Salvestro's attention, she turned toward the door of the chapter-house, while he, making a sign of approval, disappeared within the inner cloister. A lay brother stood ready to open the door of the chapter-house for her, and closed it behind her as she entered.

Once more looked at by those sad frescoed figures which had seemed to be mourning with her at the death of her brother Dino, it was inevitable that something of that scene should come back to her; but the intense occupation of her mind with the present made the remembrance less a retrospect than an indistinct recurrence of impressions which blended themselves with her agitating fears, as if her actual anxiety were a revival of the strong yearning she had once before brought to this spot—to be repelled by marble rigidity. She gave no space for the remembrance to become more definite; for she at once opened the hand-bills, thinking she should perhaps be able to read them in the interval before Fra Girolamo appeared. But by the time she had read to the end of the one that recommended the observance of the law, the door was opening, and, doubling up the papers, she stood expectant.

When the Frate had entered she knelt, according to the usual practice of those who saw him in private; but as soon as he had uttered a benedictory greeting she rose and stood opposite to him at a few yards' distance. Owing to his seclusion since he had been excommunicated, it had been an unusually long while since she had seen him, and the late months had visibly deepened in his face the marks of overtaxed mental activity and bodily severities; and yet Romola was not so conscious of this change as of another, which was less definable. Was it that the expression of serene elevation and pure human fellowship which had once moved her was no

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longer present in the same force, or was it that the sense of his being divided from her in her feeling about her godfather roused the slumbering sources of alienation, and marred her own vision? Perhaps both causes were at work. Our relations with our fellow-men are most often determined by coincident currents of that sort; the inexcusable word or deed seldom comes until after affection or reverence has been already enfeebled by the strain of repeated excuses.

It was true that Savonarola's glance at Romola had some of that hardness which is caused by an egoistic prepossession. He divined that the interview she had sought was to turn on the fate of the conspirators, a subject on which he had already had to quell inner voices that might become loud again when encouraged from without. Seated in his cell, correcting the sheets of his *Triumph of the Cross*, it was easier to repose on a resolution of neutrality.

"It is a question of moment, doubtless, on which you wished to see me, my daughter," he began, in a tone which was gentle rather from self-control than from immediate inclination. "I know you are not wont to lay stress on small matters."

"Father, you know what it is before I tell you," said Romola, forgetting every thing else as soon as she began to pour forth her plea. "You know what I am caring for—it is for the life of the old man I love best in the world. The thought of him has gone together with the thought of my father as long as I remember the daylight. That is my warrant for coming to you, even if my coming should have been needless. Perhaps it is: perhaps you have already determined that your power over the hearts of men shall be used to prevent them from denying to Florentines a right which you yourself helped to earn for them."

"I meddle not with the functions of the State, my daughter," said Fra Girolamo, strongly disinclined to reopen externally a debate which he had already gone through inwardly. "I have preached and labored that Florence should have a good government, for a good government is needful to the perfecting of the Christian life; but I keep away my hands from particular affairs, which it is the office of experienced citizens to administer."

"Surely, father—" Romola broke off. She had uttered this first word almost impetuously, but she was checked by the counter agitation of feeling herself in an attitude of remonstrance toward the man who had been the source of guidance and strength to her. In the act of rebelling she was bruising her own reverence.

Savonarola was too keen not to divine something of the conflict that was arresting her—too noble deliberately to assume in calm speech that self-justifying evasiveness into which he was often hurried in public by the crowding impulses of the orator.

"Say what is in your heart; speak on, my daughter," he said, standing with his arms laid one upon the other, and looking at her with quiet expectation.

"I was going to say, father, that this matter is surely of higher moment than many about which I have heard you preach and exhort fervidly. If it belonged to you to urge that men condemned for offenses against the State should have the right to appeal to the Great Council—if—" Romola was getting eager again—"if you count it a glory to have won that right for them, can it less belong to you to declare yourself against the right being denied to almost the first men who need it? Surely that touches the Christian life more closely than whether you knew beforehand that the Dauphin would die, or whether Pisa will be conquered."

There was a subtle movement, like a subdued sign of pain, in Savonarola's strong lips, before he began to speak.

"My daughter, I speak as it is given me to speak—I am not master of the times when I may become the vehicle of knowledge beyond the common lights of men. In this case I have no illumination beyond what wisdom may give to those who are charged with the safety of the State. As to the law of Appeal against the Six Votes, I labored to have it passed in order that no Florentine should be subject to loss of life and goods through the private hatred of a few who might happen to be in power; but these five men, who have desired to overthrow a free government and restore a corrupt tyrant, have been condemned with the assent of a large assembly of their fellow-citizens. They refused at first to have their cause brought before the Great Council. They have lost the right to the appeal."

"How can they have lost it?" said Romola. "It is the right to appeal against condemnation, and they have never been condemned till now; and, forgive me, father, it *is* private hatred that would deny them the appeal; it *is* the violence of the few that frightens others; else why was the assembly divided again directly, after it had seemed to agree? And if any thing weighs against the observance of the law, let this weigh *for* it—this, that you used to preach more earnestly than all else, that there should be no place given to hatred and bloodshed because of these party strifes, so that private ill-will should not find its opportunities in public acts. Father, you *know* that there is private hatred concerned here: will it not dishonor you not to have interposed on the side of mercy, when there are many who hold that it is also the side of law and justice?"

"My daughter," said Fra Girolamo, with more visible emotion than before, "there is a mercy which is weakness, and even treason against the common good. The safety of Florence, which means even more than the welfare of Florentines, now demands severity, as it once demanded mercy. It is not only for a past plot that these men are condemned, but also for a plot which has not yet been executed; and the devices that were leading to its execution are

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not put an end to: the tyrant is still gathering his forces in Romagna; and the enemies of Florence, that sit in the highest places of Italy, are ready to hurl any stone that will crush her."

"What plot?" said Romola, reddening, and trembling with alarmed surprise.

"You carry papers in your hand, I see," said Fra Girolamo, pointing to the hand-bills. "One of them will, perhaps, tell you that the government has had new information."

Romola hastily opened the hand-bill she had not yet read, and saw that the government had now positive evidence of a second plot, which was to have been carried out in this August time. To her mind it was like reading a confirmation that Tito had won his safety by foul means; his pretense of wishing that the Frate should exert himself on behalf of the condemned only helped the wretched conviction. She crushed up the paper in her hand, and, turning to Savonarola, she said, with new passion, "Father, what safety can there be for Florence when the worst man can always escape? And," she went on, a sudden flash of remembrance coming from the thought about her husband, "have not you yourself encouraged this deception, which corrupts the life of Florence, by wanting more favor to be shown to Lorenzo Tornabuoni, who has worn two faces, and flattered you with a show of affection, when my godfather has always been honest? Ask all Florence who of those five men has the truest heart, and there will not be many who will name any other name than Bernardo del Nero. You did interpose with Francesco Valori for the sake of one prisoner: you have *not* then been neutral; and you know that your word will be powerful."

"I do not desire the death of Bernardo," said Savonarola, coloring deeply. "It would be enough if he were sent out of the city."

"Then why do you not speak to save an old man of seventy-five from dying a death of ignominy—to give him at least the fair chances of the law?" burst out Romola, the impetuosity of her nature so roused that she forgot every thing but her indignation. "It is not that you feel bound to be neutral; else why did you speak for Lorenzo Tornabuoni? You spoke for him because he is more friendly to San Marco; my godfather feigns no friendship. It is not then as a Medicean that my godfather is to die; it is as a man you have no love for!"

When Romola paused, with cheeks glowing, and with quivering lips, there was dead silence. As she saw Fra Girolamo standing motionless before her she seemed to herself to be hearing her own words over again; words that seemed in this echo of consciousness to be in strange, painful dissonance with the memories that made part of his presence to her. The moments of silence were expanded by gathering compunction and self-doubt. She had committed sacrilege in her passion. And even the sense that she could retract nothing of her plea, that her mind could not submit itself to Savonarola's negative, made it the more needful to her to satisfy those reverential memories. With a sudden movement toward him, she said:

"Forgive me, father; it is pain to me to have spoken those words—yet I can not help speaking. I am little and feeble compared with you; you brought me light and strength. But I submitted because I felt the proffered strength—because I saw the light. *Now* I can not see it. Father, you yourself declare that there comes a moment when the soul must have no guide but the voice within it to tell whether the consecrated thing has sacred virtue. And therefore I must speak."

Savonarola had that readily roused resentment toward opposition, hardly separable from a power-loving and powerful nature, accustomed to seek great ends that cast a reflected grandeur on the means by which they are sought. His sermons have much of that red flame in them. And if he had been a meaner man his susceptibility might have shown itself in irritation at Romola's accusatory freedom, which was in strong contrast with the deference he habitually received from his disciples. But at this moment such feelings were nullified by that hard struggle which made half the tragedy of his life—the struggle of a mind possessed by a never-silent hunger after purity and simplicity, yet caught in a tangle of egoistic demands, false ideas, and difficult outward conditions that made simplicity impossible. Keenly alive to all the suggestions of Romola's remonstrating words, he was rapidly surveying, as he had done before, the courses of action that were open to him, and their probable results. But it was a question on which arguments could seem decisive only in proportion as they were charged with feeling, and he had received no impulse that could alter his bias. He looked at Romola, and said:

"You have full pardon for your frankness, my daughter. You speak, I know, out of the fullness of your family affections. But these affections must give way to the needs of the republic. If those men, who have a close acquaintance with the affairs of the State, believe, as I understand they do, that the public safety requires the extreme punishment of the law to fall on those five conspirators, I can not control their opinion, seeing that I stand aloof from such affairs."

"Then you desire that they should die? You desire that the Appeal should be denied them?" said Romola, feeling anew repelled by a vindication which seemed to her to have the nature of a subterfuge

"I have said that I do not desire their death."

"Then," said Romola, her indignation rising again, "you can be indifferent that Florentines should inflict death which you do not desire, when you might have protested against it—when you might have helped to hinder it, by urging the observance of a law which you held it good to get passed. Father, you used not to stand aloof: you used not to shrink from protesting. Do not say you can not protest where the lives

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of men are concerned; say, rather, you desire their death. Say, rather, you hold it good for Florence that there shall be more blood and more hatred. Will the death of five Mediceans put an end to parties in Florence? Will the death of a noble old man like Bernardo del Nero save a city that holds such men as Dolfo Spini?"

"My daughter, it is enough. The cause of freedom, which is the cause of God's kingdom upon earth, is often most injured by the enemies who carry within them the power of certain human virtues. The wickedest man is often not the most insurmountable obstacle to the triumph of good."

"Then why do you say again that you do not desire my godfather's death?" said Romola, in mingled anger and despair. "Rather you hold it the more needful he should die because he is the better man. I can not unravel your thoughts, father; I can not hear the real voice of your judgment and conscience."

There was a moment's pause. Then Savonarola said, with keener emotion than he had yet shown,

"Be thankful, my daughter, if your own soul has been spared perplexity, and judge not those to whom a harder lot has been given. *You* see one ground of action in this matter. I see many. I have to choose that which will further the work intrusted to me. The end I seek is one to which minor respects must be sacrificed. The death of five men—were they less guilty than these—is a light matter weighed against the withstanding of the vicious tyrannies which stifle the life of Italy, and foster the corruption of the Church; a light matter weighed against the furthering of God's kingdom upon earth, the end for which I live and am willing myself to die."

Under any other circumstances, Romola would have been sensitive to the appeal at the beginning of Savonarola's speech; but at this moment she was so utterly in antagonism with him, that what he called perplexity seemed to her sophistry and doubleness; and as he went on, his words only fed that flame of indignation which now again, more fully than ever before, lit up the memory of all his mistakes, and made her trust in him seem to have been a purblind delusion. She spoke almost with bitterness.

"Do you then know so well what will further the coming of God's kingdom, father, that you will dare to despise the plea of mercy—of justice—of faithfulness to your own teaching? Has the French king then brought renovation to Italy? Take care, father, lest your enemies have some reason when they say that, in your visions of what will further God's kingdom, you see only what will strengthen your own party."

"And that is true!" said Savonarola, with flashing eyes. Romola's voice had seemed to him in that moment the voice of his enemies. "The cause of my party *is* the cause of God's kingdom."

"I do not believe it!" said Romola, her whole frame shaken with passionate repugnance. "God's kingdom is something wider—else, let me stand outside it with the beings that I love."

The two faces were lit up, each with an opposite emotion, each with an opposite certitude. Further words were impossible. Romola hastily covered her head and went out in silence.

CHAPTER LX.

THE SCAFFOLD.

THREE days later the moon that was just surmounting the buildings of the piazza in front of the Old Palace within the hour of midnight did not make the usual broad lights and shadows on the pavement. Not a hand's-breadth of pavement was to be seen, but only the heads of an eager, struggling multitude. And instead of that back-ground of silence in which the pattering footsteps and buzzing voices, the lute-thrumming or rapid scampering of the many night-wanderers of Florence stood out in obtrusive distinctness, there was the back-ground of a roar from mingled shouts and imprecations, tramplings and pushings, and accidental clashing of weapons, across which nothing was distinguishable but a darting shriek or the heavy dropping toll of a bell.

Almost all who could call themselves the public of Florence were awake at that hour, and either inclosed within the limits of that piazza, or struggling to enter it. Within the palace were still assembled in the council-chamber all the chief magistracies, the eighty members of the senate, and the other select citizens who had been in hot debate through long hours of daylight and torchlight whether the Appeal should be granted or whether the sentence of death should be executed on the prisoners forthwith to forestall the dangerous chances of delay. And the debate had been so much like fierce quarrel that the noise from the council-chamber had reached the crowd outside. Only within the last hour had the question been decided: the Signoria had remained divided, four of them standing out resolutely for the Appeal, in spite of the strong argument that if they did not give way their houses should be sacked, until Francesco Valori, in brief and furious speech, made the determination of his party more ominously distinct by declaring that if the Signoria would not defend the liberties of the Florentine people by executing those five perfidious citizens, there would not be wanting others who would take that cause in hand to the peril of all who opposed it. The Florentine Cato triumphed. When the votes were counted again, the four obstinate white beans no longer appeared; the whole nine were of the fatal affirmative black, deciding the death of the five prisoners without delay—deciding also, only tacitly and with much more delay, the death of Francesco Valori.

And now, while the judicial Eight were gone to the Bargello to prepare for the execution, the

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five condemned men were being led barefoot and in irons through the midst of the council. It was their friends who had contrived this: would not Florentines be moved by the visible association of such cruel ignominy with two venerable men like Bernardo del Nero and Niccolò Ridolfi, who had taken their bias long before the new order of things had come to make Mediceanism retrograde—with two brilliant popular young men like Tornabuoni and Pucci, whose absence would be felt as a haunting vacancy wherever there was a meeting of chief Florentines? It was useless: such pity as could be awakened now was of that hopeless sort which leads not to rescue, but to the tardier action of revenge.

While this scene was passing up stairs Romola stood below against one of the massive pillars in the court of the palace, expecting the moment when her godfather would appear on his way to execution. By the use of strong interest she had gained permission to visit him in the evening of this day, and remain with him until the result of the council should be determined. And now she was waiting with his confessor to follow the guard that would lead him to the Bargello. Her heart was bent on clinging to the presence of the childless old man to the last moment, as her father would have done, and she had overpowered all remonstrances. Giovan Battista Ridolfi, a disciple of Savonarola, who was going in bitterness to behold the death of his elder brother Niccolò, had promised that she should be guarded, and now stood by her side.

Tito, too, was in the palace; but Romola had not seen him. Since the evening of the seventeenth they had avoided each other, and Tito only knew by inference from the report of the Frate's neutrality that her pleading had failed. He was now surrounded with official and other personages, both Florentine and foreign, who had been awaiting the issue of the long-protracted council, maintaining, except when he was directly addressed, the subdued air and grave silence of a man whom actual events are placing in a painful state of strife between public and private feeling. When an allusion was made to his wife in relation to those events, he implied that, owing to the violent excitement of her mind, the mere fact of his continuing to hold office under a government concerned in her godfather's condemnation roused in her a diseased hostility toward him; so that for her sake he felt it best not to approach her.

"Ah, the old Bardi blood!" said Cennini, with a shrug. "I shall not be surprised if this business shakes *her* loose from the Frate, as well as some others I could name."

"It is excusable in a woman, who is doubtless beautiful, since she is the wife of Messer Tito," said a young French envoy, smiling and bowing to Tito, "to think that her affections must overrule the good of the State, and that nobody is to be beheaded who is any body's cousin; but such a view is not to be encouraged in the male population. It seems to me your Florentine polity is much weakened by it."

"That is true," said Niccolò Macchiavelli; "but where personal ties are strong, the hostilities they raise must be taken due account of. Many of these half-way severities are mere hot-headed blundering. The only safe blows to be inflicted on men and parties are the blows that are too heavy to be avenged."

"Niccolò," said Cennini, "there is a clever wickedness in thy talk sometimes that makes me mistrust thy pleasant young face as if it were a mask of Satan."

"Not at all, my good Domenico," said Macchiavelli, smiling, and laying his hand on the elder's shoulder. "Satan was a blunderer, an introducer of *novità*, who made a stupendous failure. If he had succeeded, we should all have been worshiping him, and his portrait would have been more flattered."

"Well, well," said Cennini, "I say not thy doctrine is not too clever for Satan: I only say it is wicked enough for him."

"I tell you," said Macchiavelli, "my doctrine is the doctrine of all men who seek an end a little farther off than their own noses. Ask our Frate, our prophet, how his universal renovation is to be brought about: he will tell you, first, by getting a free and pure government; and since it appears that can not be done by making all Florentines love each other, it must be done by cutting off every head that happens to be obstinately in the way. Only if a man incurs odium by sanctioning a severity that is not thorough enough to be final, he commits a blunder. And something like that blunder, I suspect, the Frate has committed. It was an occasion on which he might have won some lustre by exerting himself to maintain the Appeal; instead of that, he has lost lustre, and has gained no strength."

Before any one else could speak, there came the expected announcement that the prisoners were about to leave the council chamber; and the majority of those who were present hurried toward the door, intent on securing the freest passage to the Bargello in the rear of the prisoners' guard; for the scene of the execution was one that drew alike those who were moved by the deepest passions and those who were moved by the coldest curiosity.

Tito was one of those who remained behind. He had a native repugnance to sights of death and pain, and five days ago, whenever he had thought of this execution as a possibility, he had hoped that it would not take place, and that the utmost sentence would be exile: his own safety demanded no more. But now he felt that it would be a welcome guarantee of his security when he had learned that Bernardo del Nero's head was off the shoulders. The new knowledge and new attitude toward him disclosed by Romola on the day of his return, had given him a new dread of the power she possessed to make his position insecure. If any act of hers only succeeded in making him an object of suspicion and odium, he foresaw not only frustration, but frustration under unpleasant circumstances. Her

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belief in Baldassarre had clearly determined her wavering feelings against further submission, and if her godfather lived she would win him to share her belief without much trouble. Romola seemed more than ever an unmanageable fact in his destiny. But if Bernardo del Nero were dead, the difficulties that would beset her in placing herself in opposition to her husband would probably be insurmountable to her shrinking pride. Therefore Tito had felt easier when he knew that the Eight had gone to the Bargello to order the instant erection of the scaffold. Four other men—his intimates and confederates—were to die, besides Bernardo del Nero. But a man's own safety is a god that sometimes makes very grim demands. Tito felt them to be grim: even in the pursuit of what was agreeable, this paradoxical life forced upon him the desire for what was disagreeable. But he had had other experience of this sort, and as he heard through the open doorway the shuffle of many feet and the clanking of metal on the stairs, he was able to answer the questions of the young French envoy without showing signs of any other feeling than that of sad resignation to State necessities.

Those sounds fell on Romola as if her power of hearing had been exalted along with every other sensibility of her nature. She needed no arm to support her; she shed no tears. She felt that intensity of life which seems to transcend both grief and joy—in which the mind seems to itself akin to elder forces that wrought out existence before the birth of pleasure and pain. Since her godfather's fate had been decided, the previous struggle of feeling in her had given way to an identification of herself with him in these supreme moments: she was inwardly asserting for him that, if he suffered the punishment of treason, he did not deserve the name of traitor; he was the victim to a collision between two kinds of faithfulness. It was not given to him to die for the noblest cause, and yet he died because of his nobleness. He might have been a meaner man, and found it easier not to incur this guilt. Romola was feeling the full force of that sympathy with the individual lot that is continually opposing itself to the formulæ by which actions and parties are judged. She was treading the way with her second father to the scaffold, and nerving herself to defy ignomy by the consciousness that it was not deserved.

The way was fenced in by three hundred armed men, who had been placed as a guard by the orders of Francesco Valori, for among the apparent contradictions that belonged to this event, not the least striking was the alleged alarm on the one hand at the popular rage against the conspirators, and the alleged alarm on the other lest there should be an attempt to rescue them in the midst of a hostile crowd. When they had arrived within the court of the Bargello, Romola was allowed to approach Bernardo with his confessor for a moment of farewell. Many eyes were bent on them even in that struggle of an agitated throng, as the aged man, forgetting that his hands were bound with irons, lifted them toward the golden head that was bent toward him, and then, checking that movement, leaned to kiss her. She seized the fettered hands that were hung down again, and kissed them as if they had been sacred things.

"My poor Romola," said Bernardo, in a low voice, "I have only to die, but thou hast to live—and I shall not be there to help thee."

"Yes," said Romola, hurriedly, "you *will* help me—always—because I shall remember you."

She was taken away and conducted up the flight of steps that led to the loggia surrounding the grand old court. She took her place there, determined to look till the moment when her godfather laid his head on the block. Now while the prisoners were allowed a brief interval with their confessor, the spectators were pressing into the court until the crowd became dense around the black scaffold, and the torches fixed in iron rings against the pillars threw a varying startling light at one moment on passionless stone carvings, at another on some pale face agitated with suppressed rage or suppressed grief—the face of one among the many near relatives of the condemned, who were presently to receive their dead and carry them home.

Romola's face looked like a marble image against the dark arch as she stood watching for the moment when her godfather would appear at the foot of the scaffold. He was to suffer first, and Battista Ridolfi, who was by her side, had promised to take her away through a door behind them when she should have seen the last look of the man who alone in all the world had shared her pitying love for her father. And still, in the back-ground of her thought, there was the possibility striving to be a hope, that some rescue might yet come, something that would keep that scaffold unstained by blood.

For a long while there was constant movement, lights flickering, heads swaying to and fro, confused voices within the court, rushing waves of sound through the entrance from without. It seemed to Romola as if she were in the midst of a storm or a troubled sea, caring nothing about the storm, but only about holding out a signal till the eyes that looked for it could seek it no more.

Suddenly there was stillness, and the very tapers seemed to tremble into quiet. The executioner was ready on the scaffold, and Bernardo del Nero was seen ascending it with a slow firm step. Romola made no visible movement, uttered not even a suppressed sound: she stood more firmly, caring for *his* firmness. She saw him pause, saw the white head kept erect, while he said, in a voice distinctly audible,

"It is but a short space of life that my fellow-citizens have taken from me."

She perceived that he was gazing slowly round him as he spoke. She felt that his eyes were resting on her, and that she was stretching out her arms toward him. Then she saw no more

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till—a long while after as it seemed—a voice said, "My daughter, all is peace now. I can conduct you to your house."

She uncovered her head and saw her godfather's confessor standing by her, in a room where there were other grave men talking in subdued tones.

"I am ready," she said, starting up. "Let us lose no time."

She thought all clinging was at an end for her: all her strength now should be given to escape from a grasp under which she shuddered.

CHAPTER LXI.

DRIFTING AWAY.

On the eighth day from that memorable night Romola was standing on the brink of the Mediterranean, watching the gentle summer pulse of the sea just above what was then the little fishing village of Viareggio.

Again she had fled from Florence, and this time no arresting voice had called her back. Again she wore the gray religious dress; and this time, in her heart-sickness, she did not care that it was a disguise. A new rebellion had risen in her, a new despair. Why should she care about wearing one badge more than another, or about being called by her own name? She despaired of finding any consistent duty belonging to that name. What force was there to create for her that hallowed supreme motive which men call duty, but which can have no inward constraining existence save through some form of believing love? The bonds of all strong affection were snapped. In her marriage, the highest bond of all, she had ceased to see the mystic union which is its own guarantee of indissolubleness, had ceased even to see the obligation of a voluntary pledge: had she not proved that the things to which she had pledged herself were impossible? The impulse to set herself free had risen again with overmastering force; yet the freedom could only be an exchange of calamity. There is no compensation for the woman who feels that the chief relation of her life has been no more than a mistake. She has lost her crown. The deepest secret of human blessedness has half whispered itself to her, and then forever passed her by.

And now Romola's best support under that supreme woman's sorrow had slipped away from her. The vision of any great purpose, any end of existence which could ennoble endurance and exalt the common deeds of a dusty life with divine ardors, was utterly eclipsed for her now by the sense of a confusion in human things which made all effort a mere dragging at tangled threads; all fellowship, either for resistance or advocacy, mere unfairness and exclusiveness. What, after all, was the man who had represented for her the highest heroism: the heroism not of hard self-contained endurance, but of willing, self-offering love? What was the cause he was struggling for? Romola had lost her trust in Savonarola, had lost that fervor of admiration which had made her unmindful of his aberrations, and attentive only to the grand curve of his orbit. And now that her keen feeling for her godfather had thrown her into antagonism with the Frate, she saw all the repulsive and inconsistent details in his teaching with a painful lucidity which exaggerated their proportions. In the bitterness of her disappointment she said that his striving after the renovation of the Church and the world was a striving after a mere name which told no more than the title of a book; a name that had come to mean practically the measures that would strengthen his own position in Florence; nay, often questionable deeds and words, for the sake of saving his influence from suffering by his own errors. And that political reform which had once made a new interest in her life seemed now to reduce itself to narrow devices for the safety of Florence, in contemptible contradiction with the alternating professions of blind trust in the Divine care.

It was inevitable that she should judge the Frate unfairly on a question of individual suffering, at which *she* looked with the eyes of personal tenderness, and *he* with the eyes of theoretic conviction. In that declaration of his, that the cause of his party was the cause of God's kingdom, she heard only the ring of egoism. Perhaps such words have rarely been uttered without that meaner ring in them; yet they are the implicit formula of all energetic belief. And if such energetic belief, pursuing a grand and remote end, is often in danger of becoming a demon-worship, in which the votary lets his son and daughter pass through the fire with a readiness that hardly looks like sacrifice; tender fellow-feeling for the nearest has its danger too, and is apt to be timid and skeptical toward the larger aims without which life can not rise into religion. In this way poor Romola was being blinded by her tears.

No one who has ever known what it is thus to lose faith in a fellow-man whom he has profoundly loved and reverenced, will lightly say that the shock can leave the faith in the Invisible Goodness unshaken. With the sinking of high human trust the dignity of life sinks too; we cease to believe in our own better self, since that also is part of the common nature which is degraded in our thought; and all the finer impulses of the soul are dulled. Romola felt even the springs of her once active pity drying up, and leaving her to barren egoistic complaining. Had not *she* had her sorrows too? And few had cared for her, while she had cared for many. She had done enough; she had striven after the impossible, and was weary of this stifling crowded life. She longed for that repose in mere sensation which she had sometimes dreamed of in the sultry afternoons of her early girlhood, when she had fancied herself floating naïad-like in the waters.

The clear waves seemed to invite her: she

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DRIFTING AWAY.

wished she could lie down to sleep on them and pass from sleep into death. But Romola could not directly seek death; the fullness of young life in her forbade that. She could only wish that death would come.

At the spot where she had paused there was a deep bend in the shore, and a small boat with a sail was moored there. In her longing to glide over the waters that were getting golden with the level sun-rays, she thought of a story which had been one of the things she had loved to dwell on in Boccaccio, when her father fell asleep and she glided from her stool to sit on the floor and read the *Decamerone*. It was the story of that fair Gostanza who in her love-lornness desired to live no longer, but not having the courage to attack her young life, had put herself into a boat and pushed off to sea; then, lying down in the boat, had wrapped her mantle round her head, hoping to be wrecked, so that her fear would be helpless to flee from death. The memory had remained a mere thought in Romola's mind, without budding into any distinct wish; but now, as she paused again in her walking to and fro, she saw gliding black against the red gold another boat with one man in it,

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making toward the bend where the first and smaller boat was moored. Walking on again, she at length saw the man land, pull his boat ashore, and begin to unlade something from it. He was perhaps the owner of the smaller boat also: he would be going away soon, and her opportunity would be gone with him—her opportunity of buying the smaller boat. She had not yet admitted to herself that she meant to use it, but she felt a sudden eagerness to secure the possibility of using it, which disclosed the half-unconscious growth of a thought into a desire.

"Is that little boat yours also?" she said to the fisherman, who had looked up, a little startled by the tall gray figure, and had made a reverence to this holy Sister wandering thus mysteriously in the evening solitude.

It *was* his boat; an old one, hardly sea-worthy, yet worth repairing to any man who would buy it. By the blessing of San Antonio, whose chapel was in the village yonder, his fishing had prospered, and he had now a better boat, which had once been Gianni's who died. But he had not yet sold the old one. Romola asked him how much it was worth, and then, while he was busy, thrust the price into a little satchel lying on the ground and containing the remnant of his dinner. After that, she watched him furling his sail and asked him how he should set it if he wanted to go out to sea, and then, pacing up and down again, waited to see him depart.

The imagination of herself gliding away in that boat on the darkening waters was growing more and more into a longing, as the thought of a cool brook in sultriness becomes a painful thirst. To be freed from the burden of choice when all motive was bruised, to commit herself, sleeping, to destiny which would either bring death or else new necessities that might rouse a new life in her! it was a thought that beckoned her the more because the soft evening air made her long to rest in the still solitude, instead of going back to the noise and heat of the village.

At last the slow fisherman had gathered up all his movables and was walking away. Soon the gold was shrinking and getting duskier in sea and sky, and there was no living thing in sight, no sound but the lulling monotony of the lapping waves. In this sea there was no tide that would help to carry her away if she waited for its ebb; but Romola thought the breeze from the land was rising a little. She got into the boat, unfurled the sail, and fastened it as she had learned in that first brief lesson. She saw that it caught the light breeze, and this was all she cared for. Then she loosed the boat from its moorings, and tried to urge it with an oar, till she was far out from the land, till the sea was dark even to the west, and the stars were disclosing themselves like a palpitating life over the wide heavens. Resting at last, she threw back her cowl, and taking off the kerchief underneath, which confined her hair, she doubled them both under her head for a pillow on one of the boat's ribs. The fair head was still very young and could bear a hard pillow.

And so she lay, with the soft night air breathing on her while she glided on the waters and watched the deepening quiet of the sky. She was alone now: she had freed herself from all claims, she had freed herself even from that burden of choice which presses with heavier and heavier weight when claims have loosed their guiding hold.

Had she found any thing like the dream of her girlhood? No. Memories hung upon her like the weight of broken wings that could never be lifted—memories of human sympathy which even in its pains leaves a thirst that the Great Mother has no milk to still. Romola felt orphaned in those wide spaces of sea and sky. She read no message of love for her in that far-off symbolic writing of the heavens, and with a great sob she wished that she might be gliding into death.

She drew the cowl over her head again and covered her face, choosing darkness rather than the light of the stars, which seemed to her like the hard light of eyes that looked at her without seeing her. Presently she felt that she was in the grave, but not resting there: she was touching the hands of the beloved dead beside her, and trying to wake them.

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE BOARD.

CROSBIE, as we already know, went to his office in Whitehall on the morning after his escape from Sebright's, at which establishment he left the Squire of Allington in conference with Fowler Pratt. He had seen Fowler Pratt again that same night, and the course of the story will have shown what took place at that interview.

He went early to his office, knowing that he had before him the work of writing two letters, neither of which would run very glibly from his pen. One was to be his missive to the squire, to be delivered by his friend; the other that fatal epistle to poor Lily, which, as the day passed away, he found himself utterly unable to accomplish. The letter to the squire he did write, under certain threats; and, as we have seen, was considered to have degraded himself to the vermin rank of humanity by the meanness of his production.

But on reaching his office he found that other cares awaited him—cares which he would have taken much delight in bearing, had the state of his mind enabled him to take delight in any thing. On entering the lobby of his office, at ten o'clock, he became aware that he was received by the messengers assembled there with almost more than their usual deference. He

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was always a great man at the General Committee Office; but there are shades of greatness and shades of deference, which, though quite beyond the powers of definition, nevertheless manifest themselves clearly to the experienced ear and eye. He walked through to his own apartment, and there found two official letters addressed to him lying on his table. The first which came to hand, though official, was small, and marked private, and it was addressed in the handwriting of his old friend Butterwell, the outgoing secretary. "I shall see you in the morning, nearly as soon as you get this," said the semi-official note; "but I must be the first to congratulate you on the acquisition of my old shoes. They will be very easy in the wearing to you, though they pinched my corns a little at first. I dare say they want new soling, and perhaps they are a little down at heels; but you will find some excellent cobbler to make them all right, and will give them a grace in the wearing which they have sadly lacked since they came into my possession. I wish you much joy with them," etc., etc. He then opened the larger official letter, but that had now but little interest for him. He could have made a copy of the contents without seeing them. The Board of Commissioners had had great pleasure in promoting him to the office of secretary, vacated by the promotion of Mr. Butterwell to a seat at their own Board; and then the letter was signed by Mr. Butterwell himself.

How delightful to him would have been this welcome on his return to his office had his heart in other respects been free from care! And as he thought of this he remembered all Lily's charms. He told himself how much she excelled the noble scion of the De Courcy stock, with whom he was now destined to mate himself; how the bride he had rejected excelled the one he had chosen in grace, beauty, faith, freshness, and all feminine virtues. If he could only wipe out the last fortnight from the facts of his existence! But fortnights such as those are not to be wiped out—not even with many sorrowful years of tedious scrubbing.

And at this moment it seemed to him as though all those impediments which had frightened him when he had thought of marrying Lily Dale were withdrawn. That which would have been terrible with seven or eight hundred a year would have been made delightful with twelve or thirteen. Why had his fate been so unkind to him? Why had not this promotion come to him but one fortnight earlier? Why had it not been declared before he had made his visit to that terrible castle? He even said to himself that if he had positively known the fact before Pratt had seen Mr. Dale he would have sent a different message to the squire, and would have braved the anger of all the race of the De Courcys. But in that he lied to himself, and he knew that he did so. An earl, in his imagination, was hedged by so strong a divinity that his treason toward Alexandrina could do no more than peep at what it would. It had been considered but little by him, when the project first offered itself to his mind, to jilt the niece of a small rural squire; but it was not in him to jilt the daughter of a countess.

That house full of babies in St. John's Wood appeared to him now under a very different guise from that which it wore as he sat in his room at Courcy Castle on the evening of his arrival there. Then such an establishment had to him the flavor of a grave-yard. It was as though he were going to bury himself alive. Now that it was out of his reach he thought of it as a paradise upon earth. And then he considered what sort of a paradise Lady Alexandrina would make for him. It was astonishing how ugly was the Lady Alexandrina, how old, how graceless, how destitute of all pleasant charm, seen through the spectacles which he wore at the present moment.

During his first hour at the office he did nothing. One or two of the younger clerks came in and congratulated him with much heartiness. He was popular at his office, and they had got a step by his promotion. Then he met one or two of the elder clerks, and was congratulated with much less heartiness. "I suppose it's all right," said one bluff old gentleman. "My time is gone by, I know. I married too early to be able to wear a good coat when I was young, and I never was acquainted with any lords or lords' families." The sting of this was the sharper because Crosbie had begun to feel how absolutely useless to him had been all that high interest and noble connection which he had formed. He had really been promoted because he knew more about his work than any of the

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other men, and Lady De Courcy's influential relation at the India Board had not yet even had time to write a note upon the subject.

At eleven Mr. Butterwell came into Crosbie's room, and the new secretary was forced to clothe himself in smiles. Mr. Butterwell was a pleasant, handsome man of about fifty, who had never yet set the Thames on fire, and had never attempted to do so. He was perhaps a little more civil to great men and a little more patronizing to those below him than he would have been had he been perfect. But there was something frank and English even in his mode of bowing before the mighty ones, and to those who were not mighty he was rather too civil than either stern or supercilious. He knew that he was not very clever, but he knew also how to use those who were clever. He seldom made any mistake, and was very scrupulous not to tread on men's corns. Though he had no enemies, yet he had a friend or two; and we may therefore say of Mr. Butterwell that he had walked his path in life discreetly. At the age of thirty-five he had married a lady with some little fortune, and now he lived a pleasant, easy, smiling life in a villa at Putney. When Mr. Butterwell heard, as he often did hear, of the difficulty which an English gentleman has of earning his bread in his own country, he was wont to look back on his own career with some complacency. He knew that he had not given the world much; yet he had received largely, and no one had begrudged it to him. "Tact," Mr. Butterwell used to say to himself, as he walked along the paths of his Putney villa. "Tact. Tact. Tact."

"Crosbie," he said, as he entered the room, cheerily, "I congratulate you with all my heart. I do, indeed. You have got the step early in life, and you deserve it thoroughly—much better than I did when I was appointed to the same office."

"Oh no," said Crosbie, gloomily.

"But I say, Oh yes. We are deuced lucky to have such a man, and so I told the commissioners."

"I'm sure I'm very much obliged to you."

"I've known it all along—before you left even. Sir Raffle Buffle had told me he was to go to the Income-tax Office. The chair is two thousand there, you know; and I had been promised the first seat at the Board."

"Ah—I wish I'd known," said Crosbie.

"You are much better as you are," said Butterwell. "There's no pleasure like a surprise! Besides, one knows a thing of that kind, and yet doesn't know it. I don't mind saying now that I knew it—swearing that I knew it—but I wouldn't have said so to a living being the day before yesterday. There are such slips between the cups and the lips. Suppose Sir Raffle had not gone to the Income-tax!"

"Exactly so," said Crosbie.

"But it's all right now. Indeed I sat at the Board yesterday, though I signed the letter afterward. I'm not sure that I don't lose more than I gain."

"What! with three hundred a year more and less work?"

"Ah, but look at the interest of the thing. The secretary sees every thing and knows every thing. But I'm getting old, and, as you say, the lighter work will suit me. By-the-by, will you come down to Putney to-morrow? Mrs. Butterwell will be delighted to see the new secretary. There's nobody in town now, so you can have no ground for refusing."

But Mr. Crosbie did find some ground for refusing. It would have been impossible for him to have sat and smiled at Mrs. Butterwell's table in his present frame of mind. In a mysterious, half-explanatory manner, he let Mr. Butterwell know that private affairs of importance made it absolutely necessary that he should remain that evening in town. "And indeed," as he said, "he was not his own master just at present."

"By-the-by—of course not. I had quite forgotten to congratulate you on that head. So you're going to be married? Well; I'm very glad, and hope you'll be as lucky as I have been."

"Thank you," said Crosbie, again rather gloomily.

"A young lady from near Guestwick, isn't it; or somewhere in those parts?"

"N— no," stammered Crosbie. "The lady comes from Barsetshire."

"Why, I heard the name. Isn't she a Bell, or Tait, or Ball, or some such name as that?"

"No," said Crosbie, assuming what boldness he could command. "Her name is De Courcy."

"One of the earl's daughters?"

"Yes," said Crosbie.

"Oh, I beg your pardon. I'd heard wrong. You're going to be allied to a very noble family, and I am heartily glad to hear of your success in life." Then Butterwell shook him very cordially by the hand—having offered him no such special testimony of approval when under the belief that he was going to marry a Bell, a Tait, or a Ball. All the same, Mr. Butterwell began to think that there was something wrong. He had heard from an indubitable source that Crosbie had engaged himself to a niece of a squire with whom he had been staying near Guestwick—a girl without any money; and Mr. Butterwell, in his wisdom, had thought his friend Crosbie to be rather a fool for his pains. But now he was going to marry one of the De Courcys! Mr. Butterwell was rather at his wit's ends.

"Well; we shall be sitting at two, you know, and of course you'll come to us. If you're at leisure before that I'll make over what papers I have to you. I've not been a Lord Eldon in my office, and they won't break your back."

Immediately after that Fowler Pratt had been shown into Crosbie's room, and Crosbie had written the letter to the squire under Pratt's eye.

He could take no joy in his promotion. When Pratt left him he tried to lighten his heart. He endeavored to throw Lily and her wrongs behind him, and fix his thoughts on his advancing successes in life; but he could not do it. A

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self-imposed trouble will not allow itself to be banished. If a man lose a thousand pounds by a friend's fault, or by a turn in the wheel of fortune, he can, if he be a man, put his grief down and trample it under foot; he can exorcise the spirit of his grievance, and bid the evil one depart from out of his house. But such exorcism is not to be used when the sorrow has come from a man's own folly and sin—especially not if it has come from his own selfishness. Such are the cases which make men drink; which drive them on to the avoidance of all thought; which create gamblers and reckless prodigals; which are the promoters of suicide. How could he avoid writing this letter to Lily? He might blow his brains out, and so let there be an end of it all. It was to such reflections that he came when he sat himself down endeavoring to reap satisfaction from his promotion.

But Crosbie was not a man to commit suicide. In giving him his due I must protest that he was too good for that. He knew too well that a pistol-bullet could not be the be-all and the end-all here, and there was too much manliness in him for so cowardly an escape. The burden must be borne. But how was he to bear it? There he sat till it was two o'clock, neglecting Mr. Butterwell and his office papers, and not stirring from his seat till a messenger summoned him before the Board. The Board, as he entered the room, was not such a Board as the public may, perhaps, imagine such Boards to be. There was a round table, with a few pens lying about, and a comfortable leathern arm-chair at the side of it, farthest from the door. Sir Raffle Buffle was leaving his late colleagues, and was standing with his back to the fire-place talking very loudly. Sir Raffle was a great bully, and the Board was uncommonly glad to be rid of him; but as this was to be his last appearance at the Committee Office, they submitted to his voice meekly. Mr. Butterwell was standing close to him, essaying to laugh mildly at Sir Raffle's jokes. A little man, hardly more than five feet high, with small but honest-looking eyes, and close-cut hair, was standing behind the arm-chair, rubbing his hands together, and longing for the departure of Sir Raffle, in order that he might sit down. This was Mr. Optimist, the new chairman, in praise of whose appointment the *Daily Jupiter* had been so loud, declaring that the present Minister was showing himself superior to all Ministers who had ever gone before him, in giving promotion solely on the score of merit. The *Daily Jupiter*, a fortnight since, had published a very eloquent article, strongly advocating the claims of Mr. Optimist, and was naturally pleased to find that its advice had been taken. Has not an obedient Minister a right to the praise of those powers which he obeys?

Mr. Optimist was, in truth, an industrious little gentleman, very well connected, who had served the public all his life, and who was, at any rate, honest in his dealings. Nor was he a bully, such as his predecessor. It might, however, be a question whether he carried guns enough for the command in which he was now to be employed. There was but one other member of the Board, Major Fiasco by name, a discontented, broken-hearted, silent man, who had been sent to the General Committee Office some few years before because he was not wanted any where else. He was a man who had intended to do great things when he entered public life, and had possessed the talent and energy for things moderately great. He had also possessed to a certain extent the ear of those high in office; but, in some way, matters had not gone well with him, and in running his course he had gone on the wrong side of the post. He was still in the prime of life, and yet all men knew that Major Fiasco had nothing further to expect from the public or from the Government. Indeed, there were not wanting those who said that Major Fiasco was already in receipt of a liberal income, for which he gave no work in return; that he merely filled a chair for four hours a day four or five days a week, signing his name to certain forms and documents, reading, or pretending to read, certain papers, but, in truth, doing no good. Major Fiasco, on the other hand, considered himself to be a deeply injured individual, and he spent his life in brooding over his wrongs. He believed now in nothing and in nobody. He had begun public life striving to be honest, and he now regarded all around him as dishonest. He had no satisfaction in any man other than that which he found when some event would show to him that this or that other compeer of his own had proved himself to be self-interested, false, or fraudulent. "Don't tell me, Butterwell," he would say—for with Mr. Butterwell he maintained some semi-official intimacy, and he would take that gentleman by the button-hole, holding him close—"Don't tell me. I know what men are. I've seen the world. I've been looking at things with my eyes open. I knew what he was doing." And then he would tell of the sly deed of some official known well to them both, not denouncing it by any means, but affecting to take it for granted that the man in question was a rogue. Butterwell would shrug his shoulders, and laugh gently, and say that, upon his word, he didn't think the world so bad as Fiasco made it out to be.

Nor did he; for Butterwell believed in many things. He believed in his Putney villa on this earth, and he believed also that he might achieve some sort of Putney villa in the world beyond without undergoing present martyrdom. His Putney villa first, with all its attendant comforts, and then his duty to the public afterward. It was thus that Mr. Butterwell regulated his conduct; and as he was solicitous that the villa should be as comfortable a home to his wife as to himself, and that it should be specially comfortable to his friends, I do not think that we need quarrel with his creed.

Mr. Optimist believed in every thing, but especially he believed in the Prime Minister, in the *Daily Jupiter*, in the General Committee

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THE BOARD.

Office, and in himself. He had long thought that every thing was nearly right; but now that he himself was chairman at the General Committee Office, he was quite sure that every thing must be right. In Sir Raffle Buffle, indeed, he had never believed; and now it was, perhaps, the greatest joy of his life that he should never again be called upon to hear the tones of that terrible knight's hated voice.

Seeing who were the components of the new Board, it may be presumed that Crosbie would look forward to enjoying a not uninfluential position in his office. There were, indeed, some among the clerks who did not hesitate to say that the new secretary would have it pretty nearly all his own way. As for "old Opt," there would be, they said, no difficulty about him. Only tell him that such and such a decision was his own, and he would be sure to believe the teller. Butterwell was not fond of work, and had been accustomed to lean upon Crosbie for many years. As for Fiasco, he would be cynic-

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al in words, but wholly indifferent in deed. If the whole office were made to go to the mischief, Fiasco, in his own grim way, would enjoy the confusion.

"Wish you joy, Crosbie," said Sir Raffle, standing up on the rug, waiting for the new secretary to go up to him and shake hands. But Sir Raffle was going, and the new secretary did not indulge him.

"Thank ye, Sir Raffle," said Crosbie, without going near the rug.

"Mr. Crosbie, I congratulate you most sincerely," said Mr. Optimist. "Your promotion has been the result altogether of your own merit. You have been selected for the high office which you are now called upon to fill solely because it has been thought that you are the most fit man to perform the onerous duties attached to it. Hum—h-m—ha. As regards my share in the recommendation which we found ourselves bound to submit to the Treasury, I must say that I never felt less hesitation in my life, and I believe I may declare as much as regards the other members of the Board."

And Mr. Optimist looked around him for approving words. He had come forward from his standing ground behind his chair to welcome Crosbie, and had shaken his hand cordially. Fiasco also had risen from his seat, and had assured Crosbie in a whisper that he had feathered his nest uncommon well. Then he had sat down again.

"Indeed you may, as far as I am concerned," said Butterwell.

"I told the Chancellor of the Exchequer," said Sir Raffle, speaking very loud and with much authority, "that unless he had some first-rate man to send from elsewhere I could name a fitting candidate. 'Sir Raffle,' he said, 'I mean to keep it in the office, and therefore shall be glad of your opinion.' 'In that case, Mr. Chancellor,' said I, 'Mr. Crosbie must be the man.' 'Mr. Crosbie shall be the man,' said the Chancellor. And Mr. Crosbie is the man."

"Your friend Sark spoke to Lord Brock about it," said Fiasco. Now the Earl of Sark was a young nobleman of much influence at the present moment, and Lord Brock was the Prime Minister. "You should thank Lord Sark."

"Had as much to do with it as if my footman had spoken," said Sir Raffle.

"I am very much obliged to the Board for their good opinion," said Crosbie, gravely. "I am obliged to Lord Sark as well—and also to your footman, Sir Raffle, if, as you seem to say, he has interested himself in my favor."

"I didn't say any thing of the kind," said Sir Raffle. "I thought it right to make you understand that it was my opinion, given, of course, officially, which prevailed with the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Well, gentlemen, as I shall be wanted in the city, I will say good-morning to you. Is my carriage ready, Boggs?" Upon which the attendant messenger opened the door, and the great Sir Raffle Buffle took his final departure from the scene of his former labors.

"As to the duties of your new office"—and Mr. Optimist continued his speech, taking no other notice of the departure of his enemy than what was indicated by an increased brightness of his eye and a more satisfactory tone of voice—"you will find yourself quite familiar with them."

"Indeed he will," said Butterwell.

"And I am quite sure that you will perform them with equal credit to yourself, satisfaction to the department, and advantage to the public. We shall always be glad to have your opinion on any subject of importance that may come before us; and as regards the internal discipline of the office, we feel that we may leave it safely in your hands. In any matter of importance you will, of course, consult us, and I feel very confident that we shall go on together with great comfort and with mutual confidence." Then Mr. Optimist looked at his brother commissioners, sat down in his arm-chair, and taking in his hands some papers before him, began the routine business of the day.

It was nearly five o'clock when, on this special occasion, the secretary returned from the board-room to his own office. Not for a moment had the weight been off his shoulders while Sir Raffle had been bragging or Mr. Optimist making his speech. He had been thinking, not of them, but of Lily Dale; and though they had not discovered his thoughts, they had perceived that he was hardly like himself.

"I never saw a man so little elated by good fortune in my life," said Mr. Optimist.

"Ah, he's got something on his mind," said Butterwell. "He's going to be married, I believe."

"If that's the case, it's no wonder he shouldn't be elated," said Major Fiasco, who was himself a bachelor.

When in his own room again Crosbie at once seized on a sheet of note-paper, as though by hurrying himself on with it he could get that letter to Allington written. But though the paper was before him, and the pen in his hand, the letter did not, would not, get itself written. With what words was he to begin it? To whom should it be written? How was he to declare himself the villain which he had made himself? The letters from his office were taken away every night shortly after six, and at six o'clock he had not written a word. "I will do it at home to-night," he said to himself, and then, tearing off a scrap of paper, he scratched those few lines which Lily received, and which she had declined to communicate to her mother or sister. Crosbie, as he wrote them, conceived that they would in some way prepare the poor girl for the coming blow—that they would, at any rate, make her know that all was not right; but in so supposing he had not counted on the constancy of her nature, nor had he thought of the promise which she had given him that nothing should make her doubt him. He wrote the scrap, and then taking his hat walked off through the gloom of the November evening up Charing Cross and

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St. Martin's Lane toward the Seven Dials and Bloomsbury, into regions of the town with which he had no business, and which he never frequented. He hardly knew where he went or wherefore. How was he to escape from the weight of the burden which was now crushing him? It seemed to him as though he would change his position with thankfulness for that of the junior clerk in his office, if only that junior clerk had upon his mind no such betrayal of trust as that of which he was guilty.

At half past seven he found himself at Sebright's, and there he dined. A man will dine, even though his heart be breaking. Then he got into a cab, and had himself taken home to Mount Street. During his walk he had sworn to himself that he would not go to bed that night till the letter was written and posted. It was twelve before the first words were marked on the paper, and yet he kept his oath. Between two and three, in the cold moonlight, he crawled out and deposited his letter in the nearest post-office.

CHAPTER XXIX.

JOHN EAMES RETURNS TO BURTON CRESCENT.

JOHN EAMES and Crosbie returned to town on the same day. It will be remembered how Eames had assisted Lord De Guest in the matter of the bull, and how great had been the earl's gratitude on the occasion. The memory of this, and the strong encouragement which he received from his mother and sister for having made such a friend by his gallantry, lent some slight satisfaction to his last hours at home. But his two misfortunes were too serious to allow of any thing like real happiness. He was leaving Lily behind him, engaged to be married to a man whom he hated, and he was returning to Burton Crescent, where he would have to face Amelia Roper—Amelia either in her rage or in her love. The prospect of Amelia in her rage was very terrible to him; but his greatest fear was of Amelia in her love. He had in his letter declined matrimony; but what if she talked down all his objections, and carried him off to church in spite of himself!

When he reached London and got into a cab with his portmanteau, he could hardly fetch up courage to bid the man drive him to Burton Crescent. "I might as well go to a hotel for the night," he said to himself, "and then I can learn how things are going on from Cradell at the office." Nevertheless, he did give the direction to Burton Crescent, and when it was once given felt ashamed to change it. But as he was driven up to the well-known door his heart was so low within him that he might almost be said to have lost it. When the cabman demanded whether he should knock, he could not answer; and when the maid-servant at the door greeted him, he almost ran away.

"Who's at home?" said he, asking the question in a very low voice.

"There's missus," said the girl, "and Miss Spruce, and Mrs. Lupex. He's away somewhere, in his tantrums again; and there's Mr.—"

"Is Miss Roper here?" he said, still whispering.

"Oh yes! Miss Mealyer's here," said the girl, speaking in a cruelly loud voice. "She was in the dining-room just now putting out the table. Miss Mealyer!" And the girl, as she called out the name, opened the dining-room door. Johnny Eames felt that his knees were too weak to support him.

But Miss Mealyer was not in the dining-room. She had perceived the advancing cab of her sworn adorer, and had thought it expedient to retreat from her domestic duties, and fortify herself among her brushes and ribbons. Had it been possible that she should know how very weak and cowardly was the enemy against whom she was called upon to put herself in action, she might probably have fought her battle somewhat differently, and have achieved a speedy victory, at the cost of an energetic shot or two. But she did not know. She thought it probable that she might obtain power over him and manage him; but it did not occur to her that his legs were so weak beneath him that she might almost blow him over with a breath. None but the worst and most heartless of women know the extent of their own power over men; as none but the worst and most heartless of men know the extent of their power over women. Amelia Roper was not a good specimen of the female sex, but there were worse women than her.

"She ain't there, Mr. Eames; but you'll see her in the drawen-room;" said the girl. "And it's she'll be glad to see you back again, Mr. Eames." But he scrupulously passed the door of the up-stairs sitting room, not even looking within it, and contrived to get himself into his own chamber without having encountered any body. "Here's yer 'ot water, Mr. Eames," said the girl, coming up to him after an interval of half an hour; "and dinner'll be on the table in ten minutes. Mr. Cradell is come in, and so is missus's son."

It was still open to him to go out and dine at some eating-house in the Strand. He could start out, leaving word that he was engaged, and so postpone the evil hour. He had almost made up his mind to do so, and certainly would have done it, had not the sitting-room door opened as he was on the landing-place. The door opened, and he found himself confronting the assembled company. First came Cradell, and leaning on his arm, I regret to say, was Mrs. Lupex—*Egyptia conjux!* Then there came Miss Spruce with young Roper; Amelia and her mother brought up the rear together. There was no longer question of flight now; and poor Eames, before he knew what he was doing, was carried down into the dining-room with the rest of the company. They were all glad to see him, and welcomed him back warmly, but he was so much beside himself that he could not

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ascertain whether Amelia's voice was joined with the others. He was already seated at table, and had before him a plate of soup, before he recognized the fact that he was sitting between Mrs. Roper and Mrs. Lupex. The latter lady had separated herself from Mr. Cradell as she entered the room. "Under all the circumstances perhaps it will be better for us to be apart," she said. "A lady can't make herself too safe; can she, Mrs. Roper? There's no danger between you and me, is there, Mr. Eames—specially when Miss Amelia is opposite?" The last words, however, were intended to be whispered into his ear.

But Johnny made no answer to her; contenting himself for the moment with wiping the perspiration from his brow. There was Amelia opposite to him, looking at him—the very Amelia to whom he had written, declining the honor of marrying her. Of what her mood toward him might be he could form no judgment from her looks. Her face was simply stern and impassive, and she seemed inclined to eat her dinner in silence. A slight smile of derision had passed across her face as she heard Mrs. Lupex whisper, and it might have been discerned that her nose, at the same time, became somewhat elevated; but she said not a word.

"I hope you've enjoyed yourself, Mr. Eames, among the vernal beauties of the country," said Mrs. Lupex.

"Very much, thank you," he replied.

"There's nothing like the country at this autumnal season of the year. As for myself, I've never been accustomed to remain in London after the breaking up of the *beau monde*. We've usually been to Broadstairs, which is a very charming place, with most elegant society, but now—" And she shook her head, by which all the company knew that she intended to allude to the sins of Mr. Lupex.

"I'd never wish to sleep out of London, for my part," said Mrs. Roper. "When a woman's got a house over her head, I don't think her mind's ever easy out of it."

She had not intended any reflection on Mrs. Lupex for not having a house of her own, but that lady immediately bristled up. "That's just what the snails say, Mrs. Roper. And as for having a house of one's own, it's a very good thing, no doubt, sometimes; but that's according to circumstances. It has suited me lately to live in lodgings, but there's no knowing whether I mayn't fall lower than that yet, and have—" But here she stopped herself, and looking over at Mr. Cradell nodded her head.

"And have to let them," said Mrs. Roper. "I hope you'll be more lucky with your lodgers than I have been with some of mine. Jemima, hand the potatoes to Miss Spruce. Miss Spruce, do let me send you a little more gravy? There's plenty here, really." Mrs. Roper was probably thinking of Mr. Todgers.

"I hope I shall," said Mrs. Lupex. "But, as I was saying, Broadstairs is delightful. Were you ever at Broadstairs, Mr. Cradell?"

"Never, Mrs. Lupex. I generally go abroad in my leave. One sees more of the world, you know. I was at Dieppe last June, and found that very delightful—though rather lonely. I shall go to Ostend this year; only December is so late for Ostend. It was a deuced shame my getting December, wasn't it, Johnny?"

"Yes, it was," said Eames. "I managed better."

"And what have you been doing, Mr. Eames?" said Mrs. Lupex, with one of her sweetest smiles. "Whatever it may have been, you've not been false to the cause of beauty, I'm sure." And she looked over to Amelia with a knowing smile. But Amelia was engaged upon her plate, and went on with her dinner without turning her eyes either on Mrs. Lupex or on John Eames.

"I haven't done any thing particular," said Eames. "I've just been staying with my mother."

"We've been very social here, haven't we, Miss Amelia?" continued Mrs. Lupex. "Only now and then a cloud comes across the heavens, and the lights at the banquet are darkened." Then she put her handkerchief up to her eyes, sobbing deeply, and they all knew that she was again alluding to the sins of her husband.

As soon as dinner was over the ladies with young Mr. Roper retired, and Eames and Cradell were left to take their wine over the dining-room fire—or their glass of gin and water, as it might be. "Well, Caudle, old fellow," said one. "Well, Johnny, my boy," said the other. "What's the news at the office?" said Eames.

"Muggeridge has been playing the very mischief." Muggeridge was the second clerk in Cradell's room. "We're going to put him into Coventry, and not speak to him except officially. But to tell you the truth, my hands have been so full here at home, that I haven't thought much about the office. What am I to do about that woman?"

"Do about her? How do about her?"

"Yes; what am I to do about her? How am I to manage with her? There's Lupex off again in one of his fits of jealousy."

"But it's not your fault, I suppose?"

"Well; I can't just say. I am fond of her, and that's the long and the short of it; deuced fond of her."

"But, my dear Caudle, you know she's that man's wife."

"Oh yes, I know all about it. I'm not going to defend myself. It's wrong, I know—pleasant, but wrong. But what's a fellow to do? I suppose in strict morality I ought to leave the lodgings. But, by George, I don't see why a man's to be turned out in that way. And then I couldn't make a clean score with old mother Roper. But I say, old fellow, who gave you the gold chain?"

"Well; it was an old family friend at Guestwick; or rather, I should say, a man who said he knew my father."

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"And he gave you that because he knew your governor! Is there a watch to it?"

"Yes, there's a watch. It wasn't exactly that. There was some trouble about a bull. To tell the truth, it was Lord De Guest; the queerest fellow, Caudle, you ever met in your life; but such a trump. I've got to go and dine with him at Christmas." And then the old story of the bull was told.

"I wish I could find a lord in a field with a bull," said Cradell. We may, however, be permitted to doubt whether Mr. Cradell would have earned a watch even if he had had his wish.

"You see," continued Cradell, reverting to the subject on which he most delighted to talk, "I'm not responsible for that man's ill-conduct."

"Does any body say you are?"

"No; nobody says so. But people seem to think so. When he is by I hardly speak to her. She is thoughtless and giddy, as women are, and takes my arm, and that kind of thing, you know. It makes him mad with rage, but upon my honor I don't think she means any harm."

"I don't suppose she does," said Eames.

"Well; she may or she mayn't. I hope with all my heart she doesn't."

"And where is he now?"

"This is between ourselves, you know; but she went to find him this afternoon. Unless he gives her money she can't stay here, nor, for the matter of that, will she be able to go away. If I mention something to you, you won't tell any one?"

"Of course I won't."

"I wouldn't have it known to any one for the world. I've lent her seven pounds ten. It's that which makes me so short with mother Roper."

"Then I think you're a fool for your pains."

"Ah, that's so like you. I always said you'd no feeling of real romance. If I cared for a woman I'd give her the coat off my back."

"I'd do better than that," said Johnny. "I'd give her the heart out of my body. I'd be chopped up alive for a girl I loved; but it shouldn't be for another man's wife."

"That's a matter of taste. But she's been to Lupex to-day at that house he goes to in Drury Lane. She had a terrible scene there. He was going to commit suicide in the middle of the street, and she declares that it all comes from jealousy. Think what a time I have of it—standing always, as one may say, on gunpowder. He may turn up here any moment, you know. But, upon my word, for the life of me I can not desert her. If I were to turn my back on her she wouldn't have a friend in the world. And how's L. D.? I'll tell you what it is—you'll have some trouble with the divine Amelia."

"Shall I?"

"By Jove, you will. But how's L. D. all this time?"

"L. D. is engaged to be married to a man named Adolphus Crosbie," said poor Johnny, slowly. "If you please, we will not say any more about her."

"Whew—w—w! That's what makes you so down in the mouth! L. D. going to marry Crosbie! Why, that's the man who is to be the new secretary at the General Committee Office. Old Huffle Scuffle, who was their chair, has come to us, you know. There's been a general move at the G. C., and this Crosbie has got to be secretary. He's a lucky chap, isn't he?"

"I don't know any thing about his luck. He's one of those fellows that make me hate them the first time I look at them. I've a sort of a feeling that I shall live to kick him some day."

"That's the time, is it? Then I suppose Amelia will have it all her own way now."

"I'll tell you what, Caudle. I'd sooner get up through the trap-door, and throw myself off the roof into the area, than marry Amelia Roper."

"Have you and she had any conversation since you came back?"

"Not a word."

"Then I tell you fairly you've got trouble before you. Amelia and Maria—Mrs. Lupex, I mean—are as thick as thieves just at present, and they have been talking you over. Maria—that is, Mrs. Lupex—lets it all out to me. You'll have to mind where you are, old fellow."

Eames was not inclined to discuss the matter any further, so he finished his toddy in silence. Cradell, however, who felt that there was something in his affairs of which he had reason to be proud, soon returned to the story of his own very extraordinary position. "By Jove, I don't know that a man was ever so circumstanced," he said. "She looks to me to protect her, and yet what can I do?"

At last Cradell got up and declared that he must go to the ladies. "She's so nervous that unless she has some one to countenance her she becomes unwell."

Eames declared his purpose of going to the divan, or to the theatre, or to take a walk in the streets. The smiles of beauty had no longer charms for him in Burton Crescent.

"They'll expect you to take a cup of tea the first night," said Cradell; but Eames declared that they might expect it. "I'm in no humor for it," said he. "I'll tell you what, Cradell, I shall leave this place, and take rooms for myself somewhere. I'll never go into a lodging-house again."

As he so spoke, he was standing at the dining-room door; but he was not allowed to escape in this easy way. Jemima, as he went out into the passage, was there with a three-cornered note in her hand. "From Miss Mealyer," she said. "Miss Mealyer is in the back parlor all by herself."

Poor Johnny took the note and read it by the lamp over the front door.

"Are you not going to speak to me on the day of your return? It can not be that you will leave the house without seeing me for a moment. I am in the back parlor."

When he had read these words, he paused in

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the passage with his hat on. Jemima, who could not understand why any young man should hesitate as to seeing his lady-love in the back parlor alone, whispered to him again, in her audible way, "Miss Mealyer is there, Sir; and all the rest on 'em's up stairs!" So compelled, Eames put down his hat, and walked with slow steps into the back parlor.

How was it to be with the enemy? Was he to encounter Amelia in anger, or Amelia in love? She had seemed to be stern and defiant when he had ventured to steal a look at her across the dining-table, and now he expected that she would turn upon him with loud threatenings and protestations as to her wrongs. But it was not so. When he entered the room she was standing with her back to him, leaning on the mantle-piece, and at the first moment she did not essay to speak. He walked into the middle of the room and stood there waiting for her to begin.

"Shut the door!" she said, looking over her shoulder. "I suppose you don't want the girl to hear all you've got to say to me!"

Then he shut the door; but still Amelia stood with her back to him leaning upon the mantle-piece.

It did not seem that he had much to say, for he remained perfectly silent.

"Well!" said Amelia, after a long pause, and she then again looked over her shoulder. "Well, Mr. Eames!"

"Jemima gave me your note, and so I've come," said he.

"And is this the way we meet!" she exclaimed, turning suddenly upon him, and throwing her long black hair back over her shoulders. There certainly was some beauty about her. Her eyes were large and bright, and her shoulders were well turned. She might have done as an artist's model for a Judith, but I doubt whether any man, looking well into her face, could think that she would do well as a wife. "Oh, John, is it to be thus, after love such as ours?" And she clasped her hands together and stood before him.

"I don't know what you mean," said Eames.

"If you are engaged to marry L. D., tell me so at once. Be a man, and speak out, Sir."

"No," said Eames; "I am not engaged to marry the lady to whom you allude."

"On your honor?"

"I won't have her spoken about. I'm not going to marry her, and that's enough."

"Do you think that I wish to speak of her? What can L. D. be to me as long as she is nothing to you? Oh, Johnny, why did you write me that heartless letter?" Then she leaned upon his shoulder—or attempted to do so.

I can not say that Eames shook her off, seeing that he lacked the courage to do so; but he shuffled his shoulder about so that the support was uneasy to her, and she was driven to stand erect again. "Why did you write that cruel letter?" she said again.

"Because I thought it best, Amelia. What's a man to do with ninety pounds a year, you know?"

"But your mother allows you twenty."

"And what's a man to do with a hundred and ten?"

"Rising five pounds every year," said the well-informed Amelia. "Of course we should live here with mamma, and you would just go on paying her as you do now. If your heart was right, Johnny, you wouldn't think so much about money. If you loved me—as you said you did—" Then a little sob came, and the words were stopped. The words were stopped, but she was again upon his shoulder. What was he to do? In truth, his only wish was to escape, and yet his arm, quite in opposition to his own desires, found its way round her waist. In such a combat a woman has so many points in her favor! "Oh, Johnny," she said again, as soon as she felt the pressure of his arm. "Gracious, what a beautiful watch you've got!" and she took the trinket out of his pocket. "Did you buy that?"

"No; it was given to me."

"John Eames, did L. D. give it you?"

"No, no, no," he shouted, stamping on the floor as he spoke.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," said Amelia, quelled for the moment by his energy. "Perhaps it was your mother."

"No; it was a man. Never mind about the watch now."

"I wouldn't mind any thing, Johnny, if you would tell me that you loved me again. Perhaps I oughtn't to ask you, and it isn't becoming in a lady; but how can I help it, when you know you've got my heart? Come up stairs and have tea with us now, won't you?"

What was he to do? He said that he would go up and have tea; and as he led her to the door he put down his face and kissed her. Oh, Johnny Eames! But then a woman in such a contest has so many points in her favor.

CHAPTER XXX.

IS IT FROM HIM?

I HAVE already declared that Crosbie wrote and posted the fatal letter to Allington, and we must now follow it down to that place. On the morning following the squire's return to his own house Mrs. Crump, the post-mistress at Allington, received a parcel by post directed to herself. She opened it, and found an inclosure addressed to Mrs. Dale, with a written request that she would herself deliver it into that lady's own hand at once. This was Crosbie's letter.

"It's from Miss Lily's gentleman," said Mrs. Crump, looking at the handwriting. "There's something up, or he wouldn't be writing to her mamma in this way." But Mrs. Crump lost no time in putting on her bonnet, and trudging up with the letter to the Small House. "I must see the missus herself," said Mrs. Crump.

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Whereupon Mrs. Dale was called down stairs into the hall, and there received the packet. Lily was in the breakfast-parlor, and had seen the post-mistress arrive; had seen also that she carried a letter in her hand. For a moment she had thought that it was for her, and imagined that the old woman had brought it herself from simple good-nature. But Lily, when she heard her mother mentioned, instantly withdrew and shut the parlor door. Her heart misgave her that something was wrong, but she hardly tried to think what it might be. After all, the regular postman might bring the letter she herself expected. Bell was not yet down stairs, and she stood alone over the tea-cups on the breakfast-table, feeling that there was something for her to fear. Her mother did not come at once into the room, but, after a pause of a moment or two, went again up stairs. So she remained, either standing against the table, or at the window, or seated in one of the two arm-chairs, for a space of ten minutes, when Bell entered the room.

"Isn't mamma down yet?" said Bell.

"Bell," said Lily, "something has happened. Mamma has got a letter."

"Happened! What has happened? Is any body ill? Who is the letter from?" And Bell was going to return through the door in search of her mother.

"Stop, Bell," said Lily. "Do not go to her yet. I think it's from—Adolphus."

"Oh, Lily, what do you mean?"

"I don't know, dear. We'll wait a little longer. Don't look like that, Bell." And Lily strove to appear calm, and strove almost successfully.

"You have frightened me so!" said Bell.

"I am frightened myself. He only sent me one line yesterday, and now he has sent nothing. If some misfortune should have happened to him! Mrs. Crump brought down the letter herself to mamma, and that is so odd, you know."

"Are you sure it was from him?"

"No; I have not spoken to her. I will go up to her now. Don't you come, Bell. Oh! Bell, do not look so unhappy." She then went over and kissed her sister, and after that, with very gentle steps, made her way up to her mother's room. "Mamma, may I come in?" she said.

"Oh! my child!"

"I know it is from him, mamma. Tell me all at once."

Mrs. Dale had read the letter. With quick, glancing eyes, she had made herself mistress of its whole contents, and was already aware of the nature and extent of the sorrow which had come upon them. It was a sorrow that admitted of no hope. The man who had written that letter could never return again; nor if he should return could he be welcomed back to them. The blow had fallen, and it was to be borne. Inside the letter to herself had been a very small note addressed to Lily. "Give her the inclosed," Crosbie had said in his letter, "if you do not now think it wrong to do so. I have left it open, that you may read it." Mrs. Dale, however, had not yet read it, and she now concealed it beneath her handkerchief.

I will not repeat at length Crosbie's letter to Mrs. Dale. It covered four sides of letter-paper, and was such a letter that any man who wrote it must have felt himself to be a rascal. We saw that he had difficulty in writing it, but the miracle was that any man could have found it possible to write it. "I know you will curse me," said he; "and I deserve to be cursed. I know that I shall be punished for this, and I must bear my punishment. My worst punishment will be this—that I never more shall hold up my head again." And then again he said: "My only excuse is my conviction that I should never make her happy. She has been brought up as an angel, with pure thoughts, with holy hopes, with a belief in all that is good, and high, and noble. I have been surrounded through my whole life by things low, and mean, and ignoble. How could I live with her, or she with me? I know now that this is so; but my fault has been that I did not know it when I was there with her. I choose to tell you all," he continued, toward the end of the letter, "and therefore I let you know that I have engaged myself to marry another woman. Ah! I can foresee how bitter will be your feelings when you read this; but they will not be so bitter as mine while I write it. Yes; I am already engaged to one who will suit me, and whom I may suit. You will not expect me to speak ill of her who is to be near and dear to me. But she is one with whom I may mate myself without an inward conviction that I shall destroy all her happiness by doing so. Lilian," he said, "shall always have my prayers; and I trust that she may soon forget, in the love of an honest man, that she ever knew one so dishonest as—ADOLPHUS CROSBIE."

Of what like must have been his countenance as he sat writing such words of himself under the ghastly light of his own small, solitary lamp? Had he written his letter at his office, in the daytime, with men coming in and out of his room, he could hardly have written of himself so plainly. He would have bethought himself that the written words might remain, and be read hereafter by other eyes than those for which they were intended. But as he sat alone, during the small hours of the night, almost repenting of his sin with true repentance, he declared to himself that he did not care who might read them. They should, at any rate, be true. Now they had been read by her to whom they had been addressed, and the daughter was standing before the mother to hear her doom.

"Tell me all at once," Lily had said; but in what words was her mother to tell her?

"Lily," she said, rising from her seat and leaving the two letters on the couch—that addressed to the daughter was hidden beneath a handkerchief, but that which she had read she

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left open and in sight. She took both the girl's hands in hers as she looked into her face, and spoke to her. "Lily, my child!" Then she burst into sobs, and was unable to tell her tale.

"Is it from him, mamma? May I read it? He can not be—"

"It is from Mr. Crosbie."

"Is he ill, mamma? Tell me at once. If he is ill I will go to him."

"No, my darling, he is not ill. Not yet;—do not read it yet. Oh, Lily! It brings bad news; very bad news."

"Mamma, if he is not in danger I can read it. Is it bad to him, or only bad to me?"

At this moment the servant knocked, and not waiting for an answer half opened the door.

"If you please, ma'am, Mr. Bernard is below, and wants to speak to you."

"Mr. Bernard! ask Miss Bell to see him."

"Miss Bell is with him, ma'am, but he says that he specially wants to speak to you."

Mrs. Dale felt that she could not leave Lily alone. She could not take the letter away, nor could she leave her child with the letter open.

"I can not see him," said Mrs. Dale. "Ask him what it is. Tell him I can not come down just at present." And then the servant went, and Bernard left his message with Bell.

"Bernard," she had said, "do you know of any thing? Is there any thing wrong about Mr. Crosbie?" Then, in a few words, he told her all, and understanding why his aunt had not come down to him, he went back to the Great House. Bell, almost stupefied by the tidings, seated herself at the table unconsciously, leaning upon her elbows.

"It will kill her," she said to herself. "My Lily, my darling Lily! It will surely kill her."

But the mother was still with the daughter, and the story was still untold.

"Mamma," said Lily, "whatever it is, I must, of course, be made to know it. I begin to guess the truth. It will pain you to say it. Shall I read the letter?"

Mrs. Dale was astonished at her calmness. It could not be that she had guessed the truth, or she would not stand like that, with tearless eyes and unquelled courage before her.

"You shall read it, but I ought to tell you first. Oh, my child, my own one!" Lily was now leaning against the bed, and her mother was standing over her caressing her.

"Then tell me," said she. "But I know what it is. He has thought it all over while away from me, and he finds that it must not be as we have supposed. Before he went I offered to release him, and now he knows that he had better accept my offer. Is it so, mamma?" In answer to this Mrs. Dale did not speak, but Lily understood from her signs that it was so.

"He might have written it to me myself," said Lily, very proudly. "Mamma, we will go down to breakfast. He has sent nothing to me, then?"

"There is a note. He bids me read it, but I have not opened it. It is here."

"Give it me," said Lily, almost sternly. "Let me have his last words to me;" and she took the note from her mother's hands.

"Lily," said the note, "your mother will have told you all. Before you read these few words you will know that you have trusted one who was quite untrustworthy. I know that you will hate me.—I can not even ask you to forgive me. You will let me pray that you may yet be happy.—A. C." She read these few words still leaning against the bed. Then she got up, and, walking to a chair, seated herself with her back to her mother. Mrs. Dale, moving silently after her, stood over the back of the chair, not daring to speak to her. So she sat for some five minutes, with her eyes fixed upon the open window, and with Crosbie's note in her hand.

"I will not hate him, and I do forgive him," she said at last, struggling to command her voice, and hardly showing that she could not altogether succeed in her attempt. "I may not write to him again, but you shall write and tell him so. Now we will go down to breakfast." And so saying, she got up from her chair.

Mrs. Dale almost feared to speak to her, her composure was so complete, and her manner so stern and fixed. She hardly knew how to offer pity and sympathy, seeing that pity seemed to be so little necessary, and that even sympathy was not demanded. And she could not understand all that Lily had said. What had she meant by the offer to release him? Had there, then, been some quarrel between them before he went? Crosbie had made no such allusion in his letter. But Mrs. Dale did not dare to ask any questions.

"You frighten me, Lily," she said. "Your very calmness frightens me."

"Dear mamma!" and the poor girl absolutely smiled as she embraced her mother. "You need not be frightened by my calmness. I know the truth well. I have been very unfortunate—very. The brightest hopes of my life are all gone; and I shall never again see him whom I love beyond all the world!" Then at last she broke down, and wept in her mother's arms.

There was not a word of anger spoken then against him who had done all this. Mrs. Dale felt that she did not dare to speak in anger against him, and words of anger were not likely to come from poor Lily. She, indeed, hitherto did not know the whole of his offense, for she had not read his letter.

"Give it me, mamma," she said at last. "It has to be done sooner or later."

"Not now, Lily. I have told you all—all that you need know at present."

"Yes, now, mamma," and again that sweet silvery voice became stern. "I will read it now, and there shall be an end." Whereupon Mrs. Dale gave her the letter, and she read it in silence. Her mother, though standing somewhat behind her, watched her narrowly as she did so. She was now lying over upon the bed, and the letter was on the pillow as she propped herself upon her arm. Her tears were running,

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and ever and again she would stop to dry her eyes. Her sobs, too, were very audible, but she went on steadily with her reading till she came to the line on which Crosbie told that he had already engaged himself to another woman. Then her mother could see that she paused suddenly, and that a shudder slightly convulsed all her limbs.

"He has been very quick," she said, almost in a whisper; and then she finished the letter. "Tell him, mamma," she said, "that I do forgive him, and I will not hate him. You will tell him that—from me; will you not?" And then she raised herself from the bed.

Mrs. Dale would give her no such assurance. In her present mood her feelings against Crosbie were of a nature which she herself hardly could understand or analyze. She felt that if he were present she could almost fly at him as would a tigress. She had never hated before as she now hated this man. He was to her a murderer, and worse than a murderer. He had made his way like a wolf into her little fold, and torn her ewe-lamb and left her maimed and mutilated for life. How could a mother forgive such an offense as that, or consent to be the medium through which forgiveness should be expressed?

"You must, mamma; or, if you do not, I shall do so. Remember that I love him. You know what it is to have loved one single man. He has made me very unhappy; I hardly know yet how unhappy. But I have loved him, and do love him. I believe in my heart that he still loves me. Where this has been there must not be hatred and unforgiveness."

"I will pray that I may become able to forgive him," said Mrs. Dale.

"But you must write to him those words. Indeed you must, mamma! 'She bids me tell you that she has forgiven you, and will not hate you.' Promise me that!"

"I can make no promise now, Lily. I will think about it, and endeavor to do my duty."

Lily was now seated, and was holding the skirt of her mother's dress.

"Mamma," she said, looking up into her mother's face, "you must be very good to me now, and I must be very good to you. We shall be always together now. I must be your friend and counselor, and be every thing to you, more than ever. I must fall in love with you now;" and she smiled again, and the tears were almost dry upon her cheeks.

At last they went down to the breakfast-room, from which Bell had not moved. Mrs. Dale entered the room first, and Lily followed, hiding herself for a moment behind her mother. Then she came forward boldly, and taking Bell in her arms clasped her close to her bosom.

"Bell," she said, "he has gone."

"Lily! Lily! Lily!" said Bell, weeping.

"He has gone! We shall talk it over in a few days, and shall know how to do so without losing ourselves in misery. To-day we will say no more about it. I am so thirsty, Bell; do give me my tea;" and she sat herself down at the breakfast-table.

Lily's tea was given to her, and she drank it. Beyond that I can not say that any of them partook with much heartiness of the meal. They sat there, as they would have sat if no terrible thunder-bolt had fallen among them, and no word further was spoken about Crosbie and his conduct. Immediately after breakfast they went into the other room, and Lily, as was her wont, sat herself immediately down to her drawing. Her mother looked at her with wistful eyes, longing to bid her spare herself, but she shrank from interfering with her. For a quarter of an hour Lily sat over her board with her brush or pencil in her hand, and then she rose up and put it away.

"It is no good pretending," she said. "I am only spoiling the things; but I will be better to-morrow. I'll go away and lie down by myself, mamma." And so she went.

Soon after this Mrs. Dale took her bonnet and went up to the Great House, having received her brother-in-law's message from Bell.

"I know what he has to tell me," she said; "but I might as well go. It will be necessary that we should speak to each other about it." So she walked across the lawn, and up into the hall of the Great House. "Is my brother in the book-room?" she said to one of the maids; and then, knocking at the door, went in unannounced.

The squire rose from his arm-chair and came forward to meet her.

"Mary," he said, "I believe you know it all."

"Yes," she said. "You can read that;" and she handed him Crosbie's letter. "How was one to know that any man could be so wicked as that?"

"And she has heard it?" asked the squire. "Is she able to bear it?"

"Wonderfully! She has amazed me by her strength. It frightens me, for I know that a relapse must come. She has never sunk for a moment beneath it. For myself, I feel as though it were her strength that enables me to bear my share of it." And then she described to the squire all that had taken place that morning.

"Poor child!" said the squire. "Poor child! What can we do for her? Would it be good for her to go away for a time? She is a sweet, good, lovely girl, and has deserved better than that. Sorrow and disappointment come to us all; but they are doubly heavy when they come so early."

Mrs. Dale was almost surprised at the amount of sympathy which he showed.

"And what is to be his punishment?" she asked.

"The scorn which men and women will feel for him; those, at least, whose esteem or scorn are matters of concern to any one. I know no other punishment. You need not have Lily's name brought before a tribunal of law?"

"Certainly not that."

"And I will not have Bernard calling him

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out. Indeed, it would be for nothing; for in these days a man is not expected to fight duels."

"You can not think that I would wish that."

"What punishment is there, then? I know of none. There are evils which a man may do and no one can punish him. I know of nothing. I went up to London after him, but he continued to crawl out of my way. What can you do to a rat but keep clear of him?"

Mrs. Dale had felt in her heart that it would be well if Crosbie could be beaten till all his bones were sore. I hardly know whether such should have been a woman's thought, but it was hers. She had no wish that he should be made to fight a duel. In that there would have been much that was wicked, and in her estimation nothing that was just. But she felt that if Bernard would thrash the coward for his cowardice she would love her nephew better than ever she had loved him. Bernard also had considered it probable that he might be expected to horsewhip the man who had jilted his cousin, and, as regarded the absolute bodily risk, he would not have felt any insuperable objection to undertake the task. But such a piece of work was disagreeable to him in many ways. He hated the idea of a row at his club. He was most desirous that his cousin's name should not be made public. He wished to avoid any thing that might be impolitic. A wicked thing had been done, and he was quite ready to hate Crosbie as Crosbie ought to be hated; but as regarded himself, it made him unhappy to think that the world might probably expect him to punish the man who had so lately been his friend. And then he did not know where to catch him, or how to thrash him when caught. He was very sorry for his cousin, and felt strongly that Crosbie should not be allowed to escape. But what was he to do?

"Would she like to go any where?" said the squire again, anxious, if he could, to afford solace by some act of generosity. At this moment he would have settled a hundred a year for life upon his niece if by so doing he could have done her any good.

"She will be better at home," said Mrs. Dale. "Poor thing. For a while she will wish to avoid going out."

"I suppose so;" and then there was a pause. "I'll tell you what, Mary; I don't understand it. On my honor, I don't understand it. It is to me as wonderful as though I had caught the man picking my pence out of my pocket. I don't think any man in the position of a gentleman would have done such a thing when I was young. I don't think any man would have dared to do it. But now it seems that a man may act in that way and no harm come to him. He had a friend in London who came to me and talked about it as though it were some ordinary, everyday transaction of life. Yes, you may come in, Bernard. The poor child knows it all now."

Bernard offered to his aunt what of solace and sympathy he had to offer, and made some sort of half-expressed apology for having introduced this wolf into their flock. "We always thought very much of him at his club," said Bernard.

"I don't know much about your London clubs nowadays," said his uncle, "nor do I wish to do so if the society of that man can be endured after what he has now done."

"I don't suppose half a dozen men will ever know any thing about it," said Bernard.

"Umph!" ejaculated the squire. He could not say that he wished Crosbie's villainy to be widely discussed, seeing that Lily's name was so closely connected with it. But yet he could not support the idea that Crosbie should not be punished by the frown of the world at large. It seemed to him that from this time forward any man speaking to Crosbie should be held to have disgraced himself by so doing.

"Give her my best love," he said, as Mrs. Dale got up to take her leave; "my very best love. If her old uncle can do any thing for her she has only to let me know. She met the man in my house, and I feel that I owe her much. Bid her come and see me. It will be better for her than moping at home. And Mary"—this he said to her, whispering into her ear—"think of what I said to you about Bell."

Mrs. Dale, as she walked back to her own house, acknowledged to herself that her brother-in-law's manner was different to her from any thing that she had hitherto known of him.

During the whole of that day Crosbie's name was not mentioned at the Small House. Neither of the girls stirred out, and Bell spent the greater part of the afternoon sitting, with her arm round her sister's waist, upon the sofa. Each of them had a book; but though there was little spoken, there was as little read. Who can describe the thoughts that were passing through Lily's mind as she remembered the hours which she had passed with Crosbie, of his warm assurances of love, of his accepted caresses, of her uncontrolled and acknowledged joy in his affection? It had all been holy to her then; and now those things which were then sacred had been made almost disgraceful by his fault. And yet as she thought of this she declared to herself, over and over again, that she would forgive him—nay, that she had forgiven him. "And he shall know it, too," she said, speaking almost out loud.

"Lily, dear Lily," said Bell, "turn your thoughts away from it for a while, if you can."

"They won't go away," said Lily. And that was all that was said between them on the subject.

Every body would know it! I doubt whether that must not be one of the bitterest drops in the cup which a girl in such circumstances is made to drain. Lily perceived early in the day that the parlor-maid well knew that she had been jilted. The girl's manner was intended to convey sympathy; but it did convey pity; and Lily for a moment felt angry. But she remembered that it must be so, and smiled upon the girl, and spoke kindly to her. What mattered it? All the world would know it in a day or two.

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On the following day she went up, by her mother's advice, to see her uncle.

"My child," said he, "I am sorry for you. My heart bleeds for you."

"Uncle," she said, "do not mind it. Only do this for me—do not talk about it—I mean to me."

"No, no; I will not. That there should ever have been in my house so great a rascal—"

"Uncle! uncle! I will not have that! I will not listen to a word against him from any human being—not a word! Remember that!" And her eyes flashed as she spoke.

He did not answer her, but took her hand and pressed it, and then she left him. "The Dales were ever constant!" he said to himself as he walked up and down the terrace before his house—"ever constant!"

MAKING A WILL.

WE smile as we read about the blind man who, when restored to sight, stretched out his hand to take hold of all kinds of things without respect to distances, and was quite as ready to grasp at the weather-cock on the steeple as the latch on the door, and to pluck the moon from the sky as an apple from the orchard. Yet we sometimes take it for granted that we can work as great miracles in time as he tried to work in space. We often speak and act as if we could reach forward into the future at pleasure, and say what shall happen at our bidding when we have passed away, whether to bequeath a fortune or to control a family. But we often find that time is a harder element to master than space, and while a good glass brings down the weather-cock and even the moon to our side, there is no telescope to sweep through the vistas of the coming years, and to tell us of the things that shall be. Even if we had such a telescope it might do us little good, and in fact it would probably reveal instead of helping our infirmity, and show us what must come whether we wish it or not.

One of the most curious and instructive aspects of history is that which records the efforts of men to master the contingencies of time, and to carry their will into the future. In fact, all ambition partakes more or less of this character, and the ruling spirits of the world have never been content to lord it over their own age, but have striven and hoped to subdue coming generations to their sceptre or sword, pen or crosier. The most common and proper form of the desire is that which moves almost every man to wish to leave something to his own heirs or friends, and to dispose suitably of what he has earned or inherited. It seems indeed a simple matter to do this; for what is easier than to write one's wishes upon a piece of parchment or paper and to have it duly certified, and let it pass as the last will and testament? Yet such an instrument, instead of being a part of the simple law of nature, or one of the earliest results of civil law, is a fruit of gradual and elaborate legislation. Certainly, in that Roman empire which has given, and virtually still gives, law to the world, centuries passed before a citizen was enabled to bequeath his property by will, as we understand the term; and for a long time the only sure method of disposing of property, by what passed for a will, was for the testator to make direct transfer of the goods in his own lifetime, and thus be his own executor. It may seem strange that so obvious and simple an act as a bequest, to take effect after the death of the testator, should have taken ages to mature its conditions; but we must remember that all arts seem easy after they have been completed, or, in the language of the juggler who used to astound our childhood by his marvelous tricks, "it is perfectly easy, if you only know how." It is easy now to print a book or make a steam-engine; but the time was when men of minds superior to ours could not do it, and Aristotle and Archimedes could no more print or steam than fly.

There was no difficulty, of course, in the way of any man's wishing to leave his property to certain persons, and saying so by word of mouth or by writing. But to make the wish amount to any thing, and make it valid after his death, there was the rub. When he was out of the way, somebody else must dispose of the property, whether according to the will or against it; and the question then was, who shall this be, and under what authority, whether by public law or by family usage? If by public law, how far shall it allow the deceased to control his goods after death, and how far shall it allow personal wishes to override ties of blood or the claims of the state treasury? If by family usage, who shall define the usage and secure the due administration; and how shall the various and often rival claims of kindred be adjudicated? In each case the point at issue would be to decide upon the *power* to carry out the will; for not mere *intention*, but power to execute the intention is the great end of positive law. We who live in a state of society in which our wishes are so easily secured by the help of powerful institutions, and our will travels upon roads that thousands of years have been building and fencing, have as little idea of the cost of our most common privileges as the fine lady who sweeps the sidewalks of our Broadway with her silk flounces, or rides to the Central Park upon the solid pavement of our Fifth Avenue, has an idea that not flag-stones and Russ cubes, but swamps and forests are the state of nature, and to travel a mile any where very pleasantly is a triumph of civilization. So, too, to travel a year forward in time, and to make sure of any thing being done after we are gone and according to our will, is a great achievement of law and trophy of progress. It comes no more by nature than cake and ale, pen and ink, books, courts, and churches. Nature indeed gives the want, but the arts of society under God meet the want and provide for the need. We are little aware of the fact; but our not seeing it does not unmake it, but merely makes us out to be blind. We

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may take a sheet of paper, and by ourselves, or with a lawyer's help, we may write out our will, and have our witnesses and seals, and think that we have done the business for ourselves, and got round old Father Time, and set up our landmark in his domain without asking leave of him or of any body else, and all the while we have been performing one of the most careful and elaborate offices of civilized society; and unless the lawgivers, the nations, and their institutions, were backing us up, our act would amount to nothing, and our will would be but an empty wish instead of an authoritative testament.

We propose in this paper to have a little chat with our readers upon this whole subject, and if we shall in the course of our remarks throw in a grain or two of philosophy that may set them to nodding, we promise to wake them up by what we shall say of the legacies that they may possibly expect, and of those that they ought surely to leave. Two things are quite sure to keep the eyes and ears of most people open—money and marriage; and they both have a great deal to do with our present theme—*Making a Will.*

If we take a hint from good Mother Nature, we find her very careful of her last will and testament, and she is constantly bent on keeping up the continuity of her lines of succession. Every little lichen or polyp means to leave something behind; and whatever seems most to be the careless and spontaneous growth of the elements comes by law and by bequest of some progenitor. That dear little May-flower that pushes its sharp leaf and unfolds its sweet petals under the winter snows, like the prayers of a true soul under chilling fortunes, does not come by chance, but according to a will as old as Eden, and destined to hold good through all time, or as long as seed-time and harvest shall continue, and that bloom and fragrance shall lead forth the procession of the flowers. The plants and animals, however, do not secure this transmission by their own deliberate purpose, but by the decree of God in nature; and it is not their voice, but the Word Eternal that chants the *in secula seculorum*, the *forever and forever*, that binds the past and future of creation in one mighty chain of cause and effect.

But when we consider man's future, we find that his own will is an important factor, and that God leaves him to decide many things for himself, or to make his own will instead of having it made for him by instinct, as is the way with lower orders of existence. In other words, while *God* makes the will of plants and animals, he leaves *man* in great part to make his own will, or to control the future of his own influence. While the ant and the bee build and harvest as their primitive parents did ages ago, and the robin and lark pipe away out of their blessed throats as the robins and larks of old Eden, with no organ-builders, piano-makers, or music-masters to invent new instruments or compose oratorios and symphonies to improve their native melody, man has always had an eye to bettering his condition, whether by song or sermon; and not only to getting the most out of his ancestors, but to leaving something to posterity, to make the mark of himself and his time upon the future. He has always been at work making his own will in one way or another; and even when least aware of it, he has been carrying out his line of succession. It is evident that he is the favorite of Nature; and although so puny in infancy, and needing to be held in the arms and watched over at an age when lower orders of beings are able to run about and pick up their own living, he is yet better cared for than any of them, and far more sure of his life and sustenance. This little creature, who ranges from one foot to six feet in stature, is more than a match for all the more massive forms of existence; and he makes the oak build his house, and the horse, the ox, and the elephant drag him and his burdens as he wishes. Probably the very prodigality of the provision for the increase of the lower orders of nature, as shown in the countless seeds of the grasses and the monstrous fecundity of insects and reptiles as contrasted with the chary progeny of man, proves the worth of his offspring, and the intention of Providence to have these pet children well cared for, without the enormous reserve supplies that abound in the growths of the fields and the ponds, and which show that so many germs are furnished because not a tithe of them is expected to live, and the abundance is according to the waste. It is not easy to say how long the leading animals would live if let alone, but quite sure it is that they are not let alone, and that the strongest of them all, from the lion to the leviathan, disappear in the track of man. The hugest of creatures have already vanished from the earth; and the time may come when the existing monsters of the forest and the ocean will record their wills no longer in the flesh and blood of living progeny, but in a registry of deeds as grim and sepulchral as that which holds the organic remains of the megalosauri and the mastodon, and bequeaths not life but only a remembrance of what it once was. Man not only holds his own, but widens his domain and lengthens his tenure. His average term of life increases with true civilization, and so also his inheritance increases—not only his average of personal estate, but the common treasure which belongs to him as a civilized being, and which enriches him with the combined wealth of the whole race in its ages of discipline and development.

Time is evidently man's peculiar element, as space is that of the beast and bird. Human life moves in conscious continuity, and reason itself compels us to think of the future, and try to bind our own years together wisely, and to join them to the future of our race. Whether we wish it or not we must work in time, and make a will for those who come after us, when we have no such intention. Even our indolence, folly, and vice are constantly recording themselves; and the inebriate and the voluptuary are em-

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ploying the inexorable book-keepers of destiny to write down their doings and dispositions; and as from a solemn court of probate the den of revelry may issue its decrees and transmit its testament of woe, by bequeathing the drunkard's hankering or the libertine's taint. The mind as well as the body hands down its legacy, and we owe a large part of what we suffer, as also what we enjoy, to those who have gone before us. He is a wise man who learns this truth early, and looks well to what he receives and gives, knowing that every seed bears fruit after its own kind. No fact of Nature and Providence is more clear and momentous than that of the perpetuity or continuity of forces; and history, when truly written, is not merely ideal but dynamic, and is not merely a record of truths but a channel of powers—the organic and functional powers that are constantly making their will for ages to come.

That we may not fly away into airy generalities let us come to the practical point, and consider what a right-minded man should do for those who come after him, or what kind of a will he should make. With many, perhaps with most of us, the question may seem to be of little moment, because we find it to be about as much as we can do, and sometimes more, to get a fair living and pay our debts. But if we can not leave much property, the more important it is that the little we do leave should be well disposed of, and moreover that our treasure of experience—which may be larger than our property, and which is quite as likely to be as rich in lessons as a much richer man's—should not be lost for want of distinct and affectionate embodiment. By the institution of Saving Banks and Life Insurance every careful man can make some moderate provision for his family, and with the inheritance, more or less, he may transmit his testimony to what is most sacred in principle and dearest in personal relations. It is well, therefore, for every man deliberately to make his will, and put expressly upon record his intentions and wishes for the family. Even if he does not wish to change at all the legal succession, and the law of itself might settle his estate very much according to his wishes, he saves his family much trouble, and sometimes great embarrassment, by prescribing the course of settlement by his own positive word. Moreover, most men have certain attachments or obligations which they would gladly recognize in a way more or less substantial; and there is great worth in a kind word of gratitude or counsel to some friend, whether benefactor or dependent, even if accompanied by a trifling legacy, or by none at all. The old-fashioned wills that remembered almost every relative and friend, though only by a kind word and a ring, or trinket, or book, or cane, or cup, or by no gift at all, were in a very good spirit, and tended to keep alive true affections, and to bind families and generations together in a friendly and reverential bond. It is wonderful how utterly wanting in all such associations many death-beds now are, and how many people, of even large means and intelligence, die and leave no sign, except the dryest of legal documents, to indorse the claims of lineal heirs. It would often seem as if such men meant to make death a grand opportunity of cutting all their friends and acquaintance with the fatal shears of the Parcæ, and as if they were glad to be rid of the trouble of leaving the decent cards of P. P. C. to their congenial circle, which are usually issued when one goes upon a far shorter voyage than in the passage in Charon's boat. It would be a great thing if every man would even name the persons who have befriended or interested him, and embody in a few sentences the convictions and precepts that seem to him most important to drop from his pen in connection with the "In the name of God, Amen," of his last will and testament. It is sometimes said that every man could if he would preach one sermon, and a good one too, out of his own personal thought and experience. He who takes his death-bed for his pulpit, or leaves his testimony to be read after the breath is out of his body, may be sure of a good hearing; and no volume of sermons would be more interesting than a book of kindly and truthful confessions and counsels from a hundred sensible, practical men, who have lived heartily in the world and tried to do their work faithfully, and serve God and their neighbor wisely and well. If a list of such documents could be transmitted in the family from father to son so as to record the mind of successive generations, it would be a rich and growing heir-loom, more valuable, intellectually and morally, than ancestral parks, and halls, and titles. Undoubtedly, in the case of most of our substantial, well-principled families, who have been well-taught and well-trained since the good old colony times, such a legacy of thought and conviction would be inestimable, and would do much to dignify the frugality of their living and the moderation of their fortunes. It would make their more ambitious, acquisitive, and luxurious children aware that money is not the only legacy, and move them to add their part to the higher wealth of the family, whether with or without other riches.

We own readily that it is desirable to leave something to our heirs, especially to those of them who are least able to take care of themselves. A man's widow ought, if possible, to be left with at least a modest competence that will enable her to keep the social position of her husband, although with diminished publicity and expense. Young children ought also to be provided for; and in general it may be said, that daughters need maintenance more than sons, because it is not so easy for them to support themselves by labor, so few are the vocations at present open to them; so delicate their health often is, and so much more likely they are to escape a marriage of mere prudence and wait for one of affection and respect, if they are in an independent position. Many daughters, we know, are more intelligent and enterprising than the sons, and support and establish their brothers

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in life: but, as the world goes generally, it is decidedly best for girls to be left with some moderate provision; while it is quite as well for boys to be thrown wholly upon their own resources, and with a good education to go forth to earn their own bread and make their own way.

As to the amount of money that it is desirable to leave, there can be no absolute limit. The elder Astor is said to have declared that a man with half a million of dollars is as well off as if he were rich; while to most of us that sum is immense wealth, and makes a higher pile than we can form any practical conception of, since we deal with comparatively small figures, and the average income even of favored people ranges probably somewhere between five hundred and five thousand dollars; and the thirty or forty thousand dollars, yielded yearly by a fortune of half a million, takes us plain people wholly off our feet quite as much as any romantic castle in the air. Most of us, however, would like to have as much money as we honestly can, and in spite of our protestations to the contrary, it would be decidedly unsafe to tempt us by any extravagant offers of wealth. Yet there is moderation in all things, and in fortune as in stature there is a desirable limit of bulk. "Give me neither poverty nor riches," is a precept that brightens with time, and we are all ready to assent to the first part of it in our practice, and to the second part of it in our philosophy; to act as if poverty were hell, and to reason once in a while at least as if riches were not wholly heaven.

We have certainly a considerable and powerful class of men whose ambition it is to amass and leave great wealth. We do not believe indeed that this desire comes from pure affection for their children, or the wish to be remembered affectionately when they are gone. The habit of saving is all-powerful, and the purpose of hoarding that has long opened only one way, like the valve of a suction pump, seems to lose its capacity for the reverse movement. Besides, the man who lives in the market-place, and runs the race of competition, is tempted to look to a false standard of value, and regard the amount of his property as the measure of his power and dignity, or of what usually goes by the name of respectability. I have been sometimes amazed to find persons of ungenial and even reserved dispositions owning this social ambition, and excusing even shameful parsimony on the plea of their wishing to leave a round sum of money when they die. The village nabob aspires to a name on the roll of fifty-thousand-dollar men, while the city money-getter calls a hundred thousand dollars a bare competence, and a million as but just within the limits of absolute wealth.

We know very well that certain men have a gift for accumulation, and even when generous in outlay they can easily accumulate riches; yet generally our rich men become such by careful saving, and by making accumulation the end of their lives. They may not be able readily to help, and probably do not wish to help it; yet quite sure it is that the end is not worth the labor and sacrifice, and a great fortune won by the sacrifice of broad culture, refined tastes, generous affections, and high humanity, is not worth the having. We all need money, and are sometimes, most of us, hard pushed for a few hundred dollars, and we envy Dives his hoards. But who would take the money if we had to take the man with it, and be Dives himself for the sake of his gold. Their money, indeed, gives the rich a certain consequence: but it is not always of a desirable kind, and there is usually an outcry of contempt when the wills of our coarser sort of millionaires are opened, and they leave little or nothing to prove that they had human hearts; and their well-stocked wine cellar is sometimes the only genial legacy that they leave—a legacy, too, that is sometimes distributed under the auctioneer's hammer, and made to inspire witticisms and mirth at the expense of the original proprietor's name.

In excuse for great accumulation a man may indeed say that there is no knowing what dark days may come, and unless he saves all he can he may have nothing left or not enough to live upon. If wealth is indeed so precarious, it is not wise to leave it wholly at the mercy of circumstances or the chances of business. Why not spend wisely as we go, and so be assured of making a good will for our children by making our living will good in our day and generation, so that its power shall not die out with our waning fortunes. It is certainly impossible for a man to give the highest quality to the wealth that he is able to leave unless he has put intelligence and virtue into his use of it during his lifetime, and a true man's thousands tell more after him than a churlish Shylock's tens of thousands.

We think more and more of the *quality* of a man's legacy than of its *quantity;* and to us, whether living or dying, character is the great element of capital. Money indeed is money, whether from a saint or a sinner; and precisely on that account, or because it has no character in itself, it is important to give to it character. It is like water, a vast capacity of good and of evil, and may make a deluge or a fertilizing shower, turn a mill-wheel or undermine a house. He who leaves money without giving to it any characteristic quality, or securing to it any just direction, leaves a very equivocal thing; and the wills that leave money, and nothing else, carry glad tidings that are no gospel to greedy heirs. It is far better for a man to moderate his acquisitiveness by wise and judicious expenditure than to risk all upon the use that will be made of his wealth by those who come after him. He can have no executor as judicious and faithful as he himself can be, and every act of well-principled and timely outlay does something to perpetuate the right kind of influence, and make a last will and testament on better material than parchment or paper.

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We know very well that parsimony is often excused on the ground of setting a good example, and keeping poorer people from prodigality by unwise imitation of the affluent. But does not our natural selfishness need more an example of liberality than of covetousness; and are not most men far more ready to spare than to spend in matters of the higher taste, conviction, and fellowship? It is certainly not well for us, if we have the means, to spend much in mere self-indulgence, without public spirit or humanity; and we have little respect for the excessive dressing, feasting, and ostentation that are too characteristic of our American *parvenus*. They set a bad example to the community; and moreover they enfeeble and impoverish their families by pampering inordinate desires, and establishing a sad and perilous dependence upon uncertain fountains. We would have men moderate their acquisitions, not by such extravagance, but by elevating pursuits, refining arts, humanizing associations, and religious aims, such as leave the family with frugal habits and regulated desires, and at the same time educate them in high purposes and loyalty.

We believe more and more in a man's living like a gentleman if he can, and so carrying with him through life a gentle will. If we are asked to say what we mean by living like a gentleman, we reply that we call him a gentleman who lives not for his own self-indulgence, but in generous fellowship, and who invariably submits his own private will to the higher law of good society, or the higher will of the true and universal humanity. He may live modestly, and spend little upon his dress and his table to prove his politeness and his hospitality, and yet always have a welcome for a worthy guest and an answer to all genial hospitality. He will strive so to use his money as to express his allegiance; and whether he builds a house, lays out a farm or garden, presides over a library or college or church committee, he will make it very clear, by the use of his voice and his purse, what kind of a man he is, and means that his neighbor shall be, if he can make him. Happy is it for him if his tastes and associations are such as to enable him to be the patron of the beautiful arts and spiritualizing institutions that secure the higher education of the community, and transform money, if not into bread, into something that is bread to the soul, and akin to the Word from above, which is the highest nurture. In such exalted tastes there may be an element of frugal wisdom as well as of noble enthusiasm; and surely, if dark days come, and fortune ceases to smile as of old, he who has treasured his substance in choice works of art and true charity, and given his children elegant accomplishments and thorough culture, has more left from the wreck than he who has spent all in enfeebling luxuries, or lost all in greedy speculation, or invested all in Mammon's sinking ship.

We know very well that it is a powerful if not a frequent objection to a man's being his own executor, that as soon as his liberal purpose is known he opens the door to the whole tribe of beggars of all grades, tongues, and countries. It would be laughable, if it were not so vexatious, to see the faces or read the letters that come in a single week to some of our well-known men of munificence. Because a man is generous, and has given handsomely to any important charity, it is immediately taken for granted that he will and must give something to every claimant under the sun, no matter what the claim may be—whether to pay the liquor or tailor's bill of some scape-grace, set up a shiftless youth in business, or endow some aspiring maiden or widow with an attractive portion. I was once waited upon by an anxious and pains-taking, but by no means thrifty mistress of a large boarding-house, to advise her as to removing that frequent ailment of the craft, the cabinet-maker's mortgage on the furniture. I had no advice to give, and bluntly said that if I owed as many thousands it would puzzle me to raise the wind to so high a gale as to move the water-logged craft, and I should have to give it up. But the lady had more faith, and was confident that the princely man who had just given half a million of dollars to found a public institution would take pity on the sorrows of a poor, not very old woman; and in face of my protest, on the ground that one who had given so much already should not be expected to do every thing else, she persisted, and called on the Master Bountiful. He was too much used to such appeals to be vexed; and hoping that the creditor might be induced to show mercy, or at least patience, he escaped paying of money or striking of hands in suretiship by bland words.

It is very easy for a man of known benevolence to refuse unreasonable requests, because he has the excuse of prior gifts, perhaps to the amount of his spare means, besides affirming his right to use his own independent judgment in discriminating between different objects. It should be remembered, moreover, that if generous men are bored with endless applications, grasping men do not escape, and office-holders and money-lenders have their swarms of blood-suckers about them, and Dives has as much of a retinue of tormentors about him as the Good Samaritan—to say nothing of the prospect of having the torment carried into the transmundane sphere. It should be easy for a just and generous man to say No; and with that word in the right place one may defy all beggardom, though its name be legion.

When we say that every man should be in a measure his own executor, we do not mean that he should give all his property away, or that giving is the only or even the chief form of beneficence. There is dry wisdom in the old story of the man who divided his estate between his heirs, and soon found himself an encumbrance to the children whom he had enriched. He got the better of them, however, by pretending to have a chest of gold, which he noisily counted every day, but which was found on his death to contain only rubbish and a mallet with this inscription:

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"He who gives away his money before he is dead,
Take this mallet and knock him on the head."

With wealth or without it, a wise and earnest man will strive, during his life, to give lasting worth to whatever he does, and leave upon his business, his home, his recreations, his social and religious fellowship, the mark of the true character and the right principle and purpose. His private life will have such generous aspirations and affinities as to leave abiding power. Like Jacob's well, which watered the patriarch's own family and flocks and herds, and refreshed travelers for coming ages, and gave its sparkling drops to the Blessed One who conversed with the Samaritan woman at noonday, his daily life will be an open fountain of living water, which does not die with him, but continues as a transmitted power in his household and neighborhood. Do we not all know wells of living water that ought to bear the hallowed names of departed friends? All the great masters of truth and consolation, whose thoughts and affections survive in their gifted pages, are such precious wells; and we can all recall humbler, though equally blessed, names of good men and women, whose dearly-treasured graces are continual springs of comfort, and who help us to the living water from day to day. I surely remember a few blessed souls whose best and most expressive monument would be, not an empty stone, but a beautiful fountain—a well to drink from, and a cross over the curb. The cross and well: it is a poetical old symbol, and may be as true as it is poetical.

We call every man the executor of his own will who uses his money and influence in such a way as to impart lasting lessons and motives to kindred, friends, and to the community. He who gives a thorough education, with a brave, indomitable strength of will, to his children, leaves a better legacy than mere property; and, in fact, he may leave to each of them thus his *whole life*, while no last will and testament can give more than a part of the testator's living to each; and the estate, by division, must needs be broken up, unless the eldest son or favored heir have the whole or nearly the whole. The true man thus, in a certain sense, makes matter of fact of the startling paradox that one may keep the whole, and at the same time give it all away to each worthy heir. A coronet or castle can go to but one heir; but the heir-loom of truly gentle breeding, the solid respectability that ennobles all who have it by giving them broad and generous ideas, practical energy, and good fellowship, may be transmitted to each of the family, so that the father's personal spirit becomes the animating *will* of the family, and does not wait for the notary's seal to give it validity. Our good old yeomanry understood this very well; and we all know families who hold from generation to generation a sense of respectability, and make it good by their intelligence, enterprise, and virtue, long after the pet heirs of untold wealth have sunk by prodigality and indolence into the dust. We who have come of that stock may sometimes think it a little hard that our patrimony was so small; but, on the whole, the longer we live the less we are disposed to complain, when we compare our *little* with the *much* of some of our rich school-fellows. Taking pluck and thrift into the account, we are as well off as they; and if we do not begin as rich as they we may die richer; and if poorer, we can get as much real good out of a thousand or two a year as they can get out of ten or twenty.

The crowning point in a good legacy is its *perpetuity;* and it is more important, surely, that a bequest should be lasting than that it should be large or precious. Cleopatra's pearl was no more than vinegar as soon as it was dissolved to make sauce for her dainty ladyship; and all great gifts are as fluid and evanescent, if not as acid, if they are as quickly wasted away. How to make a lasting will is no small art; and it is hard, in the usual way, to dispose of property for a long time after we are gone. Our laws forbid entails, and he is a bold man who means to secure his fortune to his children's children, or to give his will validity in the third generation. Most fortunes vanish far earlier, and the father's stately house, if occupied by his children after his decease, rarely descends to his grandchildren, unless they enter the old mansion as boarders, or in search of strawberries and cream, oysters and Champagne. He is a lucky man who can command his posterity by the posthumous power of his character and principles, and compel them to keep sacred the legacy of his genius or his name. Few men can expect such distinction, and hope, by rare original force, to command future generations, and make even the self-love of posterity a motive of filial reverence and fidelity, as is the case with the great families of history, whether ennobled by courts or by the republic of letters. All men, however, can so ally themselves with the master minds of the races as to win and transmit the dignity of loyal service; and we claim it to be one of the essentials of true manhood that we should all subdue or elevate our private or individual will to that public spirit or universal will which, under God's Providence and grace, is always present in mankind, and seeking to work out the higher destiny of the race. If we are not ourselves in the line of personal succession to the thrones of the earth, we are, or ought to be, workers in the true line of succession, and bound to strive and contend for all the principles and practices, the arts and sciences, the liberty and order, the humanity and religion that secure to nations and men their true place in civilization, and enthrone the rightful powers. We understand this position in our common practice of business, and why not own it in the highest sphere of faith and loyalty? If we build a ship, or lay out a farm, or charter a bank, we expect to do it in the line of succession, or by beginning where the present generation leaves off, and improving as much as we can upon their method, instead of foolishly going upon our own hook, as if nothing had been known or done be-

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fore us, and all wisdom were born with our poor little cranium. He is a wise man who studies the highest range of this law of succession, and in life and death makes his personal will serve and carry forward the universal and blessed will, which is God's spirit, in the march of our militant humanity.

Many a lowly life attains to this dignity by devotion to principles and institutions greater than it can hope to originate, and by thus allying itself with the great masters of history. *Ich dien*, I serve, is the motto of the true hero; and he who serves a good cause well carries its power with him in life and death, and whether written or unwritten, leaves it as a rich legacy to them that come after him. Whatever guards or exalts the great interests of society and blesses and enriches the hearth, the flag, or the altar, blesses and enriches him and his heirs forever. His will lives in all the great loyalties that he has defended, and has the will of humanity and of God for its safeguard.

If I envy any man, it is he who lives to the future in the generous and ennobling arts that win immortality by the vitality of their inspiration and the charm of their beauty. Architecture, Poetry, Painting, Sculpture, the Drama, Music, Eloquence, all move in those lines of beauty which, like the stars in their rounded courses, express eternity in their very form, and develop forces that are self-renewing, like the orbs that perpetuate their momentum in recurrent cycles, instead of exhausting it by running off in wearisome and prosy straight lines. I could envy any master of high art who can leave to posterity a beautiful work that is immortalized by its own blessed life, were it not that I too am partner in his genius by partaking of its fruits and becoming the happy legatee of his more than imperial will. We may all thus be the favored heirs of the ages; and if we do our part to give the master minds of humanity wider scope and deeper influence, we enter into their wealth and are brothers of their fellowship. Happy is he who can prove this allegiance, and do something to recognize and perpetuate the inspirations of genius, and to make them tell with power on the new life of his time. One man, I am ready to say without conditions, I do envy, and that too without aspiring to any exceptional or impossible gifts. I envy the man who can build with his money, if not with his taste, a beautiful and commodious edifice that shall embody the art and science of the race, and win men to God by all that is true and good and lovely in thought, deed, and affection Call the building what you will, I choose to call it a church, and am sure that so moderate a sum as a hundred thousand dollars would, if well spent, afford us a specimen of church architecture better than any thing now in the land, and capable of being enriched to any extent by the paintings and sculptures that might be made to adorn it, and by the music and eloquence that could consecrate it. Even to leave a lovely little chapel for our children, or a pretty drinking fountain with fitting symbols or inscriptions, would be more to me than to win any posthumous honors from the admirers of fat fortunes, whose bulk is the measure of the worldliness and tastelessness of their owners.

Great is the wonder and the pity that so many men, rich as well as poor, die and leave no honorable sign, or make no good or lasting mark on their age—not even so much as anoint the feet or head of the true Master, like her who gave the box of spikenard for the anointing of the Lord, and the fragrance filled the house. Most large fortunes spread but never rise, and mere bulk gives them no more dignity than an extra rod of length gives dignity to a whale, or a foot's extra girth to a dropsical patient, whose water, as the type of superfluous wealth, has the swollen look of the whale's blubber without its luminous properties. We are amazed at the utter absence of the higher faith and humanity in the use generally made of large property, and do not see how it is that so many men, as a matter even of self-respect, do not connect their name and means with the arts that beautify, and the institutions that ennoble life. We must not, indeed, expect miracles, nor ask men to be princely benefactors who have been accustomed, by small and painful accumulation, to regard the *grace* of *saving* as the *saving grace*. It may be, and probably is, a Providential fact, that old people are frugal for the good of the young; and we ought to be glad that our old merchants are careful of their money instead of spending it in rioting, as if because they have but a short time to live they may as well get the most of what remains. We will not quarrel with frugal men who hoard what they can, if they will at last make a good confession; and while not defrauding kindred of reasonable dues, will remember the high loyalties of humanity and religion, and give something that will unite the private will and testament with the blessed will of God and the everlasting testament of His Son. Personally we believe in a man's spending wisely as he goes, and we prefer Great Heart to Save All. But we will give Save All a fair chance to save himself, even at the eleventh hour, by giving a good round portion of his hoards to people wiser and better than himself, and to institutions of knowledge, piety, and charity, that will perpetuate his sobriety and industry, and correct his selfishness and materialism.

Honor to every man who does good to God's people, and when a kind hand pens its legacy the last will and testament does not shame the blessed chant of the angels of the Nativity, who sang "Good will to men" as part of the bright promise of the coming kingdom of heaven. Not long since, an intelligent, just, and kind, but a very acquisitive, and, in some respects, parsimonious man died and left a large property mainly to women, young and old, whom he had learned to respect, as if to honor the sex that his bachelorship seemed to slight. Among them was one whose deformity, combined with very small means, made his bounty a perfect godsend:

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and the blessing which a thousand or two dollars won from this daughter of affliction upon the benefactor's name will go as far as any priestly intercession to smooth his way toward the better land. If we can not say that the "end justifies the means," we can say that "All's well that ends well," and advise our men of abounding goods to visit the notary after devoutly saying their prayers, and to make a good will before it is too late.

OUR CONTRABAND. 3

"ADVISABLE, Mrs. Winthrop!" I exclaimed—"advisable! Why, it is a clear case of duty. If no one else can be induced to take the poor girl I will assume the responsibility myself, though I have three servants already."

Mrs. Winthrop, a Bostonian, of *Mayflower* descent, who had only lately entered our New York set, and was considerate and deferential accordingly, gave an admiring start, and suggested her fear that "The creature would drive me wild."

"I have no such apprehension," was my lofty reply; "kindness and firmness must inevitably overcome the most refractory nature. Besides, I do not believe the child is half as bad as Mrs. Grimmons imagines."

Mrs. Winthrop inclined her head slightly toward her left shoulder, and, as if yielding to an irresistible internal flood of argument, ejaculated (for the twentieth time during our morning's conversation), "Yes-s!?"

And here allow me to relieve myself concerning this inexplicable Boston "Yes." It can not be written, and I defy the most skillful printer, by means of any complication of italics, dashes, or notes of interrogation or exclamation, to express it in all its fullness, its provokingness. It is yielding, defiant, coaxing, snubbing, conciliatory, and threatening, all in a breath. It is susceptible of every shade of meaning, of almost every slang reply that one can hear from the Atlantic to the Pacific. It says, "Just so," and "You can't come it over me!" "Go it, my hearty!" and "A leetle tough!" "What a whopper!" and "Them's my sentiments!" "Go it blind!" "Ain't you stretching it?" "Bully for you!" "Hit 'em again!" "No, yer don't!" and "Sartain now!" And all the time it is so Bostonianly elegant that one must wince under it with folded hands, and take its meaning as one best can.

Mrs. Winthrop's "*Yes-s!?*" meant a great deal, and I knew it.

In the first place, it meant, "You think so, do you?" Second, "I hardly think you can succeed where the intellectual Mrs. Grimmons failed, but who can tell?" Third, "What a conceited woman you are if you only knew it!" Fourth, "You are entirely wrong, but you must find it out in the regular way." And, Fifth, "Well, we're fortunate, at least, in getting the girl temporarily off our hands."

Taking in all this with my usual acumen, I cut the matter short with—

"You will please inform the ladies of my resolve, Mrs. Winthrop, as I can not attend the sewing meeting to-day, and that they may send the girl to me on Monday morning if she is not otherwise disposed of by that time."

"I shall do so," rejoined my visitor, rising gracefully from the sofa. "And now, my dear friend, when may we hope to see you and your good husband at No. 69?"

"Very soon, thank you," I answered, throwing aside my business air; "the first evening, in fact, that I can succeed in enticing Mr. Smith from his library chair. Is your little Everett quite strong again, Mrs. Winthrop?"

"Oh! nicely, thank you. He and Annie are attending school now. Do allow your little ones to visit them on Saturdays. Your Julie is so charming and well-behaved that I would really admire to have Annie become intimate with her."

I assured Mrs. Winthrop, who, whatever may be her peculiarities, has certainly fine instincts where children are concerned, that I considered Julie quite too young to leave "mother" yet.

"Yes-s!?" returned Mrs. Winthrop, musingly, adding, in a more sprightly tone, "but can not 'mother' come also?"

By this time the door was reached, and, after many a pleasant smile and nod and half-heard sentence on both sides, we parted—the lady's elegant skirts sweeping down the stone steps, while I mounted slowly and thoughtfully to the nursery, feeling morally sure that "the creature" would make her appearance on Monday.

Yes, morally sure. All the rest of that day I kept asking myself, *à la Bulwer*, "What will I do with her?" And next, the married woman's watchword, "What will *He* say?" came forcibly to mind. Poor Theophilus! my faultless, ease-loving, propriety-worshiping master of the house! What would he say, indeed? I trembled to think of it. Why, even our Ann, the most peerless of cooks, had narrowly escaped being "dismissed" by him the day before, just because she had put the *ragout* in an unsuitable dish; and Bettys and Biddys innumerable had been banished from our domicile for the most petty offenses against his fastidious taste. Probably, at the date of which I am writing, we would not have had a servant in the house, had I not, a few weeks before, "put my foot down" in rather a decided manner. *How* I put my foot down, or what I put it on, is not for me to say; enough to assert that I did it; and every married man whose wife deserves the name of woman will shudder as he reads the words. Yes, the "small failings" question had been then and there settled between us for all time. Thenceforth no girl who suited *me* should share the fate of my sainted "highly respectable" ones of the past. But could my new girl, my contraband, take shelter under the statute? I had seen her, and knew, or fancied I knew, what was before me. But Theophilus!

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Well, the only way was to put a bold face on the matter. Accordingly, as the shades of evening approached, I summoned all my forces and prepared to meet his lordship. His first salutation was not encouraging, under the circumstances:

"Emma, dear, judging from appearances, one would suppose Mary's usual way of laying the door-mat was to fling it from the second-story window: I am afraid she will never be tidy enough to suit us."

"I fear so, too," I replied, amiably, for a bright idea had just struck me. "The fact is, Theophilus, it is impossible to teach these 'competent' help any thing. What we really want is a raw girl."

"A what, Emma?" exclaimed Theophilus, horror-stricken, as, after placing his boots with mathematical accuracy near the polished register, he stood with arrested slipper in each hand.

"A raw girl; one that is not hopelessly set in other people's ways—that—in short—one that is—as you may say—ignorant, but willing to learn," said I, sweetly, giving his elegant "wrapper" a caressing shake as I handed it to him.

"A fair Hibernian, for instance, newly landed, or a blushing Huytur-spluyter fresh from the Vaterland?" suggested Theophilus, with intense humor as he softly slid himself into the gown and assumed his waiting-for-dinner attitude before the fire.

"No, no," I laughed, hysterically, nothing of that sort; "but ahem!"—as if the idea had just flashed upon me—"what do you say now, Theoph, to my trying a colored girl?"

Theophilus was either speechless or did not choose to reply, and I proceeded—

"Not one of those deceitful, half-and-half yellow kind that are neither one thing nor the other, but a genuine negress. They're generally such docile-tempered creatures, you know, Theoph; and now that contrabands are going to be so numerous in the city, it really seems to be a Christian duty to—"

"Christian fiddlestick!" interrupted Theophilus, profanely; "why, Emma, you're crazy!"

And having thus prospectively consigned me to the Lunatic Asylum my gentleman significantly consulted his watch.

Remembering at this critical moment the advice of the ancient philosopher concerning hungry men, I adjourned at once to the dining-room, and there held a session of great length and brilliancy which, it is needless to add, resulted in the total annihilation (figuratively speaking) of the refractory member. What I said or what I did not say can not be detailed here. Suffice it to state that a whole number of *Harper*, or even two numbers, would not hold one-quarter of the arguments I was forced to lay before that man before he admitted what by this time had grown to be positive conviction with me, viz: That to have "a contraband" in our house, under the circumstances, and all things considered, was one of the greatest blessings that could befall us.

I had learned this poor slave-girl's history at our last Society-meeting. She and her father had escaped from Virginia into the Union lines. Theoretically a welcome had been shown them; but practically the girl had, by her insubordination and impishness, proved too much for their hospitality, and a unanimous ticket of leave had soon been voted her. Two young soldiers coming Northward had, out of pity for the good old father, brought the pair on to New York and presented them to our Ladies' Soldiers' Aid Society.

The old man was soon disposed of; but the girl—ah! there was the rub. One by one impulsive members courageously gave her a trial, but at each weekly meeting the despairing mistresses would in turn restore her to the bosom of the Society, declaring that they could do nothing with her. No direct charges were made, and all that one could gather from the exclamations and complaints usually vented on these occasions was that the girl had proved to be "queer," "forlorn," "unmanageable," and "awful"—singular qualities, certainly, in one who had worked in the fields all her young life, who had never known a mother's care, and to whom all womanly and household duties were still sealed mysteries.

In the mean time the strange creature would stand in the corner of the fine parlor, rolling her great dark eyes about, glancing from the company to the ceiling, and from the ceiling to the floor, in quick flashes of white and black, her hands folded meekly before her, with now and then a restless movement of her feet that invariably caused the ladies near her to start in spite of themselves. Sometimes, while looking the image of mute despair, she would suddenly clap her hands upon her knees, and burst into a sputtering laugh, only to appear more solemn than ever the next instant.

She was about fifteen years of age, and the blackest of the black. Her dress was a scant blue calico skirt, reaching nearly to the ankles, over which a long bib was drawn without a fold from neck to knee. Each temple was adorned with a few stiffly-plaited spikes emerging from the luxuriant wool, and her feet were covered with good New York shoes and stockings, very much against her will, as it subsequently proved.

"Why not take the child myself?" I had thought, while sitting near her corner at the last meeting, and fancying I could detect a promise in her face of something better than she had yet chosen to display to her Northern friends. But the scheme had soon been abandoned as impracticable, and probably would never have recurred to me had not Mrs. Winthrop, during her morning call, suggested, in her non-committal way, that it was "advisable" a home should be found for the poor creature.

Theophilus, as already intimated, had been brought to that willing state of mind so often attained by the divine Barkis. Still the work of preparation was not complete. Our last nurse had contrived to smuggle into the nursery

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a story of a "big black nigger," who thought nothing of gobbling down naughty boys and girls. Her hearers, strong in faith, had listened and believed; and ever since negroes in general, and his sable cannibalship in particular, had been the terror of their young lives. Of the children, young Theophilus (though it may be unwomanly and quite out of my sphere for me to say so) is a greater coward than any of the girls. He is afraid of his own shadow. A dark room is fuller to him than Madame Tussaud's Chamber of Horrors. Once he locked himself in a pantry and screamed till he fell almost into a convulsion before it occurred to him to unlock the door and come out. These I mention merely as slight psychological peculiarities. Being our only son, his father and I have centred our fondest hopes in him.

Well, what poor little Philly would do or say when my "contraband" came I couldn't imagine. In the mean time, however, I resolved to clarify his ideas somewhat on the negro question, and trust to fate for the result. As for the girls, they soon became sound to the core on the subject, but I dreaded to think of the effect of that woolly head and those great rolling eyes upon the baby. So much for up stairs.

On Sunday morning I descended to the kitchen while Theophilus was preparing to shave. Ann was there in full glory. It was her Sunday out, and her winter style set off her portly figure to advantage. The instant my foot crossed the door-sill I could not resist a secret recognition of her local supremacy. Nora soon came in with the coal-scuttle, and crinoline twice as extensive as my own; while Ellen, conscious of her impeachability as first-class waitress, was washing dishes in the corner. Now was the time to strike the blow of preparation. In a few feeling words I told my assembled audience the story of the poor "contraband." They heard me in silence, preferring, as usual, to defer comment until they had the kitchen to themselves. Finally I plunged into the catastrophe, and went on swimmingly until arrested by Ann's indignant outburst,

"Och! is it take the dirrity crachure yerself, yer mane, ma'am?"

"Certainly," I returned firmly, "if no one shelters her or teaches her to work, the poor girl must perish in the streets."

"An' it's what I niver did, ma'am, slape and ate wid nagers; an' I'll not be afther beginnin' it now—so, if ye plaze, ma'am, ye'll be engagin' another cook agen me month's up!"

Nora said nothing; and Ellen, after swinging into the pantry with a tray full of china, came out with a lofty,

"I'd like to be laving with Ann, too, ma'am."

Here was a fine dilemma! But I was determined to carry out my project.

"You need neither eat nor sleep with her; she can take her meals at a side-table, and use the small garret-room. The girl is coming to-morrow, and I intend that she shall be treated kindly."

With these words I strode majestically from the kitchen, giving no token of the sinking at my heart; not even when I reached the dressing-room, except by shutting the door after me so violently that Theophilus, I regret to say, cut his chin.

On Monday morning we were startled by hearing the most terrific yells and screams that ever ears of mortal parents heard. Theophilus rushed first; I followed, quite sure that Mr. Norris's big bull-dog had got in from the next yard, and was crunching every one of dear little Philly's bones.

Arriving at the turn of the stairs we saw at a glance that our boy was safe and sound, though screaming in an agony of terror. His little sisters were gathered around him in the hall, all talking at once, trying to bring him to reason, while Ann, Ellen, and Nora were on the spot "speaking their minds" at concert pitch.

Meanwhile the innocent cause of all this commotion stood near the hat-stand, with a half doleful, half mischievous expression of countenance, her hands plucking nervously at the fringe of her coarse shawl, and her whole aspect betokening either amusement or distress, it was impossible to decide which.

"Mrs. Grimmons's boy left her here, ma'am. She wouldn't sit down, nor go up stairs nor down," whispered Nora, hurrying toward me. "The child was frightened into fits, indeed he was, ma'am, at the very sight of her."

Philly was soon high and safe in his father's arms, being lectured and hugged at the same time. Without replying to Nora I nodded to the new-comer, saying, with my usual dignity, as I led the way to the room at the end of the hall, "Step this way, please."

On reaching the door a suppressed giggle from the head of the kitchen stair caused me to turn. The lady by the hat-stand had not budged an inch.

"Will you come this way, please?" I repeated, kindly, in a louder tone.

No answer and no movement. The children, seeing fun ahead, fairly danced with delight.

"Behave yourselves, children!" I commanded, sternly. "There, the baby is awake; run up, Nora! Now, my girl," resuming my bland tone, "just come this way, will you?"

Was she marble, or, more properly speaking, ebony? Her immovability was scarcely human.

At this juncture Theophilus, whose manner never seemed to me half as impressive as my own, caught her eye. He pointed to the room door. The girl darted through the hall and stood beside me in an instant, her lithe frame all in a quiver.

"Don't be frightened, my child," I said, gently, feeling really sorry for the poor creature; "no one here will harm you. What is your name?"

"Nuffin," she replied, with a sulky pout.

"You certainly must have some name. What did the soldiers call you?"

"Nig."

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"What else?"

"Nuffin else, 'cept 'fractory an' debbil."

"But your father, what does *he* call you?"

"What he call me? He call me gal."

"Nothing else?"

"Nuffin, 'cept when I'se sick er bin whipt—den he call me Aggy."

"Aggy's your name, then. Was that your mother's name?"

"What say, missy?" with a blank stare.

"Was your mother's name Aggy?"

"'Spect not; 'spect I didn't hab no mudder. I'se gwine," and with these words Miss Aggy turned and started resolutely for the front door.

Theophilus stepped nimbly in advance of her, locked it, and put the key in his pocket: from that moment he was her acknowledged master.

The breakfast bell rang. "Aggy," said I, not wishing to consign her yet to the tender mercies of the help, "come back and sit down."

She obeyed.

"Don't leave this room until I return."

"No, missy."

I gave one penetrating look at the girl and saw that she was in earnest. Mustering the children together (Philly was long ago safely perched upon the kitchen table) we descended to the basement.

Theophilus behaved pretty well at breakfast, considering; merely hinting that I would have my hands full, and that firmness must be the order of the day (as if I didn't know that already).

Suddenly he broke out with one of his speeches:

"I say, Em, as the secretary of your Society was not present to take minutes, wouldn't it be well for me to draw up a report of this morning's pro—"

The sentence was cut short by a tremendous crash, a heavy fall, and a noise as of breaking glass and timbers above stairs.

"By Jove!" cried Theophilus, "what's that?"

With my heart in my throat, to say nothing of the hot coffee, I tore up the stairs followed by children, servants, and Theophilus bringing up the rear. When we reached the first landing, what a spectacle presented itself!

There, in the hall, lay a confused heap of rubbish, composed of what remained of our superb new hat-stand, splinters of rosewood, umbrellas, canes, cloaks, hats, Aggy, and any quantity of broken looking-glass.

The furniture was precious, but, of course, humanity ranked first. We pulled Aggy from the ruins.

"What *is* the matter, child, are you killed?" I asked, almost hoping that she was.

"'Spect I be, dat's a fac," replied the girl, glaring around her in a frightened way, but moving off nimbly enough as she spoke.

"Oh, Aggy! you naughty girl, what were you doing? How came you to break the hat-stand?" I demanded, endeavoring to restrain my temper.

"Donno; 'spect I us too hebby fur it," answered Aggy, sullenly. "'Tain't wurf nuffin."

By dint of super-woman exertions I succeeded in getting the rubbish cleared away, and restoring order without becoming exasperated. Theophilus provoked me dreadfully, however, by saying he wished he could stay at home and see the fun.

Why attempt to detail the tortures of that first day? It was over at last, with all its trials and aggravations, and my weary head pressed its uneasy pillow. Children and servants were asleep, Aggy was long ago stowed away in her little room, and in the quiet of the starry December night Theophilus and I held a consultation.

His arguments were unanswerable; his sarcasms scathing; but I held my ground. A few mishaps at first, I urged, were to be expected. In a day or two the girl would improve—indeed, there was a slight change for the better already—Philly would become ashamed of his foolish terrors—it was a clear case of charity—and, in short, I wanted to give the girl a fair trial, because—because—I wanted to.

At last the energies of Theophilus, overcome either by sleepiness or the force of my reasoning, began to flag. He had even said, "Perhaps so, my dear;" and after that his replies grew fainter, more wavering, and, like certain rare visits, very few and far between. Finally, after waiting nearly five minutes for a reply to a perfectly self-evident proposition, I heard something!

Not from Theophilus; he had gone off on a dream-journey, like Christian, leaving his poor wife in the City of Wakefulness; but a noise in the house!

Not a daytime noise; but one of those stealthy, indefinable, long-interval noises that, coming in the darkness of the early morning hours, make one's blood creep and curdle! Creak—creak—softer and softer—then dying away entirely. Pshaw! I thought, it's the back shutter! No; shutters don't throw up a phosphorescent light; and now, looking from my bed into the room where the children slept, I could plainly see a faint glimmer through the "ventilator" window. This ventilator went through the centre of the house, from basement to roof. In a moment the light, though faint still, grew stronger, more definite. It was the gleam of a lighted candle from below! flashing an instant, then vanishing.

"Theophilus!" I cried, in a stage whisper; "wake up! quick!"

He turned over like a sick buffalo.

"Oh, Theoph!" bending nearer and giving him a slight shake, "*do* get up! *there's a man in the house!*"

"Yo-e-s," grunted my natural protector, "I'm a man: go to sleep, dear."

There's no use mincing the matter. I did get agitated; I pulled his hair, poked him, jerked the pillow from under his head, pulled his hair again, and finally restored him to consciousness.

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As thoroughly alert now as myself, he sprang to the floor, and, after a few hasty tip-toe preparations, started for the basement, pistol in hand.

I rushed frantically into the children's room and sat on the foot of their bed, inwardly praying that the robber's blood might not be upon my poor husband's soul.

Good Heavens! The stealthy steps were coming up the stairs—approaching my very door!

I flew and locked it.

"Em," said Theoph's voice, outside, "if you want fun, come down stairs."

Decidedly relieved, I hastened into the hall. He motioned me to follow him silently. Arrived at the head of the kitchen stairs, Theophilus crammed the corner of his dressing-gown into his mouth, and made signs for me to look.

There, on the lowest step, sat Aggy; a lighted candle and the cake-box, open, on the floor beside her; and on her lap a half-eaten apple-pie, which she was rapidly demolishing.

"*Aggy!*" I cried, in an awful voice.

The pie fell from her lap as, with a scream, she darted up, flew to the end of the kitchen hall, and stood at bay with her back against the door.

"Aggy," said I, "what in the world possessed you to come down here, like a thief, at this hour of the night, to take what did not belong to you?"

She crouched to the floor, looking up at us nervously. Something in the expression of both reassured her.

"Couldn' hep it nohow, missy; I was most starved. Don't lick dis nigger dis time, missy."

She had eaten three hearty meals that day, to my certain knowledge, but a chance glimpse into the dining-room pantry had proved too much for her.

"I shall not whip you, Aggy," said I, "though you have done a very wrong act. Put the cake-box back in the pantry."

She obeyed.

"Now go to bed, and never attempt any thing of this kind again. Do you hear?"

"Yes, missy. I'se sorry fur 'sturbin' you, missy, I jess is," answered Aggy, bending furtively to the floor and clapping a big piece of the broken pie into her mouth; "but I likes 'em dreffel."

Agreeably to a sign from Theophilus, the damsel preceded us in our ascent with perfect decorum, until half-way up the garret flight, when, apparently seized with some droll idea concerning the night's adventure, she broke out in a loud "Gorry!" and, doubling herself with laughter, bounded, with something between a spring and a caper, into her room. In a moment or two we heard her clear voice falling through the "startled air" in an exultant verse, each line ending with a jerk, as though the undressing process kept time with it:

"All de good people when dey die—
Hally-lujee rum!
Go ter lib in de happy sky—
Hally-lujee rum!
Oh I'se goin' to—"

Here Theophilus tore up stairs like a tiger.

All things considered, it was astonishing how well our charge comported herself for a day or two after this. My kindness principle evidently worked well, and I was not without hope that Aggy might yet become a useful member of society. To be sure, she had some very troublesome peculiarities, such as shouting, in a loud but not unmusical voice, snatches of hymns and quaint contraband songs, at all hours and under the most inopportune circumstances; snapping her great white teeth at poor Philly whenever she caught him alone, thereby throwing the little darling almost into spasms; and, when not watched, invariably going up stairs outside the balustrade, to the delight of the children, who risked their necks daily in humble imitation. Shoes and stockings were her especial detestation; and in many a delightful barefoot hour did she elude my vigilance, sometimes going, like

"Diddle, diddle dumpling, my son John,
With one stocking off and one stocking on,"

in order to have a presentable foot ready for a surprise. On these occasions, meeting her suddenly in the halls, I, dupe that I was, contented myself with a glance, little suspecting that the fact of her hopping, or being perched upon one foot, meant any thing more than an every-day antic.

Added to these eccentricities was an inconvenient habit, strangely out of keeping with her usual animation, of falling asleep any time and any where. Keyholes, cracks of doors, etc., were a certain conquering power with her. Many a time we found the creature lying at full length upon the floor, her ear pressed to the carpet, and every nerve strained to catch the conversations going on in the room below; and more than once Theophilus, entering his library, found her curled up on the rug, match in hand, sound asleep before his unlit fire.

One of the most singular traits of the girl was her sudden fits of temporary docility. Often, at these times, I would speak to her of her good Parent, and of that higher love which knows no difference of hue or tongue: she would listen attentively, and even kneel beside me, repeating word for word some simple prayer with true pathos in her tone, only to break away at last with a contemptuous "Pooh! what stuff! Dis chile can't stan' sich truck, missy!" Or she would suddenly change to a sitting posture on the floor, and with hands clasped about her knees, rock backward and forward, wagging her head between each chuckle—"Oh! Lorry me, missy, you kill dis nig; you do. Yah! yah! it's wuss den wucken, he! he!"

But, as already stated, Aggy really did improve in many respects. She soon learned to scour the knives, build fires, and wash and scrub in a way that quite propitiated Ann and Nora, though Ellen, my fine "waitress," would not be appeased. "Nagers was what a dacent girl cuddent and wuddent putt up wid, nohow."

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She left, and I conceived the wild idea of trying Miss Aggy as her substitute.

A few days' indefatigable drilling did wonders, and, I am proud to say, produced a profound impression upon Theophilus. To be sure, in her hands wine-glasses generally became peculiarly symbolic of Jewish weddings, and tablecloths true to the inevitable angle of 45°. Yet she was generally good-tempered, and, when Theophilus was absent, very anxious to please. Why *he* should have had such an influence upon her is incomprehensible, but there is no denying the fact that a word or a look from him always either frightened her immoderately or possessed her with the spirit of a hundred imps. Now and then, especially when we had friends to dinner, mischief reigned supreme. At such times interference or notice only made matters worse. The more important the guests, or the greater the solicitude of poor Theophilus that no *faux pas* should occur, the more apt was her ladyship to wickedly fill the tumblers convexly, so that they could not be lifted without accident; or to slyly take possession of the knife and fork of some embarrassed guest; or even to burst into a shout of laughter, or cut an unexpected "pigeon-wing" in the fullness of her mood. I shall never forget the day that the Rev. Dr. Barrilpreech dined with us. Just in the middle of his impressive grace Aggy burst into the room singing at the top of her voice,

"I'se boun' fur de lan' ob Canaan,"

and then apologized with,

"Gorry! missy, what yer habbin bressin' *to-day* fur? Missy Grimmons use ter hab 'em *reg'lar*."

After this Theophilus became unmanageable. I was constrained to hire another waitress, reserving Aggy for the "generally useful" department. Here her principal labors resolved themselves into eating, drinking, sleeping, and hiding every stray article in the house between her mattresses. Odd shoes, pieces of old suspenders, empty spools, bits of ribbon, tea-spoons, toothbrushes, and even Theoph's cigars, were all stowed away with equal care and cunning. How they got there Aggy never could "tink"—"mus' hab bin de cat er Philly;" she "didn' know nuffin at all about 'em."

One day Theophilus remarked rather pompously to a friend at dinner, that, of all the books in his collection, he valued most a certain rare edition of Sir Thomas Browne. "You shall see it to-day, Sir," he added, "as I know you will enter into my feelings on the subject, though it is by no means a blue and gilt affair." After dinner my beloved bibliomaniac attempted to fulfill his promise. The precious volume was gone! Theophilus was in despair. He had been reading the book that very morning. At last, with an intuition quite equal to De Quincey's "electric aptitude for discovering analogies," I stole up to Aggy's room, and slyly disinterred Sir Thomas from his tomb between the mattresses. A moment afterward my unsuspecting Theophilus was surprised at finding it in his chair, "just where he had left it."

Still I repeat and insist that Aggy steadily improved.

A few weeks after our contraband's advent circumstances compelled me to commit a conventional sin—in other words, to tell a polite lie—by announcing at one of the sewing-meetings of our Society that I would be *pleased* to see the ladies at our house on the following Wednesday.

Now I love freedom. I idolize soldiers. But, for all that, I do *not* like to hold a sewing-society meeting, with its scraps and threads, on our new velvet carpets. Yet the thing had to be. Indeed St. Grundy sent me a consolation by way of reward. It would certainly be a triumph to exhibit Aggy, in her advanced state, to the society. No other member had been able to keep her longer than a week. She should attend the door. I felt there could be no chance of accident in that, while, at the same time, the neat appearance and improved bearing of the girl would speak for themselves. Wednesday arrived. Concluding that discretion was the better part of valor, I did not betray my anxiety to the damsel, but simply directed her to remain in the hall, make no noise, and to admit the visitors respectfully.

Every thing worked charmingly. As I stood in a corner of the long rooms, engaged as "cutter," I could hear Aggy's pleasant voice saying, "In de frun' parlor, ladies;" and now and then a cheery "Yes, marm, I'se berry happy," in answer to some kind inquiry. She attended to her duties so promptly, too; the ladies had not time to ring the bell before they were admitted, and so noiselessly, by my little handmaiden. I was quite elated, and could not forbear indulging in a few remarks to those near me concerning Aggy's improvement, and the immense pains I had taken to render her a good servant.

"Yes!-s?" said Mrs. Winthrop, replying in a perfect scale of C; and I translated it—"You have indeed succeeded, my dear Mrs. Smith! How in the world did you acquire such wisdom and energy?"

Our meeting over, the company departed almost in a body. As soon as the last lady left the house I called, in a cheerful voice, from the parlor,

"Come here, Aggy."

Her sable face appeared at the door, grinning with satisfaction.

"You have been a very good girl, Aggy, and shall have sponge-cake for your supper."

"Tanky, missy," was the honest response; "but, bress yer! dis nigger didn' take no troubl'. I jess leff de door stan'in open, an' hitched up on de hall table, dis way."

She vanished. I knew she was suiting the action to the word, and, with a sinking heart, hurried into the hall.

My young lady was indeed upon the table, swinging her *naked* feet therefrom in great glee.

"Good gracious, child!" I cried, seizing her

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by the shoulder, "where are your shoes and stockings?"

"Gorry!" ejaculated Aggy, drawing up the offending members in a twinkling, and blinking her great eyes at me with terror.

There lay the cast-off articles, in full view, midway between the entrance and the parlor door.

"When did you take them off?" I gasped, ready to cry with mortification, as the memory of my rather boastful words surged within me.

"I tuck 'em off 'fore de ladies cum," whined the girl, "coz yer tole me ter be quiet: can't do nuffin in dem yar shoes."

"Aggy," I asked, in a tragic voice, "did you swing your feet in that outrageous manner while the ladies were in the hall?"

"Donno, missy," sobbed Aggy, scratching her head; "mose like I did, coz dey allers swings nattural when I sits on any thin' high."

Just then Theophilus came in, and, rather than put him in possession of the facts, I hastily gathered up the girl's *impedimenta*, and allowed her to depart for the kitchen without further comment. But it was trying, to say the least of it, to hear her singing, obliviously, as she bounded down the stairs:

> "Oh, I'se goin' to be an angel—
> I'se goin' to be an angel,
> An' lib in de big, blue sky."

In the evening Aggy's father came in. He was a noble-looking negro, though evidently worn by toil and suffering. His "Well, gal!" and the twinkle in his bright eye, as Aggy entered the room, told their own story of love and long forbearance. For his sake my resolve to return her to the Society was abandoned at once. I shall never forget the glow of honest pride with which he forced upon me a small sum of money—his first savings as a free man—"to buy de chile some close."

"Ef it's de same to you, marm," was his dignified reply to my remonstrance, "I'd ruther de gal ud hab it. She hain't had no mudder since she woz a nussin' chile, an' ole Cudjoe's nebber had no chance to hev the 'sponsibility uv her afore. May de Lor' bress you, marm, an' de gen'man too, fur shelterin' uv her an' larnin' her." He looked at Aggy a moment, and continued: "An' oh! missus, ef yer could, ef yer only could, wid de Lord's help, make her a Christian, it ud—" He stopped short and burst into tears.

"We will try," I said, grasping the old man's hand; "and you, Aggy, I know, will endeavor in future to be a good girl for your father's sake."

"Can't, missy," sobbed Aggy, with sudden vehemence, as she plunged her woolly head in the old man's bosom, "'tain't no use—I'se 'fractory—sojers sed so—I'se got de debbil in me!"

At this point Theophilus walked into the room with the baby in his arms. Aggy sprang up in an instant.

"Dar, missy, dat's it! *She* ain't a bit afeard uv niggers—she's liked Aggy frum de furst, 'cept Nora sed yer'd es leaf hev a monkey han'le her es me. Ef yer'd on'y let me hole an' ten' de baby I cud be a Chrisshen—I tink I cud—dat's a fac."

And with these words, after wiping her eyes upon her apron, she commenced dancing frantically before the baby, stopping occasionally to let the soft dimpled hands clutch at her wool while the little one crowed and screamed with delight.

Half tempted to consent, and yet dreading a positive fiat from Theophilus, who idolizes the baby, I turned the subject, and was glad when the door-bell summoned Aggy from the room.

After old Cudjoe left, Theophilus and I held another consultation. He was inexorable.

"What!" he cried, "let that crazy imp take care of the baby, never! Isn't it enough to have my furniture, windows, and crockery broken, to find the children's 'hooples' hung across my best beaver; to be made ridiculous before my friends, and to have my youngsters all talking and laughing like darkeys, without having poor little Pinky's brains dashed out into the bargain! I tell you, Emma, this 'contraband' notion of yours is Quixotic, absurd, positively criminal under the circumstances!"

Now when Theophilus forgets himself in this manner I simply blush for him, and quietly resolve to follow my own calmer judgment. Consequently, Aggy was duly installed the next day as under-nurse, and did so well that before the first week elapsed even Theophilus admitted that matters were not so very discouraging after all.

One bright, icy afternoon—shall I ever forget it!—while little Philly was suffering in the hands of his nurse, under a severe attack of Psychrophobia, the baby, held in Aggy's now careful arms, was gazing through the window panes. Suddenly, like Rasselas, she was seized with an ardent desire to visit the outer world, and, of course, soon set up a vigorous "dey-dey! dey-dey!" which, being interpreted, means—"I want somebody to put on my street fixings and take me out—quick! quick!"

"*Do* lef me take her, missy, jess in frun' ob de house; please do, missy," pleaded Aggy, pressing the baby to her heart in eager anticipation. "I keep her wrap up jess es warm es I kin, an' I promis,' she continued, rolling her great eyes solemnly till they showed more white than black, "I *promis* I wunt go no furder dan de house."

"Very well," said I, "I'll trust you, Aggy. Look up at the window every few moments, and I'll wave my hand when I wish you to come in."

We wrapped the little darling up warmly, and I couldn't help congratulating myself on my recognition of Aggy's true sphere, when I saw how tenderly and cautiously she descended the stairs with her precious burden.

In a moment I raised the window and saw Aggy walking demurely up and down in front of the house, her head bobbing like a Mandarin's in dutiful watchfulness of my signal. I could not resist the temptation to run down to the

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front parlor, where Theophilus sat reading the paper, to show him how gloriously my system worked. He looked up as I entered.

"Theoph, dear, do come and see how carefully Aggy carries the baby," said I, raising the sash lightly.

Aggy was singing in a subdued voice as she paced slowly up and down:

"Massa gone, missy too,
Cry! niggers, cry!
Tink I'll see de bressed Norf
'Fore the day I die,
Hi! hi! Yankee shot 'im,
Now I tink de debbil's got 'im."

All would have been well if Theophilus had only kept quiet, but the man was possessed. He dashed the blinds open with a bang, and called out, sternly:

"Be careful, girl! The sidewalks are slippery. Mind you don't go a single step past the house!"

This was enough. Aggy raised her eyes to his face, and we saw in a moment that her impish spirit was aroused. Off she started. Theophilus, without taking time to get his hat, rushed to the door and reached the sidewalk just in time to see her dart around the corner. He hurried on, but only to catch the gleam of the baby's white cloak as it disappeared at the next turn. Another, and yet another corner was gained with no better success. People stared to see a hatless man rushing along at such a rate. Crowds gathered, and every idler in the street joined in the chase, but to no avail. The girl had wings to her feet. Theophilus shuddered lest in her excitement she should dash the baby to the ground; but he dared not slacken his pace, because to lose sight of her, he felt, was to lose his child forever. Shouts filled the air —cries of "Stop thief!"—"Run, sis!"—"Shake your pins nimbler, old fellow!"—"Hurrah for the gal!" resounded on every side. Meanwhile the rabble, Theophilus in their midst, pressed on faster and faster. More than once the fugitive ran almost under the heads of passing horses, causing them to leap and prance, but the girl never once faltered or staggered. On she ran, until turning her head she saw that her pursuers were gaining upon her. Halting an instant, she laid the baby on a huge pile of mats in front of a grocery, and flew around the corner.

No one followed, for all stopped to see whether what she had cast away was a bundle or a living thing. Not a sound escaped it, and only when its panting father clasped it to his bosom did the poor frightened birdie utter a cry. Theophilus told me afterward that *that* cry was the sweetest sound he had ever heard in his life—which struck me as rather a queer idea, though I said nothing.

Poor Theophilus! His position, considering his temperament, was certainly not an enviable one. Standing bareheaded with a screaming baby in his arms, nearly a mile from home, and in a part of the city where not a hack, not a hat store, was to be seen, surrounded by a gaping crowd, who deluged him with questions and incensed him with their vulgar jokes, he was indeed to be pitied! Matters were not much ameliorated either by the appearance of a policeman, who, coming late to the rescue, as usual, insisted in stentorian tones upon knowing "what all this meant?"

Humbled and grateful, I clasped my baby in my arms that evening, scarcely daring to look at Theophilus.

We might never have heard of Aggy again had not our baby been carried to Madison Park, months after, by its new nurse.

When they returned I could hear baby chattering away in pure Choctaw all the way up stairs.

"Why, darling, what is it?" I asked, meeting her at the door, and almost smothering the little orator with kisses. "What did baby see in the Park?"

"Goo goo, Ag, goo goo, Ag, zoo whoo!"

"Bless her heart, ma'am," cried nurse, "I declare if she don't almost tell you."

"Tell me what, Betsy?"

"Why, do you believe, ma'am, when me and baby was agoing in the Park, what should come bouncing up to us but an ugly little nigger!"

"Ag! Goo-ug gug!" explained the baby.

"Yes, you pet, goo goo. So it was," continued Betsy, taking off its "things," and putting all the pins in her mouth—"it was a nassy black thing, it was!"

"Well, what about the colored girl?" I asked, becoming impatient. "Was it Aggy?"

"Yes, ma'am, that very young un you've been tellin' me of. Well, if she didn't laugh, and cry, and dance, and clap her hands till I thought she'd go into fits. Then she whisked the baby out of my arms in a jiffy, and most strangled it with kisses; and, do you believe, ma'am, the more I tried to pull baby away the more it wouldn't come, but just held on to the dirty black neck an' hollered. At last, when I got the baby safe in my arms again, and it a-screaming to go back to her, I jest up an' told the sassy thing to go about her business.

"'Well,' says she, 'I'se gwine' (these niggers talks like heathen). 'Tell missy Aggy lub her fust-rate, on'y I'se got anudder missy now.' Then she told me she lived in that little house, you know, ma'am, on the corner of —— Street, and ran off, after kissin' baby again, and laughin' an' cryin' like wild."

Betsy paused from sheer exhaustion; for during the narrative she had been tossing her charge up and down, shaking her head, and making herself interesting to it generally.

Before night I called at the "corner house," and found that it was *a home* indeed for Aggy. Somehow she had on that eventful day run into the arms of a Quaker lady—one of those dear good souls whose lanterns of kindness are carried about in all sorts of out-of-the-way places, shedding beams of light in dark corners, and discovering something holy where others can detect only pestilence and sin. Through her I

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trust that the prayer of her poor old father has been answered:

"Ef you could—oh, ef you only could, wid de Lord's help, make her a Christian!"

This is no fancy sketch. Aggy is to-day a living flesh and blood human being—"God's image carved in ebony." When I look at the final result of the experiment with "Our Contraband" I thank God, and take courage for her and for the race to which she belongs.

ARTIST—PHILOSOPHER—LOVER.

"AH!" said the artist to himself, as he put the finishing touches to his picture, "this at last approaches the ideal perfection which I have so longed to attain! Assuredly this will please the whole world."

And in truth it would seem so. Upon the large canvas was depicted an interior, of beautiful appointments and decorations, painted with that sober richness of hue so fascinating to the eye, while, at the same time, it best sets off and enhances the life-figures in the scene. There were many pictures, and one grand head in basso relievo, inclosed in a massive frame hanging upon the walls; and exquisite statuettes of alabaster gleamed, half-luminous, in the corners.

The room might have fitly represented the artist's own studio, had not the invasion of a cradle—a soft, dimpling, sleeping infant within—and a beautiful woman, who, dove-like, sat brooding over the child, forbidden the idea.

The almost divine love shining down upon the babe from the eyes of the woman was pictured beyond word-description. Her face was young, noble, and richly tinted. The regal wealth of golden hair which crowned her head, escaping from the comb, had fallen, radiant as sunbeams, over her full shoulders, covered with a simple robe of saintly whiteness, which was draped in large luxuriance of folds over the supple curves and outlines of her person. A dainty white hand lay firm upon the edge of the cradle—such a hand as a sick man longs for to rest cool upon his forehead and exorcise the racking pain.

Just without the threshold of an inner door, in the tender gloom of the back-ground, was a form so shadowy that one had to look twice to define it. It was that of an angel smiling, with his finger on his lip. It might have been as well, perhaps better, to have left out this visible presence of one from on high, telling us that, nearest to love Divine, was the love of a mother for her child—for a dearer, tenderer life than her own. But of this I am not the one to determine. I have only to do with the facts in my story.

It seemed in the picture to be summer-time, for the one large casement-window was wide open. Far out in the distance the hills lay warm in the glow of sunlight; the long, slant grass gave suggestion of the south wind blowing; a patient cow stood by a sparkling stream, watching, with quiet eyes, some lambs cropping the clover; while nearer the rays of the sun came dancing and dimpling through the foliage of a great tree, sprinkling the turf beneath with transparent golden flecks.

Flowers came peeping in at the window—roses, and beneath them mignonnette. One could easily fancy that the rich perfume of the one, mingling with the faint but pure scent of the other, was stealing through and out of the atmosphere of the picture to his sense as he looked.

I do not know whether the painting was a master-piece. I can only say that it had received a fine careful finish. Upon it the artist had exhausted his utmost skill. He had felt all that he had painted. He had dreamed this sweet idyl, and now it was depicted on the canvas—enshrined within the woman's eyes and the angel's smile.

Presently some friends came in. They went into raptures; not a fault any where. They defied the severest critic to do other than praise. They insisted that the artist should challenge opinions from the whole world. And so it came to pass that solely to please them he consented to write on a scroll what follows:

"The artist invites every spectator to mark with the chalk pencil a cross upon each limb, feature, or accessory which he thinks deficient."

The first day of the Exhibition came. The picture by the grace of the committee hung in a passable light. The artist's name was neither new nor old. The monument of his fame was indeed begun, but the shaft had yet to rise to the height of immortality.

Lo! the visitors and the critics arrive and stand before the picture. The artist staid at home.

They looked—and assuredly they did admire—but then what so sweet as to assert your superior knowledge by finding fault—especially when you are frankly entreated so to do with a chalk pencil at your hand.

Stand with me by the side of the painting and listen.

"Wa'al," ejaculated a Yankee, with his hands in his pockets, "wa'al, whose tumbstun is that neow, I wonder," pointing to the basso relievo on the wall in the scene.

"That is not a tombstone, my good Sir," corrected a by-stander; "it is a painted semblance of the marble bust of the great Judge Story."

"Oh, don't say! Wa'al, the position air good, but the color air all-fired bad."

So he slyly raised the pencil and marked Judge Story with a cross.

A fat Dutchman now came and planted his legs in front of the picture. He intended a deliberate view.

"Hm! what stuff!" said Mynheer; "why does de fellow waste baint in such a pusiness? why don't he take bortraits? mit a nasty paby too! I hate dem!" and he made a great cross from one end of the cradle to the other.

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Now came an artist into view. He glared at the picture, and immediately grew bilious with jealousy. His own picture, with its clouds like flying apple-dumplings, and its figures, the identical and amazing ones out of a toy Noah's ark, was placed near, and made an admirable foil to heighten the mystical tender charm which pervaded our artist's work, and which sang in the heart like a home lyric.

But not for the jealous brother-painter. He sneered. "Maternal love! a miserable old subject! The woman has absolutely a wooden face! The whole thing is flat!"

Yes, he called a face in whose deep eyes a whole heaven of love was floating "wooden," and made frantic by his jealousy, the terrible man dashed a venomous cross at this love in the woman's eyes, blotting them out.

A short, dark man, evidently a Spaniard, came to look. He consulted his catalogue, then fixing a glass in his eye prepared to criticise, rolling the while a paper cigarette. Of course we know at once, before he speaks a word, that any painting out of Spain—and yes, he and we will admit Italy—could not have the slightest shade of merit. If you wish to be certain of this axiom praise an American artist, and see Don Sancho rear, and prance, and gesticulate. So the nose of the Spaniard went up in the air, and he jerked out, "Aha! look at that beef-steak angel! It is only a head and wings one should paint;" and straightway he began to pommel the poor angel with the pencil as if he were driving nails into his body.

Nearly all the nations of the earth had each a representative at this congress for criticism. A Roman-nosed Italian of the Hebrew persuasion made his unanswerable shibboleth upon the glorious golden hair—"To dare to imitate immortal Titian with those pumpkin-colored locks!" Thus he to his own conceit—and shuffled off caterwauling an opera air.

A wind-dried, wiry little Frenchman, who did not eat a pound of beef in a week, and consequently had no stomach for things substantially as well as ideally good, gazed at the painting. His brown wizened countenance was twisting and twitching—he was making horrible faces, because too much logwood and verjuice, just imbibed, were creating a riot in the above-mentioned organ. He knew he should sleep that night with a claret-colored nightmare; and so there was a sardonic sort of compensation in calling our artist "scélérat," and marking crosses here and there indiscriminately.

To him followed a florid-faced man, English to the back-bone and to the clumsy shoes. When he saw by his catalogue that our artist was from Massachusetts—that sturdy Commonwealth that resisted and defied the King, burned witches, and drowned tea—oh, then, criticism must be fairly done; and a few finishing crosses were added to the rest, reducing the hapless painting to a chaotic ruin.

That night, just before the doors of the Exhibition closed, the artist came quietly in and went up to his work. It displayed one great, universal scratch of cross white chalk. Not a color, not an outline could be seen. The painter stood transfixed with mortification. Then he thought, with his eyes bent upon the floor, every fibre in him thrilling, a red spot on each cheek, as if those marks had struck him in the face like an open hand. Presently his face changed and softened; he smiled; the red spots faded out. Have I not said in my title to this true story that he was a philosopher? and philosophy was now in the ascendant; she suggested another experiment; and our artist was not only an Epicurean, but a prosaic philosopher. Indeed, while he thought he wondered he had not had prescience of the trick poor human nature thus challenged had played upon him. It was precisely what he ought to have expected. So he took up the scroll and went away at last content. Not so his friends. They stormed; they raged up and down his studio; they called all who had affronted the picture with their marks "dolts, coxcombs, noodles, puppies," and a dozen other complimentary titles. They insisted that the invitation on the scroll should be reversed, "and then see how the new marks would give the lie to the first!" And so, to please them again, late that night, while the little Frenchman was howling in his sleep with his nightmare, lying heavy on his breast, and all the rest of the cross-marking critics, we fervently hope, were floundering and groaning in their beds under the lashings of avenging dreams, our philosopher was preparing another scroll. It read thus:

"The artist entreats that on each outline, color, or decoration which gives proof of merit the spectator will make a small circle with the white chalk pencil."

He arose early the next day, and, taking some soft cloths and the new scroll, easily obtained admittance to the Exhibition rooms before the hour of opening. He approached his beautiful picture, and with gentlest care removed the ignominious coat of chalk. The radiance of love in the mother's eyes broke upon him with such a new and sudden spell that he waved forth his arms, and then folded them slowly over his bosom, as if he had taken in to his inmost soul the pure, ineffable sweetness of that look. His heart beat violently. His hand trembled as he restored to view the faultless flow of the white robe, and the lustrous, fluent ripples of the golden hair. The angel seemed to smile upon *him*, to his then exalted sense; for the soul of the painter at this moment was as innocent and guileless as was that of the picture-child in the cradle; and truly I believe his pencil was guided with a prayer when he traced that grand benignant smile, its shadowy sweetness resting luminous upon the soul like the impression which is left when, in our dreams, we have a glimpse of heaven.

And now in all its pristine beauty the painting once more awaited criticism, the new scroll and pencil duly laid by its side.

Let us listen again.

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Two men stand talking eagerly together, though in low, almost reverential tones. Their fine faces glow with enthusiasm. One exclaims:

"What a lovely poem on canvas! How simple, yet how full of suggestion! How the warm golden richness of the woman's hair, as it parts away from her sweet face, is enhanced to a living radiance by contrast with the cool translucent tint of her white robe!"

"And those deep, glorious eyes," whispered the other, "and the exquisite outline of her form. What a noble type of woman! With what a royal air she would lift her head—a royalty all fused into the look of love with which she regards her child! Ah! what is this?"—he read the scroll—"We are to mark the beauties we most approve. The wondrous eyes before all; then the beautiful hair;" and he took the pencil and traced a small circle upon the brow and hair of the woman, and the two reluctantly turned away.

Next came two ladies. One was all purple and fine linen; a diabolical French bonnet (they are all of that stamp at present), with flowers and feathers half a yard high on top of the brim, making the wearer look as if just escaped from Bedlam (all women look thus in the present fashion); gilt side-combs; hair frizzed and stuffed artificially; velvet cloak; moiré antique dress trimmed with guipure lace; gloves with two buttons; and unlimited crinoline. With rustle, bustle, and fuss she took a seat in front of the picture. She knew all about high art, and could mince out such words as "chiaro-oscuro," "pre-Raphaelite," "manipulation," "tone," and all the rest, which I can not repeat, because I do not know them; and having lately been reading Tennyson, she was in a twitter to call any thing and every thing "an idyl."

So she put her head and its stupendous accompaniments very much on one side, and, half shutting her eyes, lisped, affectedly:

"Oh, Miss Pepper, what a lovely little idyl that baby is!"

"Bless me!" exclaimed her companion, quite startled at such a heathenish remark, "what an idea! It don't look the least like an idol. It is quite a clean, decent baby, I am sure."

She was a little miminy-piminy woman—altogether second-hand in dress and position—one of those convenient aunts who live in most brown stone houses, and mend the stockings.

A faint sniff of contempt at the lamentable ignorance of Miss Pepper was all the explanation vouchsafed by the first lady. She took the pencil and made two large circles like a pair of spectacles on the face of the baby, and pranced off without looking at her companion.

"Bless me! oh, bless me!" ejaculated poor little Miss Pepper, letting the words off like pop-guns. "She has made the poor thing look like an idol now, if it didn't before, and did forever! They are finishing it," she added, as two mischievous boys, with infinite glee, gave the infant a ring in his nose and another in his ear, and marked a number of circles together, in the form of a bunch of grapes, around the chin of the angel, to represent a long, pointed beard.

Among the rest came a flabby-faced, loose-jointed gentleman, with a poultice round his neck, and severely shaved as to whisker, who made the specified mark of admiration on the cow, because he (not the cow) was a hypocrite, and would not own his admiration for the woman; while a jolly stock-broker, with his money-bags breaking out in gold chains and diamond pins, stamped and admired, and stamped and vociferated by George! and by Jove! that the picture was prime; the best thing in the market; and he meant to buy it and put it up for a raffle; and he made a wreath of circles all round the margin—margins being most to his taste.

Between genuine admiration, hypocrisy, idleness, and mischief, the painting, as on the day before, quite disappeared; but this time it was killed with kindness. It would seem that every line which yesterday had been condemned was now perfect in the eyes of beholders. The philosopher, coming in at night, saw in the myriads of admiring "O's" only one other phase of human nature, and laughed softly to himself; then, taking up the scroll and pencil, he went away.

Early the next morning the painting was once more restored, and this time left to take its chance of criticism from knowledge, impulse, or instinct, without scroll, let, or hindrance. The artist came to the Exhibition.

The rooms were crowded with visitors. One half of them praised our painting, the other half condemned it. The artist did not care for either. He had been taught a lesson. He was there to please himself with a closer view of human nature.

That day passed and the next. On the third, in the afternoon, a beautiful young woman came past with a light, gliding step. She glanced at the painting, stopped, and quietly sat down. The ample sweep of her pearl-gray robe brushed the artist's foot. If the golden-haired woman in the picture could have been touched with life, and had come out and stood by the other, whose delicately-traced brows and shining tresses were of raven blackness, they would have been widely different indeed, but the two most beautiful women in the world.

The one out of the picture was pale as a lily, with great violet eyes, full of a moonlight calm—of a repose which would have been sad, had not a rosy, merry, melting mouth, ever dimpling into smiles, made an April chasing of the tender gloom.

The artist watched her. He noticed how the dark, pale face lightened as she gazed; how a faint rose-bloom spread slowly over the oval cheek; how the violet-gray eyes grew larger with the tender, loving thoughts which the picture was whispering to her heart; how two big tears at last came trembling down, and were suffered to drop unheeded upon her folded hands,

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that lay quiet in her lap. He saw all this, and a flood of new passionate life swirled at his heart. The simple circle of his life was broken. His art, hitherto all-sufficient, would now be but a dark and shadowy blessing, unless Love's royal glance, like the sun, lit up and warmed this new-born day and all the days of his future life.

The foolish fellow, when he saw the tears, murmured "Angel!" Through the mist of those tears he beheld her surrounded by a halo. He was certain he was in heaven, and she an angel.

"Mary, we must go," said a dignified, elderly lady, coming up close to the angel.

"Oh the sweet, melodious name!" thought the artist. But the angel neither thought nor heard. She was absorbed in the picture.

"Mary!"—this time touching her shoulder.

"Ah! dear mother!" said the girl, with wide eyes of wonderment. "I believe I was dreaming. Oh, mother! what a pure, glorious soul guided the hand that painted this. One can almost see the woman's lips moving, and hear her love-murmurings over her babe. She is praying that God will keep her white dove without stain; that He will clothe her child's soul, through this life, in garments white as wool, and at last give him place in heaven."

Then she stopped, blushing deeply; her eyelids drooped, and her beautiful head bent like a flower, ashamed of so much unconventional enthusiasm; while the enchanted, spell-bound artist, thanked kind Heaven that he alone had lit up the blushing splendor in her face—he had charmed those loving tears out of her sweet eyes! The purest work of his heart and hand had beguiled her into self-forgetfulness, and careless who heard, she had lavished upon him rare words of praise in a voice of thrilling, rapturous sweetness, like the song of a lark.

She rose and went away, and the room was instantly filled with grim shadows. The sunlight faded out. It became dark to the soul of the artist. He wanted to draw a thick veil over his picture, so that other eyes might not profane it after the rich blessing of her glance.

The next day he got a note from Madame B——a:

"Come to-night and drink tea with me. Somebody will be here who admires your picture, and thinks you must be good."

The lady who had invited him thus was one of those women whom other women love, and men feel an affection for. Not a courtier, but winning all; with large gray, honest eyes, and a voice of such sweet, childlike intonations that women older than herself were moved as they listened with a motherly, loving desire to take her in their arms and kiss her; and men felt that they would protect and defend her, if needs be, with their lives.

An invitation from such a woman was not to be gainsayed. Our artist, after nursing his heartache at home the whole day, took it out to tea with him. He was the first arrival, and his kind entertainer, observing his gloom, with gentle ruth comforted him.

She told him he looked pale, but his pallor was very becoming. Being his elder by some years, she laid her little white dimpled hand on his forehead, and coaxed him with her sweet voice and kind eyes to tell her his trouble. In short, she beguiled out of him the usual story of a fool and a woman. He poured his rhapsodies and raptures into her ear, and she listened, consoled, smiled, and never scolded him for twisting and tearing into bits the flowers on the table near him—when, lo! what to him seemed a sudden sunburst made the room all-glorious, and starting up, he heard himself presented to his "angel," and came near falling on his knees at her feet, instead of making the low bow which he ought to have made, and after all did make.

A pale flush lighted her marble cheek as she rose from her gracious courtesy, and she stood modest and silent, like a tinted statue, waiting for the great painter to speak. What he said, or she answered, neither of them ever knew. All he remembered was that they drank chocolate which had an almost divine aroma; that somebody told a remarkably comical story of a Philadelphia Quaker; that under the general laugh which ensued she had lifted her long eyelashes and given him a sweet, modest glance of approval, and murmured her praise of his painting, with a tremble in her musical voice which thrilled him; that at parting he had ventured to hold out his hand, and hers had fluttered into it for one second, and lay soft as velvet or a wee white-bird nestling; and that her mother had asked him to visit them.

And now summer bloomed for our artist-philosopher turned lover; rainbows chased the clouds; and before long he knew that he possessed an empire of priceless wealth—a leal true heart; for when he took a sudden courage, and said to his angel, "I love you! Be my wife!" her sweet eyes looked into his, and in their soft splendor he read the blessed answer.

They had a rare wedding. Her mother would have it so. Jewels flashed, and a veil of priceless lace fell soft and snowy from her hair. But all he cared for was the sunlight of love which beamed for him from her beautiful eyes, and which crowded his heart with such an intense happiness, so hushed and rapt that he was silent all through his wedding-day, as if he were asleep and dreaming.

And now, for nearly a year, the moons were all of honey, and our artist had the truest, tenderest wife man was ever blessed with. When he thought of her it was to thank God for so rich a gift, and the earth's winter was made mid-summer heaven by her love.

Then a little worm came into the heart of all this happiness. It fed and grew secretly; but at last could no longer be hidden. Of course the cause was utterly unreasonable—but who ever heard of a woman stopping to reason, or being unhappy mathematically?

So without either she grew horribly jealous—

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oh, so jealous! of a woman with long golden hair—the woman in her husband's picture, which was safe back again in his studio; for though many times tempted by large offers of gold, the artist would not part with his ideal love.

And thus it came to pass, as one day he was sitting half dreaming before the painting, his wife came to him with a tragic glance of woe in her sweet eyes, and piteously entreated him to put away this woman.

"I can't help *my* hair being black," sobbed the foolish heart, with quivering lips; and then a soft, white arm went round his neck, and her beautiful face, all tears and jealous flame, was hidden on his breast.

Here was a new subject for philosophical experiment! Our artist found the old fable not complete. He had twice taken his friends' advice with regard to his painting, to their and his rage and mortification. Afterward he had pleased himself; but there it did *not* end, for was she not his dearer self, whose happiness was far more precious to him than his own?

"I will cut her out of the canvas," he cried; "I will burn the whole painting."

"If you dare, Sir!" she threatened, starting up; then leaning over him she pressed a velvet kiss upon his brow, and whispered in his ear that which made her brows a fine crimson, and caused him to catch her with a glad cry in his arms. A great joy lit up his eyes, and after this a rainbow came out of the cloud as it vanished, leaving the sunshine of their lives more radiant than before.

It was not long when a little child—angel from God's hand—lay like a small white lily on the mother's bosom; and husband and wife folded their baby-bud about with their great love, and all the days were golden and glorious with this crown to their happiness.

Then a certain rich man, who fosters art, and, what is still more noble, who does splendid acts of charity, and with his treasures upon earth is making for himself treasures in heaven—for his heart and hand are ever open when "one of the least of these," in other lands as well as our own, "hunger and thirst"—this man bought the picture; he had long wanted it.

Sooth to say, an unuttered sigh swelled in the artist's heart as his shadow-love was taken away. It was very sentimental in him to feel so; but as this is a true story, I have to confess that the philosopher chuckled a little as a round sum of money swelled immediately after in his left breast pocket and quite crushed out the sigh; while a smile brightened in the lover-husband's face, as he sat down before a new canvas upon his easel to sketch in a life-scene very like the other, and which was offered to him with the velvet kiss in that mysterious whisper.

For see. In his studio is a cradle; and lying within, asleep, is a lily-bud of an infant, his own and hers; and leaning over it, with the same wondrous expression of eternal love in her violet eyes, his own dear wife is sitting, dove-like, brooding over the child.

CAPTAIN CHARLEY.

"To think how in yon sleeping town
Such happy mothers be,
Who keep their many sons at home,
While I—I had but thee."

THERE was sunshine in the room, and the breath of flowers. A golden-throated bird trilled notes of gushing, musical joy to the roses and heliotropes in the window below him. It did not sound like the song of a caged bird. Perhaps the sweet odor stealing up to him from the blossoms, the sunshine on his golden wings, stirred some slumbering bird-memory of his, and made him think he was at home again in the summer-isle round which the purple sea breaks murmurously, and where the roses bloom all the year. The furniture was light and graceful. The carpet was gay. Nothing was sad there but the two faces—mother and son.

They had been talking long and earnestly. Then for a while they had sat in silence, which the son, Charley Wayne, was the first to break.

"If you were poor, mother, and really needed me, I would stay at home without saying a word."

"My heart is poor—my heart needs you. You are my all. For the rest, if it will keep you, I will sell all I have and give to the poor, and you shall stay and work for me."

Charley looked up at her with eyes whose meaning always stirred her soul, for they were the eyes of her youth's love. Over such eyes grew the roses and violets of that same June of 1862.

"What would father have said, mother?"

The question found its mark. She well knew whence came her son's quick courage, his eyes of earnest meaning, his heart true as steel, warm as summer. If "father" were living he would not have been last to follow the bugle-call. Yet she did not want to utter her own sentence of doom.

She did not speak for a little while. She seemed to see again the face of her lost love—to hear his voice, which had, through the years of their life together, been guide at once and comfort. She almost seemed to hear in the still summer air the downward swoop of wings, and to feel upon her brow a touch of peace and healing. She looked up again at Charley. How strong he was!—handsome, noble, brave, just the stuff of which heroes are made. Had she any right to deprive the good cause of the blows that stout right arm could strike? After all, what were peace and security, which only the sacrifice of the right could purchase? If this life were all—but when the words spoken here must echo through the everlasting spaces, when the deeds done here must make or mar the life that never ends, could even love and loneliness make her so weak as to purchase the present with the future? She looked at Charley still, but she could not see him for the tears gathering in her soft, motherly blue eyes.

"Father would say 'go,'" she whispered, "and I must say what father would, must I

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not? I must prove myself worthy to have been his wife. But he is dead, and if I should lose you also, oh! whom have I left?"

"God!"

Did Charley speak, or was it the voice of a strong angel calling down from the eternal heights?

Mrs. Wayne bowed her head reverently, silenced by that word, by the thought of the love beyond hope or longing which might be hers if she would. She dared not again call herself alone in the universe. She only put out her hand silently, and Charley took it.

"Never fear, mother. All who fight do not fall. I shall come back to you, and you shall sit, when you are old, under my vine and fig-tree, and tell your grandchildren stories of how their father helped to save the country."

"Heaven grant it!" she whispered, trying to be brave, and smile, as he left her to tell the boys of the Twenty-first that he was ready to accept the lieutenant's commission that had been offered him.

It was a proud day when he marched away with his men. Even his mother, as she watched him from the window, and met the fearless eyes which softened into a glance of love as they saw her face, felt a thrill of exultation, a pride in her brave son, which for the time kept her tears back. But the tears came when she heard no longer the martial music that cheered him on—when the noonday silence fell around her, and the noonday light, gay, glaring, pitiless, looked in upon her woe. She shut her window-blinds and drew down her curtains; for the bright day seemed mocking her. Mute with sorrow, she sank upon her knees, as if there were prayer in the very attitude, and then, I think, Heaven comforted her.

To her soul, at last, came a great peace. She seemed to draw near the eternal life, and breathe its air of secure rest. She felt close, as she had never felt before since the summer day he died, to Charley's father. She knew that she had done what he would have counseled; and she strengthened herself with his approval, as she had done so many times during their short life together. So she grew strong, having tasted the air of heaven, to let in again the joy and light of earth.

But the hardest trial came afterward. For the extreme moments of life there is vouchsafed to our need heavenly manna: it is our daily bread that we have to toil and pray for. As the slow days went on, and she could not hear her boy's gay voice making the great house cheery—could catch no echo of his laughter, no gleam of sunshine from his face—all her faith in Heaven, all her belief that she had done right, could not ease her longing and heartache.

You know how it is when a friend dies, and you believe they have gone home to a happiness beside which the brightest hours of earth fade into nothing. If you could, you would not take the responsibility of calling them back to the sphere of doubt and waiting; and yet

"The least touch of their hands in the morning you keep
day and night;
Their least step on the stairs still throbs through you,
if ever so light;
Their least gift, which they left to your childhood in
long ago years,
Is now turned from a toy to a relic, and gazed at
through tears."

And if Charley Wayne had been dead his mother would hardly have felt her solitude deeper than she felt it for the first few weeks after he went away. But as time passed on she grew more accustomed to her loneliness, and his letters began to give her comfort. He was in an engagement now and then, and came through safely. She began to hope she should see him again.

Before 1862 was over she heard of his promotion—Captain Charley now: she had grown strong enough to feel glad and proud when she heard of it. She wrote him a cheerful letter of praise and congratulation, which he put next his heart and wore more proudly than his new honors. He had never known—would he ever know?—a dearer love: his mother was still for him first among women.

One day, early in March, he wrote her how beautiful the Virginian spring was; how the wild, bright blossoms were opening soft eyes to a softer sky, and the birds were singing a song of peace, peace, when for man there was no peace.

While she was reading his letter other tidings came; a long dispatch from one who knew and loved her boy; the story of an action, such as in these days of great battles we scarcely think of, where only a few companies were engaged, but in which Charley had fallen, severely wounded—fallen, as she would be proud to hear, bravely cheering on his men. He was wounded in arm and leg, but was safely in the hospital, and, they hoped, would do well.

It is strange how much strength is in the weakest and most loving type of women in the hours which try men's souls. I do not think good Dr. Holmes, used to the horrors of the dissecting room, made ready one whit more coolly to start on his "search for the Captain" than she on hers for Captain Charley. I think she forgot nothing which he could need, and I do not believe a tear fell till all her preparations were over, and she sat in the cars on her way to him. What if her tears did fall then, silent but bitter, behind her thick veil? There would be no stain of them when he saw the face which must be cheerful for his sake.

How the time went she never knew till she stood beside his bed—saw him white and weak, with the impress of terrible pain on his face—but saw him alive, in this world!

"How you must have hurried, mother, to get here so soon! I did not expect you yet, but I am glad you are here. They will cut my arm off to-morrow. They can't save it. Sometimes such an operation proves fatal. I don't think it will in my case. I keep up a good heart; but if I *should* die, I should like to touch your hand

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and see your face the last thing in this world. First and last there's nothing like mother."

All that night she sat by him. If she was tired with her journey she did not know it. She only knew that to-night he was with her—to-morrow might be flowing between them the waters of that river from whose farther shore comes back no echo.

As for him, secretly he expected to die; but a great content shone from his eyes. He rejoiced in her presence, like a child lonely and tired who finds rest in its mother's bosom. He did not fear what the morrow would bring—if death, there had never been a moment when he shrank from it since he offered his life to the need of his country.

The morning came at length, and with it the hour which was to decide his fate. Firmly he insisted upon sending his mother away. The moment there was any fear of death he told her she should be called; in the mean time he was resolute to spare her the sight of his suffering. She resisted for a while, then yielded to the force of his will. She never could have known worse torture, however, than her waiting. Was it for hours or moments—she could never tell—that she sat there with shut eyes and clasped hands waiting for her summons.

At last the assistant surgeon touched her arm.

"He has borne the operation, Madam, much better than we feared. We shall save his leg, though he may always be a little lame. His arm is off, and, according to present appearances, we think he will get well. His courage will go a great way—never groaned through the whole of it."

She heard the words as one in a dream, clutching at one thought. Her boy was alive—likely to live. She tried to stand and could not. She began to guess then what the extent of the fear had been whose reaction was so powerful and exhausting. Soon she gathered again strength and composure with the thought that he was waiting for her, and then she went to him.

Then she knelt by his bedside and felt his left arm, all he had now, touch her neck. The utmost exertion of her self-control could not keep back sobs and tears. Maimed and halt, her brave boy, of whose symmetry and strength she had been so proud!

She little knew what bitter, despairing thoughts were struggling just then in his heart. When it was all over he had just begun to realize how strong had been his unconscious hope to die. It would have been so much better, he thought, than to live this helpless, disfigured hulk, shut out by fate from manhood's work and woman's love. Her passion of tears did him good. Remembering how she loved him, he grew strong to live for her sake. Very gently he touched her hair as he said,

"Mother, you would rather have me as I am than not to have me at all?"

How that question stilled her repinings! How many mothers had given to the good cause their all—how many were weeping at that hour mad, useless tears, which never thrilled the cold foreheads of dead sons! She had her boy with her still—she could touch his lips—look in his eyes—he could hear when she spoke. What had she to do with sorrow? What was it to give an arm, and the grace of movement she had loved to watch, when still she could keep her boy, her brave, true boy? Smiling again through her tears she whispered,

"Charley, God is good. I think how desolate I must have been without you, and even as it is I am content."

Never had Captain Charley been so true a hero as when he put aside his own sorrow, the downfall of his hopes, the wound to his pride, and resolved to strive to live not only, but to be contented with life for her sake.

In the days that followed she nursed him back to health again. Never, after that first hour, did either of them breathe a single regret. They accepted life with thankfulness, not protests; and I think at last Captain Charley grew even to be glad that he had been allowed to make his sacrifice for his country so costly.

The last week of May she brought him home. The apple-trees were in flower, full of a pink whiteness of glorious bloom. The fields about their country-house were green; and again, as when he went away, roses and heliotrope nodded in the open windows, and the bird, thrilling to old memories of summer isles, trilled over them a mutinous jubilee of sweet sounds, which the wild robins and gay orioles outside strove longingly to emulate.

And so, amidst birds and flowers and sunshine, Captain Charley sat down again at home.

"My work is over now," he said, glancing patiently, not sadly, at the empty sleeve at his side. "Perhaps God thought you were the one, mother, after all, who needed me the most, and this was His way of sending me back."

THE EMPRESS EUGÉNIE.

NAPOLEON THE THIRD espoused the daughter of the Countess de Montijo as a matter of profound policy. When he was first attracted by her beauty and grace he endeavored vainly to make her his mistress. To all his inducements and promises she turned a deaf ear. Her obstinacy inflamed into a deeper feeling that which had been but a caprice; and at last Napoleon began seriously to consider the advantages and disadvantages of a union with the Spanish demoiselle.

He reviewed the career of the Great Napoleon, and marked the success which had attended his spouse Josephine; how she had won adherents to her husband's cause by her grace and beauty; how those haughty and noble families which had obstinately held aloof from the splendid Adventurer gave way before the fascinations of the lovely, accomplished Josephine, and finally ranged themselves among the supporters of the Emperor. He reflected upon the fact that all his endeavors to obtain a consort among the

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princely families of Europe had utterly failed; and then he said to himself, "I will make this beautiful woman my Empress; she shall share my throne. Her influence shall be firmly established; her amiable and gentle rule shall be felt throughout France, and will go far to strengthen my power."

So the Emperor espoused Mademoiselle de Montijo, after having won the sympathies of the people for this union by issuing a proclamation to them asserting he, their Emperor, "wished to enjoy the privilege which they one and all possessed—that is, to marry the woman of his choice." He dwelt upon the fact that his councilors desired him to espouse some royal princess, but he loved the woman he was about to marry, and he appealed to the people to support him in his course. He knew beforehand how unanimous would be their verdict in his favor.

Then began Eugénie's reign as the dispenser of all the court charities and doer of all kindly actions. Through her were obtained all pardons; by her intercessions amnesties were proclaimed; she erected hospitals, endowed asylums, and founded institutions for the education of the poorer classes. She requested and obtained sums to build churches and cathedrals. She procured grants from the Government for the building of branch railroads; she petitioned the Emperor for the improvement of docks and harbors, and for the erection of city-halls in different towns all over the empire. In fact her name became associated with all that denoted civilization, progress, and peace. Ere long she was known throughout France as the kind, the charitable, the amiable Empress.

Then came another phase in the career of Eugénie. Her hold upon the people as a benevolent sovereign was firmly fixed; she was now to appear in another light. It was rumored that the trades which depend upon the *beau monde* for patronage were languishing. The Empress expressed her determination to come to their aid; and she at once began a series of grand court balls, of state concerts, of dinners of ceremony. She attended all the operas, went to all the theatres. She entered upon an unceasing round of gayeties. She requested that all the ministers of the court as well as the grand officers of her own and the Emperor's household should give grand entertainments, and Paris forthwith rushed madly into dissipation. The Empress set the example of dressing with hitherto unattempted splendor; and from that day to this the trades above referred to have had no complaint to make as regards lack of employment. Eugénie became the undoubted, the unrivaled Empress of Fashion's realm, and like a true woman she delightedly reveled in her power.

Napoleon found his Empress fully and ably aiding to establish his hold upon the French people, and he determined that he would exhibit her to those of his subjects who had not yet seen her. So he made a grand tour through the Northern Provinces of the Empire, and was received—himself and his spouse—with their retinue, in the most enthusiastic manner. The success of this voyage caused Napoleon to undertake another, but on a much grander scale of magnificence. He determined to visit Brittany, that strong-hold of legitimacy, where the people were in the habit of shouting "*Vive Henri V.*," and where the men all wore white cockades. For months before the tour began the Prefects throughout Brittany were instructed to make known the most crying necessities of their departments, and these necessities were, in the name of the Empress, fully satisfied. At length the date chosen for the Imperial voyage arrived, and on a bright summer morning their Majesties, with a magnificent suite, left Paris for Cherbourg, from whence they were to sail for Brest.

Napoleon had insisted upon a visit from Queen Victoria at Cherbourg, and she duly came to give *éclat* to the ceremonies which took place at that town. Eugénie was seen upon that occasion riding in the same grand state carriage with Victoria; and plain, and ugly, and unsympathetic did England's Queen look when seated beside Eugénie, who, in a most becoming and tasteful toilet, was the very impersonification of Imperial loveliness. I thought I had rarely beheld a greater dowdy than Victoria, as she appeared that day. She wore a white dress trimmed with light blue ribbons, a green scarf, and a bright pink parasol; while, to add to the unpicturesque effect of this agglomeration of colors, the ribbons of her bonnet (almost too small and too unshapely a thing to be called by that name) were a dark uncertain brown. No Frenchwoman would ever appear in such a guise. The contrast was immensely in favor of Eugénie, and the proud French people shouted "*Vive l'Impératrice!*" with lusty lungs and intense satisfaction.

From Cherbourg to Brest the Imperial party was transported on the magnificent war steamer *La Bretagne*. During the voyage (which lasted twenty-four hours) three decrees, granting increased pay, promotions, and other favors to French seamen, were signaled to the escorts of the vessel bearing their Majestics, and these decrees, it was specially announced, were issued by the Emperor at the request of the Empress Eugénie. The Imperial couple had scarcely landed at Brest ere this fact was known over all France. I had the good fortune to accompany the Imperial party on this tour, and speak of these matters from personal observation. The stay at Brest was a continued ovation. Hundreds of the miserable inmates of the *Bagne*, that dreaded prison, were liberated by intercession of Her Majesty. Others had the term of their imprisonment shortened. On all sides arose loud and sincere praises of Eugénie.

Then began the trip into Brittany. The country was unprovided with railroads, and their Majesties and suite traveled by post. But this in an Imperial manner, in gala carriages emblazoned with the arms of the Empire, and resplendent with gold, satin, and lace. The pe-

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riod of this first visit to Brittany was well chosen. The inhabitants of the province are superstitious to a degree, and all over Brittany you find sacred caves, fountains, churches erected upon consecrated spots, places where wonderful miracles were once performed, as the peasants inform you with great earnestness and sincerity. To the most renowned of these venerated spots their Majesties were to make a pilgrimage. The Prefects had, long before the date of the tour, informed the Brétons that the Empress was coming to the shrine of St. Anne d'Auray, to pray for the future welfare and prosperity of her only child, the Prince Imperial, and all the hearts of Brittany's mothers beat in unison with the Empress's proclaimed desire. Her cause was thus half won ere she entered the province. At eight in the morning of a bright sunshiny day the Imperial cortége left Brest. Ere it had proceeded a league from the city a swarm of Bréton peasants, in their picturesque holiday attire, mounted on the sturdy ponies of that region, had formed an escort to their Majesties, and at the top of their horses' speed they raced on beside the dashing and magnificently accoutred thorough-breds, which were drawing the half hundred carriages containing the Imperial party. Loud and continued cheers rent the air, while the peasants pressed eagerly forward to gaze at the Empress as she leaned out of the carriage window, kissing her hand to one and all. The universal cry was, "Long live the Empress!" The Emperor was overlooked; all eyes were bent upon the beautiful woman, whose face was suffused with a glow of pleased surprise, of gratified ambition.

The service at St. Anne d'Auray was a most impressive one. The archbishop went through the grand ceremonies of the Catholic Church in the open space in front of the little building dedicated to St. Anne. The church itself never could have contained one tenth the people assembled to witness that mass. Over one hundred thousand Brétons, men, women, and children, were kneeling there in profound and sincere worship. As the venerable prelate called upon the Almighty to bless and preserve the Empress and her son a murmur of heart-felt assent swept through the assembled crowd. At the termination of the mass drums rolled, trumpets sounded, swords clanged, while the loud booming of cannon lent additional solemnity to this stirring scene. I was gazing with wonder at the recipients of all this incense, was reflecting with admiration on the grandeur of their position, when suddenly I observed a gleam of uncontrollable joy and satisfaction flit across the usually calm features of the Emperor. "See! see!" said he, grasping the arm of his wife; "*ils sont à nous!*" Every man, woman, and child present had donned a tri-colored cockade. Brittany was won to Napoleon, and all through the power and influence of his gentle consort's loveliness and beauty.

Years passed by, and Eugénie rose in popularity and influence. Then came the Italian campaign; and ere Napoleon III. left France to gain the rapid succession of victories which freed Italy from the Hapsburg, and covered the arms of France with glory, he issued a decree naming the Empress "Regente of the Empire." She was to govern absolutely in his absence; to preside at councils of ministers; to administer, in fact, the destinies of the country. The Empress had now reached the pinnacle of her career. Napoleon came back a victor to France.

A short period elapsed, and then began the struggles of the Italians for entire freedom, for unfettered unity. This the Emperor opposed: he had other designs for Italy. His incomprehensible policy, his apparent hostility both to the Pope and to the Italians, made him enemies on each side; and, in a moment of anger and annoyance he determined he would put down the power of the clergy in France. When this design became apparent the priests flocked around Eugénie; they besought her aid and influence; they obtained both. She pronounced her sympathies in favor of the Church, and at once found herself in antagonism with her husband. She did not falter for a moment. Giddy with power, placed high on the pedestal he had so diligently reared for her, she made a determined stand; and then began a struggle between the Emperor and the Empress.

In her excitement she pushed herself so far athwart the plans of Napoleon as to cause serious outbreaks between them. On one occasion she left France and traveled through England and Scotland. She went without her husband's consent—in direct opposition, in fact, to his wishes—but still she went. He did not prevent her leaving France—"*les convenances*" would have suffered thereby, and the people would have known that discord reigned in the Imperial household. Eugénie remained absent some weeks, and then returned, as she went, unbidden.

About this time the affairs of the country became much embarrassed, and M. Fould, the Emperor's Minister of State and most devoted adherent, advised the strictest economy in the court expenses. The Empress took umbrage at this, and forthwith launched into such extravagance as frightened even the Emperor himself. He remonstrated: all in vain. Not only did Eugénie continue her reckless course, but she became exacting upon the subject of all those who belonged to the court imitating her example. From that day to this the boundless extravagance of her entourage has surpassed all precedent, and now the courtiers, one and all, are irretrievably indebted. Not even the most wealthy of them could, by a sacrifice of all they possess, pay a tithe of their debts. The Empress intrigued against M. Fould until, offended beyond measure, he resigned his post.

This success did not satisfy Her Majesty; it was but as oil poured upon the flames. She grew more and more arrogant and meddlesome, and it became known at large throughout France that the Emperor and his spouse were at vari-

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ance upon all political questions, and that she was raising up a party, a political organization, to assist her plans. She was and is a determined and energetic ally of the Pope, and for him she plotted and worked with an energy worthy of any cause. She sent him vast sums of money, obtained from irregular sources; she collected from her adherents and surrounders all they could give her; caused contributions to be exacted from even the servants in the imperial household; and at last, when she had exhausted all her means, she pledged to the old Duke of Brunswick—a monomaniac upon the subject of possessing diamonds—the jewels which the great cities of France, Paris, Lyons, Marseilles, Bordeaux, Strasbourg, and others presented to her on the occasion of her marriage to Napoleon. These jewels were, strictly speaking, crown property, but in her overzeal and religious enthusiasm, largely spiced with a spirit of opposition to her husband's wishes, she sold those jewels and sent the sums obtained to Pius IX.

Her old antagonist, M. Fould, has been recalled to office by the Emperor, who is aware of his great worth, and, as Minister of Finance, Fould is once more in direct opposition to the wild extravagance of Eugénie. He pleads and menaces, but prayers and threats are alike ineffectual. The palace of the Elysées, which their Majesties are to occupy next year, has just been renovated. The apartments destined for the Empress were magnificent. She found them insufficiently so, and has caused changes and ordered additional decorations which will cost millions upon millions.

Some time since the Empress founded a journal in Paris which is recognized as Her Majesty's organ. I refer to *La France*, a daily paper, edited by the notorious Vicomte de la Guerronière, a Senator of the Empire, and famous as the reputed author of numerous pamphlets which from time to time have appeared in Paris, and which were, rumor says, conceived by the Emperor Napoleon, and written by His Majesty, but attributed by common consent to La Guerronière. I can explain the real nature of the transactions in question. The Emperor sketched out the *brochures*, and then M. de la Guerronière edited the notes given him by His Majesty. This personage was appointed Chief of the "Bureau de la Presse;" that is, he was the controlling power over the Paris Journals. When M. de Persigny was named Minister of the Interior, he entered into a strict investigation of the different departments depending upon that office, the "Bureau de la Presse" being among the number. The transactions of M. de la Guerronière were deemed irregular by Persigny, and he complained to the Emperor, who told him to dismiss the Vicomte. This was done, and then His Majesty appointed him to the Senate. This did not satisfy M. de la Guerronière; he has been a journalist, has always dabbled in literature, and he wished to continue this career. He demanded permission from His Majesty to found a new paper. This was refused; and then he bethought him of a grand expedient. He persuaded the Empress Eugénie to patronize a journal which should be her organ, and as a natural consequence the organ of the Catholic Church. The idea pleased Her Majesty. She furnished two millions of francs to start the enterprise, and she then demanded from the Minister of the Interior, De Persigny, permission for La Guerronière to commence the immediate publication of the journal.

The Minister sought the Emperor's advice, and was ordered to refuse the required favor. This incensed the Empress, who made several ineffectual attempts to change his Majesty's decision. La Guerronière was not to be beaten in this manner, however; he suggested to the Empress that her journal should be established in Brussels. She caught at the idea, and announced her determination to her husband, who saw that further opposition was useless, and at length gave way, and allowed the journal to appear in Paris. For it to have been carried on out of the empire would have been to expose to the world the antagonism which exists between their Majesties.

The change of character which is so noticeable in Eugénie is not the only one observable in her Majesty. Though but thirty-six years of age her beauty is sadly on the wane. Her cheeks are now pendent, her hair thin and falling, while the nose—formerly so well shaped, so precisely adapted to her style of feature—seems far too prominent. This effect is no doubt produced by the falling of the cheeks. Then her Majesty has resorted to what the French term "*maquillage*"—that is, painting cheeks, eyebrows, lashes, and lips. Her make-up is scientific, but plainly to be detected; and persons who see the Empress now for the first time exclaim, "Why, she is not nearly so handsome as has been represented!" She is not handsome now. Her brow has lost its bright, amiable look; the cares of her newly-assumed position have wrinkled its once smooth surface; besides, she is a Spanish woman, and they soon fade. She has become capricious and overbearing—jealous she has ever been since her marriage, and with good cause. Her present extravagance is unpardonable; in fact, the woman is totally transformed. The query now is, was she really all she seemed, or was it policy?—were her amiability and sweetness of deportment but assumed as occasion required?

Should Napoleon be suddenly deprived of life, and Eugénie be thus made Regente, the world will witness strange deeds. It will see the Pope controlling the vast empire of France. With such an eventuality possible a great interest centres in Eugénie—the no longer amiable, kind, good, and charitable Empress; but the madly-extravagant, bigoted, superstitious tool of the wily Jesuits.

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 8th of July. It includes events of the highest importance. The last two weeks of June were probably the darkest in our history. The North was invaded by an army comprising the whole available force of the Confederacy, led by an able commander, who was believed by his soldiers to be invincible. In the West affairs hung in a balance so even that no one could predict how the scale would turn. There were rumors of foreign intervention, which bore tokens of probability. Discontent with the conduct of the war was general. Disaffection grew daily bolder if not stronger. Prominent politicians who were thought to be shrewd if not honest, took ground which fell little short of actual treason. One of these had been nominated as Governor of the third State in the Union. The first week in July has wrought a great change in the aspect of affairs.

About the 9th of June the Confederate army under General Lee began to leave its position near Fredericksburg, apparently moving in a northwesterly direction. A few days' march would take them to the Potomac north of Washington; crossing the river they might turn southward, threatening the capital on its undefended side, and menacing Baltimore and Philadelphia. There was at first no means of ascertaining whether this was the plan of Lee, or whether the movement was only a feint under cover of which large reinforcements were to be sent to the relief of the besieged garrison of Vicksburg. Events soon showed that an invasion of the North, with the entire force of the Army of Virginia, was intended. In the Valley of the Shenandoah our advanced position was at Winchester, which was held by General Milroy with about 7000 men, and about as many more were scattered at posts in the vicinity. On the 13th the Confederate General Ewell, with a force estimated at 15,000 or 18,000 men, made an attack upon Milroy at Winchester, and carried his outer intrenchments by storm. During the night a council of war was held, and it was resolved to retreat, leaving behind all the ammunition and stores. But the retreating forces had hardly begun their march when they were assailed by an overwhelming force, and utterly routed. Of the 7000 men only about 2000 succeeded in forcing their way in a body and gaining Harper's Ferry, 32 miles distant, losing every thing except what they carried on their persons. Some others afterward came in; and General Milroy estimated his whole loss at 2000, which is probably below the truth. On the 14th the first body of the Confederate army appear to have crossed the Potomac, and advanced upon Hagerstown, Maryland. On the 15th President Lincoln issued a proclamation calling for an additional force of 100,000 men to repel the invasion. Of these Maryland was to furnish 10,000, Pennsylvania 50,000, Ohio 30,000, and West Virginia 10,000, to serve for six months, unless sooner discharged; and immediately after New York was called upon to furnish 20,000. New York was the first to respond to the call. The Seventh, Eighth, and Seventy-first Regiments left New York on the 17th, followed on the next and subsequent days by other regiments. Most of these were sent to Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, which appeared to be the immediate point at which the enemy were aiming. Meanwhile other bodies of the enemy had crossed the Potomac, and were spreading themselves in various directions through the border counties of Maryland and Pennsylvania. They occupied Frederick City, the capital of Maryland, Chambersburg, York, Gettysburg, Carlisle, and came within a few miles of Harrisburg on the 29th, seizing horses, clothing, provisions, and every thing which could be of use to them, levying contributions, and inflicting serious damage upon the railroads, but generally abstaining, in pursuance of strict orders, from the wanton destruction of private property. About the 27th the main body of the enemy crossed the river into Maryland at Williamsport, and Lee took up his headquarters at Hagerstown.

In the mean while our Army of the Potomac had broken up from its encampment on the Rappahannock on the 11th and 12th, and marched northward on a line nearly parallel with that of the enemy. Several brilliant skirmishes between cavalry detachments took place, the most important of these being on the 21st, at Middleburg, Virginia, where our cavalry, under General Pleasanton, gained a decided advantage over that of the enemy, under Stuart. It was for a time supposed that a general engagement would take place on the old Bull Run battle-ground. But Lee kept on northward, and succeeded in entering Maryland without encountering our forces. The route of our army was kept carefully concealed, and it was not even known that it had crossed the Potomac until the 27th, when the head-quarters were at Frederick City, which had been abandoned by the enemy. On this day General Hooker was relieved from the command of the army, which was conferred upon General George G. Meade, of Pennsylvania. In his farewell address to the Army, General Hooker says, "In conformity with orders from the War Department, I relinquish the command of the Army of the Potomac. It is transferred to Major-General George G. Meade, a brave and accomplished soldier, who has nobly earned the confidence and esteem of the army on many a well-fought field. Impressed with the belief that my usefulness as commander of the Army of the Potomac is impaired, I part from it, yet not without the deepest emotion." General Meade, on assuming the command, issued the following General Order:

> By direction of the President of the United States, I hereby assume command of the Army of the Potomac. As a soldier, in obeying this order, an order totally unexpected and unsolicited, I have no promises or pledges to make. The country looks to this army to relieve it from the devastation and disgrace of a hostile invasion. Whatever fatigues and sacrifices we may be called upon to undergo, let us have in view constantly the magnitude of the interests involved, and let each man determine to do his duty, leaving to an all-controlling Providence the decision of the contest. It is with just diffidence that I relieve in the command of this army an eminent and accomplished soldier, whose name must ever appear conspicuous in the history of its achievements; but I rely upon the hearty support of my companions in arms to assist me in the discharge of the duties of the important trust which has been confided to me.

The Union army being near Fredericksburg, and that of the Confederates near Hagerstown, a glance at the map will show that our forces were interposed be-

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tween the enemy and both Washington and Baltimore. On the morning after assuming command General Meade ordered the main body of his army to march northward into Pennsylvania, in the general direction of Harrisburg. The enemy at about the same time advanced in force in the same general direction. Gettysburg, a flourishing town of about 2500 inhabitants, was the point at which these two great armies would probably come into contact. It is 35 miles southwest of Harrisburg, 114 from Philadelphia, and 75, almost due north, from Washington. If we were defeated here, the enemy might select either of these points of attack, as suited his convenience.

The First and Eleventh divisions, under Generals Reynolds and Howard, reached Gettysburg on the morning of the 1st of July, and found the enemy in force near the town. Reynolds, with the First, attacked him. He was killed early in the action, and the command of the division devolved upon General Doubleday, who seized a strong position, where he was attacked by overwhelming forces. The Eleventh, to whose flight at Chancellorsville the loss of that battle has been ascribed, were ordered to the support of the First, and nobly retrieved their reputation. They were still, however, outnumbered, both flanks being turned, when General Howard, who had assumed the command, fell back a short distance from the town, retaining a commanding position. Thus ended the indecisive battle of the 1st. During the night the whole of our army, with the exception of the Sixth Corps, came up, and the whole force of Lee was also concentrated. General Meade took up his positions for the battle which was now inevitable. Skirmishing began early on the morning of the 2d. But it was not till 4 o'clock in the afternoon that the enemy commenced the serious attack by a fierce cannonade upon Cemetery Hill, the key of our position, held by the Eleventh. This was a feint, to cover an assault upon our left, directed by Longstreet and Hill. Our men began to give way, when aid was summoned from the right, and the Twelfth was sent. At this moment Sedgwick came up with the Sixth, after a march of thirty-six hours. In spite of their fatigue they rushed into the fight, and the attack was repelled. It was now sunset, and the enemy made a determined assault upon our right, now held by the Twelfth, which had been weakened by the supports sent to the left. The First and the Sixth were sent to the right and the assault was checked. Thus the lines of the two armies were continually changing, from dark until half past nine, when the enemy made their final charge upon our right, which was repulsed, and the action ceased. The enemy had, however, gained a little on the right. To General Slocum, who had held this lost ground, was assigned the task of recovering it on Friday, the 3d. The action was commenced at daybreak by a cannonade upon this point, held by the Confederates under Ewell. This was responded to by a series of desperate charges, lasting for six hours. These were of no avail, and at ten o'clock the enemy had been forced back, and Slocum reoccupied his former position. A brief lull now took place, broken at one o'clock in the afternoon by a cannonade upon our centre, which was kept up for two hours, when a furious charge of infantry was directed against this point. This was unsuccessful, and our troops charging in turn drove the enemy back. They abandoned the field, and the battle was over.

This is a mere outline of some of the leading features of the battles of July 1st, 2d, and 3d, as reported by the correspondents of the press. For complete and authentic reports, other than those furnished by the brief and modest dispatch of General Meade, we must await the publication of the official reports. On the evening of the 3d he simply announced, "The enemy opened at 1 P.M. from about 150 guns concentrated upon my left centre, continuing without intermission for about three hours, at the expiration of which he assaulted my left centre twice, being upon both occasions handsomely repulsed, with severe loss to him, leaving in our hands about 3000 prisoners. After repelling the assault, indications leading to the opinion that the enemy might be withdrawing, an armed reconnoissance was pushed forward from the left and the enemy found to be in force. My cavalry have been engaged all day on both flanks of the enemy, harassing and vigorously attacking him with great success, notwithstanding they encountered superior numbers, both of cavalry and infantry. The army is in fine spirits." The President thereupon, on the morning of the 4th of July, issued a congratulatory address to the country. The series of actions seem to have been the most desperately contested of any during the war, and our victory far more decisive than was claimed in the brief dispatch of the commanding General. Lee retreated toward the Potomac, leaving behind him his dead and wounded, and all the prisoners whom he had captured. A large number of his army remain in our hands as prisoners. Accounts apparently reliable state that more than 10,000 have been sent to Baltimore, and that these are only a part of the total number taken. The loss on either side during this series of battles has not yet been ascertained. The retreat of Lee was toward Hagerstown and Williamsport, by nearly the same route as that upon which he advanced. As we close the Record of the month we have reports, the reliability of which can not be determined, that Lee has been arrested in his retreat by a sudden rise of the Potomac, that our pursuing forces have overtaken him at Williamsport; and that a battle is now going on at that point.

Vicksburg was unconditionally surrendered to our army under General Grant on the 4th of July, after a close investment of seven weeks. The several attacks upon this place, extending over a period of nearly fifteen months, from May, 1862, to July, 1863, form one of the most remarkable chapters in the history of war. We have already recorded the failure of the earlier attempts: the naval attack of June, 1862; the cut-off, commenced by General Williams, of Butler's command, in July, subsequently renewed in January, which, if successful, would have left Vicksburg an inland town; the defeat of Sherman in December; the various efforts to reach the rear of the place, by the Yazoo Pass, the Lake Providence Canal, and the Big Sunflower Bayou. The expedition under Grant, which, after months of preparation, was fully commenced by the landing at Bruinsburg on the 30th of April, and the battles which followed, closing with the formal investment on the 18th of May, the attempt to carry the works by storm on the 21st and 22d, were noted in our last Record. These assaults proved so destructive to the assailants that it was decided to resort to a regular siege by approaches and parallels. These were pushed on with unrelenting perseverance; our works, in spite of the most strenuous opposition of the garrison under General Pemberton, drawing nearer every day, the gun-boats in the river co-operating, by keeping up an almost constant bombardment. The

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enemy, it was known, were greatly straitened by want of supplies and ammunition, and their only hope of relief was that General Johnston would be able to collect an army sufficient to raise the siege by attacking Grant in his rear. This had been so strongly defended that a force of 50,000 men would have been required to make the attempt with any hope of success, and it does not appear that Johnston was able to concentrate half of that number. On the morning of the 4th of July, therefore, General Pemberton proposed to surrender Vicksburg on condition that his troops should be permitted to march out. Grant refused, demanding an absolute surrender of the garrison as prisoners of war. Upon consultation with his officers, Pemberton acceded to these terms. No statement has been forwarded of the number of prisoners or of the amount of munitions which fell into our hands.——The siege of Port Hudson has been vigorously pressed by General Banks. An assault on the 14th of June was repulsed. This was signalized by great bravery on the part of a colored regiment, being the first instance in which our troops of this class have been brought under severe fire. The latest accounts from Port Hudson come down to the close of June, when our approaches were close to the main citadel, and a final assault was daily expected.——The 4th of July was also signalized by an assault by the Confederate Generals Marmaduke and Price upon General Prentiss at Helena, Arkansas; they were repulsed, with a loss of 1500 in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

In Tennessee General Rosecrans advanced from Murfreesboro against the enemy, under Bragg, on the 24th of June. After several sharp skirmishes the enemy fell back upon Tullahoma, where it was expected that a stand would be made. Heavy rains impeded the advance of our troops, who reached Tullahoma on the 1st of July, and found that the enemy had hastily abandoned it the night before, leaving behind them strong fortifications, a small quantity of stores, and three siege guns. The result of this advance, thus far, is to drive the enemy completely out of Tennessee, with considerable loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners.

The depredations upon our commerce by the Confederate privateers continue unchecked. During the two years which have passed since the *Sumter* commenced her operations, fully 150 of our vessels, worth with their cargoes more than ten millions of dollars, have been destroyed. Of these something more than fifty are to be charged to the steamer *Alabama*, about twenty to the *Florida*, and a large number to the bark *Tacony*, whose ravages have been confined to the trading and fishing vessels off our own coasts. We have assurance that the Confederates have now five steamers on the ocean, and there are credible reports of others which have been purchased and fitted out at different ports in the British dominions. Besides these there are known to be several sailing vessels, capable of doing great damage to our mercantile navy. The career of one of these, the *Tacony*, commanded by Lieutenant C. W. Reed, exhibits a remarkable degree of boldness. It appears that Lieutenant Reed left Mobile, on board the Confederate armed sloop *Florida* (to be distinguished from the steamer of the same name), on the 16th of January. Up to the 6th of May this vessel captured fourteen of our merchantmen. Among these was the bark *Clarence*, to which Lieutenant Reed was transferred, with a crew. This vessel made several captures, the last of which, June 6, was the bark *Tacony*. Finding this vessel swifter than his own, he transferred his whole force to her, burning the *Clarence*, and set off upon a cruise along our coast, capturing and destroying several vessels. Ascertaining that a full description of the *Tacony* had been given, and that a large fleet was in pursuit of her, Lieutenant Reed formed the plan of venturing into some eastern port, and cutting out an armed vessel—a steamer if possible. He accordingly burned the *Tacony* and transferred his crew to the *Archer*, which he had captured, and sailed without suspicion into the harbor of Portland, Maine. The revenue cutter *Caleb Cushing* was lying here, provided for a two months' cruise, and heavily armed, but with only a few men on board. The *Cushing* was boarded on the night of June 26, her crew overpowered, and taken out to sea. Two steamers were next day fitted out in chase. They overtook the *Cushing*, whose captors set her on fire, and attempted to make their escape to shore in boats, but were all captured. There were only 23 men engaged in this daring and almost successful enterprise.—The Confederate navy has sustained a great and almost irreparable loss in the capture of the iron-clad steamer *Atlanta*. She was originally the *Fingal*, an English-built iron steamer, which having run the blockade had been for many months shut in at Savannah. During this time she had been cut down, clothed in iron armor, and thus transformed into a battery more formidable than the *Merrimac*, being supposed to be not only invulnerable, but capable of a sea voyage. On the 17th of June she came out through the Wilmington River into Warsaw Sound. Commodore Du Pont, at Port Royal, having been informed of her intention, had dispatched the "Monitors" *Weehawken* and *Nahant* to the Sound to oppose her. But so confident were the enemy of the superiority of the *Atlanta* that she was accompanied by two steamers filled with persons who expected to witness her triumph. When fairly out into the Sound the *Weehawken* advanced to meet her, followed by the *Nahant*. The *Atlanta* opened fire first, without touching her opponents. When within 300 yards the *Weehawken* opened fire. The first shot, from her 15-inch gun, virtually decided the contest. It broke through the four inches of iron, backed by 24 inches of wood, prostrating 40 of the crew by the mere concussion; three other shots followed, each taking terrible effect. The *Atlanta* then struck her colors, and her crew, 128 in number, were made prisoners. The action lasted only 15 minutes, and was decided before the *Nahant* could come up to participate in it. The *Atlanta* was fitted out for a long voyage. It is supposed that her intention was to destroy our blockading fleet at Port Royal, and then to endeavor to enter the harbor of New York. Had she succeeded in doing this, she would have held that city at mercy. Apart from the immediate results of the capture, this action fully demonstrates the availability of vessels with Revolving Turrets for the purpose of harbor defense.

Mr. Vallandigham has been nominated by a Convention of the Democratic Party for Governor of Ohio. The Convention appointed a Committee to remonstrate with the President against the arrest and banishment of Mr. Vallandigham. The President, in reply, after discussing the general question involved in this transaction, proposed that a majority of this Committee should affix their signatures to a paper containing the following propositions:

1. That there is now a rebellion in the United States, the object and tendency of which is to destroy the nation-

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al Union; and that in your opinion an army and navy are constitutional means for suppressing that rebellion.

2. That no one of you will do any thing which, in his own judgment, will tend to hinder the increase or favor the decrease, or lessen the efficiency of the army or navy, while engaged in the effort to suppress that rebellion; and,

3. That each of you will, in his sphere, do all he can to have the officers, soldiers, and seamen of the army and navy, while engaged in the effort to suppress the rebellion, paid, fed, clad, and otherwise well provided and supported.

This document, thus signed, to be published by the President, and this publication to be of itself a revocation of the order in the case of Mr. Vallandigham, who, on his return to the United States, would not, however, be suffered to put himself practically in opposition to the position of his friends. The President thought that such a statement from influential gentlemen of Ohio would more than compensate for any possible harm that could arise from the return of Mr. Vallandigham. This gentleman meanwhile, having been sent South, escaping the blockade, reached Bermuda, and thence sailed for Canada.——The Constitutional Convention of Missouri, on the 1st of July, passed an ordinance for the abolition of slavery in that State. Its essential features are that slaves who in 1870 are over 40 years of age are to be held as servants during life; those under 12 till they are 23; those over 12 till the 4th of July, 1876. Other provisions refer to the sale of slaves from the State.

MEXICO.

The capture of Puebla, with almost the entire Mexican army, opened the way for the French occupation of the capital. Juarez and his Cabinet left the city of Mexico on the last day of May for San Luis de Potosi. On the following day the leaders of the Church party assembled and offered their allegiance to the Emperor Napoleon. On the 5th of June the first division of the French army entered Mexico, followed soon after by the entire force, who were received with apparently the warmest welcome.

EUROPE.

The Polish question presents no new aspects; but the probability increases of serious difficulties among the European Powers. In answer to a question in Parliament, Earl Russell, on the 26th of June, officially denied the truth of a current report that the French Government had renewed its proposition for a joint intervention in the affairs of America. He had previously stated that the blockade was sufficiently efficient to entitle it to be recognized by foreign Powers.—The case of the steamer *Alexandra*, supposed to be fitted out for the Confederate service, was tried in the Court of Queen's Bench. The fact that such was her destination was clearly proved; but the Court in effect decided that it was no violation of English law to fit out vessels and sell them to be employed in warfare against nations with whom Great Britain is at peace. An appeal was taken from this decision; but if it is affirmed, as it probably will be, it will furnish a precedent for action from which Great Britain will reap no benefit.——Disputes have arisen between the Japanese and the English and French, which, it is believed, will result in active hostilities.

Literary Notices.

Journal of a Residence on a Georgia Plantation, by FRANCES ANNE KEMBLE. Nearly a quarter of a century ago Mrs. Kemble, then Mrs. Butler, spent a winter at a rice and cotton estate belonging to her husband, upon an island near the coast of Georgia. She kept a full journal of the events of her daily life, which is at length published. As an Englishwoman, she was of course prejudiced against the institution of slavery; but her Journal bears on every page evidence that she wished to record the truth, and only the truth. It contains a picture of everyday life on a plantation which could only be produced by one in her circumstances. No mere visitor or tourist could have access to the facts which came under her observation. The estate, we trust, was not a fair specimen of Southern plantations. It was rarely visited by its owners, and had been for many years under the charge of an overseer, who, besides rendering satisfactory profits to the owners, had managed to make a fortune for himself, with which he had just bought a plantation in Alabama. He worked the estate and the negroes to the very extent of their capacity, and was evidently a hard and severe man, though not apparently wantonly cruel. Upon the whole, Mrs. Kemble affirms that the slaves considered themselves well off compared with those on the neighboring plantations; and had, moreover, a special horror of being sent off to the sugar-plantations, which are regarded by them as the Inferno to the Purgatorio of the rice and cotton estates. The owners were, as we have said, absentees. Indeed, there was little there to invite any thing more than the briefest residence. The island was low and swampy. The residence had but six rooms, of which three were hardly more than closets, with outbuildings on the most meagre scale. The windows would hardly open or shut, and the door-latches were raised by bits of pack-thread. Such being the house of the master, we need not describe the cabins of the slaves. The field-hands, she says, "go to the fields at daybreak, carrying with them their allowance of food for the day, consisting wholly of Indian meal, which, toward noon, and not before, they eat, cooking it over a fire which they kindle as best they can, where they are working. Their second meal in the day is at night, after their labor is over, having worked, at the very least, six hours without intermission since their noonday meal (properly so called, for 'tis *meal*, and nothing else)." Those employed at the mill and threshing-floor got their food from the cook-house. They ate sitting on their doorsteps or on the ground. They had no chairs, tables, plates, knives, or forks, but ate out of a wooden tub or an iron pot—some with broken iron spoons, more with pieces of wood, and the children with their fingers. They regarded it as a special hardship that they were not allowed to keep pigs. Mrs. Kemble, a woman and a mother, was especially moved by the hard fate of the women, childbirth, even, affording them only a brief respite from the labors of the field, the rule being that they must return to the field three weeks after confinement. The Journal is filled with details of the sufferings borne by her sex, and of the fearful mortality among the infants. A continuous wail came up to her from these poor creatures undergoing the trials which a woman and

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a mother only can understand. To these we can hardly make more than a passing allusion, nor to the domestic morals of the plantation. It is enough to say that the women were absolutely under the control of the overseer, and that all the children of black mothers were not themselves black. Mrs. Kemble gives us no pictures of absolutely perfect slaves. There was no "Uncle Tom" on the estate. They were very much what might have been expected—better rather than worse. The merit of the book consists in its being indisputably, as far as it goes, a true picture of some of the inevitable aspects of that institution which the ablest man of the State where the scene is laid declares to be "the chief corner-stone in our new edifice." As such, we consider it the most powerful anti-slavery book yet written.

We can speak briefly of only a few of the novels of the last two months: *St. Olaves* (published by Harper and Brothers) is a story of English life of more than common merit.——*Faith Gartney's Girlhood* (published by Loring) is a quiet, simple story, noticeable for purity of tone and delicacy of feeling rather than for vigor. In every respect it presents a marked contrast with the "storm and stress" novels of the day. The style is admirable, and the moral inculcated throughout is one which can not be too strongly commended to the attention of girls growing up to womanhood. If not a great book, it is something better—a *good* one.——In the *Two Pictures* we can hardly congratulate Miss MARIA J. M'INTOSH upon having added to her well-earned reputation. The slight historical element which is introduced is not sufficient to remove the story from the category of works of pure imagination. The author has written so much better books that we must pronounce this to be a failure. (Published by D. Appleton and Co.)——Of DICKENS's *Tale of Two Cities*, which forms an installment of Sheldon's Household Edition, we need only say that the two illustrations by DARLEY are worthy of the foremost living artist in his range. No other edition of Dickens at all comparable to this has appeared in Europe or America.——*At Odds*, by the Baroness TAUTPHOEUS (published by J. B. Lippincott), is a story of German life at the time of Napoleon's campaigns of 1805 and subsequent years. It is marked by the same careful delineations of character and manners which distinguished "The Initials" and "Quits," the two former novels by the same author. It is a tale of very decided merit, although the action is rather slow, and the story hangs while the writer executes her minute character painting. It belongs to the German rather than the English school of novels.——In marked contrast with most of the foregoing novels is *The Earl's Heirs*, by Mrs. HENRY WOOD, who has within two or three years produced some of the most popular if not the best tales of the time. The secret of her success, as well as that of her rival, Miss Braddon, is easily fathomed. Both have a story to tell, involving some great crime or series of crimes, the detection of which forms the motive of the work. A mere ordinary crime, such as a forgery, a robbery, or a murder, is quite too tame of itself for the purpose. It must be complicated by revolting accessories—adultery, or bigamy, or the like. Thus in the "Earl's Heirs" the hero-villain, who is secretly married to one woman, falls in love with and pays court to a sister of his wife, although he is ignorant of the relationship. He poisons his wife just after her confinement, and manages to throw upon her medical attendant the imputation of having carelessly put prussic acid into a composing draught. He marries the sister, who becomes in the end the chief instrument of detecting the crime, and escapes the gallows by committing suicide. The crime and its detection are never for a moment out of sight. The story marches steadily toward the dénouement, interrupted by no irrelevant episodes, pausing for no elaborate delineations of scene or character, or for any display of fine writing. The characters themselves are little more than lay-figures. The reader is not expected to care for what they are, but only for what they did. He hurries through the story as he would through a police report; but few we imagine will ever read it a second time. The book once read will be forgotten. Herein lies the difference between the works of Mrs. Wood and Miss Braddon and those of the great masters of fiction. (Published by T B. Peterson.)——*A Point of Honor*, the latest Number of "Harper's Library of Select Novels," is notable for three clearly conceived and carefully elaborated characters: Gifford Mohun, the handsome, fascinating, weak, and utterly selfish voluptuary; Jane Gand, the patient, long-suffering, and forgiving woman; and Matty Fergusson, the clever, scheming, and unscrupulous adventuress. The relations between those persons are wrought up into a story of very decided interest.

A Critical History of Free Thought, by ADAM STORRY FARRAR. This elaborate work forms the eight "Bampton Lectures" for 1862, delivered before the University of Oxford. The author uses the phrase "Free thought" in its technical sense, to denote "the struggle of the human mind against the Christian revelation, in whole or in part." The "Bampton Lectures" were founded and endowed for the purpose of defending the doctrines of Christianity, as embodied in the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds, against the assaults of heretics and schismatics. Mr. Farrar, in these lectures, assuming the truth of Christianity as expressed in these formulas, undertakes to give a resumé of the views of its representative opponents from the earliest ages down to our own times, criticising them from the stand-point of his own orthodoxy. The volume is one of great labor and research, and forms a valuable addition to our theological literature. (Published by D. Appleton and Co.)

Memoir of Theodore Frelinghuysen, by TALBOT W. CHAMBERS, D.D. Our country has produced some greater men, but certainly no better one than Theodore Frelinghuysen. Descended from the sturdy Dutch stock by which New Jersey as well as New York was originally settled, Theodore Frelinghuysen was born in 1787, studied law, and acquired an eminent position at the bar before he had completed his twenty-fifth year. In 1829 he was elected Senator in Congress, and although he served but a single term, he took a high place even among the great men who then composed the Senate. In 1844 he was nominated for Vice-President of the United States, on the ticket which was headed by the name of Henry Clay as candidate for the Presidency. The unexpected result of the election of that year, in which Clay and Frelinghuysen were defeated by Polk and Dallas, probably changed the whole future history of the nation. Meanwhile Mr. Frelinghuysen had abandoned the profession of the law, and accepted the Chancellorship of the University of New York, which in 1850 he exchanged for the Presidency of Rutger's College, which he retained until his death in 1862. The last twenty-five years

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of his life were spent as an instructor of young men, and in active co-operation in the great benevolent operations of the day. Notwithstanding his eminent position at the bar, the legal profession was not that which accorded with his tastes. While in the Senate he meditated entering the clerical profession, but was deterred by the influence of his friends, who thought he could do more good by remaining in public life. Among these was the venerable Gardiner Spring, who had himself taken the step which Mr. Frelinghuysen meditated. He wrote: "I left the bar because I got sick of it; I could not be happy in it; I panted for a better work; but in this country ministers of the Gospel can get very little influence on the State, and therefore there is more need for men who are qualified, and have the spirit of ministers, to retain their political influence." The religious element was the predominant one in Mr. Frelinghuysen's character, and to the delineation of it his biographer has devoted the greater portion of these memoirs. Few men even in the profession ever performed as great an amount of what is generally considered especially clerical labor. It is not a little remarkable that, notwithstanding his consistent piety and blameless life, he was always haunted by an almost morbid fear of death: not of mere physical pain, but his apprehensions went deeper than this. He feared that at the last he would be found to have made shipwreck of his soul. This perpetual dread of the future life is one of the mysteries of our nature. If any man might look forward with assured though humble confidence to future salvation, Theodore Frelinghuysen might, even in the light of the stern theology in which he believed. But this dread of death which haunted him through life disappeared when the final hour approached. The burden was removed, and the dying man never grew weary of expatiating on the marvelous change. This volume will be welcomed not merely by the religious public, as technically understood, but by all who reverence a pure and noble character. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

The Natural Laws of Husbandry, by JUSTUS VON LIEBIG. The cardinal principle laid down and elaborated by Liebig is, that every plant abstracts something from the soil which is essential to its growth, and that unless this is somehow restored the productive capacity of the soil must in time become exhausted. In a state of nature a soil increases yearly in fertility, because all the mineral matters taken up are returned to it, and the plants absorb others from the great store-house of the atmosphere. Hence the accumulation of organic matter which renders our Western prairies capable of producing, year after year, a succession of large crops, which are sent to market, returning nothing to the soil. But in time even this accumulation must be exhausted, when the crops are sent away. The system of rotation in crops only postpones the evil day. One crop succeeds where another has failed, either because it can dispense with some ingredients which the first has exhausted, or because its roots penetrate deeper, and so draws its supplies from a part of the soil which the former has not exhausted. But every crop, any part of which is taken away, exhausts the soil, and this must be made up by artificial manures, or sterility must sooner or later ensue. The whole subject of manures is elaborately discussed. Liebig considers the agricultural system of Europe radically defective; and holds that the Chinese in a degree, and the Japanese wholly, have practically solved the problem of keeping up the productive power of the soil for hundreds of years, without having recourse to imported or manufactured manures. Indeed, the most valuable part of his work is the extract from the Report of Dr. Maron to the Prussian Minister of Agriculture on Japanese Husbandry. Liebig's work, as it stands, is of high value; but the information is given in a form so technical as to render it unattractive, and perhaps incomprehensible to the general public. Any practical farmer who possesses the faculty of imparting information in an attractive form could hardly do a better work than making a brief abstract of this elaborate volume. (Published by D. Appleton and Company.)

The second year's issue of *Harper's Hand-book for Travelers in Europe and the East*, by W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE, contains nearly a third more matter than the edition of last year, while the whole has been carefully revised and brought down to the latest moment. It also contains an accurate map showing all the railways in Europe. This work has already taken its place as an essential part of the equipage of every American tourist in Europe. To a great degree it supersedes the necessity of any of the twenty-five or thirty volumes of English Hand-books, and the hundred and more of the French "Guides." With this and the latest number of "Bradshaw" the tourist may think himself fairly provided with a Guide for his journeyings in every part of Europe, and those parts of the East which he will be likely to visit, including Egypt and Palestine.

Paris in America, by EDOUARD LABOULAYE. Under the whimsical form of an account given by a Parisian lunatic of a residence in the United States, this book contains many pungent criticisms upon the institutions, habits, customs, and government of France. The exaggerations, rendered necessary by the fanciful plot of the work, ought not to blind the reader to the real value of the social and political criticisms which it involves. Without having read the original, we are satisfied that the translator, Miss MARY L. BOOTH, has given us a fair presentation of the work. (Published by Charles Scribner.)

It is beginning to be understood that no man is competent to write an elementary book upon any science unless he is also competent to write an exhaustive work on the subject. Hence the constant formula in the preface to almost every school-book, "The author has found no work on this important science adapted to the practical use of the instructor. He has endeavored to supply this want, with what success he leaves to the judgment of those who, like himself, have," etc. That this acknowledged want has been but imperfectly met, is shown by the number of elementary books that are continually thrust upon the public. The fact is that works of this class have, to a great extent, been written by those who know little more of the subjects upon which they treat than is contained in their works. Not knowing what to omit, they consequently know only imperfectly what to insert. Their productions are imperfect from the absolute ignorance of the authors. Of late years men of profound acquirements have undertaken the preparation of the most elementary books. But these also have not unfrequently fallen far short of the requirements of the case. A thorough knowledge of any subject does not imply the possession of the faculty of presenting that knowledge in an attractive form. These two qualifications must be combined in the man who is to produce a satisfactory elementary book. HUMPHREY DAVY possessed both, and he could have written an ele-

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mentary book on chemistry, which would have been superseded only when that science had advanced, as it now has, beyond his stand-point. FARADAY possesses them; and his works on "Force" and "A Candle," are among the most pleasant as well as instructive which one can read. WORTHINGTON HOOKER possesses them, and we have more than once had occasion to speak in terms of unqualified commendation of his series of elementary works in the various departments of Physical Science. His latest work, the first of a series entitled "Science for the School and Family," treats upon *Natural Philosophy*. It is admirably executed, and affords a sufficient guarantee for the value of those which will follow.—Professor LOOMIS, of Yale, long known by his treatises on the higher department of mathematics, has prepared a little book on the *Elements of Arithmetic*, designed for children, which seems to us to be precisely what it should have been.——MARCIUS WILLSON, whose series of "Readers" are so rapidly superseding all others of their class, has prepared a *Primary Speller*, which will delight children and their parents and teachers. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Editor's Easy Chair.

EVERY honest man who wishes that one great public work near New York should be performed in the best possible way, and with an utter freedom from party machinations, must seriously regret the retirement of Mr. Olmsted from the superintendency of the Central Park. He and his partner, Mr. Vaux, the architect, by whose plans the Park has been laid out, have resigned their situations, and the Central Park is henceforth under the control of other men and other tastes.

This is a public misfortune. The work thus far has been so thorough in quality, and so magnificent in effect, that there was every reason for hoping that it might be fully completed under the same direction; and there is not a solitary reason, so far as the Park itself and the public are concerned, that it should fall into other hands. Since the original plan of Olmsted and Vaux was adopted the area of the Park has been enlarged by the addition of a picturesquely undulating country beyond the upper reservoir and Mount St. Vincent, which offers the most admirable and enticing opportunity for the same genius that has already regenerated the rest of the domain. Had the old management continued, we might have been sure that the newer part would have been as nobly designed as the rest; but the resignation of Mr. Olmsted and Mr. Vaux deprives us of that confidence, except so far as we may depend upon the irresistible force of the fine model which the finished portion offers.

The Central Park is the finest work of art ever executed in this country. It is the fashion of the foreign tourist to smile at our regard for it, and to pat us on the back with the assurance that, after a few hundred years or so, it will be a very respectable retreat. Mr. Edward Dicey is the last authority of this kind. These gentlemen arrive, so thoroughly persuaded that we are a young country, and a new country, and an undeveloped country, that they assume our incompleteness in every respect. Even our oldest inhabitant is a subject of skepticism in their minds. To them, therefore, it is quite impossible that we should have a Park worthy attention. Prairies, rivers, mountains, lakes, and a cataract, they concede. Nature, they confess, has lavishly endowed the Western Continent. But nature assisted by art—no, thank you; that is something the Western Continent can not yet present.

Yet Mr. Dicey has been in Italy. He knows the *Cascine* in Florence, the pretty wood along the Arno, and the Borghese Gardens in Rome, and the Villa Reale in Naples. He knows the grounds at Caserta, at the Villa Pamphili Doria, at the Villa Pallavicini in Genoa. Does he compare either of those parks or gardens, in point of breadth and nobleness of design, or in the general impression of stateliness and grandeur, with the Central Park? They have a certain romantic interest, indeed, of which nothing in a new country has the least trace. They have a historic and poetic charm which can not be rivaled elsewhere. But as great public works, as monuments of art, skill, taste, and intelligence, they are not to be compared with our Park. Nor are the English public parks of such extent and beauty and design that an Englishman can safely sneer at ours. The gentleman who thinks that Hyde Park, or Green Park, or Regent's Park, are magnificent public grounds, may be pardoned for thinking that the Central Park is only so-so. Fine trees they have undoubtedly. And Windsor Forest and Windsor Park are spacious sylvan wildernesses. And the luxuriance and beauty of English foliage are not to be questioned. But all these combined do not authorize any Englishman to smile at the claims of the Central Park.

The objection that it wants great trees is valid. But that it wants effects of foliage is untrue. While the exquisite forms of the ground in every direction —the perfection of the road work and gardening—the picturesque and beautiful bridges—the lovely sweeps of water contrasted with lawny banks—the pictorial effect of the terrace upon the water, so that you drive out of the city into the landscape that Claude and Watteau painted—and a pervasive poetic suggestiveness every where—these are the charms of the Park; charms that remain when you have conceded the deep delight of association to all other pleasure-grounds in the world.

The Parisian drives contented in the Bois de Boulogne, or wanders about Versailles, or St. Cloud—the Viennese rolls to the Prater—Munich saunters in the "English Garden," and all of these grounds are very delightful. And yet none of them are so broadly designed, or so thoroughly and tastefully constructed as the Central Park.

It is a question of great public interest, therefore, what is to be the future management of this work. Its salvation, hitherto, has been its freedom from the control of city politicians—gentlemen who conspicuously display their taste and sense by such performances as the Worth Monument in Madison Square. What monsters in architecture or statuary, or what signal crimes in landscape arrangement and treatment, may be yet in store for us, no Easy Chair can safely predict. Every man in the country knew, while Mr. Olmsted was the directing mind, that no abominations of any kind would be tolerated. No man can now be sure that they will not be solicited. The Central Park will become, like every other public work within the dominion of the city, a huge job. Its army of laborers will be selected for partisan considerations, which has never been the case hitherto. There is no kind of innovation upon the natural proprieties of a park which may not be expected. And this, not because the late architect in chief is the only man in the country competent to

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the work; but because the influences which now control the work are those of city politics. The city of New York owes to the State of New York two great benefits. One is the Central Park; the other is the Metropolitan Police system. When the city shall succeed in outwitting the State, it will undo the advantages of both.

Our chat about the Central Park revives the question which has been often discussed around the Chair, whether the democratic system has not failed in the city of New York. The traveler who returns from Europe impressed by the public order in the least details which is maintained by a despotic, "paternal" government, almost trembles with fear as well as disgust at the hap-hazard order which is the rule of our great cities. The jam at a theatre—the passage to a wharf—the crowd at a railroad station in frantic doubt—the wild uproar and probable street fight at a fire—the pestilential filth of the streets—the universal want of system and precision—at length shake his head with the doleful question, is the popular system itself a failure here? and might not the "splendid despotism" for which the pure soul of Mr. Fernando Wood was tempted to sigh, be almost a better alternative than Mr. Fernando Wood himself governing the city by warrant of votes which he is supposed and reported to have purchased on the lowest terms?

Then the traveler, putting his hand upon the arm of the Easy Chair, says that it is clear the intelligence and worth of the city do not govern it, and what are numbers in government without worth, wisdom, or principle? Are a hundred Neros, he asks, any better than one Nero? Are they not a hundred times worse? Can a crowd of blackguards or thieves be so safe a governor as one honest man? Is a mob which is controlled by the inflammation of its meanest prejudices and its basest passions the kind of Government by which the rights of men are likely to be protected or civilization advanced? Do you not sometimes sigh, he asks, for the regularity and security of a "strong Government?" And do you not find many men who think that our system is certainly an experiment, and probably a failure?

Of course every body finds plenty of such grumblers. But I never knew one man in good health and spirits who seriously wished a fundamental change. As for the city of New York, it may be conceded that it is better governed by the State than it is by its own citizens; and, still further, that it would be better governed by the wisest and best man in it than by all the people together. But the question is not quite so easily settled.

"The good, 'tis true, are Heaven's peculiar care;
But who but Heaven can tell us who they are?"

The point is not what is abstractly the best conceivable Government, but, given man and human society, which is the best practicable Government. In all forms there is friction. In every system there are abuses. And if you fix your eye and mind steadily and solely upon them, the uses will be hopelessly obscured to your perception.

We must measure our system, not by its working in any particular part of the country, but in the country altogether. The popular system assumes that an intelligent people will, upon the whole, govern themselves better than any chance man or men can govern them. But it will happen that in great cities, especially sea-ports, or especially the cities of any country of which the population increases so rapidly by the influx of immigrants that it can not be well assimilated, there will be an ignorant population incompetent to their own good government. But, while you point at such a city as an argument in favor of a return to some form of class or monarchical government, please observe that the mass of ignorant people who make the popular government impracticable were made and kept ignorant by the very form of government which you propose to substitute for ours, while the reason that they come to us is that our system promises them greater development and prosperity than their own. And while, huddled in the city or sea-port, they are sure to be the prey of demagogues, and to bring a popular government to shame, yet, in the broad view, the city is unimportant, and its misgovernment is one of the abuses and imperfections to which we agreed that we were liable. In other words, the necessary conditions for a fair experiment are wanting in a great city of which the population is artificially replenished from foreign sources.

If, then, the traveler, who thinks France better governed than the United States because his carriage in going to the opera was kept in line by a mounted gendarme, should ask with a sigh whether our war is not a sign of the general failure of our system, he should be answered by the question what form of government he finds better than our own if civil wars are evidence of insufficiency. The history of every despotism or monarchy is the story of wars by the governors upon the people, or by the people upon the governors. English history, for instance, bristles with civil war. You may take the British annals since the death of James I., and if commotions, threatened or actual, disprove the worth of the system, the British Government is as wretched as can be fancied. The long, long civil war of Charles I. and Cromwell—the long, long rotting of Charles II. and James II., with the episode of Monmouth and the final expulsion of James by William III.—the struggle of William III. against Jacobite machinations—the incessant Irish rebellions—the Scotch Pretender insurrections—the dogged mischief of George III., who did what he could to restore kingly prerogative, so that Charles Fox said that forcible resistance was merely a question of prudence—the fierce tumults of the Reform bill—the terrible and continuous riots in city and country for the last hundred and fifty years—the Smith O'Brien attempt in Ireland—all these and similar phenomena are simply civil war, actual or latent; and if trouble of this kind proves the inadequacy of the Government, the British system is condemned.

Mere resistance to authority proves nothing but discontent, which exists in all human society. If that discontent is so constant and threatening and active as to hold the political system in endless peril, then it does prove the failure of the system. But in our case the trouble springs not from the operation of the system, but from the determination not to permit its operation. Our war comes not from democratic excess, but from aristocratic and oligarchical hate and fear of democracy. It is a war of a faction upon the people, and nobody has ever claimed that a republican system could be free from faction. Far from proving democracy a failure the war would not have arisen, except from the futile effort to combine the principle of privilege with that of equal rights. That attempt was the seed of war. The only hope of escaping it was that privilege would peaceably yield to the natural and inevitable predominance of right. But it never

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yielded elsewhere, and it fights here as usual. But our war no more proves our system a failure than the union of shepherds to regulate a companion who undertakes to feed wolves with the sheep proves that shepherds can not live together amicably.

THE Easy Chair begs pardon for alluding to the brazen Bull from whose mouth the groans of the tortured victims in his bowels issued in music. For in the *Cornhill Magazine* the Editor, fairly overcome by the stress of manuscript and responsibility, actually sings his sorrows and falls overpowered in rhyme. It is a piteous ditty "To Correspondents." You come upon it without suspicion that it is other than well-ordered prose until the tinkle of the measure piques your curiosity. Thus: "And ah! what mischiefs him environ who claps the editorial tiar on! 'Tis but a paper thing no doubt; but those who don it soon find out the weight of lead—ah me, how weary! one little foolscap sheet may carry."

The burden of the song is one not unfamiliar to the ears of some of our friends—the innumerable company of the unappreciated. Our ally upon the "hill of Corn" puts the case so pleasantly that the Easy Chair will ask his friends to listen. We have heretofore recorded the hope with which every editor looks out for a coming man. The English editor describes his joy when he sees traces of such a prodigy, and continues:

"For that's how geniuses are born to us upon the hill of Corn. Concealed from all the world they lie, in manuscript and modesty; we spy them out as Pharaoh's daughter spied little Moses near the water; and while we gaze, the glorious thing—poet, philosopher, and king, thinker of thoughts that father creeds—rises full-statured through the reeds. Our joy, our hope, our happiness, no common language can express. Ho, boy! bring hither wreaths of roses, one for us and one for Moses. He shall be crowned before we sleep! For now—ah, now we're all a-creep! Our very souls to goo-eflesh turn lest other editors should learn what we have learned, and snatch the prize almost before our hungry eyes. 'Tis but a moment, and we stand before our genius hat in hand: ours, for in chains of gold he's bound!—ours, for with wreaths of CORN he's crowned!——There, modest spirit! that's the way we jumped at B and courted A: mere mortal men of art and sense, unspoiled by tinsel or pretense. If what they've done your pen can do, take courage and be courted too. The famous great we count our own; send us, kind Heaven, the great unknown!"

And what he says for himself he says for all:

"Our table groans, say: well, we own, that hearing it, we also groan. That's natural: but, we declare, we only groan—we never swear. Our great long-suffering is such that really we don't mind it much; and nothing can be more sincere, or serious, or blunt, than we are when we aver that since the wand of office came into our hand we've humbly served whoever sought to do us service: as we ought. But to those geniuses who will persist in torturing us still with odes to Memory; to My Aunt; Lines to X. Y. Z. Ampezant; the Sky-lark; Hints on Etiquette; Thoughts on the Policy of Pitt, the Currency, etc., we most respectfully demur, submitting, what they can not learn too early, that the worm will turn!"

WHILE the Easy Chair is enjoying the rhymed humor and good sense of the editor upon the cornéd hill, he is aroused by this pathetic appeal:

"DEAR MR. EASY CHAIR,—Won't you give me a little advice? I have read some of your kind remarks to young writers, and know the feeling which prompted them. Perhaps you will deign one glance at my humble appeal. I try to write poetry sometimes, when I feel the divine afflatus, but somehow or other I always get stuck. My candle, that I thought a first-class spermaceti one, turns out to be a rush-light; sputters a little feebly, and then goes out in utter darkness. I don't like it, but can't help it. Something must be done; either I must stop poetizing, or else mend the muse. Please read the inclosed. The first few lines are poetry; the rest is a sublime or an infernal —I can't say which—fizzle.

"A friend (the Editor's Drawer) once told me that there were as many feet in my poems as a centipede had. I don't think that is fair. If you saw a rose, scented its perfume, and found it pleasing to that sense, would you find fault with it because there were three leaves more on one side of the stem than the other? If a poem is good sense, and reads even *tolerably* well, is it any the less poetry? Pegasus is not a stalled ox or a livery hack, and we know very well what fate befell those who tethered Apollo's steed to a stone wagon; how, then, can a poet travel like a car-horse in one eternal round of jingle and jangle to suit the tape-measuring soul of some pedant who stands up for spondees and dactyles, etc.? Tell me if rule and compass can make a poet as it does a cabinet-maker, or whether spirituality and ethereality of soul has any part in the former's composition?

"'SOME POETRY.

"'We hung upon the battle's hem all day
With hungry zest and zeal,
And saw the mighty smoke-clouds rent away
By the red-mouthed cannons' peal.

And in our hearts an eager longing rose
To know how fared the fortunes of the day—
Who with the sabre smote the heaviest blows,
And those who fled, and those who stood at bay.

"'Oh that some angel on the field would rise,
And madly on the rebel vanguard fall!
'Twas thus we prayed; and, looking to the skies,
Hoped that some saint would answer to our call.

"'No prophet with his flowing garments came,
With staff and mien, as Whalley came of old,
To bid the timid ones take heart again,
And grant renewed courage to the bold.'

"This *would* have been a very nice poem if the writer had not, unfortunately, been in the condition of the man in the Bible, who began to build but was not able to finish. E. P. W."

This worthy poet, hanging upon the hem of battle and of poetry, has evidently forgotten that the gods help those who help themselves. If you stop upon the edge of any kind of battle, whether with the rebels or the Muses, and begin to sigh for a general, you are already defeated. To him who hath it shall be given. If you see that men want a leader, go and lead them. Don't raise your fine eyes to heaven, hoping to see a chariot of fire descending. It is only eyes lifted from the very heart of the strife that ever see such consoling spectacles. You will please to remember that if, on that summer day at Hadley, any stout Puritan had been hanging on the hem of the sharp fight, wondering whether some grand old leader would not come out of the clouds or the hills and help them, Whalley wouldn't have come. They were not looking for him; and he appeared in the midst of them. No leader, worthy to be such, cares to lead men who are so little in earnest that they have time to think of something else than the business in hand.

For writing poetry, gentle E. P. W., Philip Sidney long ago gave the only recipe—"Look in thine own heart and write." If you have no heart, or can not look into it, God has not called you to be a poet. "My young friends," said a college President, in his baccalaureate to the proud seniors—"God calls very few of us to be artists, philosophers, poets, or distinguished people of any kind; but he calls every one of us to do our duty."

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Nobody but the editor of a newspaper or magazine knows how bold indecency is in thrusting itself upon the public eye. If all the advertisements which are offered should be published, the newspaper would be absolutely prohibited in every decent household. It is quite bad enough as it is, as any man may see upon opening any widely-circulated city newspaper and looking at the columns headed "personal" or "matrimonial." "The young woman in a dark green bonnet who, on Wednesday last, in the Bleecker Street omnibus, about the corner of Broome Street, tripped over the foot of the gentleman in nankeen trowsers, is earnestly requested to communicate her address to Eugene, Union Square P. O. *N.B. Cartes de visite* exchanged." Why is she to communicate her address? "A young man of untarnished reputation, handsome, who possesses a loving heart and a liberal salary in an A 1 mercantile house, would like to correspond with some virtuous young lady with a view to matrimony." That, of course, is one of the views to which distance lends all the enchantment. "If the gentleman who called on Thursday last at 98 Ninety-ninth Street, in search of a young girl named Amelia, will call on Friday next at 99 Ninety-eighth Street, he will see her there." "A young widow, without encumbrance, is desirous of opening a correspondence with an eligible gentleman under forty, with a view to matrimony."

The mask in all these advertisements is so transparent that it is scarcely worth wearing. And where is the line of regard for public propriety which separates such advertisements from those of various resorts which might easily be mentioned? In other words, do editors and the responsible proprietors of newspapers owe nothing to public morality in the matter of advertisements? The plea is that a paper is a public convenience, and that the proprietor can not assume to be a moral censor. But the fact is, that it is a public convenience established for private advantage; and the question is whether, for his own private pecuniary advantage, a man has the right to become a—something which it is very disagreeable to mention. A newspaper is a public bulletin-board, and the proprietor is responsible for what is exposed upon it. Does he not feel his own honor and moral duty involved if obscene books are advertised upon it, or vice is made easier by the publicity it affords? Is it any answer to an outraged public conscience to say that he is not a moral censor, and that he puts up a bulletin-board for the public convenience? Is it a convenience to the public to have vice made easier? Would it not be a convenience of the same kind if some one, for a proper consideration, should undertake to read to public audiences works which are at present very surreptitiously sold at the various ferry stations in the city?

The truth is, that a man's moral responsibilities are in no other way changed by his becoming the proprietor of a periodical of any kind than that he has assumed other and weighty duties. Except upon the principle that all is fair in trade, which is merely a pleasant exhortation to cheat all you can, he will not allow himself as a proprietor, or his paper, to further those things which, as a man and a citizen, he is steadily opposing. What right would a man have to censure gambling who received money for directing the public to gaming-houses? And what better right has a man to assume, in his editorial columns, to be the advocate and friend of public morality who, in his advertising columns, helps public debauchery? Suppose the celebrated William Stickers, who posts all the bills in town, should say that his business was to put up bills, not to determine their moral influence, and should proceed to post the most infamous libels upon the best men and the most prurient information for the worst—if William can read and is a self-respecting man, do you suppose he has no twinges, and although he may continue to post, saying that otherwise his family will have no dinner, do you think that he is not ashamed of himself, and do you say that he is as blameless as if he were hoeing corn?

The plea generally urged by newspapers in this matter is simply that, when it is a question of making money, your moral sense may go into abeyance. For look at it. Lovelace, upon the chance of decoying a victim, brings you an advertisement: "A young gentleman of a serious turn, with dark (said to be melancholy) eyes and slightly aquiline nose, in the prime of life, in perfectly easy circumstances, a good musician, highly educated and accomplished, desires to meet a young and (of course) pleasing woman who will make him happy for life; wealth no object, as he has plenty for both; nothing required but youth, loveliness, purity, and devoted love. Address Solomon, at this office." You make the advertiser pay well, perhaps a dollar a line. Out comes the paper and the advertisement. Your daughter, young, romantic, foolish, if you choose, and ready for "a lark," merely for the joke of the thing, replies, guardedly and anonymously. Her reply is answered. She rejoins. It is a piquant game, and Lovelace is a dangerous player. Master of arts, he tries every wile. Interest, curiosity stir in the young woman's breast. So chivalric, so noble, so modest and respectful is Lovelace! It is a strain of old heroic poetry in these baser times. It is as good as Byron. The moment comes—he knows it well—when the *carte de visite* should come in play. Heavens! what eyes, what curls, what a sad, sweet expression, what a manly air! And so trustful, so courteous, so considerate! At length—ah me!—her own card goes to him. He is a desperate player, little girl, and you flutter and coo so knowingly! They meet, of course, at last. They walk by stealth. Oh stolen hours of joy! The cold, cold world frowns upon them, she murmurs. But it is so pleasant to have a friend—a true friend. "A true friend," echoes Lovelace, with the melancholy eyes, in the low, sweet voice. Well, good Sir and proprietor of a newspaper in which you can not affect to be a moral censor, you gain, perhaps, twenty, yes, even thirty dollars for the amusing advertisement, and you lose your daughter.

Do you mean to say, then, cries some indignant newspaper, that I am not to advertise Presbyterian meetings because I am an Episcopalian, and not to insert the cards of Allopathic physicians because I am a Homeopath? Must I exclude Bishop Colenso's books from my advertising columns or those of his opponents? Must I refuse money to announce steel collars to the world because I prefer to wear linen? Where is this sort of tomfoolery to stop?

Now, gentle newspaper, don't lose your common sense in a gust of passion. Because it is not a good thing to drink sulphuric acid, it does not follow that it is a bad thing to drink ginger-pop. Because no generous man will direct a gambler to a "hell," it is still possible for him to direct a hungry man to a restaurant, even if the man declare his intention to dine upon fat pork. Would you think yourself bound to decline to show a lady the way to a thread-and-needle store because you had just refused to conduct a drunkard to a grog-shop? Let us try to

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retain common sense in all emergencies, newspaper; and remember that although we may honorably undertake for our own profit to become public conveniences, we can not, for that reason, honorably become public panders.

THE Easy Chair does not know how many readers follow the fortunes of "Romola," as told in these pages by the author of "Adam Bede." He does not remember to have read a single word about it in praise or censure. And yet it is unquestionably a story of great power and skill, and as a historical novel it is quite unsurpassed.

The scene is laid in Florence at a most interesting period, and the characters are men and women, not puppets or shadows. The most conspicuous historical personage is Savonarola, but Machiavelli also glides characteristically in and out. Tito Melema, the hero, is a brilliant young Greek, accomplished, fascinating, dextrous, but simply selfish. His character is drawn with great subtlety and skill, and vividly contrasted with the queenly womanhood of Romola herself. The atmosphere of the work is entirely medieval and Italian. It is the result of much patient, sympathetic, and successful study; for only time and persistence could so thoroughly saturate a mind and imagination with the spirit of a life long vanished. And this is the more interesting, as we have before suggested, because it seemed from her previous works as if Miss Evans were so profoundly interested in the social life of to-day that she could not readily turn to a remoter time. But she has turned from the rude Methodist preacher and laborer of modern England to the stately and gorgeous Medicean society of four centuries ago, as the Egyptian magician shows you with equal fidelity, in the same enchanted drop of ink, now the face of your dead mother, and now of a living enemy.

For Miss Evans dips her pen in the ink which genius enchants and glorifies. The story of Romola must be finished before long, and in its completed form our readers can then study and admire this noble reproduction of old Italian life. No more careful or complete work of art can be found in all contemporary fictitious literature.

Editor's Drawer.

A FRIEND in St. Paul, perhaps from the apostolic name to the place of his residence being more than usually given to anecdotes of the clergy, writes to the Drawer that when he was last in the city of Albany he heard a grave and reverend divine give notice of a service to be held in the church of the Rev. Dr. Rodgers, a "*Reformed Dutchman*," on Pearl Street.

HE says that one of his Wisconsin clergymen, in the course of a sermon, had occasion to cite an authority, and he referred by name to a gentleman who, he said, was "a citizen of New York, and formerly a Dutchman." Perceiving his blunder, he added, "And as to that matter, I suppose he is yet."

OUT here in Wisconsin, the same brilliant correspondent continues, I was traveling, and spent the night at a tavern in the country. A School Committee were in session to examine a candidate who had applied to be the teacher of the school. He proved to be a man of fine education, and of general information far ahead of all the Committee put together. He was of the Irish persuasion; and when the Committee had asked him all the questions they could think of, and none of which they could have answered themselves, the candidate entertained us with some recitations of songs of his own composing, and read to us some very fine pieces of poetry that he had written. The Committee were delighted with the smart young man, and were about to employ him, when one of their number upset their intentions by this short but portentous speech:

"You're a leetle tu fast, now. There's a good many girls to our schule; and this 'ere fellow is love-cracked. I know he is, 'cause I've allers hearn tell that when a feller takes to writin' poetry he's love-cracked; and we don't want any love-cracked young fellers a-teachin' our gals."

This was enough. The rest hadn't thought of it; but they saw it now, and told the poet to travel.

His fate may prove a sad warning to young men who go out West to keep school; they had better say nothing about poetry, lest some wiseacre on the Committee should think them love-cracked.

THE SOLDIER'S WIFE.

How wearily the days go by,
  How silence sits a guest at home,
While she, with listless step and eye,
  Still waits for one who does not come!
The sunshine streams across the floor,
  A golden, solitary track;
The flies hum in and out the door:
  The olden clock goes click-a-clack!
    And baby, sitting, wonder-eyed,
      Watches the kitten's noiseless play;
    Till sleep comes gently, and she lies
      At rest through half the summer day.

When twilight cometh, dim and gray,
  She sits anear the open door;
Before her lies the graveled way,
  O'erhung by ancient sycamore;
And through the eve she hears the cry
  Of whip-poor-wills, that shun the light:
She sees the star of evening die;
  And all around her broods the night.
    Then, "By-lo-baby, baby-by!"
      She sings her little one to rest;
    And muses, with its rosy face
      Held warm and close against her breast.

Beside her couch she weary kneels,
  And clasps her hands before her face—
Ah, only CHRIST knows what she feels,
  A lonely supplicant for grace!
She prays for one who does not come;
  And draws an answer from her hopes.
And then, within her silent home,
  While stars slide down night's silvery slopes,
    She nestles close beside her babe,
      And one arm o'er it shielding throws,
    And dreams of joy that day denies,
      Until the rose of morning blows.

In Camp, near Falmouth, Va. A. B.

A CORRESPONDENT of the Drawer says that he was recently at a railroad station where a sergeant was drilling a company of raw recruits. While giving the word of command the train started, and just afterward a dandy-looking chap arrived in time to see the cars off, in which he wished to go. At this moment the sergeant was shouting to his men, "Left! left! left!" The fellow looked around in high dudgeon, and cried out, "If I am left, I can whip the best man among you." The drill was a merry one for some time after this challenge.

A COLD-BLOODED murder was perpetrated in La-

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fayette a few months ago. When the murderer was being tried it was very difficult to get a jury. Many persons were called forward and questioned, but not received. A verdant-looking young fellow was called, and the prosecuting-attorney asked the customary question:

"Have you any conscientious scruples which would debar you from bringing in a verdict of guilty, when you knew the punishment to be death?"

"Conscientious scruples! What's them? I don't know what you mean," said the man, with a look of perplexity.

The lawyer kindly explained the meaning.

"Well, I don't think I'm troubled with consenting scruples, for I think the murderer ought to be hung, and I'm not afraid to say so."

He was objected to by the other side, and did not serve as a juror.

AN Army Surgeon puts us under obligation by cutting up the following for our service:

When we were blockading off Wilmington, North Carolina, a number of contrabands came on board. One of them wore a masonic pin, and our Captain, who is a "G man," was much troubled by this fact, for a slave can not be a *free*-mason. So he called up the intelligent "contraband," and said,

"You are not a mason."

"Oh yes, massa, I is. I'se a bricklayer!"

AT Fortress Monroe two very fine sun-dials are inserted in the muzzles of two good-sized Columbiads, and mark the time with *cannon*ical accuracy. Some time since a private belonging to a Wisconsin regiment stationed there, wishing to know the time of night, took a lantern and went out to the sun-dial to try and see it! *He couldn't see it.*

A FEW days ago one of our officers was strolling in the vicinity of Yorktown, and meeting a contraband, asked him where was the ground on which *Cornwallis* surrendered? "Cornwallis—Cornwallis?" said the darkey. "Massa, was he de curnel of 139th New York?"

"IT was a very unfortunate selection of a hymn which our minister made last Sunday," writes a rural correspondent. "He had finished a very good sermon on the vanity of worldly things, when he gave notice: The parties to be joined in marriage will present themselves after we have sung the 225th hymn, beginning,

"'Mistaken souls, that dream of heaven.'"

AN old reader of the Drawer says that his conscience troubles him because he does not send a story to help fill up the reservoir of good things, and he begins with this:

While I was pursuing a course of geology under a certain Professor, famous for his delight in hectoring and perplexing the students, I had for one of my classmates a fellow who was by no means well read in the dictionary. We had been discussing the peculiarities in the construction of one of the antediluvian animals whose fore-arms were fitted to his body with a ball and socket-joint, allowing them great ease of motion in every direction.

"This animal had great freedom of motion in its *anterior extremities*, had it not?" said the Professor.

"Ya-as," hesitatingly replied Mr. B——, who was being questioned.

The Professor saw a "lead" in the puzzled look with which B—— searched the ceiling before answering, so continued:

"Pray, Mr. B——, what were his anterior extremities?"

B—— hesitated; examined, no doubt, mentally the various terminations of domestic animals, and settling finally on that which to his eye appeared possessed of the greatest grace and ease of motion, answered boldly, "The *tail*, Sir!"

FROM the head-quarters of the Twelfth Michigan Infantry, in Middleburg, Tennessee, we have the following, which our artist ought to have drawn for the Drawer:

I was Captain in the First Michigan Infantry—three months' service—and the day of the first battle of Bull's Run the regiment was in Heintzleman's corps, which was on the extreme right. From early morn till about 3 o'clock P.M. we made a forced march; and just after we had crossed Cub Run, and within sight of exploding shells, over the tree-tops, the regiment was halted for a brief period before entering the field. A member of my company, by name Champanois—a tall specimen of a Yankee—stood leaning against a tree, perspiration rolling down his cheeks, when your special artist rode past. One of the men remarked, "There goes Harper's 'drawing man;' when Champanois spoke up and says, "I—wish—he'd—draw—my—b-r-e-a-t-h!"

A CORRESPONDENT in Delaware writes to the Drawer:

Below find a correct copy of a document just filed. Builders receive some very poor specimens of orthography, but not many with only two words spelled correctly.

haverday Grac, Ma. 28. ateen 63.

Mesers. —— ——

Deer sur; Cann u enforme mee aboat thee schuner "Pollx," thee partys thatt cans hur an how I cann direck tu em, ur du u no uf schuner fur sail thatt will carrey frum 7tey tu 8tey tuns, lite draff watter, thatt wil sute fur grane an lomber, ur une thatt will carrey frum une 100 an 50tey tu tu 100 tuns an aboat 20thre and haf feat beem, thatt wil sute fur a lomber schuner tu traid thrugh thee kanawl. respeckfuly urse,

Captin —— ——

A FRIEND of ours in New Haven says: Darius Pierson, a resident of our town, was never overburdened with wit, but managed to eke out a living, until one day a relative died, leaving him a few thousands, which, to his perception, was a moderate fortune. The consequence was that Darius took to traveling. Among other towns of note he visited Washington, and honored with his presence both Houses of Congress. On his arrival home many were the questions asked Darius about his travels and visit to Washington. "What did you think of the United States Senate?" said a listener one day. Darius drew himself up to full length, and, big with the importance of the occasion, thus delivered himself: "When I stood in the Senate of the United States and looked down upon the hoary heads there assembled, that beautiful passage of Scripture, 'we pluribus you none,' came to my mind, and I said, with Job, 'this is a great country!'"

FROM Fort Pulaski, Georgia, we have this by an army correspondent:

"Regular army" officers affect, and I believe entertain, a very poor opinion of volunteers, both offi-

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cers and men, and when they come in contact are not always overpolite in their manners toward the citizen soldiery.

During a tour made by an Inspecting officer and his staff (all West Pointers), a rather smart-looking Second Lieutenant stepped up to Captain ——, of the ——th, and, with a pert air, asked him,

"If you had command of a company, marching in column of platoons, right in front, and wished to form line of battle, what order would you give?"

The Captain, who knows his "biz" about as well as any one need, said, marking out a diagram in the sand with the point of his sword, "If I had command of a company, marching in column of platoons, right in front, and I wished to form line of battle, what order would I give?"

LIEUT. "Yes."

CAPT. "Column of platoons? right in front?"

LIEUT. "Yes."

CAPT. "And wished to form line of battle?"

LIEUT. "Yes."

CAPT. "*I don't know!*"

Mr. Regular sheered off at this reply, so naïvely *volunteered*.

AND this also: Among our boys there is one Private ——, who pays little attention to the rights of *meum* and *tuum*; in fact, is a great thief. Some time since he was suffering from a severe illness, and, in the opinion of our regimental surgeon, could not long hold out. The materials for his coffin were prepared, as the state of the weather would necessitate a speedy interment. He, however, got wind of what was going on, and, crawling from his bed, while he sent the nurse out for a moment, actually stole the nails intended for making his own coffin! If this is not a sample of the ruling passion strong in death it is next door.

A CURLY-HAIRED urchin of not four summers, on seeing Captain Steiner's army balloon during one of its recent ascents at Philadelphia, exclaimed, "Oh, mamma! come look at this big top spinning in the air! I guess it must be God's!"

MASTER WILLIE N—— is a little bright boy of four or five years. Sometimes it becomes necessary for his mamma to administer a little wholesome discipline as a corrective. Last winter, when the diptheria was prevalent in town, Willie was a subject of the disease, just as he was recovering from the measles. He was very sick, and we all feared he must die. His mamma, in a moment of despair, while gazing on the seemingly unconscious form of her darling son, thinking of the cold grave and its tender prey, remarked to her husband, "If Willie only *recovers*, I'll never whip him again as long as he lives." Willie did recover, and in a short time it appeared that his *will* was superior to the discipline of a sick bed. He had disobeyed orders and provoked "a settlement." About the time the "smart" was to be inflicted he raised his little, keen, black eyes, and looking straight into the face of his mother, said, "You said if I got *well* you wouldn't *whip* me any more."

THE last reason for stopping a newspaper is assigned in the following incident sent to the Drawer:

I will not give you the name of the town in which I live, for I am ashamed to associate it with the fact I am about to give you. One of my neighbors in conversation discovered so much ignorance of the state of things in the country, that I finally asked him if he did not take a newspaper. He seemed a little reluctant to admit that he did not, and said,

"Last year I took one, but the boys always quarreled to see who should have it first when it came, and so I stopped it!"

"How tediously long you are over that sermon!" said the parson's lady to her husband on his not attending to the dinner-bell; "I could write one in half the time, if I only had the text." "Oh, if that is all you want," said the parson, "I will furnish that. Take this text from Solomon: 'It is better to dwell in a corner of the house-top than with a brawling woman in a wide house.'" "Do you mean *me*, Sir?" inquired the lady, quick. "Oh, my dear," was the grave response, "you will not make a good sermonizer; you are too soon in your application."

WE have often heard the story of the wife of the bishop who applied for admission to the private grounds near the Cathedral, and was refused by the janitor. "But," said she, "I am the bishop's lady; let me in." "And I couldn't do it if you were his wife," replied the faithful Cerberus.

But that is not equal to the passage between the Rev. Dr. Pearce and the woman who had the care of the Temple Gardens when he was Master there. It is a rule to keep them close shut during divine service on Sundays; but the Doctor being indisposed, and having no grounds attached to his residence save the church-yard, wished to seize the quiet hour for taking a little air and exercise. He accordingly rung the garden bell, and Rachel made her appearance; but she flatly told him she should not let him in, as it was against the orders. "But I am the *Master* of the Temple," said Dr. P. "The more shame for you," said Rachel; "you ought to set a better example!" The Doctor retired dead beat.

"SAY John Sharp is a rogue" is a common expression in England when one wishes to affirm his honesty. A good story and a true one is told as the origin of it. John Sharp, who was afterward Archbishop of York, when a student at Oxford had a *chum*. One night Sharp was awoke by this chum, who told him he had just dreamed that he (Sharp) would be Archbishop of York. After some time he again awoke him, and said he had dreamt the same, and was well assured he would arrive at that dignity, and asked him to promise, should he ever become archbishop, to give him a good rectory, which he named.

"Well, well," said Sharp, "you silly fellow, go to sleep; and if your dream, which is very unlikely, should come true, I promise you the living."

"By that time," said his chum, "you will have forgot me and your promise."

"No, no," says Sharp, "that I shall not; but if I do not remember you, and refuse you the living, then say, *John Sharp is a rogue*."

After Dr. Sharp had been archbishop some time, his old friend applied to him (on the said rectory being vacant), and after much difficulty got admitted to his presence, having been informed by the servant that the archbishop was particularly engaged with a gentleman relative to the same rectory for which he was going to apply. The archbishop was told there was a clergyman who was extremely importunate to see him, and would take no denial.

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His Grace ordered him to be admitted, and requested to know why he had so rudely almost forced himself into his presence.

"I come," says he, "my Lord, to claim an old promise, the rectory of ——."

"I do not remember, Sir, ever to have seen you before; how, then, could I have promised you the rectory, which I have just presented to this gentleman?"

"Then," says his chum, "*John Sharp is a rogue!*"

The circumstance was instantly roused in the mind of the archbishop, and the result was he provided liberally for his dreaming chum in the Church.

A BOSTON correspondent says:

About fifty years ago, when Colonel Messinger manufactured the best of beaver hats on Newbury (now Washington) Street, two of his lads, Sol and Ben, neither of whom had the fear of the tenth commandment before their eyes, coveted the fruits of Colonel Roulstone's beautiful pear-trees in the next inclosure, which was surrounded by a very high fence. Ben says to Sol, "I should like a few of those nice pears; how can we get them?" "Easy enough," says Sol; "fetch me your fishing-pole." The pole was brought, and after attaching one of the knives used for cutting fur from the beaver-skins, together with a small bag to drop the fruit in, the robbery was completed.

Colonel R. saw the whole transaction, but the boys were not aware of it. The next day the Colonel's little girl called on Ben, and asked him to lend papa the pole that he had used to steal his pears with. Ben, of course, appealed to Sol, who answers, "I think we had better let him have it."

When the new machine was returned it gave so much satisfaction that the little girl says, "Pa sends his compliments, and wants to know if you will please to lend him your pole next year after you have done stealing his pears!"

Sol, who is now sixty-five years of age, says, "I have never had the least disposition to steal any kind of fruit since."

SAM, a little seven-year-old, had a present of a book one day, which he eagerly devoured. On finishing it his mother asked him what it was about. The little fellow looked up in the blankest astonishment, and said,

"Why, mamma, how can I tell?—*I didn't read it loud!*"

THE Rev. Mr. Jacks, of the —— Conference, was describing the land of Canaan, and by the addition of a single word to the Scriptural account he spoiled the whole. "It was a land," said he, "flowing with butter, milk, and honey." The agricultural people who heard him thought a land of no great account that flowed with "butter-milk."

JOHN BROWN had several counsel in the trial of his case, but the most prominent one was a member of our bar, of the Hibernian persuasion, and a Democrat in politics. About a year after the famous trial our learned brother found himself, one evening, at a Democratic meeting in Boston, haranguing the unterrified in eloquent strains, when he was all at once discordantly interrupted by a cry from an individual in the audience to "Put him out!—he's a John Brown man!" True to his profession, our learned brother turned quickly toward the disturber, and wrathfully shouted, "Because I saved you from going to the State's Prison three years ago, is that any reason why I should be called a thief?" The argument was conclusive; the querist in the crowd was voted into silence unanimously; but our friend the lawyer had never seen the man nor heard of him before the meeting.

AWAY up in Bear Valley, California, we have readers and the Drawer has admirers, one of whom writes:

That well-told story in your March number, about the Legislature of California, reminds me of another one concerning that august body which has never been in print. It was in the early days of California, when the members of the Legislature were often elected, not because they were talented men or able speakers, but because they were good "hands at poker," or "jolly fellows on a spree." Among the latter was the Member from Mariposa; slow of speech on ordinary occasions, but—as one of his supporters remarked before the election—"Jest git him mad once, and he'll give 'em fits!" He was very quiet at first, but at length some bill came up on which he wished to express his mind. He commenced in his slow, hesitating manner: "Mr. Speaker"—and then came to a dead halt. He tried a second time with no better success. At the third attempt one of the members cried, "Git out! git out!" Others echoed the ungentlemanly cry until the noise drowned the poor fellow's voice entirely. But they mistook their man. This was just what he needed to wake him up. Waiting until the confusion had somewhat subsided, he drew himself up to his full height, and answered them in the style of an illustrious predecessor. Said he:

"Gentlemen may cry, 'Git out! git out!' but the member for Mariposa will not 'git out.' My speech is already begun. The next man who cries 'git out' in this House will bring to his ears the ominous click of small-arms. What is it the gentlemen wish, and what would they have? Is my life so dear or my peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of my silence in this assembly? No, Sir-ee! I know not what course others would take, but as for me I will finish my speech or I'll give you death!"

He was not disturbed again, but made an able and effective speech upon the subject in question.

AN army officer, now in Colorado Territory, writes from that far point to the Drawer, and says:

About nine years ago "Colonel Dick Nash" was the proprietor of a popular and elegant restaurant and drinking saloon on St. Charles Street, New Orleans. Dick was noted for his wit, his dry, quaint, old-fashioned sayings, and an almost inexhaustible fund of anecdote, and was withal an excellent and most successful *maître de cuisine*, as the chronicler of this veritable history can testify.

Among Dick's numerous customers—many of whom were attracted no less by his irresistible drollery than the epicurean delights which his house afforded—there were not wanting those who, with consciences less tender than their purse-strings, taking advantage of the generosity and good-nature of mine host of the "Holbrook," would fare sumptuously at his tables and manage to evade the payment of their "little bills."

One night a fellow of this stamp, with a friend, after having indulged to the amount of ten or twelve dollars, and being without the wherewithal to pay for his "little supper," was standing at the bar endeavoring to "explain" the matter to Dick's brother,

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Jim—who, by-the-way, was a late arrival from the Green Mountain State, and officiated in the capacity of bar-tender for his brother. The confab had ripened into loud and heated discussion between the two when Dick entered, and by a few timely words brought matters to a peaceful issue. By this time quite a crowd had collected, and one of them inquired of Dick the cause of the altercation.

Dick, in a tone and with a manner to which no description of it can do justice, made the following reply: "Oh, it's a mere trifle. You see Jim here; well, he's jest arrived from 'way up there in Vermont, and when a feller comes in an' drinks, or takes a dozen raw, or a briled squab, or suthin', and tells him to charge it, and departs without payin' a picayune, he gits mad, and rares up generally. Now, you see, that ain't in my style at all. All I do, I jest sigh gently and pour another pail of water into the brandy cask!"

The roars of laughter which followed from the assembled crowd made the very bottles in the bar jingle. There was a call for "Champagne all round," and a deluge of dimes poured into Dick's drawer.

EVEN the children have got the notion into their little heads that the dark-skinned element in our population is the source of all their woes. A Baltimore lady writes to the Drawer:

Our little Willie came rushing into the parlor from the kitchen, where he had suffered some great wrong at the hands of the colored presiding genius of the department, and who is one of the ugliest negroes I ever saw. Willie finished his story, burst again into a flood of tears, and exclaimed, in a despairing tone, "Oh my! dear me! how I do wish Ham had tumbled out of the ark!"

As the war drags its slow length along the Drawer is open for the humors of the field and the camp, as well as for the domestic goods that are always welcome. We are rich this month in the contributions of our friends; but there is room for more, and we may venture the suggestion to old contributors, as well as new, that the most hopelessly selfish man in the world is he who knows "a good story" and will not send it to the Drawer.

Never was the Drawer more sought after. It does the soldier good, and the sick man, and every body. It is one of the necessities of the age, and it is for a wonder that in the Internal Revenue bill a special tax was not levied on each item in the Drawer.

"An old friend" sends us several anecdotes that we are willing to have him tell in his own way:

Many of your readers have no doubt at some time stopped at the beautiful village of Port Jervis, on the line of the Erie Railway, which lies snugly ensconced among the Shawangunk Mountains, and which boasts, among its other objects of interest, the "Tri-States Rock," as it is called, being a large rock at the confluence of the Delaware and Neversink Rivers, on which is marked the point where the three States intersect—New York, New Jersey, and Pennsylvania. A peripatetic correspondent of one of your city journals, who enjoyed its hospitality for a short time, maliciously defines its topography as follows: "The village of Port Jervis is situated at the point where the meanest parts of three States come together"—an unwarranted reflection on the good character of its inhabitants.

But to come to my story. Any one who has ever stopped there, even for a short time, must have seen or heard of Jack Wood, as he is familiarly called, who formerly presided over "Village Hall," and who, although somewhat deficient in those gifts of reading and writing which, according to Dogberry, "come by nature," yet was withal a genial landlord, and a good fellow "in his way." Many stories are afloat of Jack's frequent perversions of our mother tongue; and there is no doubt that if "murdering the King's English" were a capital offense Jack would long since have suffered the extreme penalty of the law. One of his misdemeanors of this kind, some years ago, which came under my own observation, I have always considered worthy of perpetuation in the Drawer.

Jack had always been an active and prominent member of the Fire Department of the village, and when the time for the annual election of Chief Engineer came around he was appointed by his company one of the delegates to elect a person to that office. The contest lay between two aspirants, named, respectively, Holt and Douglas; and upon a ballot being taken it was found that the votes were equally divided between the two. As the question at issue was considered of great importance party feeling ran high, and various efforts were made by each side to gain a vote from the opposition, but for a long time the result of each ballot remained the same—a tie. Finally, upon another ballot being taken, greatly to the surprise of the Holt men, Douglas was found to have a clear majority of two, and was thereupon declared duly elected. Some one had "sold out," that was clear; and the friends of the defeated candidate immediately instituted an investigation to find out the guilty man—the Judas who had accepted the pieces of silver for their betrayal. Suspicion, for some cause, at once fell upon our friend Jack, who had all the while professed himself a strong Holt man, and he was confronted with the charge. Now Jack was really innocent, as the writer happened to know; and the truly guilty man was, as is ofttimes the case, one of the loudest in his denunciation of Jack for his supposed conductitious vote. Of course Jack denied the "soft impeachment," and solemnly asseverated his innocence; but to all his protestations the accusers turned a deaf ear, and demanded explicit proof of his innocence, in default of which they threatened the direst vengeance. Now a man may be as innocent of a crime as the babe unborn, and yet it is not always an easy matter to prove himself so. And this was Jack's case. All at once, however, a happy thought struck him, and his countenance relaxed from its look of intense perplexity, and assumed an air of confident assurance, as if he had discovered "confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ." And the manner in which he triumphantly vindicated himself was thuswise: "Now you just examine the votes, and I can point out the very one I cast, as the paper on which I wrote it was too small, and so I left the *e* off from Holt's name, and spelt it *H-o-l-t!*" It is perhaps needless to say that Jack's vindication was complete, and to this day the guilty man remains undiscovered.

A FIRE was discovered at a late hour one night in the basement of a building occupied by a Teutonic gentleman as a lager-bier saloon. The firemen were promptly on the spot, and an entrance forced into the basement, in order that water might be thrown upon the flames, which had already spread to an alarming extent. The usual noise and confu-

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sion attendant upon such occasions were manifested, but the inmates of the building were apparently wrapped so close in the embrace of the drowsy god that nothing could arouse them to a sense of their impending danger. After continued unsuccessful attempts to rouse the sleeping family it was finally decided that the door should be broken open, and an axe was procured for that purpose. At this moment, when the axe was uplifted by a stalwart arm to deal a crushing blow, a window above was heard to open softly, and a guttural voice issued forth—"Poys, you might shoost as well go away; you gets no more peer here to-night!"

Some years ago it became my duty for a while to assume the vicarious editorship of a country journal in one of the interior towns of this State. Among the compositors employed in the office was a probationary disciple of Faust, who had been but a short time "at the case," but who had a most exalted opinion of his own skill as a typographer, which he manifested frequently, much to the amusement of the older hands in the office. One day I gave him some "copy" which contained a quotation from the well-known fable of Æsop—"A trumpeter," says Æsop, "being taken in battle, got down on his knees and begged hard for quarter," etc. When the "proof" came to me to be read, imagine my amusement at finding the quotation "corrected" so as to read, "A trumpeter," says Æsop, "being taken in battle, got down on his knees and begged hard for *a* quarter!"

We have often given notice that we want no more "notusses" sent to the Drawer; that thing is run into the ground; and ignorance of the art of spelling is a misfortune, not a crime. It should be cured if possible, but not laughed at. The man "out West" who wrote and posted the following did as well as he could, and who could be expected to do more?

REED THESE

Thar is 25 Dollers Reward given, to the man, which finds the hors and mul, which whar stolen from Mr Peter Kochner aboud 3 weeks ago. The Description of hors and mull, the hors is aboud 14 hands hie, the coller is a dark broun complaction, and hes god a whit star in the forhaad, and tolleribel short mains, he is betwen 3 or 4 yers old. The mull is aboud the sam hith as the hors, he is betwen 2 and 3 yers old, he whas broke to work, on the ride sholder he had a litel collor scar, the coller is Broun, mikst whith gray har, maines and tail trimt, he is a mar mull June the 9th 1863 Peter Köchner. Tipton Mo

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We think our Minnie about the smartest, if not *the* smartest little girl in the world. The other day she was kneeling in a chair by the window, looking up intently into the sky, evidently in deep thought. Suddenly she turned about and said, "Mother, I don't think *I* could be an angel; for," continued she, after a moment's pause, "I should get naughty, and *throw my trumpet away!*"

An editorial friend of the Drawer writes: I have read of many blunders made by compositors in setting type, some of which undoubtedly occurred, but the majority of them were evidently fictitious. The following I, as well as others, can vouch for:

Pat B—— is an Emerald Islander, and though a man of considerable note among his own countrymen, has always been the subject of more or less joking at the hands of his fellow-workmen. His judgment upon matters in general is very good, but he never exercises it in reading and composing manuscript, especially if not properly prepared; nor in punctuation or division of words. He was engaged upon a little political poem, wherein the words "radical measures" rhymed with the word "treasures." The astonishment and vexation of the proof-reader, Dr. Joslyn—a well-educated old gentleman, though rather irritable—was of the highest degree when, instead of "radical measures," he read "radical *manures*."

From St. Paul, Minnesota, we have some very clever stories:

Some years ago there lived in the village of Brownsville, in Houston County, in this State, an honest Dutchman (with an enormous capacity for lager) named Knoblock, who one fall got the Democratic nomination for Representative in the State Legislature. Now Knob was a *character* in his way, and particularly *heavy* in the article of speech-making. The day of election came and passed, and on canvassing the vote of Brownsville it was found that Knoblock had a majority of the votes in that precinct; when some fun-loving neighbor of the candidate informed him that he was *elected*, and helped him on to the head of a beer-barrel, when he delivered himself of the following speech:

"Fellow-seetizen of Brownsville! you has 'lected me to der highest office in der Shtate. I tanks you. I goes up to St. Paul; I seets upon der Legislatur; I gets you a great many sharters—I gets you railroad sharters; I gets you steamboat sharters; I gets you one steamboat run from here to La Crosse every day in der year. Again I tanks you. I feels [laying his hand affectionately on his *beer-basket*] a great deal more in mine pelly as I can shpeak mit mine mout!"

The returns from the county defeated him by 150 majority. He did not go up to St. Paul and "seet upon der Legislatur."

They do have some amusing scenes in the soberest parts of good Old New England, and such a story as this lives and grows from year to year:

In the little town of H——, in Massachusetts, is a toper called Job T——, who owns a horse that he considers *fast*. One bright moonlight night, when riding home, just able to keep his seat on the horse, he happened to notice his own clear, well-defined shadow by his side. He supposed it to be another rider, and instantly challenged him to a race, "horse for horse"—that is, the winner to have both horses. Without waiting for reply he started, his supposed rival, of course, keeping close to his side. Away he went like the horsemen of Sleepy Hollow, Job well satisfied till he came to the turn in the road, which brought the shadow ahead. Job saw that the race was lost, and, mindful of the self-imposed condition, got off his horse, and stammered out, "*Job beat! Take* [hic] *Job's horse!*"

Such improprieties as the following ought to be rebuked:

In the adjoining town of A—— lives a minister, Parson North. A brother-in-law, very fond of practical jokes, was a member of his family; and one Sunday morning, knowing that the Parson always took his bandana from his pocket and wiped his face before commencing the sermon, he carefully placed a pack of cards in the ample folds. When the time came for the handkerchief to be drawn forth, and its contents were showered on the people sitting below the pulpit, their consternation and amusement can better be imagined than described.

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Fourth of July Experiences of the British Lion.



Sets out for a Walk at Sunrise.



Is assailed by Young America.



Escapes, more scared than hurt.



Is pounced upon by the American Eagle.



Forced to hear the "Orator of the Day."



Taken to Dinner.

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Gets elevated.



Is treated to a Bath.



Is set up as a Target.



Then sent up "Sky high."



Is "blown up," Metaphorically.



The Lion at 11 P.M.

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Fashions for August.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figure 1.—Home Toilet.

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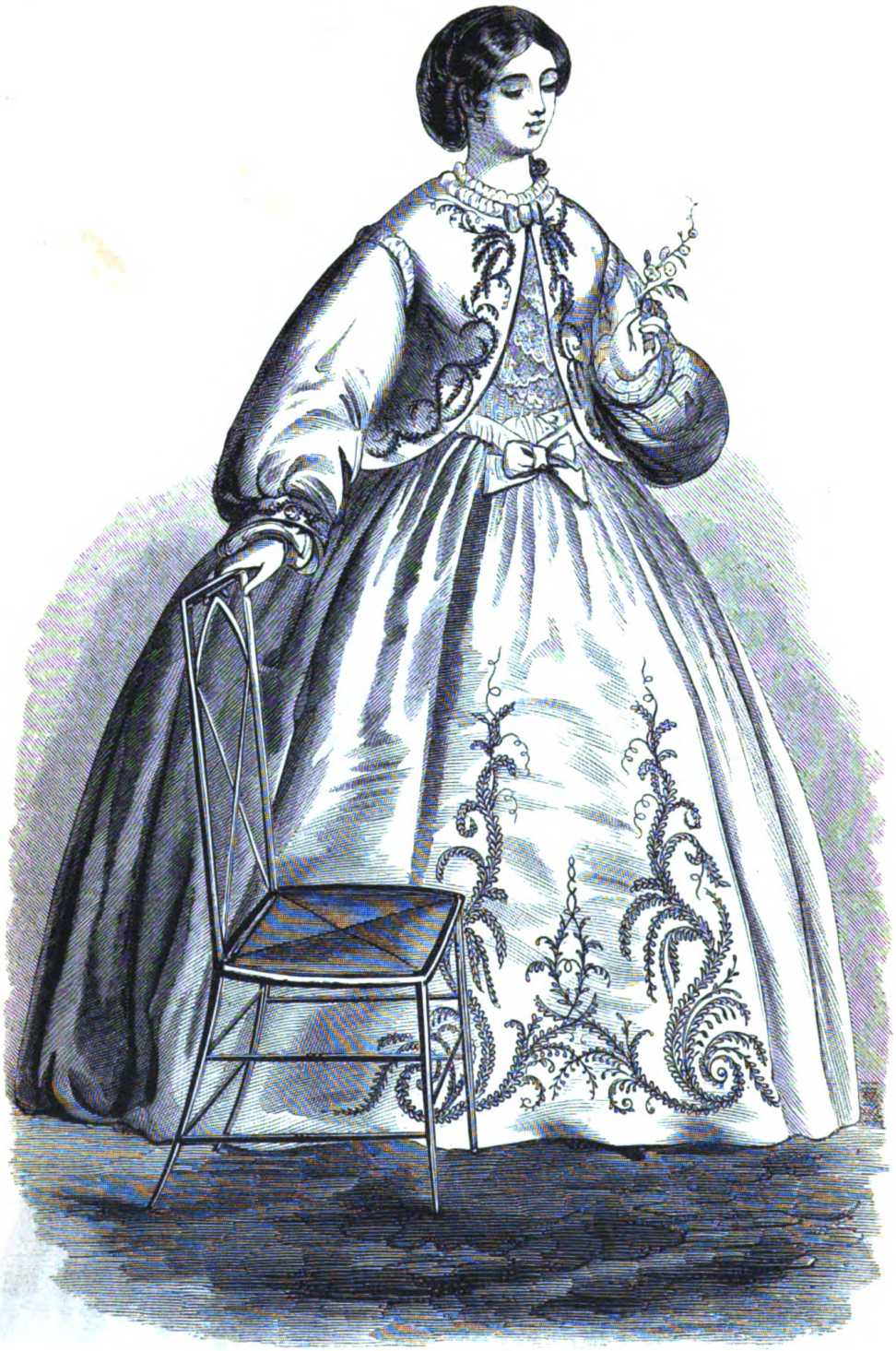


FIGURE 2.—HOME TOILET.

WE illustrate two styles of HOME TOILET, adapted to a variety of materials. The fabric and colors may be safely left to the taste of the wearer. Printed designs, of quiet colors, are especially adapted for either of these modes. The illustrations give the style of ornament.

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HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLX.—SEPTEMBER, 1863.—Vol. XXVII.



AN UNPROTECTED FEMALE IN THE EAST.

FROM the Journal of the Honorable Miss Impulsia Gushington, illustrated by her friend and "other self," Lady Dufferin, we present extracts describing the wonderful Eastern tour of that distinguished lady:

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EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

"1*st January*, 1861.—ANOTHER New-Year's Day! Dear me! how astonishingly fast they come round; and all so like one another. If I did not begin to perceive a few gray hairs about dear Bijou's muzzle, I should hardly credit the lapse of the last ten years.

"I have been interrupted by a singularly agreeable and well-timed visit from my valued friend and physician, Sir Merlin Merrivale. He quite poh-pohs the notion of my being bilious, and assures me I look younger than I have done these ten years!

"4 *p.m.*—A note from Sir Merlin—and a book. 'Eöthen!' pretty name! I am to give him my opinion of the work. Sir Merlin strongly advises me to travel.

"5 *p.m.*—A delightful thought has struck me; it has positively illumined the blank of existence! Why should I not follow in the glowing footsteps of 'Eöthen?' why should I not bask in the rays of Eastern suns, and steep my drooping spirits in the reviving influences of their magical mirages? The idea was an inspiration! I instantly rang for my faithful Minikin, and bade her prepare for Eastern travel at



IN THE LADIES' CABIN.

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the shortest notice. I shall not dread the wrench from old associations; familiar faces can make any land a home. Dear little Bijou! neither shall you be left behind.

"*January* 10.—(On board P. and O. steamer). The day is bright, cheerful, breezy! Captain Weatherbow has just presented himself to me. A very pleasing, animated personage! He realizes my idea of what Christopher Columbus must have been; full of dash and daring: I think I have an instinctive attraction toward members of his profession, so open-hearted, frank, and free-spoken!

"5 *o'clock*.—Dinner-time. We have a little ground-swell; nothing to speak of. I have never clearly understood why the smell of *cabbage* should be the most penetrating and persistent of all odors on board ship.

"5½—Minikin and I have thought it best to seek the retirement of the ladies' cabin.

"15*th January*.—A terrible blow has fallen on me, at a time when my whole soul was expanding with delight under the novel influences of this delightful Oriental scene. Minikin, my faithful Minikin, refuses to accompany me further!



MINIKIN'S REFUSAL.

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"On landing from the steamer, we were instantly surrounded by large herds of donkeys, and their picturesque attendants, who assured us, in broken English, that no other mode of conveyance to the town was forthcoming. I was cheerfully preparing to mount, when I was startled by a fearful shriek from Minikin, caused by an attempt on the part of one of the donkeymen to lift her into the saddle. Administering an energetic blow with her muff in the face of the offending individual, she exclaimed in piercing, agitated accents—'That she had been already put upon more than she had ever ought to abear; that she never had had no idea of what she had had to undergo through with; but as to donkeys—never! Donkeys was all very well in their proper place—'Ighgate or 'Ampstead; but the line must be drawn somewhere. That for her part nothing should induce her to demean herself by riding into a respectable town on one of them 'ere ridiculous animals, with one of them bare-legged cannibals a hanging on by his tail! no, not if she knowed it!" In short, she gave me warning on the spot, and expressed her determination to return to England by the next steamer. My own lonely situation struck cold upon my heart—thus left, stranded as it were, and desolate, among my boxes, on a foreign shore.

"16*th January*.—A most fortunate occurrence in the course of yesterday afternoon restored me to that tranquillity of mind which my poor Minikin's desertion had greatly disturbed. Winding my solitary way through the narrow streets of Alexandria, attended by several self-constituted Arab guardians, who had apportioned my boxes between them, at the rate of two donkeys to each box, I suddenly heard myself accosted by name, and in good English, by a friendly, cheerful voice, proffering assistance. It proved to be that of Mr. H. T., one of the princely merchants of Alexandria, who had heard of my arrival; and having been informed of my present uncomfortable and unprotected condition, had thus kindly come forward to rescue me from it. I am even now under his pleasant and friendly roof, where I am to continue during the short period of my sojourn in Alexandria. What an invaluable guide and counselor in this outset of my pilgrimage!

"17*th January*.—I have been fully occupied in seeing *Dragomen*, as such attendants are called. All the comfort of my voyage up the Nile will depend upon the efficiency of this person; it is therefore necessary to use extra caution and prudence in my choice. Mr. T. recommends me to take a respectable Maltese of his acquaintance; rather a humdrum vulgar countenance! Francisco's face repels me. His character is excellent, I know; but in the constant guide and attendant on such a journey one requires something beyond the mere vulgar virtues which would recommend a London butler. One asks some spark of the ethereal fire of poetry! some of the energy of genius and romantic daring! I have just seen a person who unites these characteristics in a peculiar degree. I think he will suit me exactly. He is a Greek; his name Dimitri—a noble-looking being, in full Albanian costume. He realizes my notion of what Lord Byron must have been in the first flush of his romantic manhood. As he stood before me in a fine martial attitude, leaning on an arm-chair, as though it had been a 'sounding shield,' I could not help fancying that, to a poet's or a painter's eye, we might have sat for Dido and Æneas! Dear little Bijou seems to have taken an unconquerable prejudice against him. To-day I remove to Cairo. I grieve to enter the 'Victorious City' in so tame and prosaic a conveyance as a railroad-carriage: alas! where are the caravans from Mecca, the merchants from Baghdad, the princes disguised as camel-drivers, that my imagination had promised itself? Where, oh! where, are the Jinns and Afreets, the tomb-haunting ghouls, and mahogany-faced magicians of my dreams? The shriek of the locomotive has scared the delightful phantoms away forever.

"18*th January*.—The charm of my delightful pilgrimage increases hourly: on the short but interesting railroad journey between Alexandria and Cairo I found myself in contact with a singularly pleasing Scotch family—the MacFishys of that ilk. We entered into conversation, and soon found that our mutual impressions of the shifting scene around assimilated in a really remarkable manner. On arriving at Shepherd's Hotel I joined their party at the table-d'hôte, and we have agreed to continue daily companions. Unprotected as I am, and in some measure unused to battle with the hostile array of unforeseen contingencies, the protection of Mr. MacFishy, and the companionship of his amiable wife and daughter, are advantages for which I can not be too grateful. The husband is silent and abstracted, but with much of the dry and 'pawkie' humor of his country. He recalls to my mind some of those delightful characters that figure on the graphic page of the Great Northern Magician. Richard Monyplies and Bailie Jarvie come with irresistible force to my recollection as I gaze upon his astute yet benignant countenance: Mrs. MacFishy is a most excellent, motherly creature—perhaps not refined in appearance or manners, but full of good-humor and kindness. Mr. Andrew MacFishy, junior, a very delightful companion. Without much regularity of feature, or height of stature, his appearance is, nevertheless, singularly prepossessing. The nose is slightly 'retroussé;' the eye lively and, as it were, *conquering* in expression; there is a general air of self-reliance and readiness to meet all emergencies in his appearance; the contour of the head is remarkably bold and resolute; the hair of that bright, energetic hue called 'Highland red,' which I own I think characteristic and becoming. He has hitherto devoted his very superior talents to the study of that great palladium of our liberties—the law. Young as he is, he already writes himself *W.S.*, or 'Writer to

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the Signet'—a place of great trust, I am told, in the Scottish legal ranks. Altogether he is a very remarkable young man, and realizes in some degree my idea of the Cid. His sister Euphemia is the least attractive figure in the family group; but she is a very estimable young person, and perfectly inoffensive. I think I may consider myself wonderfully fortunate in having accidentally fallen in with souls so kindred in their aspirations—so delightfully attuned to my own peculiar organization!

"21*st January*.—A dreadful blow has fallen on me; with circumstances of such aggravated horror that, for a season, Reason tottered on her throne. I pause to compose my shattered nerves, and will endeavor to relate the facts with calmness and resignation.

"For some time back I had begun to fear that Dimitri's *moral* qualities did not quite come up to the standard which his splendid *physique* had led me to expect. His 'poses' were certainly magnificent; quite statuesque; in fact, the Apollo-Belvedere could not have handed a plate with greater grace and dignity. Dimitri was evidently so conscious of the grandeur of his attitudes in repose that he avoided all oc-



DIMITRI.

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casions of disturbing them by work of any description. Moreover, I own I consider *cleanliness* quite indispensable in one's personal attendant, but Dimitri's habits could not be said to realize that idea. This was not all; Mr. Andrew MacF., having kindly taken on himself the examination of Dimitri's little weekly accounts, discovered that during my stay in Egypt I had been paying for donkeys at the rate of elephants. I still hope and believe that this was merely the result of ignorance of the tariff in these matters, and not a positive want of integrity, though the abstraction of some minor articles of dress, and the unexplained disappearance of my purse on one particular occasion, certainly had, what Mr. Andrew jocosely termed, 'a fishy look,' and what I can not but denominate a doubtful appearance. But these are nothings compared with the horrible event I have to record. My beloved Bijou, the playful companion of my travels—the only link between me and home—had been intrusted to Dimitri's charge; he had orders to conduct it to its morning and evening promenade. I had been warned of the ferocious nature of the indigenous dogs: I had repeatedly recommended the great-

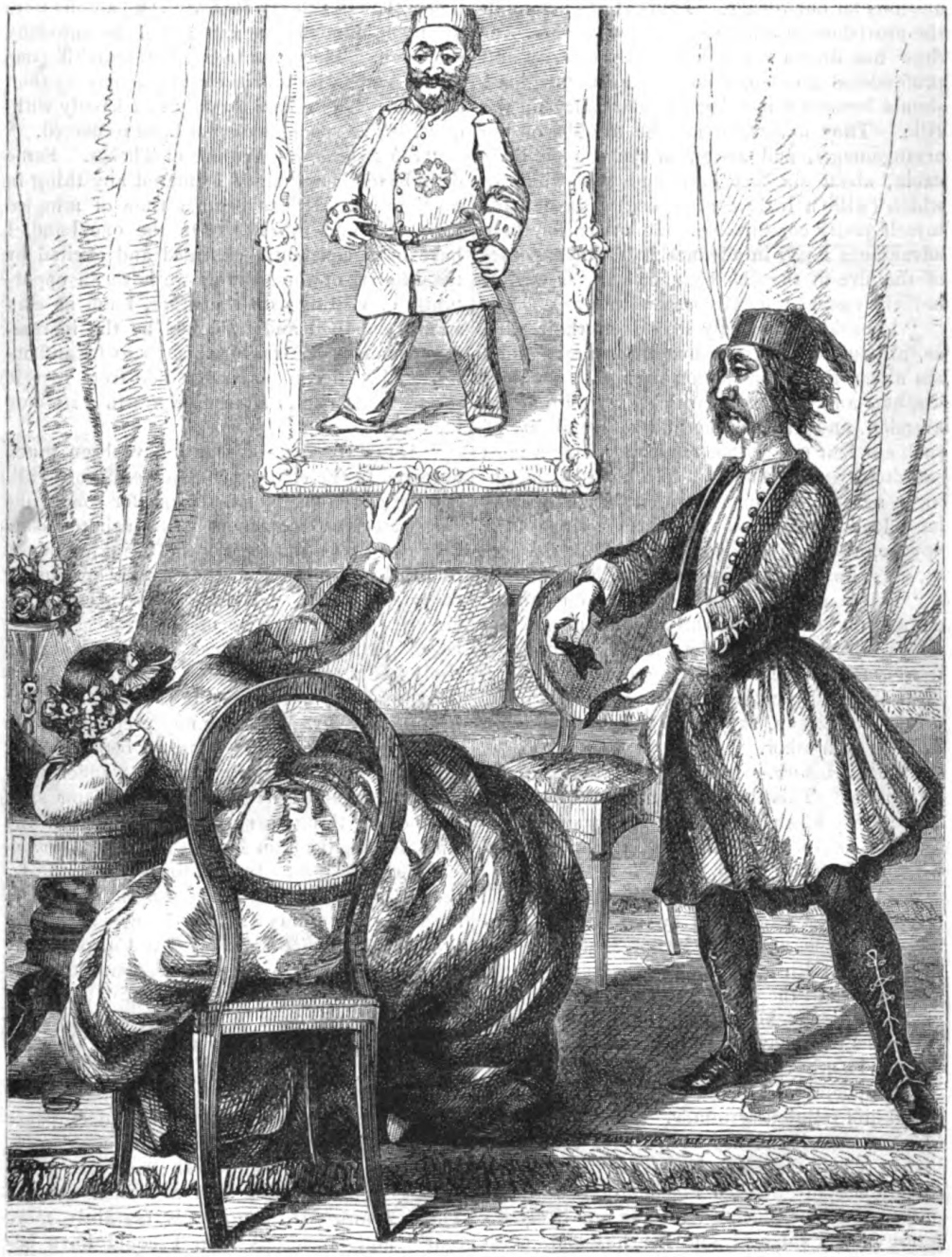


CONGENIAL SPIRITS.

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est caution and discretion on the subject. Alas! in vain. Yesterday morning they went forth together—one alone returned. How can I relate the dreadful details? Dimitri stood before me in the attitude of Ulysses relating his shipwreck to the Princess Nausicaa. His hands contained the last relics of my beloved Bijou; the ears and tail alone remained to tell that terrible story. *I was alone!* Need I say that Dimitri fled from the spectacle of my despair? need I say that that flight was permanent?

"28*th January*.—After the dreadful event recorded in the last page of my journal I remained for some time in a kind of stupor, from which neither the kind attentions of my good friend Mrs. MacFishy, nor the lively sallies of Mr. Andrew, could at first avail to rouse me. After a time, however, I was prevailed upon to face the future, and I agreed to accompany them on the projected voyage up the Nile, which we had previously contemplated. Dare I whisper to my own heart that for the first time since our acquaintance I felt a shade of disappointment in the amount of sympathy these otherwise excellent friends afforded me? Miss Euphemia I overheard speaking in what I consider



A TALE OF HORROR.

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an unfeeling tone of the 'sin of making this awfu' stramash about a bit brute beast, when we wad be better employed bewailing the iniquities of this heathen land, and striving to awaken the puir demented inhabitants to a sense of their danger.' Mrs. MacFishy is always good-humored and friendly, but she is subject to fits of abstraction of a singular nature, which usually come on toward evening. I think the climate oppresses her: I heard her answer a simple question quite incoherently the other day after an early dinner.

"Mr. MacFishy is never very communicative, and of late has been wholly occupied with preparations for our voyage. I agreed at once to all the provisions of a little contract which Mr. Andrew has drawn up with friendly celerity and professional acumen, as to the terms on which I should become a member of their party up the Nile. They undertake all the trouble of the arrangements, and assign to me a nice little cabin, about six feet long and two wide, in which (with a little contrivance) I have made myself pretty comfortable. In return for these advantages I pay in advance half the expenses of the hire of the dahabieh, or boat, as well as half the cost of the daily expenditure.

"I consider this truly liberal on their part, as, although they are a numerous party and I am alone, the emancipation from all pecuniary disputes and worries, to which I have a natural aversion, and the comfort and respectability of such efficient protection, render it to me a most satisfactory arrangement. We have all laughingly agreed to a clause which Mr. MacFishy has added, to the effect that whoever tires of the voyage, and separates voluntarily from the party, must forfeit his or her share of the expenses.

"Our boat is in fact *a raft*, with a one-storied cottage on it. 'Forward,' as it is technically called—or, as I should describe it, in the little front yard before the cottage door—the Arab sailors sit and row the boat; there also they eat, drink, sing, sleep, say their prayers, and often throttle each other.

"30*th January*.—I am in the presence of the Pyramids! This thought dwarfs into insignificance every other impression. How shall I describe the flood of sensations that almost overwhelmed my soul when I reflected!

"Although my friends did not appear as much impressed as I was myself by the sublime spectacle before us, and indeed expressed some dissatisfaction with the general appearance of the Pyramids, still there was no lack of archæological disquisition. Mr. Andrew observed that the Pharaohs must have been 'jolly old cocks,' and were evidently cognizant 'of a thing or two.' Miss Euphemia demurred to this proposition on moral and religious grounds. Euphemia is apt to show asperity in argument, so I thought it best to refrain from offering an opinion. Good Mrs. MacFishy was too much absorbed in the preparations for luncheon to take any lively interest in the subject; and her husband, overcome by the heat of the day, was wrapped in peaceful slumbers. Some picturesque Arabs—one of whom exactly embodied my notion of what Abd-el-Kader must be—grouped themselves around us, watching with friendly but unobtrusive interest the development of the luncheon-basket. They are a truly sympathetic people, and show the most intelligent appreciation of our manners and customs—and all belonging to us. Three silver spoons disappeared in the most unaccountable manner toward the end of the repast. It was distressing to me in the extreme, as I feared that our amiable and picturesque visitants might fancy that *their* honor was called in question by the occurrence; indeed I regret to say that my companions were not noble-minded enough to repel the unworthy suspicion. They even insisted on searching one of the Arabs who was in closer propinquity than the rest. The others proudly and hastily withdrew. The spoons have not been recovered.

"8*th February*.—We are at Thebes. Some days have elapsed since I entered any thing in my journal. It has been a time of mingled happiness and misery. On the one hand, I have been constantly charmed and excited by the interest of the marvels we have an opportunity of visiting; on the other, I am as constantly subdued and saddened by the increasing evidences of Mrs. MacFishy's awful infirmity. Alas! I can no longer hide from myself the fact that she is almost always in a state of inebriety.

"15*th February*.—I fear I have been much deceived in the characters of some, if not of all, my present companions. I had for some time past perceived that there was much to disapprove in the habits and ways of thinking of the MacFishy family; but I am not captious or ready to find fault; I made allowances for peculiarities that, in spite of appearances, might be compatible with intrinsic worth. I am entirely free from overstrained and romantic notions, and did not, even from the first, attribute to the elder Mr. MacFishy any peculiarly great or chivalrous qualities; alas! I begin to fear that even the lesser virtues may be deficient in him! Perhaps I wrong him. It seems such a shocking thing to suspect any thing in the least degree like (can I write the word?) *imposition* on the part of a gentleman and the father of a family; but really the circumstances are so extraordinary I hardly know what to say or think! *Twice* since we left Cairo has he applied to me for extra disbursements to some amount, though I was told in Cairo that the sum I originally paid in advance, which was to clear all my expenses, was more than liberal—was extravagant! But it appears that provisions are unusually dear this season on the Nile; that eggs vary from a shilling to eighteen pence apiece, which seems very preposterous, considering they are so seldom fresh; and that goat's milk is sold at about half a guinea a pint! Then, again, Mr. Andrew is certainly more coarse and boisterous than I could have believed possible at the outset of our voyage; his

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manner is more familiar than is, I think, quite consistent with the respect due to a maiden lady traveling under his mother's protection. To-day I overheard him designate me as 'the old girl!' and he has twice addressed me as Miss *Tabitha*, or *Tabby*—which is the more extraordinary as he knows my Christian name to be Impulsia. He is seldom without a cigar in his mouth, even at dinner! Euphemia is always acrid and argumentative; but I had not overrated her good qualities originally. Mrs. MacFishy is the same easy, good-humored creature as ever, and—if it were not for the one terrible circumstance to which I have alluded—I could still enjoy her society. Poor soul! I am determined to make one effort to reclaim her—it will but prove my good-will and anxiety for her welfare, if I gently insinuate to her husband my fears for her health in consequence of this baneful habit! I will speak to-morrow.

"18*th February*.—My situation is become intolerable! I must immediately separate from these persons, at any risk, at any inconvenience. The events of the last two days have rendered this step imperatively necessary.

"At Edfou, where we halted for a day to



AT THE PYRAMIDS.

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examine the temple, the horrors of my situation reached their climax. Mr. Andrew was more than usually impertinent during our excursion, and not even the dignity and reserve of my manner could bring him to a sense of propriety. Miss Euphemia, though seldom disposed to agree on any subject with her brother, upon this occasion seemed to enjoy my confusion and annoyance. Toward the end of the day I felt called upon to appeal to their mother's protection against the indignities I was exposed to, when, alas! I found her in a state of such profound coma that she was absolutely supported on her saddle by two Arabs on the road home. I felt it was time to speak.

"On reaching the shore, where our dahabieh was moored, I called Mr. MacFishy aside, and adverted in the most delicate manner to his wife's unhappy condition. To my utter astonishment, he turned with a sneering laugh to the rest of the party, and exclaimed, in a loud, sarcastic tone: 'Here, Andrew! Phemie! my woman! wad ye credit this? Here's this silly bodie bringing the most awful accusation against your puir mither, and asserting positively that she's inebriated! a decent woman, that never in



PARTING WITH THE MACFISHY FAMILY.

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her life took mair than was just guid for her! 'Deed, then, my leddy, you're no blate to say it!'

"I stood perfectly aghast at the impudence of this reply. I hardly listened to the duet of impertinences in which the young people instantly engaged; Mr. Andrew informing me that my words were slanderous, and laid me open to an action for damages; Miss Euphemia inquiring, with uplifted hands and eyes, 'where I thought I should go hereafter?'—one and all protesting that it was the most ridiculously unfounded calumny. And there sat the wretched woman herself, on the river bank, with an idiotic smile, and her bonnet cocked over her ear, wondering occasionally what we were '*havering* about,' and advising us, in husky, paralytic accents, 'to take a guid glass of *bran'-an'-wa'*, and gang till our beds.'

"The time for action had arrived. In calm but decided tones I directed their dragoman to bring my boxes out of the boat, and lay them on the bank. This was instantly done; while Mr. Andrew, leaning carelessly on the post to which the dahabieh was moored, smoked contemptuously; and his father, in accents half-insolent, half-apologetic, asked, 'Whatna fule's errand the woman was going? wad ye no be the better o' sleeping on it?' reminding me of the contract by which I forfeited the sum I had paid for the return voyage. I answered nothing. With a withering glance and majestic gesture I swept past him. I signed to some Arabs who were loitering near to carry my boxes up to the village near which we were moored, and, turning round, left the whole MacFishy clan forever. Up to the last moment the poor creature whom I had wished to reclaim clamorously insisted on a parting embrace, while she vainly endeavored to steady herself by clutching her husband's arm; and her unhappy bonnet, finally settling with its hind side before, totally extinguished her flaming and jovial countenance. This was the last I saw of the MacFishy family.

"I was now in a most unprecedented and bewildering situation. But my courage rose with the occasion for it. I knew the Arabic words for horse, camel, donkey, boy, bread, water, etc.; and with that shibboleth of Eastern travel, '*Bakhshish*,' I could manage to make known my most serious wants. The Arabs around me, though troublesomely curious, seemed friendly, and evidently interested in my proceedings. I asked for a horse—there was none to be had in the village; a donkey?—'*Mafish!*' was the unsatisfactory reply. A camel? Yes! *two* camels! A merchant from Dongolah was even now in the town, with two camels, on his way back to Cairo.

"My heart bounded with joy; I had long desired to try the paces of a camel, but had not hitherto found a proper opportunity. The merchant and I were put into communication. He proved to be a ragged, peddler-looking fellow, with a singularly dirty friend or *double*, who answered for him, and with him, every time any one spoke to him."

[The Honorable Miss Gushington here narrates at length her negotiations with the camel drivers, the result of which was that a bargain was made, and for the first time she found herself on the back of a camel. She continues:]

"My camel proved to be gentle, easy, and docile. I found myself often slumbering to its rocking motion, being rather worn with want of sleep, and oppressed with the heat of the day. But, in spite of these light drawbacks, I thoroughly enjoyed my situation. The merchant and his friend walked in advance. The two 'mild Nubians' (for so Herodotus designates the gentle people) trotted merrily by my side, both barefoot, though one carried a good pair of slippers in his hand. Poking my camel with a stick, or encouraging him by caresses to accelerate the dignified pace at which these animals generally progress, these interesting youths lightened the way by their native chants and songs, whose gentle monotony harmonized with my state of feeling, and with the rhythm of my camel's footsteps. The lovely scene, the balmy air, the sense of freedom, the relief from hateful associations, all combined to soothe and calm my spirit. I contrasted these gentle denizens of the Desert—their courteous salams and poetical forms of address—with the vulgar rudeness of my late companions. I compared the flat conventionalities of civilized existence with the piquant charm of my present situation. I fell into a delicious trance, half slumber, half reverie. I could have journeyed thus forever!

"I woke with a shock from the sleep which had overcome my sensibility to outward impressions. Good gracious! what spirit of evil had taken possession of my gentle camel? I found myself bounding over the sandy plain at a pace which threatened dislocation of all my members!

"It was in vain that I grasped the horn of the saddle (which is the principal security of one's seat on a camel) with a mad desperation that only served to fatigue my arms: these tremendous bounds lifted me out of the seat, and I soon found myself in the well-known but critical posture which Mlle. Eulalie Vol-au-Vent assumes, in 'the Courier of St. Petersburg,' or 'the Wild Horse of the Prairies,' at Astley's theatre. My serviceable little hat flew like a rocket from my head; my parasol mounted like a balloon. I felt like a fly on some inexorable monster-wheel moved by the demon *Steam*, that must in its next revolution inevitably crush me into annihilation. On and on we rushed; the scared cranes screamed above my head; the sand seemed all on fire beneath my camel's feet: the low hills fleeted by like dreams; the wind deafened me by its rush and roar against my ears; my breath was gone—my sight failed! when suddenly—all grew black, and silent, and still! I must have fainted, and most fortunately slid down the side of the distracted animal to

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which I was clinging; for I found myself (when conscious) bruised indeed and shaken, but sound and whole in limb, upon a heap of drifted sand.

"In about half an hour my faithful Arabs came running up to me with many exclamations of surprise and alarm, fearing that I was seriously hurt. They had succeeded in catching my camel, which indeed had soon stopped of its own accord; but the other one, with my baggage, was missing. This was a most unaccountable circumstance, and the impossibility of comprehending the explanation, which the Arabs seemed eager to afford, added greatly to my perplexity."

[The friendly Arabs conducted her to some caves, one of which served her for a sleeping apartment, where partially disrobing, she proceeded to repair the damages which her dress had experienced, and then, with the garment lying across her knees, she fell into a slumber, from which she awoke to find herself in a situation which is best described in fragments from her Journal.]

"I woke with a start, just as the golden dawn was tipping the extreme tops of a tuft of palm-trees near me with the most brilliant orange. Perfect silence prevailed, save the distant bark



THE FRIENDLY ARABS.

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of the village dogs, and the chirp of the pale-brown sparrows that hopped in and out of my cave with insolent tameness, picking up the débris of my last night's supper. For a moment I had some difficulty in collecting my torpid senses and realizing my situation; but I was soon wide awake, and hastily rose to arrange my disordered dress and call up my faithful Arabs. *My dress?* It was no longer on my knees—it was nowhere to be found! I thought at first that my senses deceived me. I rubbed my eyes—I searched every nook, every recess in the cavern—alas, in vain! I rushed into the open air, calling loudly on my faithful attendants. No voice responded to my call. I searched the caves near me—they were deserted; nothing remained belonging to my late companions except the ashes of the fire they had kindled for our repast. Then, for the first time, the awful truth burst upon my mind, and nearly overwhelmed it. These persons in whom I had so fondly confided—these unsophisticated children of the Desert—these 'mild Nubians'—this respectable merchant and his unwashed friend—were *wretches*, robbers, miscreants, that hardly deserved the name of men. They had



A RIDE ON A CAMEL.

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robbed me of every thing I possessed; but I had reason to be thankful that I had escaped with life—and an under-petticoat. Such, literally, was the extent of my possessions. I had divested myself of the dress in order to mend it, intending to put it on again immediately, but, falling asleep so suddenly, I remained in what may be termed *costume's simplest expression*, except that I had accidentally retained the structure that supports the upper garments—the 'hoop,' 'cage,' or 'crinoline.'"

[In this dilemma Miss Gushington called to mind that in every village was a Sheikh, who had power to render prompt justice. Accoutered as she was, she sought this venerable man. He could not restore her lost property, but proved quite ready to exchange portions of his own greasy apparel for her gold ear-rings, which had luckily remained in her possession. Whereupon, continues the Journal:]

"The Sheikh's understanding seemed to expand under the excitement of the lucrative transaction he had just concluded, and I found little difficulty in explaining to him that I required a horse or donkey, and a guide to the nearest town. He bustled about with more



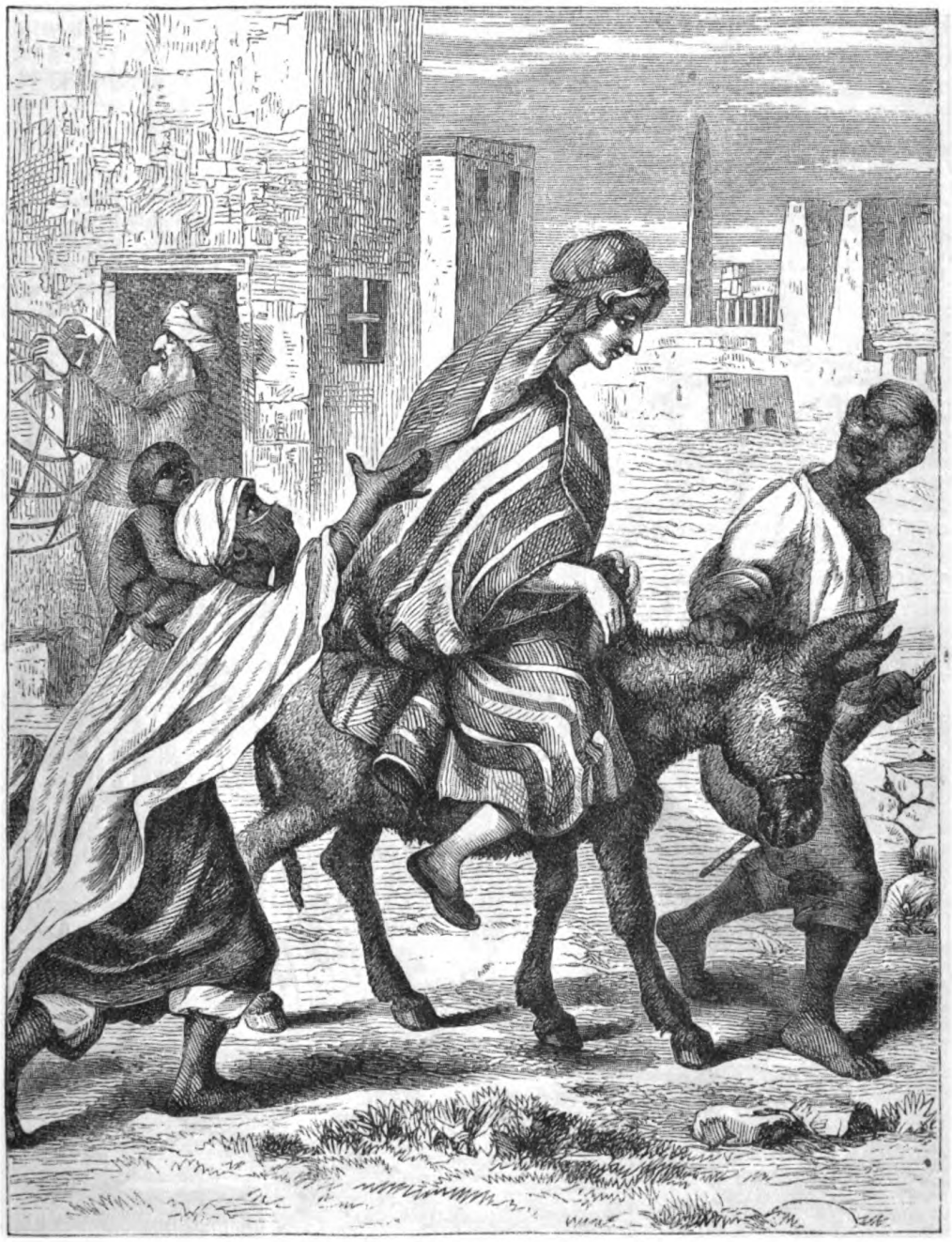
THE ARAB SHEIKH.

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alacrity than his appearance would have entitled one to expect, saddled and led forth his own donkey for my use, and, calling lustily for 'Yunas,' a great grinning negro from Dahfur made his appearance, to whom he gave me and the donkey in charge, with many cautions and directions, which, of course, I did not comprehend. With the customary salutations on both sides, I set forth on my journey, leaving in the Sheikh's possession my 'hoop' or 'cage,' which, in the present condition of my attire, seemed like a mockery of the comforts of civilized costume. The last I saw of the venerable man, as I turned from his door, he seemed to be meditating on the nature of the structure, and endeavoring to put it to some practical use."

[The donkey in due time conveyed our heroine to a village on the banks of the Nile, where she found a party of travelers by whom she was conducted to Luxor, where Mustafa Pacha the Vice-Consul for England received her into his family, and supplied her with funds, to be duly repaid on her arrival at Cairo. But she informs us:]

"Strange to say, the possession of these funds did not remove the difficulties attending my costume. *Native* female attire alone was to be pro-



MISS GUSHINGTON MAKES A GENTLEMANLY FIGURE.

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cured in the Luxor Bazaar, and I own that I had a repugnance to the idea of adopting the '*sherwâl*,' or—*trowsers*, in which the inmates of Mr. Mustafa's hareem were arrayed. I had no pattern dress by which the Arab tailor could have attempted to make me a gown; and no European lady was at present at Luxor, from whom I might have borrowed the required model. I was therefore necessitated to retain the Sheikh's greasy 'abbah,' to which Mr. Mustafa kindly added a red tarboosh, or cap. Over this I threw a large piece of white muslin, which gave a more graceful and feminine character to my attire than it could previously boast. I also bought myself a pair of yellow morocco slippers in the bazaar, my English shoes being quite worn out. Being now at least decently covered and in some measure habituated to the costume, my native courage and energy returned, and I determined to make the most of the time I might be obliged to remain here before an opportunity occurred for my return to Cairo. The time thus employed was not the *least* enjoyable part of my delightful pilgrimage."

[At Luxor our heroine met with new friends to whom she must introduce us.]



ANGELS OF MERCY.

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"1*st March*.—This morning is indeed to be marked with a white stone. I was wandering, as usual, in the mazes of this sublime ruin, when, on reaching the bottom of some steps that lead to a favorite haunt of mine, a small stone chamber in the heart of the grand Propylon, I saw a lady and gentleman advancing toward me, with countenances glowing with cordial interest. They presented their cards, and proved to be two angels of mercy from the warm-hearted sister isle—'Major and Mrs. Cornelius O'Whacker, of Ballybosh Castle, Fibbereen, County Kildare.' 'They had only come as far as Thebes to see its glorious monuments, not for the first time, and intended returning almost immediately to Cairo. They had heard of me and my unfortunate position from their old friend Mr. Mustafa; and their arrival at this propitious moment, when their services might be useful to me, looked quite providential. They implored me to make use of them: their boat, their money, their clothes, every thing they possessed in the world, and more, was at my service. My company on board their little dahabieh would be not only a favor, but a positive benefit.' The warmth and kindness of their address quite melted into my heart, and I could almost have wept upon their friendly bosoms. Of course, it was impossible to resist their cordial importunity. I feel that these are friends *for life;* my soul expands in their society with the delicious sense of perfect congeniality. We leave Thebes to-morrow.

"Major O'Whacker is one of the most distinguished-looking men I have ever met: tall and robust in figure, with that peculiar 'air noble' which birth, combined with refined associations, alone can bestow. I understand the O'Whacker family is considered one of the oldest in Ireland, descended originally from one of its monarchs, but connected with the Norman aristocracy through the Fitz-Slys. My friends have a magnificent castle (Ballybosh) in Kildare, a place of great antiquity, to which they have given me the most pressing welcome; I hope some day to avail myself of their kind invitation. The Major's manner is grave and somewhat lofty, full of a chivalrous courtesy, and elaborate deference, which suit his knightly air. The slight 'nuance' of what I fear I *must* call *flattery*, in all he says (coming from such a man), stamps a value on the recipient, which is most grateful to the feelings. To *me*, so long weaned from communion with refined and elegant minds, this manner has, I own, a wondrous charm, especially when one reflects that it is based (in this instance) upon sterling sincerity, a high sense of honor, and unswerving integrity. His wife is a charming, airy little personage, full of life and animation, making a hundred blunders in an hour, but so warm-hearted, so impulsive, so full of a delightful *heedlessness*, that one loves her at once as the most genuine 'child of nature' it is possible to imagine.

"10*th March*.—The more I see of the O'Whackers the more I am led to revere their great and noble natures, especially the Major's. His sentiments are so chivalrous, so elevated! such a grand contempt for riches, rank, and all worldly advantages! such a punctilious sense of honor! What a contrast this is to the meanness and rapacity of the MacFishys! Surely, I am the most fortunate of women in having secured such friends in so fortuitous a manner! Yesterday evening, as I was sitting on the upper deck of our little dahabieh, enjoying the soft fitful breeze that came off the Libyan hills, and looking forward to a pleasant sojourn in my old quarters in the Esbekieh Gardens, the Major, with his usual courtly grace, seated himself beside me, and, taking my hand with the lofty air that so well becomes him, addressed me in these terms:

"'Me chawrming frind!'—(I try to keep up the remembrance of the sweet Hibernian intonation)—'to-morrow our deloightful mission will have tarminated, and we shall relinquish our sweet charge to more worthy, though certainly *not* to more deeply attached and interested protectors. Now, my beloved Miss Gushington, away with false delicacy! which is a thing my very sowl abominates, loathes, and detests! Spake to me with the openness you would use to a raal frind—to an elder brother! shall we say—to an adopted *father?*' said he, smiling in my face (for, indeed, the slight difference of age between us hardly warrants the assumption of such a character on his part). 'Be entirely sincere with me, my sweet frind. Let me have the happiness of smoothing away any little pecuniary difficulties that may beset ye on your arrival in Cairo: consider me purrse as your own; me whole fortchune, such as it is, is at your disposal. I have told my beloved Letitia to intimate as much—has she recollected to mention the unimportant matter to ye?'

"Tears filled my eyes as, with a truly grateful heart, I informed him (as I had already told his amiable little wife), 'that all my difficulties would be at an end as soon as I reached Cairo, as I knew that ample funds would be by this time lodged in my name, according to order, in the hands of Messrs. Coutts's Egyptian agent.' The noble heart seemed positively *annoyed* on hearing this circumstance, as 'it deprived him of a privilege he valued more than life—the power of serving those he loves and honors!' His excellent little wife informed me this morning that he could not sleep all night from dwelling with regret on the fact I had communicated.

"*March* 15*th*.—I have had a moment of exquisite gratification this morning. By some strange remissness on the part of Major O'Whacker's agents, the large sum which he had expected to find awaiting him here has been delayed, to his great inconvenience and annoyance. Next mail will bring the necessary advices, but there are ten days to wait. How truly fortunate it is that my own funds should be at once available! He would not hear of my disbursing more than one hundred pounds, for which, with his usual lofty punctilio, he insisted on my receiving his

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note of hand, though I told him that it was perfectly unnecessary between him and me. 'No, my sweet friend,' he exclaimed; 'ye must pardon my rigid adharence to what I consider just and right in these matthers; in all other things ye shall command my entoire obedience, my implicit subsarviance, to your wishes; but in all things connected with *pecuniary obligations*—Cornelius O'Whacker is *adamant!*'

"What could I say, or do, but submit? He is certainly a remarkable character, and embodies my idea of that grand creature Richard Cœur-de-Lion."

[Arrived at Cairo, Miss Gushington one evening was startled by receiving a note from the O'Whackers, informing her that the tidings of the sudden illness of a brother had compelled them to set off at a moment's notice for Aleppo; but she must not fail to visit them at their castle in Ireland. That was the last she ever heard of her hundred pounds. Miss Gushington's grief at the loss of the amiable O'Whackers was for a time mitigated by the arrival from India of her cousin, Sir Marmaduke Fitzdoldrum, and his lovely lady. She had known her cousin of old. "As children," she says, "we had played together 'in sunshine and in shade'—nay, I can not even now recall without a blush that in those days of rosy innocence I ever persisted in claiming Marmaduke as my future husband. He was then a fine, rather heavy-looking boy, in the costume of the period (corduroy jacket and trowsers buttoned together), not remarkable for intellectual endowments, but of a soft and pliant disposition, with pockets always full of marbles, slate-pencils, apples, elecampane, and toasted cheese. Ah, happy hours! And now, by a strange and fortunate chance, we two were to meet again on the burning sands of Egypt, who had parted in happy childhood in the moist shades of Lincolnshire! How strange! how interesting!" She found Sir Marmaduke a heavy, bald-headed man, with a generally somnolent expression of countenance, with a memory slightly affected by the fatigues of official life in India. "Lady Fitzdoldrum," she notes in her Journal, "impressed me most favorably. Her manner has a delightful variety; sometimes inclining to an Oriental languor, at others kindling into more than European vivacity. Her features are not of an insipid regularity, but decidedly handsome; the complexion is even unusually brilliant, considering her delicate length and long sojourn in Eastern climes; and the eyes remarkably fine, though a slight cast in one of them takes somewhat from the general effect." Some extracts from Miss Gushington's Journal will show the progress of her new friendship:]

"22*d March*.—When the affections have been deeply lacerated by the perfidy of those we have loved and trusted, it is well to have a refuge to turn to, in the security and protection of family ties. Such is my happy lot. Had it not been for the presence of the Fitzdoldrums, I think I should never have borne up as I did under the pressure of my late heavy trial, such a sense of desolation followed the first discovery of the O'Whackers' unworthiness. But I will not again allude to that terrible time.

25*th March*.—Belinda (we now call each other by these endearing names)—Belinda gains hourly upon my affections. It is not that I consider her faultless—far from it; no one is more ready than herself to acknowledge that her temper is imperious and irritable. But then, as she often says, '*Heart*, my beloved Impulsia, HEART makes up for all!' and I sincerely believe that no one has so large, so expansive a heart as Lady Fitzdoldrum. Then, again, I can not deny (neither does she) that her manner to her inferiors is a little harsh and supercilious; but one must always fall back upon her *heart*, 'which,' as she says, 'is in the right place.' And who can doubt it? I am quite certain that she is capable of the most reckless self-devotion. She may not have hitherto enjoyed an opportunity of sacrificing herself; but her nature requires it—positively craves it! As she often says, 'Only give me an opening! show me the gulf into which I can precipitate myself for the sake of one I adore, and—I ask it as a boon, I demand it as a right—*let me plunge in headlong at once*.' These are remarkable words; but she is indeed a remarkable woman. There is something of the Jeanne d'Arc type in her composition.

"30*th March*.—I have just returned from the Fitzdoldrums' apartment. I have need of calm—of rest—of sal volatile. My nerves are much shaken by the scene we have just gone through.

"I had gone to Belinda this morning by her own desire, as she expressed herself to be suffering from that peculiar sensitiveness to disagreeable outward impressions to which she is subject.

"I must here mention, parenthetically, that I have lately made an acquaintance at the table-d'hôte, who has proved an acquisition to our little social circle—a French gentleman, Monsieur Victor Alphonse de Rataplan. Lady Fitzdoldrum had already met him; in fact, they had been fellow-passengers on board the steamer from Calcutta. She had expressed strong approval of his appearance and manners; I will not deny that they have also impressed me favorably.

"To return to my morning's visit. I had hardly seated myself by Lady Fitzdoldrum's side, and inquired after her health, than I happened to remark, that I had just received a note from Monsieur de Rataplan, requesting information as to the hour we were to set forth on our little projected trip to Heliopolis. (This little excursion and picnic had been arranged by Lady Fitzdoldrum herself two days previously.) To my astonishment, this remarkable woman used these extraordinary words: 'Monsieur de Rataplan is a blackguard, and you are a fool!'

"I was perfectly speechless for a minute, but recovering myself, I was just rising to withdraw, in just indignation, when Nina, the ayah, un-

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fortunately dropped the fan she was using for her mistress's comfort, which, still more unfortunately, in falling, just touched Lady Fitzdoldrum's elbow. Belinda bounced from her sofa, like a tigress from her lair; knocked Sir Marmaduke and his chair down, who fled like chaff before the whirlwind; and seizing upon the unfortunate ayah, administered the most terrible castigation with the jeweled screen she held in her hand. It was a scene of indescribable confusion! In my efforts to separate Lady Fitzdoldrum from her victim I received a severe backhanded blow, intended for the unfortunate ayah, which, if the screen had not been partially made of feathers, would most probably have prostrated me. I can not bear to reflect upon a near relative and most excellent man; but at the same time I can not disguise from myself that Sir Marmaduke is, in some measure, deficient in moral courage.

"3 *o'clock*.—Sir Marmaduke having sent a pressing message for my assistance, I returned to their apartment. Lady Fitzdoldrum has had a violent fit of hysterics, in which the united efforts of Sir Marmaduke and myself were hardly sufficient to restrain her. She repeatedly im-



BELINDA'S BACKHANDER.

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plored us to allow her to throw herself out of window. We, of course, refused. She has just called Sir Marmaduke a scorpion, and me a cockatrice.

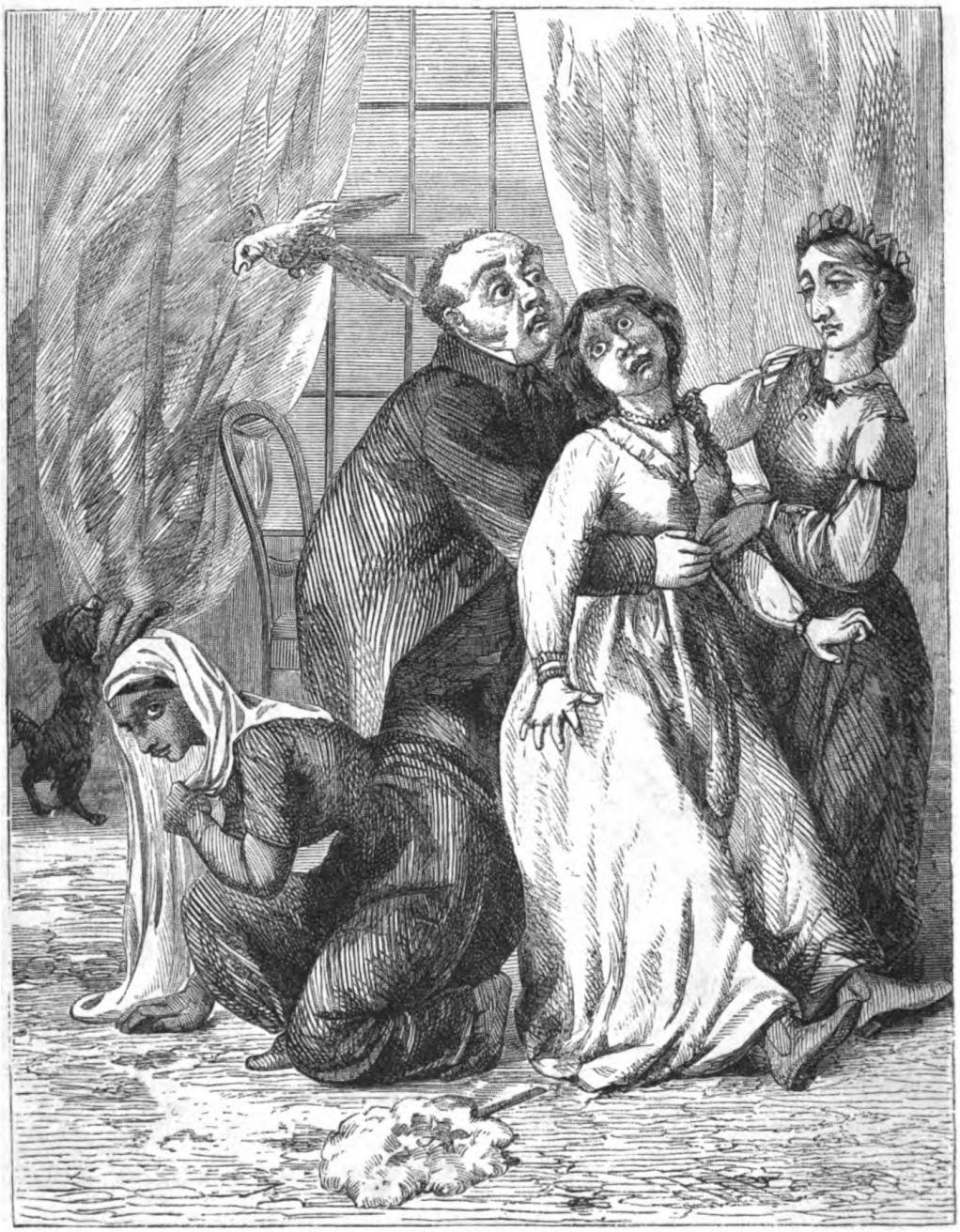
"4 *o'clock*.—A bulletin from Sir Marmaduke: 'The sweet sufferer is calmer now.'

"5 *o'clock*.—A second bulletin from Sir Marmaduke: 'The martyred angel is recovering her strength.'"

[The next morning, while enjoying a call from Monsieur de Rataplan, whose visits were not, she confesses, disagreeable to her, Miss Gushington was startled by a most astounding piece of information which was conveyed to her in the following note from the British Vice-Consul:]

"'My dear Miss Gushington,—In accordance with your desire that I should exercise a certain degree of friendly surveillance, over your actions and associates, in your present unprotected condition, I beg to apprise you immediately of a fact that has only just reached my knowledge, and which you ought to act upon without delay. The person calling herself Lady Fitzdoldrum has no right to that name. She is, was, or should be, a Mrs. Higgs, and has left two or three husbands in India. The wife of Sir Marmaduke died some years ago. Let me advise you to return immediately to England.

"'Yours faithfully, B. C.'



BELINDA'S HYSTERICS.

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"I remember reading this letter to the end, but such a deadly faintness came over me that the rest is a blank. When I came to myself I found that Monsieur de Rataplan had promptly called for assistance, and was hanging over me with the tenderest solicitude. My distracted ejaculations soon acquainted him with the cause of my overwhelming agitation. He raved and tore his hair, and implored me to allow him instantly to call out 'Sir Doldrum.' Monsieur de Rataplan informs me that he had for some time suspected the character of this person, from what he had seen during the voyage. He assures me that he never thought her the least good-looking!

"I besought Monsieur de Rataplan to leave me. He assented only on condition that I would admit him to an interview on the following day.

"I feel that the crisis of my fate is at hand! The restrained devotion, the latent ardor of Monsieur de Rataplan's manner can not be mistaken! I shall be glad of the opportunity for calm reflection which this night will give me. My trusting nature has been so often imposed upon that I see all the importance of the determination I am about to form.



A TERRIBLE REVELATION.

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"1*st April*, 1861.—I have suffered Victor-Alphonse to call me 'son Impulsia!'.....His personal appearance is *most prepossessing!* energy and determination are its principal characteristics; a flashing eye, that can melt at times into dove-like languor, or kindle into penetrating flame; a manly form, more robust than slender; a predominating brow—such are its most striking advantages. The other features are not strictly Grecian in symmetry, but they have an irregular beauty of their own. He embodies, to me, the chivalrous image of the Chevalier Bayard!.....His fortune is not large, but luckily my own little independence renders this consideration unimportant. He was quite astonished when informed that I possessed this fortune; he seemed almost to regret it!

"He urges our immediate union, but I am firm on this one point. I must return to England; it must be under the roof of my departed parents that our destinies shall be forever united. Decorum demands this sacrifice; Reason and Feeling alike applaud it.

"I shall leave for England to-morrow. Must I—ought I—can I—shall I—allow my Victor-Alphonse to follow by the next steamer?"



THE DIE IS CAST.—APRIL 1.

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THE PENNSYLVANIA COAL REGION.

THERE are few trips so delightful as that through the great Coal Fields of Pennsylvania, made by means of the NEW JERSEY CENTRAL RAILROAD and its connections. For the time, one can hardly choose amiss, from May, when the region puts on its robe of greenery, till November, when it assumes its gorgeous autumnal attire.

The starting-point from New York will be the dépôt of the Central Railroad at Jersey City. Avoiding the southern portion of New Jersey, which is one unbroken plain of sand, as also the northern, which is hilly and for the most part but poorly cultivated, our course lies through the very centre of the State—a region made up of alluvial valleys containing some of the richest soil that is to be found in the country—and after this transit of New Jersey, our route takes in quite entirely the eastern half of Pennsylvania.

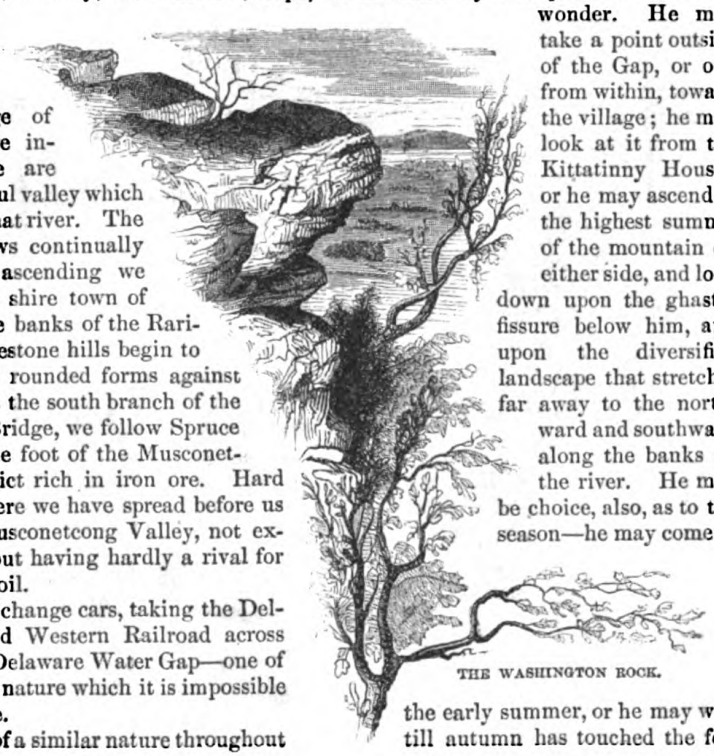
At the start about twenty-five miles of level, marshy land lie before us. On the right a low range of mountains skirts the distant horizon—a range which by-and-by, however, beyond Elizabeth City, is directly alongside of us, permitting us to look up its gently sloping sides covered with farms and farm-houses. On the top of one of these hills, just after passing through Plainfield, we discern Washington Rock, the point from which Washington was in the habit of watching the movements of the enemy, who was rapidly pushing him across the State to the banks of the Delaware. The view from this rock is of unusual beauty; taking into its compass Elizabeth, Rahway, Amboy, New Brunswick, and, under favorable conditions of atmosphere, even the shipping in New York Bay.

At the little village of Bound Brook, where we intersect the Raritan, we are launched into the beautiful valley which receives its name from that river. The soil, as we proceed, grows continually richer; and gradually ascending we come to Somerville, the shire town of Somerset County, on the banks of the Raritan. Very soon the limestone hills begin to present their exquisitely rounded forms against the sky. Passing across the south branch of the Raritan, over the High Bridge, we follow Spruce Run to Clarksville, at the foot of the Musconetcong Mountain—a district rich in iron ore. Hard by is New Hampton, where we have spread before us in all its beauty the Musconetcong Valley, not extensive indeed in area, but having hardly a rival for beauty and richness of soil.

At New Hampton we change cars, taking the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad across Warren County to the Delaware Water Gap—one of those abrupt miracles of nature which it is impossible to appreciate at a glance.

There are other gaps of a similar nature throughout the Appalachian range. There is one in Sharp Mountain; another through Kittatinny, or Blue Mountain, made by the Lehigh River; and there is still another made by the Susquehanna, above Harrisburg. Professor Rogers, the Pennsylvania geologist, speaks of these clefts, thus dividing mountain ranges to their very bases, as "transverse dislocations;" and he traces in them all this uniform law, viz.: that the eastward section always projects to the northward, as compared with its opposite. In the Delaware Water Gap this northward projection of the New Jersey section beyond that on the Pennsylvania side is very evident to the eye. The two walls, which rise precipitously on either side to a height of fifteen or sixteen hundred feet, are made up of thin layers of sandstone and conglomerate rock, and by the position of their strata (lying apparently at an angle of forty-five degrees with the horizon) indicate the ancient volcanic convulsion by which they were upheaved above the uniform level of the Kittatinny ridge—a ridge which appears once to have been the margin of a vast lake, receiving within its rock-bound inclosure the waters of the Chemung, Chenango, the Delaware, and the Susquehanna rivers; but which, through the gaps or dislocations above referred to, and formed at a period more ancient than human records, has allowed this mighty procession of rivers a free access southward to the sea.

There are various points of view which the tourist may select, in order to behold the landscape, as modified by this prominent natural wonder. He may take a point outside of the Gap, or one from within, toward the village; he may look at it from the Kittatinny House; or he may ascend to the highest summit of the mountain on either side, and look down upon the ghastly fissure below him, and upon the diversified landscape that stretches far away to the northward and southward along the banks of the river. He may be choice, also, as to the season—he may come in



THE WASHINGTON ROCK.

the early summer, or he may wait till autumn has touched the for-

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est leaves with crimson and golden hues, pouring over them a flood of splendor, peculiar to our American forests; but, in any case, he shall find the entire scene—the rudely broken ridge, with its crumbling, precipitous sides, and with its two long, low ledges that, on either side of the river, it puts forth, as if, on the one hand, it would run up to punish the bold stream at its very sources, or as if, on the other hand, it were chasing it down to the bay—one of the most picturesque that this green earth of ours can yield.

On the morrow we resume our journey, moving still in a northwesterly direction toward Scranton. More and more, romantic features become characteristic of the country; for we now commence the ascent of Pocono Mountain, over an upward grade of sixty-five feet to the mile. The novelty of this ascent, added to the remarkable scenery, makes this ride interesting beyond description, and upsets all our notions regarding the necessities and limitations of railroad construction. For here we have an elevation measuring upward of two thousand feet, as great as that of the Hoosick Mountain, through which the Troy and Boston Railroad is driving a tunnel; but, instead of slinking through the mountain in an underhanded way, *we* boldly overstep its summit in open daylight, while far below us curl the envious mist-clouds about the mountain sides.



DELAWARE WATER GAP FROM THE KITTATINNY HOUSE.

Before reaching the Pocono Forks we obtain a magnificent view of the Water Gap, which a few hours ago we left behind us, but which is now directly at our left, and distinctly visible against the sky, above many an intervening valley and range of hills. Descending through illimitable forests, and surrounded on all sides by a rugged grandeur, unusual even among mountains, we approach Scranton, the northern limit of our route; a short distance before reaching which, however, there is a most romantic cascade formed by Roaring Brook as it leaps down the steep ledges of the mountain on its way to the town, with whose infant growth it is forever identified, since upon its rapid stream was built the old grist-mill of Philip Abbot, about which as a nucleus the town commenced its development. This grist-mill, as regards its architecture and internal mechanism,

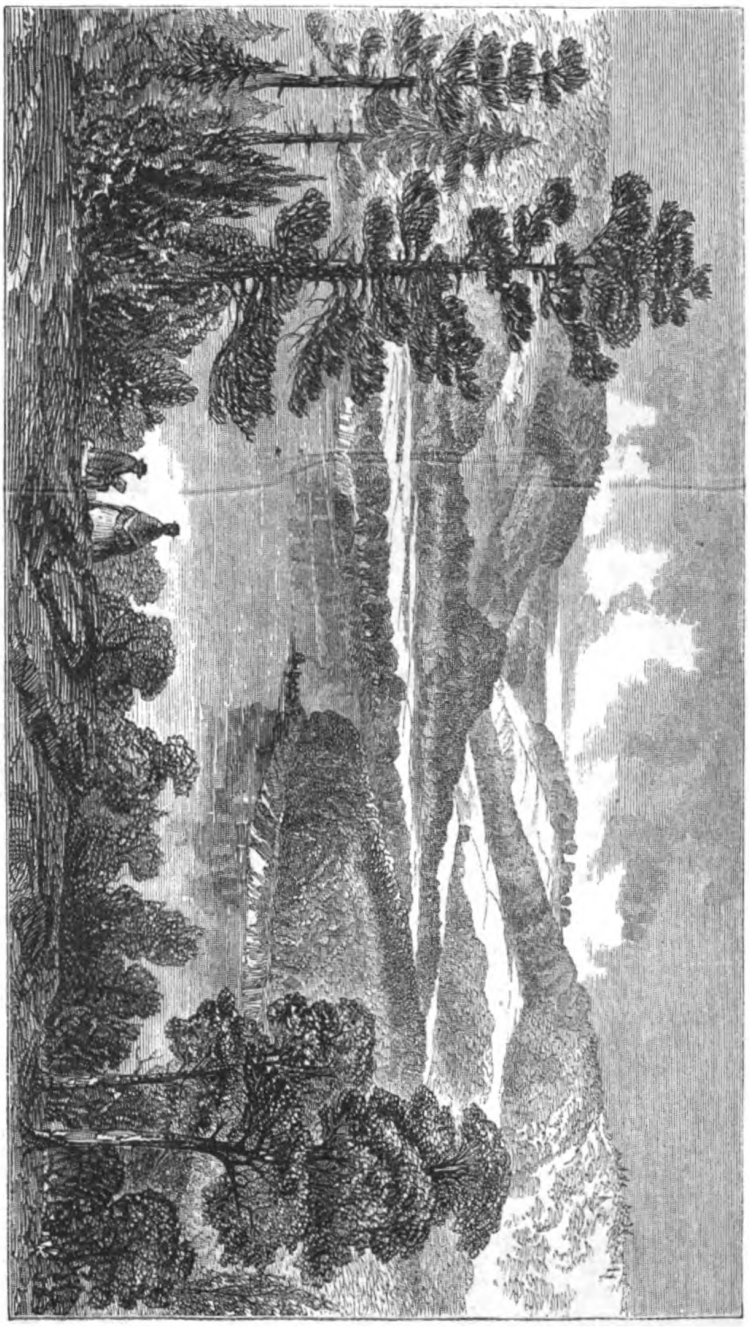
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was of the most primitive construction. Its outside frame-work was supported by rude crotches thrust into the ground; the flinty stones used in grinding were drawn from a neighboring ledge; these were turned by a leathern belt passed over the drum of the water-wheel; and for a *bolt* a dry deer-skin was used, perforated with small holes, which formed the only separation of the flour from the coarse bran.

Let not the reader suppose that the town of Scranton, as we behold it to-day, has grown up about a grist-mill! The town has had as many separate eras of progress as it has had names. As the home of the Indians it, or rather the region in which it is situated, was called Cabouse, after the chief of the tribe, which name it retained until the beginning of this century, when it was called Slocum Hollow, after the Slocums, into whose hands the old mill had passed, and who, besides building a saw-mill and two distilleries, bought up seventeen hundred acres of land, which was long known as the Slocum Farm. These Slocums were Ebenezer and Benjamin, brothers of Frances Slocum, whose capture by the Indians at five years of age, and whose eventful history afterward—her identification with the race that had adopted her, the painful search after her by her brothers, the final discovery of her whereabouts more than half a century after her abduction from Wilkesbarre, and, finally, the visit made to her in her far-off Western home by her brothers: a history which reads like a romance — have become known as widely as the Wyoming tragedy with which they were so intimately connected.

After glorying for about forty years in the name of Slocum Hollow—during which time it was of very little account—it doffed that euphonious title for the name of Harrison, until a few years afterward, when it received its present designation. It is really within the last ten years that the greater portion of the town has sprung up; and that which has given impetus to its rapid progress during that time has been its extensive collieries, taken in connection with the increased facilities of transportation.

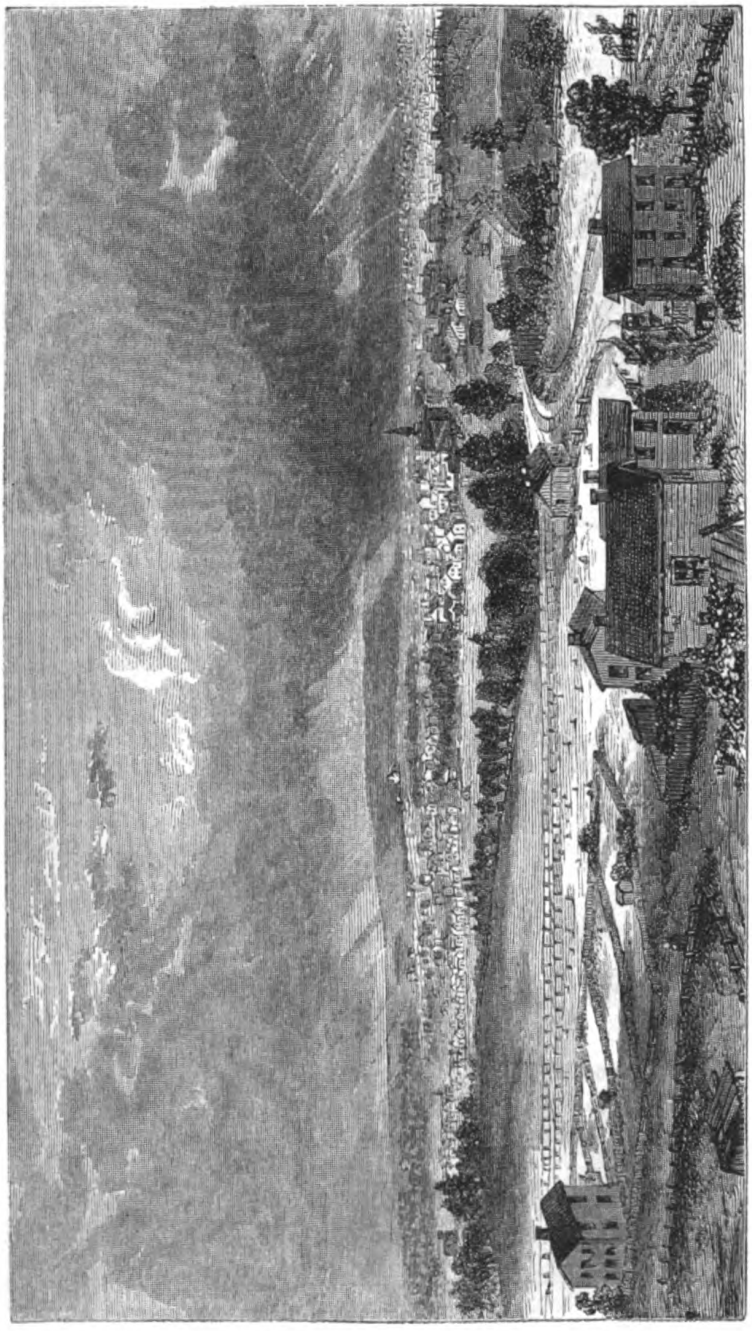
Scranton lies on the east bank of the Lackawanna River, and is the centre of the Lackawanna coal region. To get the best view of the town we should cross the railroad bridge to the



VIEW FROM SUNSET MOUNTAIN, ABOVE THE WATER GAP.

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eminence on the opposite bank at Hyde Park. The town presents neither a very beautiful nor magnificent appearance to the eye. One endless pile of brick greets the eye wherever it turns, as indeed is the case in all the large towns of Eastern Pennsylvania. But the natural scenery is of striking beauty. The river winds lovingly about the edges of the town, and its banks are prodigal of shade trees; and the mountains have a near, familiar look about them, disrobed completely of that mysterious haze in which distance inwraps them, though here and there along the horizon a beautiful glimpse is afforded of the blue heights far beyond. As for the town of Scranton, seen from this point, I confess that I was best pleased with that portion of it which vulgarly goes by the name of *Shantyville*—a thousand rude huts, closely packed together, tier upon tier, with narrow alleys between—yet absolutely refreshing to the eye, as the solitary portion of the town in which brick does not predominate! Here live the miners and the laborers employed in the various coal and iron works, occupying in this humble style the whole western side of the town, while upon the opposite side are gathered the Scrantonian elegance and respectability in their more assuming homes. These, upon the right hand, are the coral insects that work beneath the earth "with enduring toil," out of the reach of the sunlight, out of the sight of flowers, building up the palpable foundations of wealth; those upon the left build upon the firm basis thus prepared for them their climbing towers of prosperity and pride.



Now let us take a glance at the mines. The reader will allow us one moment with the geographical position and the geological aspects of the coal-fields. Coal itself is of vegetable origin, and it is the result of the "decomposition of the compound of bodies from which it is formed." Once America was a long, narrow island, reaching from Nova Scotia to the far West; neither Alleghanies nor Rocky Mountains as yet existed, but a great ocean spread away to the north and another to the south. Gradually on either side, by the action of the waters, vast deposits of stratified rock were formed, which, accumulating, were at length raised to the surface at numerous points, forming low marshy islands. These became covered with a luxuriant

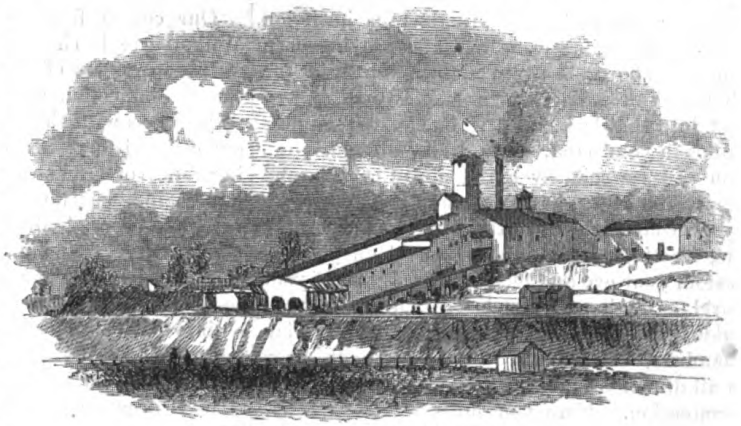
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vegetation, under conditions of atmosphere peculiarly favorable to such growth; generations of this rapid growth quickly succeeded each other, the decay of each forming the basis of that which followed. For ages this process went on; and when the Alleghanies were afterward upheaved in successive ranges to the southward, the reader can easily imagine the great disturbance, the distortions and dislocations which these stratified deposits must have undergone. He will remember, too, that these ridges thus suddenly upheaved must have imprisoned many a large, inlying body of water, which, in proportion to the resistance offered, would the more violently force various outlets to the open sea beyond, and, in its way out, would, with its tumultuous current, tear up the already loosened strata—if possible sweeping them entirely away, but otherwise leaving them behind in confused heaps. The ranges of the Alleghanies increase in height as we proceed southward, till in North Carolina they rise more than six thousand feet above the level of the sea. The more southern ranges, being later in their upheaval, and therefore meeting with greater resistance from the continually hardening crust of the earth, were for this reason thrown up to a greater height, power in all cases being measured by resistance. These ranges, therefore, offered a proportionally greater resistance to the escape of the waters which they inclosed; hence the greater violence of the escaping waters, which accounts for the fact that, for the most part, the coal measures of the South have been swept away. In regions where there was *no* violent action of water at all, as in Western Pennsylvania, we have the soft bituminous coal, the hydrogen of which has never been permitted to escape; and the reason that we have not bituminous coal in East Pennsylvania, as a general thing, is this: the external disturbances which affected the strata, though insufficient to sweep them away, yet so effectually exposed them to the air that the soft coal became in time hardened to *anthracite*.

The anthracite coal-fields of Pennsylvania are contained between the Blue Ridge and the Susquehanna. Here it "outcrops" in the most elevated regions, and always in the vicinity of rivers. Under a bed of clay we find a micaceous slate or sand-stone, and then we strike the benches of coal, beneath which lie the elder strata of shale, conglomerate, old red sandstone, and Devonian deposit; and the absolute depth of these underlying strata, from the base of the series where the lowest sandstone comes in contact with the primary rocks, is estimated by Professor Rogers to be no less than 40,000 feet. For convenience we may divide the coal-fields into three compartments—the Lackawanna, the Wyoming, and the Lehigh.

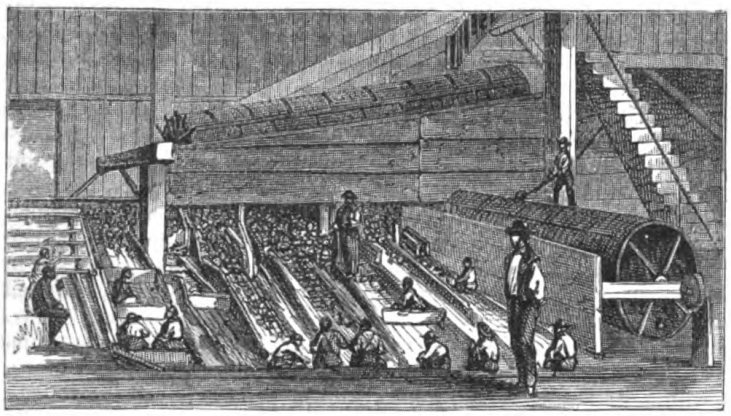
The Lackawanna and the Wyoming valleys adjoin each other, and, together, may be imagined as two outspread wings, the pivotal point about which they balance being at Pittston, a short distance below Scranton, at the junction of the Lackawanna River with the north branch of the Susquehanna. Altogether there are in these two valleys over fifty collieries, scattered along the river from Carbondale to Shickshinny. These are under the direction of various companies, mostly of railroad or canal corporations, and some are the property of private individuals. The external appearance of the collieries is strikingly similar. Where the "outcrop" allows of a direct access there is an entrance to the mine by means of an inclined plane, called a *slope;* but generally, in this region, it is necessary to strike a perpendicular *shaft* down into the mine, and having thus reached the coal measures, subterranean chambers are excavated in every direction. Sometimes there is both a *slope* and a *shaft*. At the summit of the slope, or directly above the shaft, a tall slender structure is erected, which contains the machinery for raising, breaking, and sorting the coal, and is usually called a "coal breaker." As one of these collieries answers for all, we will examine the Oxford shaft and breaker, which, besides being near at hand, has also the latest mechanical improvements.

The first room which we enter contains the stationary engine, whose office is to raise the coal up the shaft, and turn the breaker. The coal is carried up to the top of the structure from the mine in deep carts, holding four or five tons each. Let us ascend to this topmost room, and we shall see the coal as it comes from the hands of the miner. Here is a laborer, who stands by, and as the car reaches the top takes out from it a card upon which is the name of the miner to whom the load is to be accredited. For each load mined the miner receives about seventy-two cents; and in this way he often earns from $60 to $80 per month. The coal is here "dumped off" into a *shute*, which conveys



COAL-BREAKER.—EXTERIOR VIEW.

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COAL-BREAKER.—INTERIOR VIEW.

it to the "landing," where there are other laborers stationed to break the larger pieces, when it passes on to the rollers of the breaker, which receiving it between their toothed surfaces, crush it, just as it happens, into various shapes and sizes. From the rollers the coal is passed down into screens, which allow its different sizes to pass through their correspondingly different apertures. After being "screened" the coal is passed through various *shutes*, at the bottom of which railway cars are stationed to receive it; when, over lateral railways, it is conveyed to the coal-yard of the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad, or to the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad, to be shipped to market.

While passing through the last-named *shutes* the coal is separated from the slate with which it is mixed. This process is intrusted to lads of from four to ten years of age; and to those who look for the picturesque features of a colliery the slate-picking room is the most interesting of all. Nothing can be more amusing than the expression of countenance and the movements of these little fellows, nothing more ludicrous than their ragged and ungainly habiliments. They seem rather to be amusing themselves than working, as they lazily pick out and drop underneath the pieces of slate-rock, which the casual visitor could not tell from the genuine coal, but which they detect by a sort of indolent intuition.

If you wish to descend into the mine itself you will step into the car, which, after having been emptied above, is again descending into the shaft. You are let down about two hundred feet into the dark, holding one of the miner's lamps in your hand. But even with your lamp you can see scarcely a rod ahead of you, and seem to be in perpetual danger of being run over by the coal-cars that rattle along the narrow defile, meeting or pursuing you. Soon you accustom your eye and feet to the features of your novel situation, and closely following your guide, you begin to thread the labyrinthian chambers, narrow and low, that stretch away in all directions. Soon you come to an abrupt termination. Here you must tread carefully, for there may be danger ahead. The rock is mined here by blasting, of which you may get the full benefit if you disregard the code of signals. You smell gunpowder—your guide hails out ahead—it is all right—you come up just in time to hear of an accident which, not five minutes ago—indeed in the last blasting—came near proving fatal to a miner in the vicinity who mistook the signal! You tremble for your fate, and are half-angry with your guide, who insists upon showing you how the thing is done—not the accident, but the process of blasting!

You are now quite willing to ascend again into the upper air, and are led back to the entrance. You came down in a cart—but how are you to get back? The carts which go up are filled with coal, so that you must go up some other way. You stumble against a slender frame-work which looks very like a gallows: it is upon this that your ascent is to be effected. The lower piece of the frame is not half a foot wide, and upon this piece the guide steps, bidding you to follow. You expostulate, meekly expressing your preference for the full coal-cart or any thing else; but it's of no use—the gallows or nothing!—and up you totter, clinging to the sleeve of your guide.

From Scranton, *via* the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad, we take a southwesterly course at Pittston, entering the Wyoming Valley, over which the cruelty of Indian warfare has thrown a deeply tragic pall in our history. At the very head of the valley is Campbell's Ledge—a favorite point of view for those wishing to obtain a prospect which shall take in the whole length of the valley. Fit it is that the ledge should receive this name, standing as it does at the very gate of the valley made illustrious by the noble poet's song—although, it must be confessed, Campbell knew a little less than nothing of the Wyoming of which he wrote.

Our course from this point till we reach Wilkesbarre is characteristic both for the exquisite loveliness of the scenery, and for the intimate connection which every portion of this scenery has with the most pathetic romance of our early history. In this romance the adjoining valley of Lackawanna, which we have just left behind, has no insignificant share. Both valleys were originally settled by Yankees from Connecticut, who had to maintain a terrible struggle with the Pennsylvanians for a quiet possession of the country—a struggle which has passed into record under the name of the "Yankee and Pennamite" war. The Revolution diverted the attention of both parties from minor questions of dispute; but it was in connection with this war that a heavier scourge fell upon them

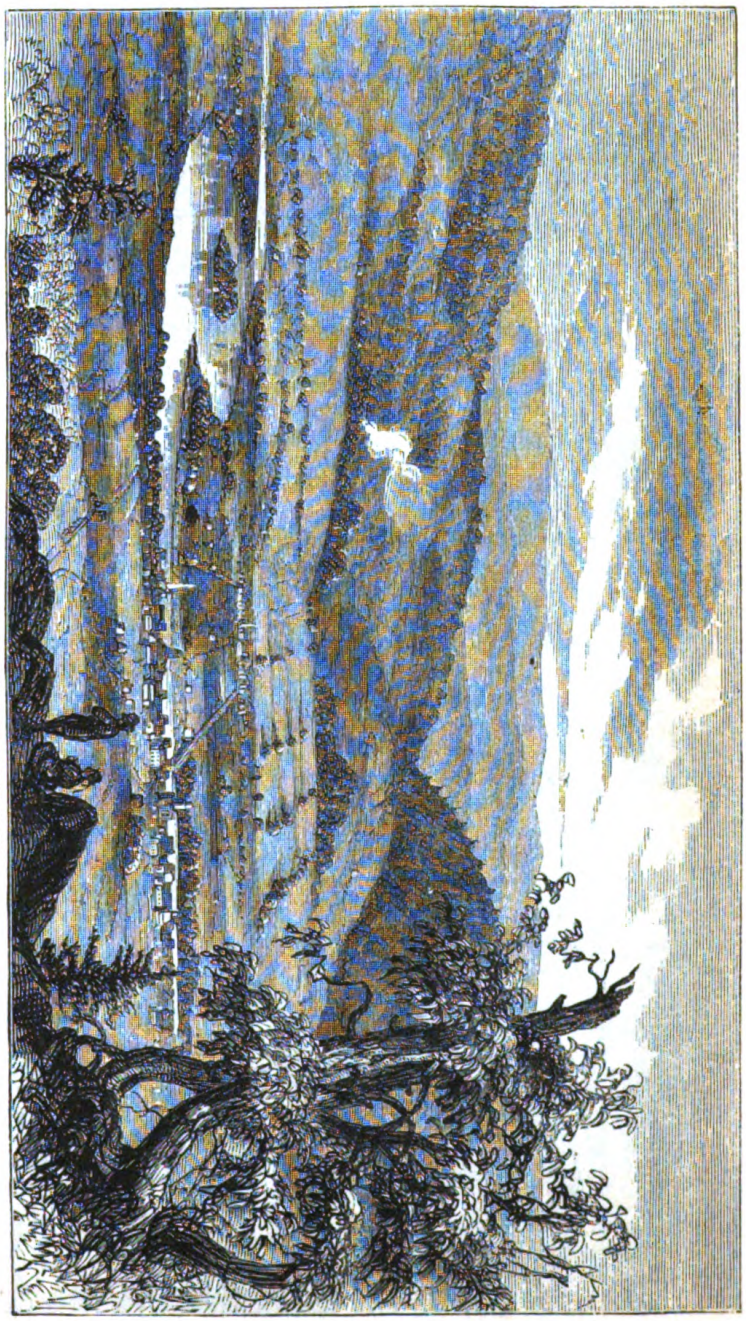
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at the hands of the Indians, who had become the allies of Great Britain in her conflict with the Colonies. The inhabitants of these valleys, from their vicinity to the Six Nations, and by reason also of their depletion in strength to meet the necessities of Washington's army, were peculiarly vulnerable to attack. This was too clearly seen by Major John Butler, who, with about 400 Provincials and 600 or 700 Indians, came down upon this valley of Wyoming on the last day of June, 1778. This body of men could be opposed by only 300, who came near reiterating the ancient fate of Leonidas and his 300 Spartans at Thermopylæ. But has not all this been told in the pages of this Magazine?

As we move down the river, every stage of our progress discovers some new token of this memorable contest. On the opposite side of the river, a little below Pittston, was situated Fort Wintermoot, from which Butler with his savages advanced; and a little below this, on the same side of the river, the tourist may still see Queen Esther's Rock, named after that celebrated squaw who, in revenge for the death of a brother, with her own hands beat out the brains of several captives taken in the battle. Further down, where the Wyoming Monument now stands, was the bloody battle-field, and just below stood Forty Fort, upon whose site a church now stands.

Passing by these sad mementos, we come to the town of Wilkesbarre, or rather the railroad station, from which we are conveyed a short distance by stage to Phenix Hotel, which is in the centre of the town itself. After a good dinner in a hotel, which, as regards its structure, seems to you old-fashioned enough to have been honored or dishonored by a visit from "British Butler" himself, and which, you are astonished to hear, has yet only seen about a single generation of human life, we set out for Prospect Rock upon the mountain-range just east of Wilkesbarre.

The view from this point comprehends the whole valley from Campbell's Ledge to Nanticoke Dam; and on a clear day it is said that even Hyde Park, opposite Scranton, is quite distinctly visible. The panorama spread before the eye is magnificent. The valley, with the beautiful Susquehanna, dotted with many a verdant island winding through it; the pleasant old vil-

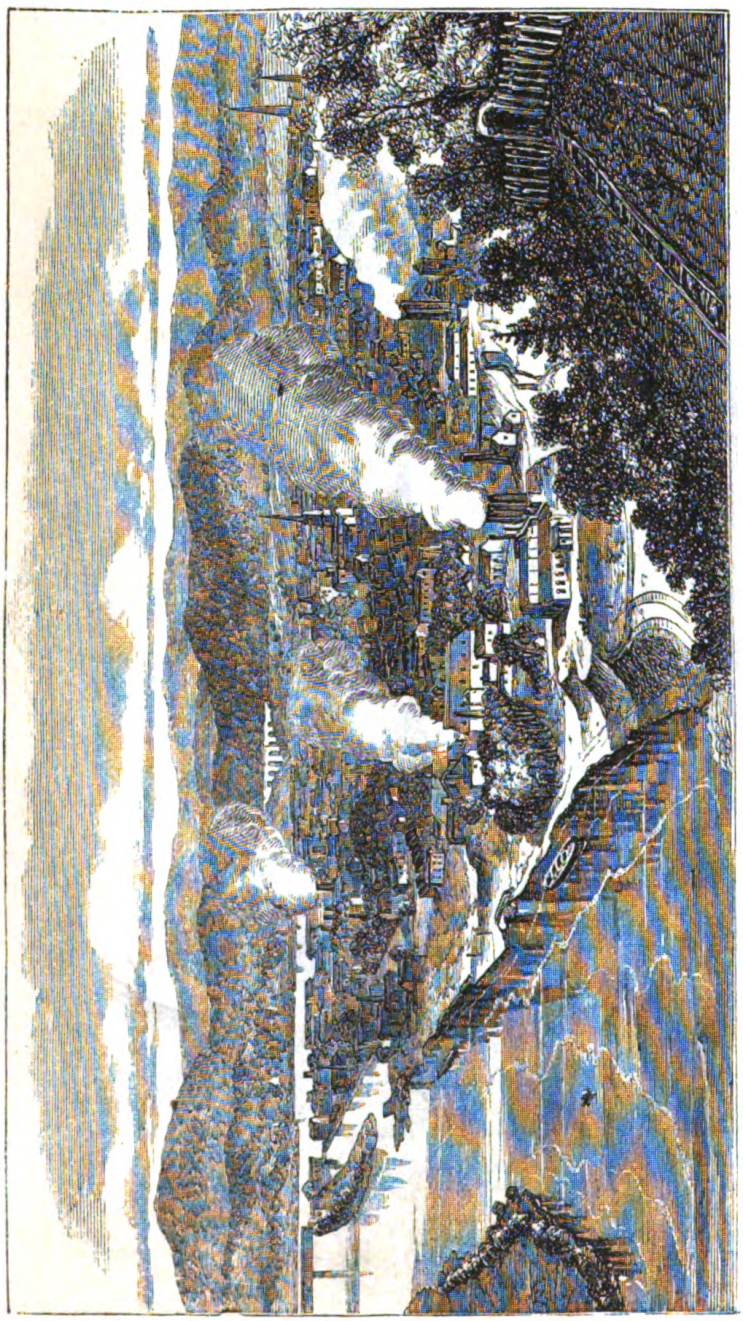


THE WYOMING VALLEY, FROM PROSPECT ROCK.

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lages, that lovingly cling to the banks of the river as if the stream which runs through them and links them together were a symbol of the beautiful chain of unity that in the former time bound them together against the common perils of the wilderness; the remembrancer of these perils which one sees in yonder monument (for it is distinctly visible); and, beyond all these, the threefold tier of mountain-ridges that rise one above the other along the western sky, one of them near at hand, with its well-defined form, while the other two peer from above with their blue tops, as from some other world; these are the prominent features of the scene.

Give me Prospect Rock for magnificence of view; but if you want the material for a picture you need not stir one step from your hotel. Sit down in the veranda with me, during that one hour—the one which follows sunset—in which hour of all others the Susquehanna wears its crowning glories. I can not describe what you shall see—who *could* describe in words this meeting together, through their shadowy reflections, over the edges of this languid and luxurious river, of all things near it and above—this meeting together, as for caresses and last adieus, of woods and clouds and sky, while the river that mirrors all glows with delicate and ever-changing tints, as if it had an impassioned appreciation of the glory with which it is overspread?



READING.

From Wilkesbarre two routes lie before us, which we shall pursue separately. Starting upon the longer of these, we continue our course through the Wyoming Valley, directly along the bank of the Susquehanna, through Rupert, where is the junction with the Catawissa Railroad, to Danville, where are the celebrated Montour Iron Works. If the reader desires to have some memorable impression of what manual labor is, let him visit the "puddling furnaces" of the Rolling Mills here, and he will be fully satisfied. For myself, I was so thoroughly enchanted that for two full hours I stood and watched the workmen at a single furnace through the entire process of transforming pig-iron into wrought-iron. It is so hot in the vicinity that you or I could, with great difficulty, stand for five minutes in the place of the workman.

At Northumberland we have the junction of the north and west branches of

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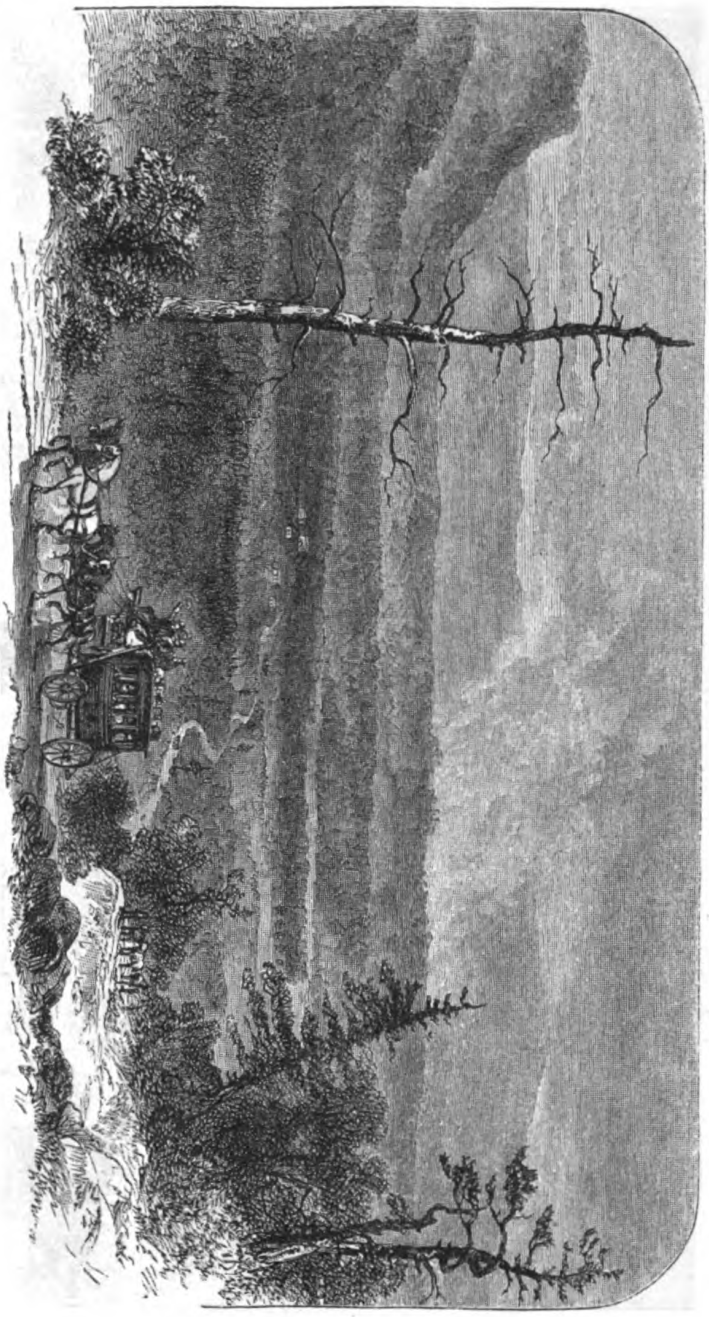
the Susquehanna, whose united stream we follow down to Clark's Ferry, where we are directly opposite to the mouth of the Juniata, and thence to Harrisburg. Just after we have crossed the long bridge across the river, as we enter Harrisburg, we can easily see the grave of Harris, the founder of the borough, the only monument, above which is the stump of the old tree to which the Indians once bound him and attempted to burn him by setting fire to the tree—a fate from which he was succored by a band of friendly Indians from across the river. The citizens have inclosed the spot with an iron railing and covered it thickly with flowers. The river here, as heretofore, is dotted with numerous islands.

From Harrisburg, through a rich and beautiful valley, we move on to Reading, stopping at Lebanon, to pay a visit to the Cornwall iron banks, about seven miles distant from that town. The peculiar characteristic which gives interest to these banks is the vast extent of iron ore lying open to the view; in the largest of the three, which is called Big Hill, it is estimated that more than 40,000,000 tons lie in plain sight above the water-level!

From Allentown we might move directly back to New York. But the reader will bear in mind that from Wilkesbarre I was to take him upon two separate courses. One of these, so far as it is distinct from the other, we have taken: let us now imagine ourselves back at Wilkesbarre, from which point we will take a shorter but more lively route.

By stage we ride up to the top of the mountain in order to take the cars of the Lehigh and Susquehanna Railroad to White Haven, descending over the last five miles of road by mere force of gravity. From White Haven we again take the stage for Eckley, which is seven miles distant, at the top of Buck Mountain. The view from the summit of this mountain, which towers upward to the height of 1700 feet above tide-water, is exceedingly picturesque. The whole scene is untouched by the modifying hand of man, rugged, just as it came from God, if we except the road along which we have come, and which, as we look behind us, we can see winding its way backward and downward into the valley—the one single token of intrusive civilization.

Eckley itself is a vast collection of shanties—its uppermost social strata are yet to be formed; it is a good example of the sort of town which will grow up about a colliery.



SANDY VALLEY, FROM BUCK MOUNTAIN.

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Over the Hazleton Railroad to Hazel Creek, and from thence by the Beaver Meadow Railroad, we proceed to Mauch Chunk, passing along the beautiful banks of the Lehigh River. So narrow is the defile between the mountain-spurs at this point that there is only sufficient room for a single street in the main part of the town.

The chief attractions for us at Mauch Chunk were two. The first of these was the grounds, or garden rather, surrounding and belonging to Judge Packer's residence. The gardener of Louis Philippe laid them out: the poor refugee had somehow found his way from the gardens of Paris to the shanties of Mount Eckley, and thence down to Mauch Chunk, where he was obliged to beg an opportunity to work. When he undertook the Judge's grounds they were as rugged, barren, and unpromising as any of the surrounding mountain slopes. Now terrace rises above terrace, the very soil of which they are formed having been literally created by the gardener; these are supported by conglomerate stone, brought hither from a considerable distance and placed ingeniously so as to mimic a natural situation; and over these the myrtle spreads a luxuriant growth.



MAUCH CHUNK.

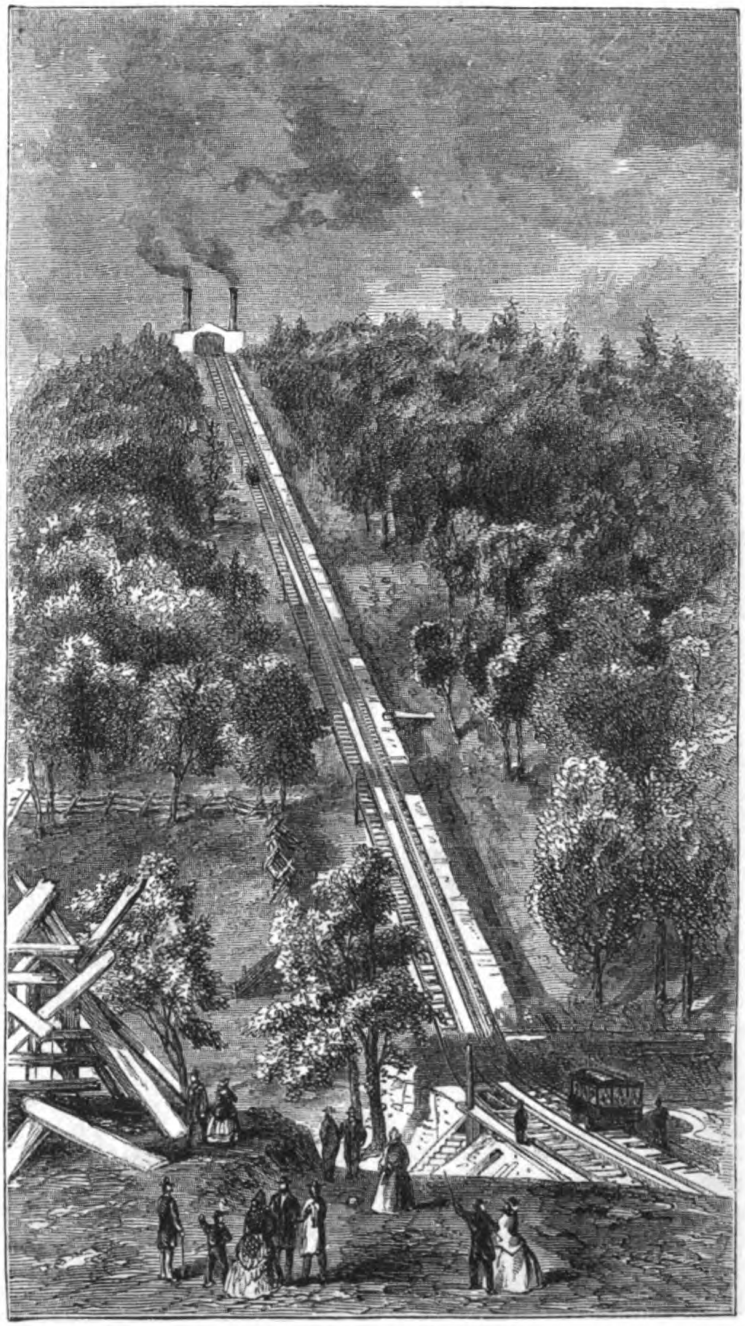
The second great charm of Mauch Chunk was the ascent to the top of Mount Pisgah, and a trip to the mines over the Gravity Roads and the marvelous Switch-back.

We commence the ascent from the foot of Mount Pisgah. Here we seat ourselves in the open car, and, at a given signal, are hoisted up an inclined plane more than half a mile long over a grade of one foot to every four—up—up, as if we were being drawn into the clouds by some invisible power! Here then we stand at the top, 880 feet above the sea, obtaining a most magnificent view. The Valley of the Lehigh seems directly under our feet; Mauch Chunk dwindles into nothingness, as seen under the mountain-spurs that surround it; tier above tier of mountains arise in the distance; and far above, prominent as the crowning feature of the scene, tower up the cleft sides which form the Lehigh Water Gap. But we are not at our full height—though this is the most advantageous view that we shall get. Another plane, six miles further on, lies before us, up which we are again elevated to Summit Hill: from which point we descend into the mines. These lie in quarries, which we enter not by shafts, but directly, by means

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of tunnels, into the coal-measures, which have here a greater thickness than any where else in the coal-fields. But the road itself is far more interesting than the mines to which it ministers. We descend from our high elevation by gravity, changing our directions at various points by means of what is called a switch-back. The car, by the momentum it has gained, is carried for a short distance up a steep ascent, from which, by the returning descent, it gains an impetus which forces it over another track (upon which, by a self-regulating arrangement, it has been switched). The arrangement of these switch-backs is such that we are carried around a circuit of several miles, returning again to Summit Hill, the point from which we started, being again drawn up, of course, to the top by means of inclined planes. All the way our course is through the wildest woodland scenery, and our velocity, oftentimes exceeding that of the locomotive, adds to the excitement with which we are inspired.

An anecdote is told of a Quaker couple who once visited Mauch Chunk, on purpose, as they said, to see "Josiah's works"—meaning this novel system of inclined planes, together with the switch-back, which were the work of Josiah White. Looking up, however, from the foot of Mount Pisgah, the bump of prudence began to predominate against that of curiosity. Some efforts were made to induce them to enter the car; but they held back. "They wanted much to see Josiah's works, but—" and shaking their heads deprecatingly they looked up the long plane. Continually the visitors came thronging in and took their seats in the cars. "Does thee mean to say," asked the Quaker, "that all these people are going up?" "Certainly," said the conductor, again assuring them of their perfect security. The Quaker couple were now observed to hold an anxious consultation, the result of which was that they agreed to make the venture upon one condition. "Thee will go no faster than we want thee to?" stipulated the Quaker. "Not a whit," replied the conductor, now certain of his prey. The cars are mounted, and up they are hoisted. The poor couple look at each other in amazement and affright, but are persuaded to try the second plane. Then commences the descent. The novelty of the ride exhilarates and inspirits. The old Quaker's

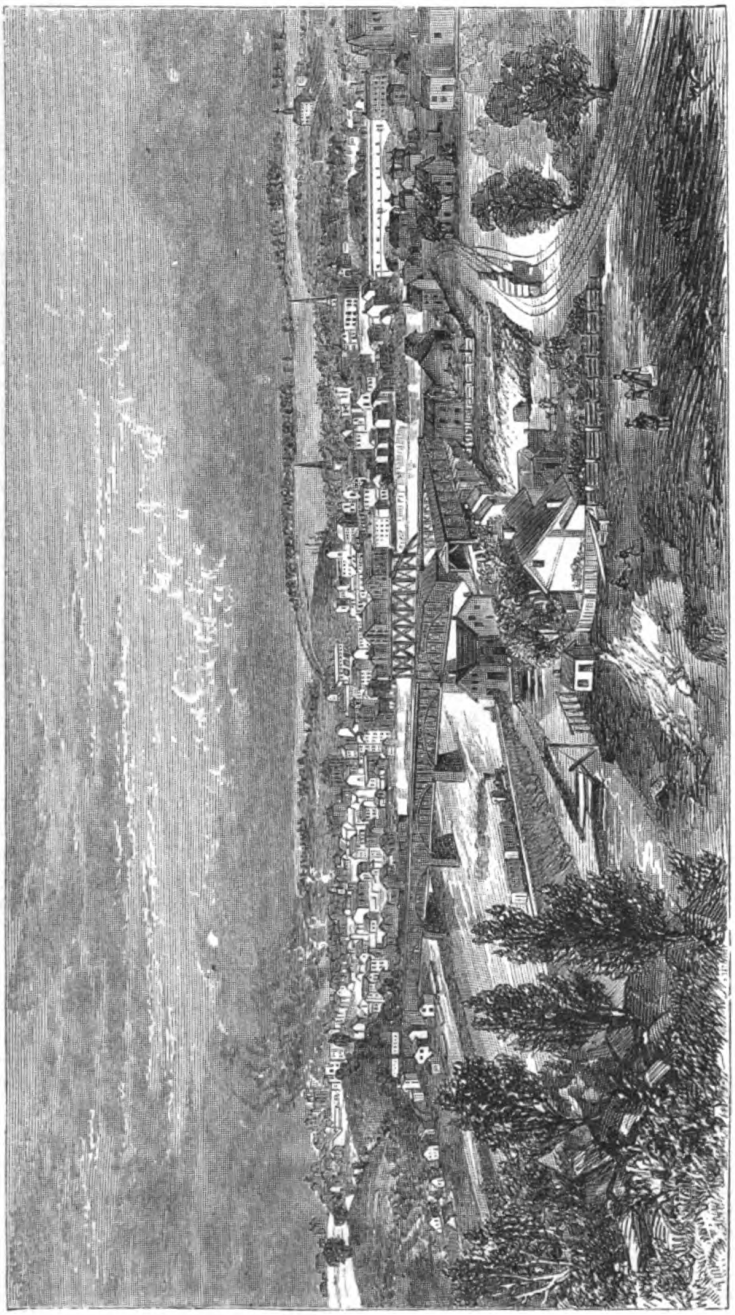


THE INCLINED PLANE, MOUNT PISGAH.

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gray eyes glisten with excitement as the speed gradually increases. Soon he gives an impatient gesture, and asks the astonished conductor, "Can't thee go a little faster, friend?" Now the velocity is at its highest. The Quaker's eye has a mad twinkle about it, as with still greater impatience he beseeches the conductor to *put on all possible speed*, utterly unconscious of the merriment which he is making among the party.

Passing over the Lehigh Valley Railroad to Easton we have the Lehigh River continually at our left, and are frequently reminded of the terrible freshet which swept this whole valley last year. It was all the more destructive on account of the damming up of the river to fill the Lehigh Canal; for these dams, being suddenly swept away, let down immense volumes of water into the narrow defiles below. Many lives were lost, and many instances are recorded of the miraculous preservations of life. One of the most remarkable of these instances occurred at Hokendanqua, just above Allentown. A father went away to carry some articles of great value to a place of safety, leaving his two young children in bed, intending immediately to return to their rescue. But he came too late. The waters had already rendered access to the house impossible. Now here is the marvel. Instead of drowning the children, the inflowing waters gently lifted the bed upon which they lay, and saved their lives. They were not even moistened by the water! It was this freshet which, breaking up the canal, so greatly increased the price of coal last year.



EASTON.

Bethlehem, twelve miles above Easton, is noted as an ancient Moravian settlement. The old edifices built by the Brethren still remain. It is very interesting to go through the Moravian burial-ground. Here are buried, with the utmost indiscrimination, Indians, negroes, and white men. The Moravian Society in this country was in reality a missionary organization, and is to be considered as such. Their great aim was the conversion of the Indians; and it is beautiful to look upon these Indian graves, and to think of the Christian love with which the Moravians regarded the poor savage even in death.

Easton is one of the oldest boroughs of Pennsylvania. Confined originally to the lower grounds it has literally climbed up over the surrounding hills. Altogether it is a quaint old town,

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having about it all the peculiarities of a Pennsylvania borough, one of the commonest of which is a plentiful abundance of lager-bier.

From Easton we return on the Central Railroad of New Jersey back to New York, having seen probably a greater variety of natural scenery than is usually the lot of railroad travelers, and having witnessed some of the most remarkable specimens of human ingenuity and skill which the country can furnish. Besides these attractions to the tourist, there are few regions in which a summer vacation can be more pleasantly passed.

ITINERARY OF THE ROUTES DESCRIBED.

I. NEW YORK TO WILKESBARRE.—Starting from Jersey City at 8 A.M. the tourist will reach Hampton Junction, 60 miles distant, at 11 o'clock, which is the only time when it is possible to secure a connection with the Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western Railroad. Immediately availing himself of this connection he reaches the Water Gap, 26 miles beyond, at 1 P.M. Supposing him to stop over at the Gap for one night, he will resume his journey at 1 o'clock the next day to Scranton, 57 miles further to the northwest. Stopping at Scranton overnight, the next morning he takes the 10 o'clock train for Kingston, 17 miles distant, on the Lackawanna and Bloomsburg Railroad, from which point he is taken by stage to Wilkesbarre, about a mile from the station, arriving there about 3 o'clock P.M. The trip to Prospect Rock, 3 miles to the east of the town, may be, with the exception of the last 200 yards, taken by carriage. The tourist will stop at Wilkesbarre overnight.

II. FROM WILKESBARRE TO HARRISBURG.—The tourist who takes the longer of the two routes which we have described in the foregoing pages will leave Wilkesbarre at 9 A.M. of the fourth day, reaching Danville, 50 miles further down the valley, at noon. Stopping over for a day—as he must, if he stop at all—he will reach Northumberland, twelve miles distant, at 1 the next day. From this point, at 10 o'clock of the following day (the fifth), he proceeds 53 miles to Harrisburg over the Northern Central Railroad, arriving at 1 P.M. If he stays at Harrisburg overnight he will proceed at 8 A.M. on the following day to Lebanon, 26 miles distant, which he will reach a little after 9. After paying a visit to the Cornwall Ore Banks, by a special railway accommodation, he will take the 3 P.M. train for Reading, 28 miles from Lebanon. From Reading he may immediately proceed to Allentown, *via* East Pennsylvania Railroad, over a distance of 36 miles. The next morning, at 5.30 A.M., he starts for Bethlehem, about fifteen minutes' ride over the Lehigh Valley Railroad: stopping at which point till 1 P.M., he moves on to Easton, 12 miles further down the Lehigh River. He will then have five hours at Easton before taking the 6.30 P.M. train, *via* Central Railroad of New Jersey, to New York—a distance of 75 miles.

The route thus described from New York and back takes one week, and traverses 457 miles, giving time for examining the more important objects of interest, though there are several points where an additional day may be pleasantly spent.

III. WILKESBARRE TO MAUCH CHUNK.—Supposing the tourist to prefer the shorter of our tours from Wilkesbarre, on the morning of the fourth day, instead of pursuing his course down the Wyoming Valley, he will proceed by stage from Wilkesbarre at 7.30 A.M. to the dépôt of the Lehigh and Susquehanna Railroad, 5 miles up the mountain. At White Haven, taking the stage to Eckley, he arrives about noon, proceeding thence directly by Hazleton Railroad to Beaver Meadow Junction, where he will take the Beaver Meadow Railroad to Mauch Chunk, arriving there about the middle of the afternoon. The next morning he will take the trip over the Gravity Roads and Switch-back, starting at 8 A.M., and returning in time for the Lehigh Valley 4 o'clock train to Allentown, 29 miles from Mauch Chunk. Thence his course to New York will be the same as by the longer route.

THE BATTLE AND TRIUMPH OF DR. SUSAN.

IN TWO PARTS.—PART II.

V.—BATTLE, BUT NO TRIUMPH EITHER WAY.

SYLVERIE BEAMES, D.D., lay on a settee in one corner, Paul Remy sat in a very easy rocking-chair in another corner, his feet on several cane-bottom chairs. All this, besides considerable else more remarkable, went on in the south parlor of Beech-Wold; a large room with several pleasant windows through which the sun suffused every body; a room where backward patients were forced, like cucumbers under glass. In hydropathic institutions cure of any thing more serious than a tooth-ache takes at the least several years.

There were others in this room than Sylverie Beames, D.D., and myself. A number of ladies with their crochet-needles—their sofa-patterns to embroider, their chair-tidies to knit, and other nice little dextrous feminine finger-work to do—were distributed in lines of graceful irregularity all about the large, bright room, but near enough to the southwest window to hear the voice that was reading there from between the lips of Miss Helen Talfourd. And sitting perfectly upright, with her arms folded in the usual self-gathered, self-embraced manner, Dr. Susan occupied a tall-backed arm-chair, whose stiffness her presence in it converted into something like a very imposing dignity. She was having a short furlough that afternoon from her patients—all of whom were either asleep, out on pedestrian tours, in the south parlor with us, or miraculously able—if awake and confined to their rooms—to endure a few minutes without personal professional assurance that they were not to be removed to a better world before tea-time.

The book that Helen was reading was some kind of "Terrace" or other, I forget what exactly. It is said to have been intended for Sunday-schools. According to the theory about that class of books, this "Terrace" is an eminent success, it being universally laid down and received that the way to make children and youth anxious about the life to come is to render them thoroughly disgusted with this.

The book, however, was the best perhaps in our limited library of fiction. Dr. Laurence Medlicott was a thorough Puritan, and believed that however much happiness, or wickedness, or goodness, or misery there might be in the world, it was very wrong to assert these facts in any form but a sermon. Besides that, fiction he thought was altogether too much of a stimulus to the inflammable minds of patients, and before I left Beech-Wold I half agreed with him. So that there was never seen within the four clap-boarded sides of the cure a leaf of Scott, Dickens, Bulwer, Charles Reade, Hawthorne, Cooper, Miss Mulock—any body else worth reading.

Another reason for reading "Terrace," was that Sylverie Beames loved that mild prepara-

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tion; and the ladies, to generalize, loved Sylverie Beames. I see that somebody's liquid extract of something restores vigor to the exhausted frame and color to the pallid cheek—at least so it is stated in the advertising columns of several dailies. Now, I take it that no more cruel and felonious deed could have been conceived by the smouldering heart of personal malice, than to have administered the proper dose, as ordered in the directions on the wrapper, of this same stuff to Sylverie Beames. His pallid cheek was his capital; to use the language of sporting characters, he "traveled" on his exhausted frame. Whoever robbed him of these had stolen what not enriched him and made Beames poor indeed. Woman will adore, and where physical prostration is the symbol of spiritual exaltation, there will always be a little coterie of idolators around the settee where Feebleness lieth.

This afternoon we came, I remember, to the most exciting—or, pardon me, Truth—I should say, the least tame portion of the book. The incidents I can not recollect; I only know that the most thrilling catastrophe was the hero's getting a sprained ankle, which called forth floods of sympathy and opodeldoc. But the general impression upon us was that two young people, who loved one another (as much as two such meek-souled geese could) had a great deal of trouble, and did all sorts of foolish things, and got into a variety of scrapes most irritating to any sensible reader, when manifestly all that was wanting was to call the parson, have the thing done up, and go into a one-story house embowered with honey-suckles, to be happy on an ingrain carpet, till the young man's paternal relative, who was abundantly able, came down like a gentleman and gave the young couple, now restored to favor, a freestone structure where they could share bliss on Brussels. This solution of the difficulty, which occurred to every being with Causality marked above ½ at the end of every paragraph, seemed to have escaped the notice of the very acute author altogether. Or, perhaps, it only struck her at the end of Vol. I., and she had determined to perform II., whose hash would have been settled by accepting this settlement. My patience, even when I'm perfectly well, has bounds. These, however, draw closer when, as at Beech-Wold, it occurs that I am a valetudinarian. So, at the close of one page, and taking advantage of Helen Talfourd's pause for turning over, I broke forth as follows:

Paul Remy. "Excuse me for interrupting; but really isn't it rather stupid in those people not to go and get married? One can't help feeling as if the lack of a little ready money were at the bottom of that fellow's incapacity, and wanting to offer him the loan of a five-dollar bill to pay the parson if you could only find where to direct to him!"

Sylverie Beames (with mild surprise, and speaking as from authority). "The book is decidedly moral in its tone. The Rev. Polygonus Podgers, one of our ablest divines, has said, 'It should be at every fireside.'" Mrs. Hamilcar Hall—a lady whose husband lives in North Vespasian, a few States off, but who has congestion of the surfaces, and therefore passes her years at Beech-Wold, also a desire to *go about* doing good, and therefore does not stay at the fireside where Mr. Hamilcar Hall toasts his undarned heels—looks at me with at least three tracts concentrated into each eye, and nods approvingly at Mr. Sylverie Beames, as much as to say, "You've done for that Remy!" But that Remy is *not* done for. Truth crushed to earth rises again, and in my person replies, elastically, to Dr. Beames: "I can see no reason why that should make any difference. Your ministerial friend did not say *why* it should be at every fireside. He may have been a jolly old chap—"

All the Ladies (with four or five exceptions, in unison with Beames as Conductor). "The Reverend Dr. Podgers a jolly old chap!"

I (continuously). "Or if—as your exclamation seems to indicate, for I am so wretched as not to know Podgers personally—he be habitually miserable, altogether, in fact, of the "grand, gloomy, and peculiar" order of men, then this opinion of his may have been a spasmodic scintillation of wit, such as even the best and stupidest of our race are not entirely safe from. By "at every fireside" he undoubtedly meant just on the top of the grate, or, possibly at the bottom, for kindling purposes. And I can see no objection to that, except that pitch-pine is only a penny a bunch and this comes at one dollar."

As I say this I notice Miss Talfourd's color come and go, while her blue eyes run anxiously, first from me to the company who listen, then back again. She *is* exquisitely beautiful; I see it more clearly than ever before.

I notice Dr. Susan also. She is holding herself in with those resolute arms all the more sternly, but her strong, masculine mouth trembles as if she were *nearly* saying something. And I can not help thinking that her eyes flash; and she seems somewhat elated when I finish my sentence with such provoking coolness. But as she throws a side glance at Sylverie Beames the under lip curls.

Dr. Sylverie Beames (in a tone of severe and final calmness). "The Reverend Polygonus Podgers *I have* the honor of being personally acquainted with. He is not the person to indulge in a levity when his judgment is asked on an important topic. It is a source of deep regret that Mr. Remy does not vouchsafe his admiration to the book. It is also a consolation to consider that we are not entirely without authority for approving it, even though that authority be only the Reverend Polygonus Podgers."

I. "It would seem very silly for me to waste so much time in discussing a subject of so little importance, besides being ill-mannered, as an interruption of Miss Talfourd and those who like to hear the book read; but the whole affair takes an entirely different shape when an effort is made to clear a thing of the charge of stupidity

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by telling us that a certain gentleman likes the stupid thing. To cram objection down the throats of thinking people who try to utter it with a wad of Polygonus Podgers! Who knows but Mr. Podgers may be stupid himself? The thing *has* happened, obviously to several of us who have used our eyes in the world. In which case, by the law of affinities, Mr. Podgers would like stupid things; and recommend them; and, with *some* people, succeed in stuffing them down. No, Dr. Beames, I do not assert that your clerical friend *is* stupid. I can not doubt that other than stupid people *may* possibly like this book; but the place where I must come to issue with you is not on the mere book-question at all, but on the ground of this very intrusion of 'authority' into the discussions of men and women of sense."

Dr. Susan. "Good! Mr. Remy, good! I like to hear you say so."

As Dr. Susan said this her face lighted up into a look of defiant strength that made me think of a "Zenobia Promachos" that I had stood before for half a morning of growing surprise and delight in the Luxembourg. I forget who was the painter; but if he never did any thing else, this wonderful head of that great, strong, unfortunate, and unwomanly woman, as she looked leading on the death-trample of war, ought to have brought him more fame than he has. This expression on Dr. Susan's face showed me pretty plainly what sort of a warfare *her* mis-embodied soul had waged with society in general. I sat close by her and Helen Talfourd, and the latter and I were probably the only ones that heard her encouraging remark to me: such was the susurrus that ran through the feminine group in answer to my challenge—as it seemed to them—to Sylverie Beames, D.D.

Helen Talfourd did not speak. But another of those thrills of color and motion passed over her countenance. Her eyes met mine. She smiled with a proud sympathy; then blushed; and again I said to myself, "Beautiful, exceedingly!"

Dr. Sylverie Beames. "I can not say that I feel quite adequate to a discussion just now. Perfect quiet is necessary for my complaint—the trouble being bronchial principally. I hope to be able to give my views at some other time on this subject of 'authority.' Till then let all of us, or as many as possible, seek to follow in the steps of those blessed men, who, like Dr. Podgers, have devoted a lifetime to the study of theology. We can not be led very far astray—not as far, Mr. Remy, as if we followed our own poor, blind, erring reason. And now shall we have the next chapter of—'Terrace?'"

I. "Not only now, but forever if it lasts so long, after one moment. The question of the book, as I said before, is of no practical importance. But it is of great importance to every body that Reason should not be called poor, or blind, or erring. For Heaven's sake, don't let us stultify ourselves by vilifying the highest 'authority' we have, if we're going to stick to 'authorities.' It is by this same Reason, or some measure of it, that you come to those general convictions on which you erect even your superstructure of faith in Podge. Permit us also to use *our* reason, even though something quite else than Podge should be the climax of its results. The fact is, that I am quite sick of one thing (if I may be permitted to speak of myself) which I have seen a great deal of in my life. To speak in general terms, it is the practice of sending our belief, like our washing, to be done out of the house for us by some individual schoolman, doctor, parson, or some collective body—some Faith-Factory carried on by combination within the bosom of an Ism or an Ology. It might be an altogether different matter on one condition, viz.: that after our belief was all boiled out, clear-starched, sprinkled, folded, ironed, and sent home to us, the individual or combination aforesaid were quite responsible for it to the great scrutinizing Host of Souls, to whose Eternal Feast we have to repair, and in Whose presence it is highly desirable we should be decently clothed and not found naked! Could we but say in answer to *this* nature-thrilling, stern, real question, '*Where is thy soul-garment?*' 'Look to my Soul-Laundry-Man for that,' there might be some convenience in the arrangement, though a man of high honor would feel even then, meseems, uncomfortable at finding his own individuality so superseded, his own responsibility so blotted out. Still a lazy man would find advantages on the side of this way of doing things, could he say, 'Yes, this mere rag of a no-belief is pretty indecent for a soul of broad and emergent parts—J'y consens!—but so it was sent home to me by Professor Parker Pillsbobbery—talk to *him* about it!' or, 'I know it; this motley suit, this absurd harlequin fit, this maccaroni drapery of mine, is all very ridiculous up here, as must be apparent to the eyes of assembled Heaven, but this is the first time I've paid the least attention to it. Permit me to refer you to Dr. Asparagus Mudge, who on earth did my believing for me. Here's his card—"A. Mudge, LL.D.—goes out to do believing by the day, or takes it in, satisfaction warranted."' Now, if satisfaction *could* be warranted, this would all be very nice. Charming! But if in fact up at that Tribunal of All-Souls—where every honorable man *wishes* to be judged, and every man, honorable or caitiff, *must* be—there is no such word as 'proxy' ever uttered; if there the only question is as to what I have done for my own manhood, and even the purest white robe, bought, begged, stolen, or borrowed from another man, will not cover me from just search, then, I say, it is criminal folly and dishonesty for me to pretend to accept in this life any one else's opinion unproved by myself—be it æsthetic, ethical, theological, any thing—knowing, as I do, that in a higher life it will fail me, and I shall be brought miserably to shame!"

All silent except Sylverie Beames, who observes in a bored tone of would-be satire,

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"A very great deal upon a very small subject, viz., 2 volumes, 540 pages, 12mo."

Helen Talfourd (excitedly). "Dr. Beames, how can you be so unfair? You know it's not a *book*, but a principle, Mr. Remy is speaking of."

Dr. S. Beames. "Victory perches on the banner of any foe of mine when fair woman is the standard-bearer."

Cunning dog! he knew what a certain way this would be to rally his feminine admirers.

Numerous Ladies (coming to the rescue). "I must say I agree entirely with Mr. Beames." "Mr. Remy, your sentiments strike me as being very dangerous." "What kind of an ism do you believe in, Mr. Remy?" "Aren't you a Hicksite?" "Isn't that what the Free-Lovers believe?" All this, together with much more of the same sort, such as the lovely sex talks when it launches out upon that sea of polemic strife which no man ever sailed very admirably, and no woman other than most amusingly, because there one must voyage by the compass of School-Logic; and her compass, though she have a brain like Aristotle, can never be any thing else than Heart-Love.

Dr. Susan now arose, and the sight of her commanding form, towering several feet above the highest din, obtained instant audience for her very calm voice.

"Ladies," she said, "we are not setting these gentlemen a good example. Our voices are too high—too rapid. Dr. Laurence is Dr. Beames's physician; but I know the Reverend Gentleman will say for me that he ought not to talk with his throat as it is. Mrs. Hall, your high color indicates a necessity for return to the use of Aconite, six times a day, as before. Miss De Quaile, your head is slightly congested, you may take a warm foot-bath at 98° this afternoon instead of your plunge. Mrs. Bunnie, your febrile symptoms will not be overcome unless you are faithful with that Belladonna, and quiet. And Mr. Remy, as your physician, I must enjoin perfect freedom from excitement; you have already said much more than can be answered, unless your opponents obtain two requisites."

All at once. "What are they? What are they?"

Dr. Susan. "Permission from me to excite yourselves by saying any thing, and *something to say*."

"Miss Talfourd, are you tired of reading; is your voice tired, I mean?" continued Dr. Susan.

"No, dear, I will read on very willingly if the rest care to hear this stupid story."

I looked at Helen Talfourd with surprise. It was the first time that she had expressed directly any sympathy in my opinion; and I sought her face to see if there was any sarcasm there which did not discover itself in her tone. No; and I thought she was more beautiful than ever—so conceited are men!

Dr. Susan. "Very well, then read away, dear!"

So Helen continued. And the rest continued. And I continued. And Dr. Sylverie Beames continued. Each just as he had been, and just as all people do, after however much and fierce discussion, persistently continued. But with one exception—the one you would least think of—viz., Dr. S. Beames himself, who, after all his profession of faith in Dr. Polygonus Podgers and that eminent divine's opinion of "Terrace," failed to prove it by persistent works, and most incontinently went to sleep on his settee from mere exhaustion at the hearing of his own favorite book. Thus he was detected to his great confusion when bath-hour came, and we all broke up, each to repair to his several ducking.

This was the last time that Dr. Susan, Miss Talfourd, or I ever attended one of those readings wherein Dr. Beames was the umpire, and Dr. Podgers the standard of polite taste. But we had numerous little readings of our own. In which we three sat drinking the wine of high thoughts at the same festal board with Star-Crowned Goethe; with Schiller the Forever Loved and Loving; and with that tender, woman-hearted Giant-Soul, Jean Paul, did we "play at bowls with the sun and moon." Likewise with Dickens, Kingsley, Carlyle, and other such like "Muscular Christians," who look The Bad of the present day fiercely in the eyes and throttle it—not run away and creep into some such Sluggard's Heaven of cowardly talent as making meaningless, and therefore worse than useless, books, at so much a volume.

VI.—WHICH BEGINS WITH A PRESENT BLOUSE, AND ENDS WITH A FUTURE WEDDING-COAT.

From about the date of the last-recited conversation the lines of demarkation grew quite strong at Beech-Wold. The principle of classification was devotion or non-devotion to Beames. Besides Helen Talfourd, Dr. Susan, and myself, there were two or three who gave our minority at least negative support, by not utterly extinguishing their own personality in Beames, and having ideas of their own, even though they kept quiet about them.

The majority made Beames a dressing-gown; also a pair of slippers; a muffler for wet weather; a pair of big woolly mittens, like the lamb that Mary had, with fleece as white as snow; lamp-mats; kneeling-cushions. Endless arrangements.

One day Helen Talfourd, Dr. Susan, and I were in the bowling-alley together, and stood at a window looking into the gymnasium. Lo! Sylverie Beames, in his canary-colored gown with mazarine-blue facings, flitting hither and thither, like some rare and gorgeous tropical bird among the stately shafts of the plumy-crowned columnar palm—latter represented by the climbing poles of the gymnasium.

"It is a shame!" said Miss Talfourd. "It *is* a shame!" echoed Dr. Susan. "*What* is a shame?" asked I, not being gifted with the intuitive woman-sympathies which made them understand each other.

"Why, that *you* have no dressing-gown, to be sure!" answered Miss Talfourd.

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I laughed. "I am not one of the kind of men who get dressing-gowns made for them," said I; "nor slippers, nor any thing of that sort. I don't remember that either of the articles I've mentioned were ever presented to me in my life. I'm too positive a character for that. Mild men, with proper opinions, are the ones to have dressing-gowns. How absurd it would be to think of women making Luther a dressing-gown! Or Thomas Carlyle! Or, perhaps most amusing of all, Henry Ward Beecher —in canary, with blue facings!"

Dr. Susan. "I declare your modesty is fascinating! Hear now Mr. Remy's sum of the whole matter: Luther, Carlyle, Henry Ward Beecher, and Mr. Remy; these four, together with other great, but not *so* great men, look especially ill in dressing-gowns!"

Helen Talfourd. "Oh the saucy, saucy fellow! What can we do to punish him for such effrontery! Oh, I know! We'll make *him* a dressing-gown!"

"Capital!" exclaimed Dr. Susan, chafing her hands together energetically, which was the nearest approach she ever made to the feminine gesture of clapping them. "Capital! We shall see how Luther would have looked in that garment. But it just dawns upon me that I really don't know how to make a dressing-gown."

Helen. "But *I* do. I'll cut it out and turn the seams, and you can do as much as you know how to. We'll punish him—won't we, dear?"

I. "Permit me to ask a commutation of my sentence to a *blouse*—a blue flannel blouse, such as they wear in the ateliers of Paris. I have the pattern of one which exactly fitted me *there*. It will be less time to do that; and be clement —reflect what disgrace the dressing-gown would bring on my family—what a stigma it would affix to one so young, just starting in life! No one would have any malice against me again; the dirtiest ragamuffin or the meanest milksop would like me indiscriminately. In fine, I should be hopelessly popular with all sorts of geese, and my character would be irretrievably good. Compassion, sweet ladies! Spare the morning-gown this once—it is not for me."

Dr. Susan. "We let you off this once, of our sovereign mercy. Your sentence is changed to the blouse."

This conversation explains how it happened that one morning I came into the bath-room with a resplendent garment of blue flannel upon me, its waist neatly plaited on to a narrow belt below and a broad yoke above; its skirts loose and flowing almost to the knee; its sleeves of the ample, airy manner known as gigot. And when the Senator said, "Eh, Remy; very stylish, upon my word!—where did you get that comfortable, handsome thing?" there was a quiet pleasure in replying, with a view out of my sinister eye to the occupant of the canary faced with blue,

"Oh, the *ladies* made it for me."

In itself a dressing-gown is not of much consequence. Neither is my blue flannel blouse. But I have permitted it to occupy such a space here because it really led to some of the most important consequences of my lifetime. Mine and one or two others. Wherefore in my story, as still in my wardrobe, this blouse has a claim to its own nail.

About this period I noticed that the manner of Dr. Laurence Medlicott very much changed toward me. His acrid temperament and self-rearing kept him from being at any time a jovial person, but he had always preserved a manner of quiet cheerfulness in my presence. Now he was occasionally absolutely uncivil to me, replying curtly to the politest questions, and never vouchsafing to begin any conversation of his own accord. And one day, in a manner meant to be humorous, but with a smile so dry and hard as to show its difficulty, he accosted Miss Talfourd and myself, who were starting for the rustic seats at the magnesia spring, with—

"Well, what goose-chase are you on now?"

Miss Talfourd answered hurriedly, to prevent my doing so caustically, that we were going out to study the Flegeljähre of Jean Paul Richter together, at the same time showing him the book.

"Humph!" answered the ascetic Laurence, in a tone more like a growl than human speech. "Better read your Bibles, you fools!"

"Sir," said I, fiercely, "if you ever read that book with any other intent than finding equivoques to wrest for the support of your bigotry, you would know that Christianity aims at making you a gentleman, not a beast."

"Oh, don't—please don't—don't quarrel with him," said Helen Talfourd, pleadingly, her soft, cool hand gently laid on my quick pulse. But Dr. Laurence strode moodily away before he could hear me reply to her.

"Yes, you shall save him from my resentment as you did one ill-mannered brute before. Another Tobin."

"Oh, Mr. Remy, dear Sir, please do not be so violent. Bear with him."

"Did you hear him say 'fools?' This is only the climax of a rudeness I have put up with a little too long already. But it's the last time. I—"

"Mr. Remy, be patient with him—be patient. He has a great deal of trouble to bear. Oh, if you knew what it was you would forgive him, and put up with almost any thing out of the merest generosity. I could tell you—but I talk too much—shall we forget all this and proceed to our Flegeljähre?"

"You *could* tell me, but you will not? Ah, well I am still too much a stranger to be confided in."

"I can not tell you *now*, Mr. Remy—I *must* not. Sometime I may—perhaps I shall even have to. But now, be patient with *me*, Mr. Remy."

There was a painful earnestness, an excitement in the young girl's mien when she said this, that went to my very heart. Why was this?

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Why indeed, and what was she to me except the friend of a water-cure? She looked more beautiful in her embarrassment—her hidden trouble, which must not be uncovered to me—than ever before; and the suspense I felt, the longing to know how, why, for whom, she was distressed, fell upon me like the cold shadow of my own calamity. But her eye brightened with an effort, and she threw cheerfulness into her voice again as she said to me,

"It was on the thirtieth page we left off, at the end of the second paragraph—shall you or I begin, Meinherr Paul?"

Long after midnight I lay awake, the night after this interview, torturing my mind with the most painful, for me the most novel questions. Not only what grieved Helen Talfourd, but why that also grieved me. Now I would be as uncivil to myself as Dr. Medlicott, saying, in soliloquy, "Pshaw you fool! Shall you forget your one long-cherished aim? Your resolve to fetter yourself in no way till you were head of the firm of Marquette, Consol, and Remy? And you are third partner still! Will you hamper yourself at the start? Fool!" After which piece of impertinence to myself I would turn over, shake up the pillow, dispose the quilt, and settle myself in the conclusive style of a man who has arranged every thing unalterably, whom nothing now can possibly prevent from going to sleep. After my coming to this decisive spot *one* sweet, sad face ever looked sadly at me out of the darkness again, and the bastions of resolution melted away like a phantasm, in the warm, gentle breath of a woman, seeming to say close at my ear,

"If you but knew. If I *could* tell you! But be patient with me."

I passed a miserable night. After two or three hours' disturbed sleep I awoke to pass a miserable day. Nothing seemed to go right with me. I absolutely dreaded a relapse—or rather looked for one—for I hardly dreaded what I felt too nonchalantly miserable to care much for. Dr. Susan was busy as possible upon her rounds—for some reason or other Helen Talfourd was not visible after breakfast-time—and I could hardly have entertained them much had they been with me.

About three o'clock in the afternoon I began to wonder if the misanthropy that was growing upon me might not be owing to sleeplessness. I could make the experiment of a nap at any rate. There was a secluded room at Beech-Wold, meant as a quieter sort of parlor for the weaker class of those invalids who still walked, but little frequented on account of its looking upon the court, and being therefore not especially cheerful. In one corner was a comfortable settee: I stretched myself upon it, and began to surrender gracefully to weariness. Of a sudden the door opened hurriedly: I started up, my mind still in the chaotic beginnings of the earliest sleep, and rubbed my eyes to see if I were not dreaming. For the sight that met them might well have been an exaggerated dream—fulfillment of my yesterday's waking apprehensions.

Helen Talfourd, weeping so bitterly that the tears fell between her fingers as she tightly pressed them over her eyes, knelt in touching girlish helplessness by the side of the settee where I reclined.

"My dear Miss Talfourd!" was all that I could say in my surprise; but I raised her up as gently, yet as strongly as my poor nervous arm was able, and set her in the corner of the sofa. Then I smoothed her soft brown hair as gently as if she had been my foster-child—I her nurse—and as guilelessly. She drew one hand slowly from her face as if she hardly endured to have her tearful eyes seen, caught the hand that was soothing her and put it quietly down, saying passionately, brokenly,

"Do not pet me; do not be brotherly to me; I am not a child, I am a woman whom no one knows, no one cares for—oh, oh!"

Here her heart choked her voice, and I could gain no further clew to her distress. Still I clasped the hand that had put mine down, pressing its soft, long fingers as they trembled convulsively in my touch, but did not draw themselves away. As I looked on her I could bear the suspense of the last two days no longer.

"Oh, my God!" I cried, "I would that you might speak out your whole soul and tell me the worst, *Helen!*"

This last word I could not speak with that fierce pain that spent itself in the rest of the sentence. It seemed like a spell that I was pronouncing—I said it sweetly, tenderly, peacefully. And *she* must have observed the difference herself. For my tone seemed first to surprise, then to calm her; and looking at me with her sorrowful blue eyes full on mine, and steadied with a firm resolution, she said, no longer sobbing:

"I *will* tell you, what I could not yesterday. It has become *best*—it has become *necessary*—for I now have no other friend in this place whom I can trust—my father is dead, my mother is dead, sister I never had, my nearest brother is in India."

She said these things over considerately, as if she were recounting her justifications for coming to *me* with the burden of her confidence. So thoughtful was she ever—so delicate!

She continued—"But I must tell you in a few words; I can't command myself to say much. The reason Dr. Medlicott hates you, the reason he can not bear to have me with you, is because he thinks you have more influence over me than he. And, the day before yesterday, he—he paid me the compliment of proposing to me for a Western cousin of his—Mr. Aristodemus Medlicott—and I refused! Mr. Remy, you have been much in the world; would a *gentleman*—would a *man*—speak on that subject again after once hearing the word No?"

"I can only say for myself—Never! never!"

"Mr. Remy, *he* has done so again to-day! He—he found me alone, undefended; almost cor-

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nered me in the office; and I will not repeat to you the language he used to me when I refused again. Oh, Sir—oh, Sir! what shall I do? Dr. Susan calls me ungrateful; she says Dr. Medlicott has been so kind to me that any but a perfect ingrate would have received his favorite cousin favorably; and—oh—oh I—I have no friend!"

"Helen!" At this word, spoken spell-like as before, she looked me wonderingly in the eyes; then her look fell, and a strange dream-like uncertainty came over her face as I went on: "No friend? Helen, you have God and me; and only less than God can do *I* love you!"

She caught my hand again and half held me off from her, as to look in my face and read a meaning she could not in my words.

"*Love me!*" she repeated, in wonder. "What, better than Dr. Susan?"

"Why do you speak in this moment of Dr. Susan? She is *nothing* to me! You are all things. Helen! may I be such a friend as *this* to you? If I can, here is the heart that *can not* leave you—come to it! If I can not—but—O God, I thank thee! Give me strength to keep that which thou hast committed unto me, as thou keepest our henceforth *one* soul!"

VII.—BEING THE STORY OF AN ARMLET.

For the first time at Beech-Wold did I now become careful, jealous even, of appearances. Before I knew that Helen Talfourd loved me, and could be gladdened or saddened through me, there was no one at Beech-Wold whose opinion I would not have laughed at the idea of doing any thing to affect. Now I had another happiness to look after, and I had given my first hostage to fortune. I therefore materially altered my course. The only way in which I could prevent Helen Talfourd from being persecuted, now that this intimate, though on both our parts strictly secret relation had been entered into, was to refrain from in any way becoming conspicuous myself.

Helen Talfourd wore a plain gold armlet engraved with her name. As one day we sat in the room where I first discovered that she loved me, enjoying that rare privilege at such a place as Beech-Wold, solitude for two (a much more difficult one to obtain, as lovers living in large families understand, than the same article for one), we talked upon the subject of how to get along among stupid, ignorant, obstinate, dogmatic, and morbid people.

A thought struck me—struck us both at the same time. This bright circle should be my amulet. Better than all rules that we could devise for getting along in this world—rules which must bend or break with every change in the angle of circumstances—was this band of delicate, frail gold; for it would remind the arm that must strike, and protect, and work, to be gentle for the sake of the arm whose woman's work was to bless, to caress, to enfold. And with only the words, "Let this be a reminder," we both unclasped it together, and transferred it from the softer to the stronger. So much had illness wasted me that the circlet clasped my arm nearly as high as it did Helen's. Then I fastened my sleeve, and felt safe, though I should fall that instant into a simultaneous conversation with Laurence Medlicott, Sylverie Beames, and Mrs. Hamilcar Hall.

I had been keeping up the line of conduct in which this talisman strengthened me for more than a week after the incident just related, and was succeeding admirably well, when one morning, as I sat idle in my chamber, vegetating as was prescribed to all of us water-cure patients, Dr. Susan's peculiar knock came at my door: a short, sharp, authoritative knock—a knock that seemed to think itself a man's, with a right to be as brusque and peremptory as possible, and then to reconsider itself and apologize by a series of quieter raps imitating a woman's.

"Come!" I cried. Dr. Susan entered. There was a chair close by me vacant. I waved my hand toward it and said, "Good-morning—sit down." Dr. Susan, contrary to her invariable habit of striding in, saying a few quick words of question, encouragement, reprimand, what not, and then striding forth again, actually drew the chair I had offered still closer to my knee and sat down. Then she took me by the hand and said, "Stick out your tongue."

I laughed. "No better *opening* to a conversation possible than this, certainly," said I. "I thought, from the unusual impressiveness of your manner, you had something more flattering to my intelligence to talk about than how the last pills acted."

"Tongue looks a good deal better—pulse regular." And then, abandoning the professional manner, she said to me, in a voice so womanly and tender that I half started at its unusual sound, "And do you like to have me talk to you?"

"Why, you know that I do; of course!"

"Not quite of course. You have shunned every body for a fortnight, and perhaps it was vanity which made me take so large a share of the slight to myself. But I'm not called vain generally. What is the matter with you? why do you mope so? It isn't the liver—the tongue shows that; you have something on your mind—that's what it is! Now don't you love to confide your trouble, when you *are* in trouble, to some one who will do every thing to comfort you and help you and keep your secret safe? You ought to tell somebody what ails you. It's bad for you to brood so."

"My dear Susan, I never felt better in my life. If I had any thing weighing on my mind you should certainly be"—I was going to say "the first," but remembered that would be a lie, though polite, and changed it to—"one of the first to know it."

Dr. Susan looked at me intensely with those great, searching, blue-gray eyes of hers, still clasping me by the hand tightly, and throwing a dramatic earnestness into the posture of her head and shoulders which, in any one else, would

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have seemed ridiculous, because an affectation, but, in her, was to a high degree fascinating, and even awing.

Then her hold relaxed from my fingers, and resting one elbow on the back of her chair, she leaned her brow on her hand, and rubbed it painfully back and forward on the palm, gazing downward with an abstracted air, while, with the toe of her gaiter, she described arcs upon the carpet; then swept them broadly with the sole, or stamped them resolutely, as if she were tracing in the sand horoscopes which kept ever dissatisfying her, and which she obliterated as fast as they were made.

"Susan," said I, gently—"Susan, it is you who should tell somebody something."

For the first time in my life I saw Dr. Susan blush. Yes, quite perceptibly; and the feeling it gave me to discover I had abashed her was pain—not that half-pleasure which it gives a man to see the rich carnation tingle into the cheek of a modest girl, but the feeling that is awakened on seeing other *men* blush, who do it so unnaturally. Dr. Susan was quite disconcerted.

"What makes you think so?" said she, hurriedly—"what makes you think so? Any one would feel flurried at being looked at as you look at me. That's all; there's nothing to tell—oh, *nothing!*"

"Susan," said I, in a parental manner, "you doubtless have been thinking that all those emotions which you usually keep in such reserve have not peeped out—have gone on in perfect solitude—since you came in here. But you're mistaken—yes, Susan, the room of an intimate friend is an untoward place to go to be alone in. Now, frankly, to imitate your kindness, what troubles *you?*"

Dr. Susan took me by the hand again, and, though her face was still all aglow, she looked through the hot mist that blushing sheds around one resolutely as if she would brave out her shamefacedness right into my eyes; and, with her usually so direct tongue stammering like a little child's, she began:

"I'm very, *very* glad you have forced me to do it. I came here on purpose to tell you something, and after I got here it seemed as if I found I couldn't—I didn't know how to set at work about it. I can trust you; I must trust you; I want to trust you. I feel unable to wait another moment to tell you what I wouldn't tell any one else in the world—what, perhaps, a woman ought never to tell at all to her dearest friend. You will not feel that I'm doing any thing which will make me mean in your eyes?"

"*You* could not do that thing, Susan."

"I *will* tell you, then. I have just had a proposal of marriage from Sylverie Beames! Don't be ashamed of me because I'm a woman *he* likes. There! what do you think of that?"

"Think of it! Give me time to think—a month or two, for instance. Why, I'm dumbfounded. But hold on. The modern way of thinking of a thing is by its success. I may be too fast. What did *you* think—what did *you* say, Dr. Susan?"

Dr. Susan cast upon me a glance of contempt which would have withered Mephistopheles Beau Brummel—a writer for the London *Atheneum*—or any other synonym of sneering impudence, and then toned it down into one much harder to bear, though not at all withering—a look of such deep pain, such grieved reproach, that every thing like *blague* left my manner in an instant, and I added: "Forgive me, my dear Susan. *I* treated the matter lightly, because I was very sure *you* had."

Dr. Susan. "Lightly! That was not the way to treat it at all—not the way for *me* to treat it. What had I ever done to make that man think I could endure him? Or, at any rate, more than endure him; for I have, perhaps, been civil to him, which turns out to have been too much. And the fellow actually prefaced his proposition with some remarks upon the subject of 'long-felt congenialities existing between us.' Should I treat *that* lightly? No. I shouldn't. I didn't. I waited till he had entirely finished, and then, said I, 'Mr. Beames, Dr. Laurence Medlicott is your physician; Mrs. Hamilcar Hall is your nurse; you have, therefore, every body to look after your ease whom you could desire; and that is all you would be likely to seek for or understand in a wife. If I ever have such a thing as a husband, it must be some one who can at least think for himself. And now I must go and call on the feeble people I *have* to take care of.' With which I cleared out as fast as possible."

I. "Pretty hard on him, Susan, pretty hard. You should never feel as if a man were to blame for loving you. He could not help it, I suppose, poor Beames! and then, besides, he might have had some indistinct idea that he was not all he would wish to be, and that he could help himself up to his best state by your assisting strength. *You* might make a very different man of him, Susan."

"Would *you* like to have me accept Mr. Beames?"

"No, Susan, I would not choose him for you, certainly; but then it is none of my business to choose for you at all, you know."

"Paul Remy, you are as cold as ice."

She said this not angrily, but mournfully, and shivered while she spoke, as if the ice were a physical fact perceived by her. Then, still looking at me earnestly, she began chafing my wrist under the opened sleeve, as if she would warm me in that way, and save me from quite freezing both myself and her to death.

With the motion of her hand the talisman slipped gradually down from above. Its smooth gold circle made no noise, of course, no sensation either, so absorbed was I in the strange movings of soul whose outer ripple and furrow I witnessed on that memorable face before me; and before I knew it slid down against Dr. Susan's very hand.

For a moment she gave me a blank stare, as

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one who perceives what may be a strange coincidence without realizing that it can possibly be any thing else. And then Dr. Susan caught my hand with a fierce eagerness like the pouncing of a hawk, and held it up to the window. The light fell full on the chasing of the armlet, and there she read, her lips moving in the inaudible pronunciation of the words, clearly, plainly, "Helen Talfourd."

Again the earthquake for one quick moment shook her face, and, with a fire flashing from her eyes that almost burned my own, she uttered only a stifled "Oh!" dashed my hand from her as if it had been a snake, and with two strides was out of the door.

VIII.—FEARS AND FIGHTINGS.

Perhaps I should have gone immediately to Helen Talfourd with the recital of this last interview between Dr. Susan and myself. She would have been able to read to me the riddle which my man-dullness could not make out. I could imagine no reason in the world why Dr. Susan should have acted as she did, unless it was that she was displeased with Helen for loving me—now that the circlet had disclosed to her that secret—instead of accepting Dr. Medlicott's cousin, whose warm friend and advocate she, Dr. Susan, was understood to be. But her behavior certainly seemed very exaggerated, considering that its source.

Still I did not tell all this to Helen, nor any of it, because I knew that if I had guessed rightly, her knowledge of Dr. Susan's conduct would only be an additional useless mortification to her, and it would be time enough to relate to her all the particulars of this chapter if any change in Dr. Susan's bearing toward her rendered such a recital necessary for the better regulation of her own actions.

Day after day went by, and there was no new cloud on Helen's brow—nothing save the tireless persecution of Dr. Medlicott, to trouble her. That person did a thousand of those little, mean things constantly by which very good people annoy those who are so wicked as to differ from them. All this on the part of Laurence was quite bearable, however, even laughable, in the light of those sweet love-lookings and communings which kind Heaven occasionally gave Helen and me timely solitude for, and which were as patches of blue sky in the sulphurous fog that made perennial gloom at Beech-Wold.

As Helen said nothing to me of any difference toward her on the part of her hostess (for it will be remembered that she was a guest of Dr. Susan's, not a patient at the Cure), and as I could perceive no change of conduct myself, I almost let the occurrence in my room slip, traceless, out of my mind. I saw less of Dr. Susan myself—but so I did of every body save Helen; and when I met the former there was no time, had there been will, for more than the short word we exchanged.

At last my relation to the woman whom I loved had to be disclosed—had to become public to all Beech-Wold—before our appointed time.

It had been the intention of Helen and myself to wait until I became quite well enough to leave Beech-Wold. We would then go away together—returning to New York—and be married. If Dr. Susan would accompany us, she should go too; but that was all of Beech-Wold that should not be left behind us at once and forever.

But this arrangement was destined to be overthrown. I came down stairs one morning. Helen Talfourd was not at the gymnasium when the bell for before-breakfast exercises stopped ringing. At the table her chair was vacant—the chair opposite me, and whose occupancy was much of the time almost my whole reason for coming to that great, uninviting, sterile expanse of soiled table-cloth, brown-bread, and grits, at all. At morning-prayers in the chapel thereafter her clear, sweet, true soprano was unheard in the chorus of voices that sang plaintive "Caswell;" and I could not bear the suspense any longer. I must find what the matter was. In one of the halls I passed the good old Peggy, an indefatigable, kind bath-woman connected with the institution, and slipping a piece of money into her hand bade her go quite on the sly to Miss Talfourd's room, see how she was—without letting any one else know that I had sent her—and return to me as soon as possible

Peggy shuffled away, and I stood waiting meanwhile. Much quicker than I expected she came back to me. There was a sympathetic gloom overspreading her honest face, and she fumbled with the corner of her apron, after the fashion of her class when they would fain divert the attention of their hearts from the disagreeable thing which their logic commands them to say.

"Very well, Peggy; that's right to come so quick; now, out with it!—how is Miss Talfourd?"

"An' it breaks the heart of me, Misther Remy; but I wint to the door of the young leddy, as ye tould me, an' I knocked, an' knocked, an' knocked three times, an' thin Dr. Laurence came to the door. 'What d'ye want, Peggy?' says he. 'An' it's afther knowin' how Miss Talfourd is this mornin' that I'm come, Sir,' says I; 'an', if you plase, I'd like to come in an' see the young leddy.' 'You can't do it,' says Dr. Laurence; 'she's sick with the typhus, and hasn't known any body since she was taken ill, eleven o'clock last night.'"

I dashed past the old woman, and went up the stairs that led to Helen Talfourd's story with as swift a lightness as a wind-blown feather. I seemed more to be carried than to move myself. I was mad with fears. Good God! must *she* be taken from me now, and after all we had come through for each other?

I stood at the door of my beloved, and I could hear within the muffled voices of the nurses and the doctors, Dr. Laurence and Dr. Susan. I broke into their consultation with a rap that was

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not loud but peremptory. As before, Dr. Laurence came to the door. Seeing who had knocked, his customary vengeful sourness of eye at my presence grew more marked; and with all the impudence except that which makes it possible and necessary to knock down the impertinent, he shut the door to just so large a crack as emitted a view of his nose and the spoken monosyllable, "Well?"

"I have come, Sir," said I, very decidedly, though in a tone of perfect calm, "to take the place I have by right, of watcher by Miss Talfourd's side."

"Hah!" said Dr. Laurence, treating it as a pleasant joke, with a broad sneer that disclosed all his teeth. "It really can't be thought of."

Well for me that he sneered! But for that, further parley might have made entrance more difficult for me. As it was, I took the knob of the door out of his hand as if he had been ten years old, opened it wide and noiselessly, and passed in, without further noticing him, to the bedside of Helen Talfourd. Once there, both for her sake and his own safety, he dared not rudely disturb me.

I bent over my darling one! I whispered her name, with all sweet additions that the agony and the love of the time had in their vocabulary. Out of its unconscious infancy into its fiery youth my love to Helen Talfourd had grown quickly. Matured by pain in those few moments it stood in its deep, mighty, eternal manhood, a giant now, from whom none of these pigmies, these phantoms around us could rend her. So small they looked with all their sneers—their poor opinions, whether on the side of blame or favor—the best of their prestige! Vanity—weakness—a breath of wind! I cared not whether they all, as well as Laurence Medlicott and the nurses, were there staring and sneering! Two souls that love one another in bitter extremity are in privacy, in solitude together, among a thousand of the base! I pressed my mouth to the dry, fever-parched lips of her, the Beautiful, who lay there fainting, perhaps never to kiss me consciously again. I called her my ewe-lamb, my one only possession, dearer infinitely to me than all the flocks and treasures of the rich! I smoothed her soft brown hair away from her blue, bewildered eyes, that kept ever a little unclosing, then closing again through sheer weakness and strangeness. And at last I put my lips close to her ear and said, softly,

"Helen, my beloved! my *wife!*"

Her eyes for the first time opened full upon my face; for a moment her bewilderment seemed gone; she feebly stretched out her arms, drew me close to her breast, and, giving me one long, passionate kiss, murmured, "My *husband!* my dear, *dear* husband!"

And this was the last word she spoke consciously for many days.

There was not the power in the house at Beech-Wold which could have put me out of that room. The attempt was not made, partly because it would have caused very disagreeable consequences—partly because, as I suppose, Dr. Susan imparted to Dr. Laurence the intelligence that in all probability Miss Talfourd and I were engaged to one another. I therefore staid undisturbed in the sick room, and was never outside of it an hour at a time during the day for three weeks.

And how strangely, how abominably, as I then thought, did Dr. Susan behave in this emergency! She absolutely refused to take the charge of Helen's case! Such excuses as these she pleaded: that she had her hands full with her other patients; that Miss Talfourd was her guest, her personal friend, and, *therefore*, personal feeling would unnerve her and prevent her from doing justice to the case. It was safer, she thought, in Dr. Medlicott's hands.

I sought Dr. Susan repeatedly. Her reserve to me was as impenetrable as an iron wall. Her answer was invariably the same that I have stated, and nothing more could be extracted from her. At length I ceased entirely having any thing to do with her. Helen's case was tedious, but it was not yet so serious that I would supplicate this woman, who offended every instinct of pride and affection, to take charge of the friend she was neglecting. But as Helen grew weaker and weaker, as the crisis approached and she seemed to have so little stamina to meet it, I cursed Dr. Susan, cursed her! Had I reflected as I should I would have perceived that the wrathful mind I was cultivating, or at the least not restraining, not eradicating, was most unfriendly to Helen's cure. Such a feverish magnetism as mine was not the remedy for a fever patient, and day after day as it was still more fevered by the hateful entrance of the man who was so instrumental in all this misery, coming in with a mockery of tenderness to cure his own bane, coming as Dejanira might have come to salve the blisters that raged under the shirt of Nessus. I grew more wrathful, and a worse companion for Helen Talfourd.

It pleased God to make me a calmer man, by shame of myself and by admiration of a noble example. Not shame of my anger, but shame that I was its tool, instead of handling, governing, guiding it. It was His pleasure also to save, for my sake, her who has been since the beginning my peaceful angel; who has been the spirit of gentleness tempering my fierce force, oftentimes making the mercy of my nature rejoice over the judgment—blending the sweet treble of her tenderness with the bass of my hotspur strength; and thus making a harmony pleasanter to Heaven, yea, and every year, by God's grace heard nearer there, till at last it shall be here no more!

IX.—TRIUMPH.

The critical day had come. For once a manly anxiety, much more becoming than his usual saturnine glower, sat on the face of Laurence Medlicott. The shuffling bath-servants going through the halls with tubs and towels stopped shuffling, and went on tip-toe past 77, where Helen lay. Sylverie Beames, to whom I had

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not spoken for weeks, bowed low as I met him on the stairs, doing involuntary, sincere respect to the man who was past his hatred, being sanctified by the solemnities of great peril. Even Mrs. Hamilcar Hall gave all the sympathy that weakness could, sorrowing with all her shallow soul, and giving me the feeling, as she condoled with me at the door, of one who walks through a pool ankle-deep when he fain would bathe his heart and head. And the weak, sick little women trembled and choked throughout the house, and the stern, dark men were sterner and darker, and the Senator pressed my hand and said, "Hope!" as he passed the door of 77 when I was looking for the nurse.

And inside lay my all, bound hand and foot, at the feet of Death, whose sword trembled in poise. Would he pity? would he strike? These were the two alternatives that the pendulum of the bedchamber clock made, saying, first one, then the other constantly, instead of tic! tac! Oh the weird, dreamy look that things took to my eyes! The strangeness well befitting a room that held such destinies to me. I sometimes thought, "Oh, this is but a hallucination of my own fever! It is *I* who lie there, it is *I* who am dying! I have woven months of history, of life, love, hate, destiny; and it is but the web of a terrible delirium after all: it will rend presently, and I shall wake into the world present or the world to come." And as often as I came back out of this stupefaction, and saw the reality of things, and said, "My God! my love!" and tore at my heart under my vest as if I must wring tears out of it or die, so often did I know worse pangs than drowned men who return to air and breath!

The day crept along toward mid-afternoon. I had not touched food or water, and it was three o'clock. I sat by the side of the solemn bed, that would not be darkened by another nightfall before a denser shadow than night, or a brighter light than noonday, had fallen upon it. I held Helen's hand, and looked at her pale face—whose nostrils just faintly quivered—with a stony agony in my eyes, and a heart where wrath was benumbed but prayer was dumb.

All that day, though she knew it was the day of crisis, Dr. Susan had not once come in sight or sound. Was she a fiend? or was she ice?

I said it was three o'clock. At that time precisely Dr. Laurence Medlicott, who for a quarter of an hour had been standing at the bed's foot, watching Helen with only less intentness than I, turned hurriedly on his heel, with such a look as I fancy he must have worn who, standing on the edge of ruin, prayed God for night or Blucher, and said to the nurse,

"Oh! where is Dr. Susan? Let her come here quickly as possible!"

"What do you mean?—for God's sake, what?" said I, faintly, clutching at the bedpost, to rise and look him nearer in the face.

"Mr. Remy, be quiet when you hear this. Only God helping *Dr. Susan* can keep Helen Talfourd alive for another hour! *She* has saved such cases—I never did!"

The next moment every man, woman, and child, of patients, servants, nurses, physicians, were looking for Dr. Susan. Outside of the house her name rang down the walks—in the arbors—over the springs—through the Gymnasium. In the house it was whispered hoarsely through the half-ajar doors of the sickest rooms where she might be watching or working—into the parlors—the bath-rooms—every where. "Dr. Susan! Dr. Susan! For God's sake—quick to 77!" No answer; and the hour leaked out of Hope's broken cistern drop by drop, making a tingle through my soul as it fell away into the void like demon laughter!

O God! this is hell's own cruelty, Dr. Susan! This is slow, deliberate murder!

Quickened by agony, my faculties reminded me of a place which Dr. Susan had once owned to Helen and me, when we were reading "Tannhauser" (and probably to no one else), was her favorite retirement, her grotto of solitude, where she withdrew when her need of being alone in spirit was the greatest. Far up a grass-grown, unfrequented path, that led through most uninviting, brier-tangled thickets, was this retreat. Her wall was the thicket, her seat a rock at the foot of a hollow old ash, broad, gnarled, and blasted every where except one limb, which hung over the seclusion and gave it scanty shadow. Like the wind I ran to this place. It was easy to climb the path, but it was hard to get through the thicket. As I pushed on—thorns tearing me, branches detaining me at every foot—I heard a voice sounding plainly in the place that I sought. Dr. Susan's voice! So earnest was she, yea, in such agony, that the noise I made in pushing forward did not attract her attention, did not disturb her in the least.

And such as these were the words I heard, more and more clearly as I pressed nearer, with the mad resolve to drag her back with me or die myself.

"Oh my God, how can I—how can I go? Hath not *she* robbed me of my all? Despised, frowned upon, world-cursed, I came up to a certain day without one cup of this great draught of *Love* to wet my lips—this wonderful human, yet divine *Love!* I was mad with thirst, but I dashed away the poor pitchers; I rushed through the shallow pools that could not quench me; and on that certain day—Oh my God, my God, I came full upon the fountain! I could drink, I could live, I could know heaven—*there!*

"O God, listen! *She came and took the fountain to herself—she locked it from me and set her seal upon it! I die of thirst! I die! Shall I save her?*

"I hate her! I hate her!

"Forgive me, my God! forgive, forgive! Pity me, I am mad, mad, mad!"

She paused for a while. I was nearly through the bushes—so that I could see her, thrown quite prostrate on the tangled roots of the ash—her

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great heavy veil of black hair flowing over her face, her shoulders, and the ground round about —her nervous, restless fingers denting the moss at her sides.

Just as I was about to rush in and seize her, with one bitter cry of "Come, for the love of God!" she suddenly arose and lifted herself to her full, manly height. Over her face passed fiercer earthquake than I had ever seen before, and then stretching her hand to heaven, as one beckoning for help, she burst forth in almost a shriek with,

"I *will save her!*"

I stepped out of the path and crouched behind a dense brier-bush. Looking not once behind, pausing no more for thorns or branches than I, down she rushed, almost headlong, and was out of my sight.

I followed her. When I reached the house Dr. Medlicott was standing, with awe on his face, looking toward the head of the bed, while the nurse cowered mutely on her chair, trembling as in some fearful inspired presence. On the bed's edge sat a strange figure, which might have seemed typical of certain death to Helen Talfourd—yes, which might have seemed the awful image of Death himself—to any one who had not seen that hand uplifted to the God of Life in its agony among the solitudes. I *had* seen it—and at that moment, therefore, a wonderful peace flowed into my soul. I was ashamed to have hated when love is so crowned of God after all, and I knew that Life, not Death, was coming to my only one, through the channel of the strong strange soul who had already gained such a sublime victory!

Pale as the Death she seemed but was not, Dr. Susan sat holding Helen's hand in one of hers, and with the other stroking her forehead. The immobility of her countenance showed that her will was working at its highest stretch, *driving* magnetic life from her powerful being into every vein of the woman whom I loved. Dr. Susan's dress hung in rags about her feet; there were clotted blood-spots on her face, amidst the pallor, and on her hands, that told of the thorns. Her hair was still one wild disheveled raven mass. But no one thought of questioning her how this came; no one ventured to say "Where have you been?" and the only words that parted her colorless lips were the commands to bring now one remedy, and now another, as her rapport with her patient gave her insight to know what must be done.

God and Dr. Susan saved my Best Beloved!

L'ENVOI.

When both my darling and I were quite restored again—many weeks after the things I have just been relating—Dr. Susan (who, as soon as Helen reached a place where relapse was impossible, retired into her old distance) came to me one morning, and said, in a stern, quiet under-voice,

"Both yourself and Miss Talfourd are well now. I have bought half of the interest in this Water-cure, am therefore its mistress as much as Dr. Medlicott. I have a right, consequently, to say that no more good can be done here to you or to the lady who is to be your wife. She has no guardian, only uncles and aunts in this part of the world; she ought to be under your protection immediately. I wish you happiness. Shall you go to-morrow morning?"

"This evening, if Miss Talfourd is ready," I answered. But there was none of that pique in my voice which such a speech as Dr. Susan's would naturally have called forth. I knew the wounds that bled under that Spartan cloak of sternness; and I gently added, "May you be happy in your larger field!"

"I shall be useful, I shall be famous perhaps. There is something in these to live for."

When Helen and I stood on the front piazza —our trunks all about us—our shawls on my arm, and porters flying back and forth between the door and the baggage-wagons, there was much bustling and leave-taking—some, though little, woman-kissing, for Helen was a pure, thoroughly unhypocritical soul—and more or less shaking of hands. Beames smiled a whole volume of sermons to young people commencing a married life; Mrs. Hamilcar Hall burst into so many floods of tears after each fresh stanching that she seemed wet even for a water-cure; and the Medlicotts said grim good-bys, as if they didn't know whether a cold douche wasn't just what our case wanted. Mrs. Bunnie wanted us to come and stay at her country-seat (if she ever got home in a solid state, and was not carried back in the form of a weak dilution in a pail) unnumbered weeks; and all the weak and feeble women were particularly weak and feeble, the nervous ones remarkably nervous, the stern, bilious men sterner and more atrabilious than ever—every body who was any thing was a little more of it to do proper emotional honor to the occasion.

But not even to give us a parting grasp of the hand was Dr. Susan there. The carriage which was conveying Helen and me to the nearest railway town, whence we should start for New York—after the necessity of a hurried marriage was over—went over the hill and out of sight of Beech-Wold Water-Cure. But the road passed directly under the crag and thicket wherein was Dr. Susan's Solitude. At the same instant my wife and I were involuntarily impelled to glance up at the summit from our little side-window. With our faces close together we peered through the pane, and started; for there, looking down upon us, though unconscious that we saw her, sternly, gloomily erect, in black from head to foot, beneath the blasted ash, stood Dr. Susan. Again the earthquake passed over her face, the carriage turned the brow of the hill, and we saw her no more forever. My Peerless One—my Best Beloved fell sobbing on my neck, and breathed there, solemnly, "God bless, God pity, God help her!"

"And in The Everlasting Life," I added, my own eyes dim, "give her to find that Twin-Soul which the World that is hath not for her! Amen! Amen!"

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THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF THE NEGRO SLAVE.

RELIGION does not obliterate the constitutional peculiarities of a man, or do away with the force of habit or training. It indeed changes a man by implanting new affections, and imparting new motives and hopes, but without impairing the individuality of the person. The life of the negro slave in America is a peculiar one; and hence Christianity in him must manifest itself in many respects in a peculiar manner. I propose, from an experience of fourteen years in the cotton-growing States of the South, spent in daily intercourse with the slaves, to present a few sketches illustrating the religious life of the slaves. I shall select for my subjects only those who are purely negroes; for the mulattoes differ in all respects, physically, intellectually, and morally, from those of pure African blood. I present facts which came under my own observation, and describe persons whom I have known. The reader will judge whether my influences are correct, and will draw others for himself.

NEGRO DEACONS.

In the churches of the cotton-growing States the negro deacon is no unimportant personage. He is a pastor without being a preacher; and is also the connecting official link between his colored brethren in the church and their white associates. What the white pastor can never know, concerning the moral and social characters of the colored flock, the negro deacon can know; and the pastor depends upon him for advice and knowledge concerning the wants and weaknesses of his slave brethren.

In the church with which I was connected the colored deacons were elected by vote at some regularly called meeting of the colored people. They were four in number, and so selected that their homes were in the different neighborhoods where the colored church-members resided. Each neighborhood had thus really its own bishop, who was no less a bishop because called deacon. His duties of oversight, direction, watch-care, and advice were quite apostolic in their nature and extent.

Nothing was more suggestive than a meeting for the election of a deacon. Often no white person except the pastor would be present; for the law which, in many Southern States, requires at least three slaveholders to be present at all religious meetings of the blacks, has no real existence but on the statute-books. Even in South Carolina I have known of hundreds of such meetings without even one white person being present. In meetings like this, however, where business is to be transacted, the pastor is necessarily present. By consulting with the deacons concerning the candidate to be elected he ascertains his Christian character and standing, and whether the church will be pleased with the election. He then calls upon the singers for a hymn, and the meeting is regularly organized. The usual devotional exercises, prayer and singing, occupy about half an hour. These are generally conducted by the negroes—the pastor being a quiet participator in the worship. When the time usually allotted to devotional exercises has expired the pastor rises, explains the nature and duties of the office of deacon, and announces the name of the candidate, who, after full consultation with the church-members, has been presented by the colored deacons as a worthy recipient of their suffrages.

The question is then put whether this brother shall be considered their deacon, and the response is given by uplifted hands. The vote is usually unanimous—none responding to the call, "Those of a contrary mind by the same sign."

This is a great day for that colored individual. He has reached a position on the records of his people. There is no hour by day, and hardly an hour by night, that he is not conscious of his dignity. You would know him any where as a father in Israel. Such gravity of deportment, such a staid respectability of appearance, such order and sometimes neatness even in dress, mark the deacon as a model for his neighbors. And then for the virtues of honesty, sobriety, and correctness few white deacons are more consistent.

These deacons thus chosen have great moral influence over the people; this they always regard as legitimate authority. The natural superstition of the negro here comes in to aid the deacon; and they readily believe that spiritual power has been conferred by the imposition of official dignity. As this power is, however, very much abridged in its exercise by a law of the church requiring a vote of the whites in order to the expulsion of a member, it resolves itself at last into simple influence. The negro deacon, who is connected with a white church, can not say as did the colored pastor of the colored church in the city, whenever opposed by his flock, "I cut your head off," meaning he would expel them. The utmost limit of executive power of the colored official in the country is to report to the white deacons and have the offender brought before the white church for trial.

But in all things pertaining to pastoral duties the deacons are most faithful. They visit, pray with, and exhort the sick, rebuke the impenitent, counsel the weak, conduct social meetings for prayer, wherever such meetings are permitted by the proprietor of a plantation, and especially have vigilant watch over the young, striving to keep them in the path of rectitude. Without their assistance and influence the white pastor would be wholly ignorant of the moral and religious condition of this part of his flock; with their assistance the colored part of the church is almost always the most active and best disciplined.

One of the most zealous and vigilant of these worthy and faithful church officers was Uncle Peter.

Peter was the oldest deacon of the church. He was also the most active and influential. In

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dignity and precision of manner he was never surpassed by any deacon of any age, nation, or color. No one ever saw him do a childish or trivial thing, at least in a trifling manner. In the field, in his family, wherever he was, he was the same formal, precise, dignified official; a terror to evil-doers, if not a shield to them that did well. In appearance Peter was one of those small, straight, wiry men who have not a curve in their spines, nor a relaxed muscle in their bodies. There was nothing of the plantation about him, but in every thing he was an orderly, staid, respectable village servant. He had the air of a butler, or confidant and head-manager of some demure widow. Like many other small men Peter had a very large wife, chosen as if for the purpose of adding to her husband's dignity. In dress he was a model of plainness and cleanliness. The usual church costume was a low-crowned broad-brim, blue cotton suit, low shoes, and an inevitable umbrella. The walk to and from the church was a model scene of propriety and family decorum. With the large wife on one arm, the cotton umbrella, used as a cane, and a young Peter trotting circumspectly by the paternal side, nothing could be more decorous.

As a deacon and official Peter never was known to err by an undue charity toward the offending. He was a great man for "discipline." But he was as conformable to the letter of the church law as was ever judge to a statute "made and provided." He never would overlook a fault, had no allowance to make for the weak, no charity for them when strongly tempted, and was stern and inflexible in view of all their excuses. But let them profess repentance and ask forgiveness, Peter was always lenient. The law said "Forgive," and the repentant must be forgiven. So without the least shadow of sympathy or feeling, Peter moved for their forgiveness. The whole air of the man meanwhile expressing the absolute impossibility that any temptation could ever affect him.

Peter's weakness was his "ambition," *i. e.*, temper. He was too quick, too sensitive, to be a model deacon. He came near producing great discord in the church from his over-sensitiveness to insult, as he would characterize any disrespect toward himself, or any want of deference to his authority. Meeting him one morning on my way to church, and learning that the meeting was intentional on his part, as he was under a "great grievance" about some church occurrence, I paused to hear him. After blowing his nose, wiping his face, and settling his countenance into respectful repose, Peter commenced in his very precise manner:

"I doesn't wish, Sir, to produce any objections in de church, but I never can serve de table again wid Brudder John."

"Why not? What is the matter with John?"

"Well, Sir, I isn't molishus; but Brudder John unconsiderate; he make no consideration for respect ob one's feelings."

"What has happened?"

"Well, Sir, I wishes to make no discouragement in de church; but one ob us must go out. I can't serve wid John any more."

"What has he done?"

"Well, Sir, he hab no consideration. I appoints him to go and see Sis Sally Laborde, about Green, and consecrate de everdence. He not done so. He say I promise to see her myself. I say No; he promise to see her. And, Sir, he up and give me de lie-bill."

"The what?"

"Lie-bill, Sir. Never had a lie-bill before, Sir, and from a brudder and deacon in de church. I mus call de church togedder, Sir, pon dis 'casion; Brudder John and I can't serve togedder at de table."

In all this there was a great sense of injury, arising wholly from the wounded dignity of the senior deacon. The "lie-bill" was in time repented of, and Peter was obliged to exercise forgiveness.

It was by Peter that I had my attention directed to the philosophy of "collections." The incident which occasioned the exposition of that philosophy was one not only illustrating the sphere of action in which the negro deacon moves, but was alike creditable to Peter's good management and good heart.

On one of the neighboring plantations lived a sister named Becky. Now Becky was too old and infirm to attend the meetings, and was entirely dependent for spiritual consolations upon the visits and prayers of the deacons. It was also customary at certain seasons, after preaching, to make collections for Sis Becky and a few others, who, like her, were dependent for their luxuries upon the liberality of their brethren. Two or three times during the year Peter would remind the congregation of their duty to those who were thus poor and dependent, and announce that "de collection for de poor members would be receive on dis present occasion." It was after one of these announcements, and the accompanying collection, which, having been taken by passing round the hat, was a scandalous failure, that I received from Peter the following instruction. The "change" had just been counted, and was in the act of vanishing into Peter's handkerchief when I approached the table.

"Got sixty-five cent, Sir, bekase de principles of de contribution not understood."

"Why so?"

"De colored folks, Sir, is peculiar—dey needs perswasion. If you pass de hat nobody observe de consequences. But when dey comes forward to de table, de obserwations is perspicwos, and dey gibs berry much wid dere anxiety."

This seemed true in philosophy, and was true in fact. The next Sunday Peter managed the collection, and several dollars were contributed to supply Sis Becky with sugar, flour, and other creature comforts.

Peter prided himself, not without just cause, on the thoroughness and infallibility of his discipline. He knew every colored member of his

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church, and kept himself accurately informed concerning the habits and indulgences of those whom he had any reason to think open to suspicion. No deed of darkness, however secretly performed, but sooner or later reached the knowledge of Peter. As soon as there was any ground for scandal, the colored deacons went to work to sift the rumor, and bring to light any tangible wickedness. They were as expert in following all the windings and doublings of the delinquent as a trained detective. The negro's accurate observation of the doings of their fellows, and the sort of freemasonry which exists among them, were made available for the good of the church and the enlightenment of the deacons. If the reports were mere scandals, nothing was said to the white members; but if the delinquent was fairly proved guilty, the white deacons were called in, and the evidence submitted to them; and if thus confirmed, a report was made to the white church, and expulsion of the offender followed.

Peter's appearance during preaching was perfectly impassive. He was outwardly a carved statue of faded ebony. Over his face passed no emotion, and he rarely changed his position. When called upon to pray at the close of the sermon, he rose with dignity, kneeled slowly, and with erect trunk and motionless head delivered, with great simplicity of manner and profound humility, a series of very touching and pathetic petitions.

The keynote of all these petitions was gratitude. There was not much confession; perhaps Peter's idea of dignity in a church officer did not permit such humiliation. There was much magnifying of the great honor and glory of Christ's people: nothing of doubt or uncertainty concerning the future, nor much fear of being overcome by the trials of life nor the allurements of the world. There were quite vivid contrasts, in which the abjectness and deprivations of this "subluminary life" were compared with the future glory which was to be revealed. And the growth in grace, and increase in holiness of the soul, were felt to be possible things; and the bestowment of power to exhibit their manifestation before others was most fervently implored. The subjects of Peter's prayers were presented with great symmetry of arrangement. The people, the families, our dear children and relatives, our fellow-servants, the church members, the church officers, the pastor —all had a share of his fervent supplications. Especially was the pastoral office magnified, as bringing light and comfort to the ignorant and debased. For the pastor himself Peter always implored greater unction and fervency; and he enforced these petitions by scriptural language as he understood it. The metaphors were not quite as clear to the pastor himself, who hardly knew, in the fulfillment of the petition, what would legitimately be expected of him. The petition was after this order (when the pastor's turn came): "And now, O Lord! bless our brudder, thy ministering servant, our pastor and great under shepherd, who gib us de bread ob de gospel instruction, and may de family all hab de abundance ob de blessin'. Be de matter an de manner when he preaches, and, abub all, *de Lord make him as fiery as a serpent and as harmless as a dove.*"

What the association of ideas was, unless something pertaining to fiery serpents, the pastor never could imagine.

There was also a style of expression in these petitions which was wholly peculiar to Peter. He had a manner of involving or rolling up his sentences in the form of climaxes, which was never heard from any other church officer. This was, however, more an intellectual idiosyncrasy than official peculiarity, and therefore the other deacons never aspired to it. The facility with which it was done, and the extent to which it was carried, always led me to the conclusion that Peter studied the thing. There would be in a prayer perhaps a dozen such arrangements as the following:

"O Lord, send, and descend, and condescend wid dy Spirit."

"Cause de sinner to turn, and return, and overturn, till he break down at de foot ob de cross ob Calvary."

"Help us to see, and foresee, and oversee dese tings."

Such an ingenious arrangement of triplets, coming as they did so frequently and appositely, and in the fervency of his supplications, could hardly have been spontaneous. Peter, with all his good qualities and even stoicism, evidently had a weakness—he studied effect.

White deacons are often and every where made objects of ridicule. But I have never heard from white scoffers even, when the character of the negro deacons was canvassed, any expressions of contempt. They were too humble and too useful to be derided. As a class they are far more free from reproach than are the negro preachers. They are more stable and respectable; and if possessed of less of that genius which, though often brilliant, is no less erratic, and sometimes vicious, they have also less temptation to gratify vanity, and to court by public displays the admiration and applause of their fellow-servants.

A NEGRO PASTOR IN THE CITY.

In 1847 I resided in New Orleans. My first acquaintance with a negro pastor was in that city. I sometimes attended his church, and it was no unusual circumstance to meet there on Sunday many whites, both ladies and gentlemen, citizens and strangers, who were in attendance at those meetings.

This was a church composed entirely of blacks, most of whom were slaves. The congregation numbered quite a thousand persons. The building and lot were owned by the church, and the title-deeds were held in their name by responsible individuals. The pastor had been sold from Virginia to Louisiana, was a mechanic by trade, and the church had purchased his freedom.

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They paid him, in weekly collections, a yearly salary of something more than a thousand dollars. His character as a preacher and pastor will appear from the narrative; and though he is not a representative of the whole body of slave preachers in the Southern cities, yet he is a representative of a *class*. To understand the whole truth concerning the subjects before us, we must contemplate both the good and the bad, for there are bad ministers even among the slaves, though in the main the good greatly predominate.

One Sunday afternoon I entered the African church among a lively throng of worshipers. I was a little late in my arrival, and the members of the church, anxious to secure seats, were hurrying impatiently to the sanctuary. If any one has ever associated with the slave the idea of unvarying gloom, depression, and suffering, he should have seen the chattering *girls* and fashionably-dressed *boys* who were pouring through the church court-yard. The younger "girls" were dressed in pretty, French-looking costumes, many of them exceedingly tasteful. The "boys" sported kid gloves, glossy beavers, patent-leather boots, and were many of them quite exquisite. This was the Sunday costume of house servants, clerks, porters, etc., in an Anglo-French city, and is no criterion for slave costume any where else; certainly not upon the plantations. As we seated ourselves near the pulpit we saw it occupied by the pastor of the church, another colored preacher, and a white preacher from Mobile; and we were informed, greatly to our disappointment, that the "white brother" was to preach. The services were commenced by the pastor, who prayed and read the hymns, in all which there was nothing peculiar. You might as well have been in a white congregation, and in a city any where else, for all that was distinctive in those services. But soon we had something peculiar. One of the deacons sitting at the right of the pulpit, in attempting to "raise the tune," unfortunately pitched upon the wrong metre, and couldn't make the music and the words fit. Here was an occasion for pastoral authority, and it came from the pulpit as follows:

"Who dat start dat tune? Who dat don't know how sing? Stop dat, and let somebody sing knows how to sing. Brudder Peter, you sing."

Poor deacon! he was overwhelmed; he fairly wilted under the pastoral crook. But "Brudder Peter" rose most sublimely to the occasion; hitting at a dash the right tune; and the immense congregation, who really "knew how to sing," carried the rolling melody triumphantly to the skies.

And here was noticeable that peculiar element of negro worship which you can hear but in their meetings—devotional singing. Here the negro is within the sphere of his spiritual manifestations. His singing is not artistic; not wonderful for its vocalization; but you can hardly keep from weeping under its influence. There is about it a peculiar pathos, and it is the pathos of devotion. There is nothing which thus affects you at their "corn-shucking." There they are simply boisterous and monotonous; they are not even mirthful. But let them sing of Jesus, of salvation, of heaven, and you see how susceptible they are to those religious impressions which appeal to their gratitude, their sympathies, and their hopes. You feel at once that you are listening to worshipers.

The usual prayer following the singing was by the "white brother;" and this and even the white brother's sermon were in nothing remarkable, except for dullness. But the closing exercises by the pastor were remarkable, and exceedingly effective. These exercises consisted, first, of a minute and critical review of the white brother's sermon, with notes and corrections of said sermon, and a running practical application of the whole to his hearers; and, secondly, of another exposition of the same chapter, in the pastor's own peculiar style, and for all the world as if he was showing the white brother how *he* should have preached it. And, indeed, as to ability, there was no comparison between them. The pastor was a master. The subject had been an exposition of a chapter in James. The preacher belonged to a sect calling themselves Christians, though called by their neighbors Campbellites; and expository preaching is one of their weaknesses. The review of this performance was not highly complimentary to the expositor; and contained many effective hits, too palpably just to be ignored. Thus:

"My brudder call your 'tention to de fact dat God did temp Abra'am; and den he go on to tell you 'bout Abra'am's temptation. Now I don't like dat word 'temp-tation.' 'God can not be tempted wid evil; neither temptest he any man.' Suppose we read that word temp *try*. Ah, my brudder (turning to the white preacher), why you no say *try*?—'After dese things God did *try* Abra'am.' He try his people *now*. Who hasn't trials and triberlations from God? But I don't like dat word *temp*. *I—tell—you*" (to the congregation) "*God—don't—temp—any—body!*"

This was fair exposition.

The white preacher had also made another point in which he was open to correction; and the pastor corrected him—thus:

"My brudder also tell you 'bout de las' day; and 'bout de angel Gabriel blowin' de trumpet to wake de dead and call de people to judgment. Ah, my brudder" (turning to the preacher), "where you read dat 'bout angel Gabriel blowin' de trumpet? *I tell you*" (to congregation) "*dere ain't one word in dis blessed book 'bout angel Gabriel blow de trumpet! God gwine to blow His own trumpet*—DE TRUMP OB GOD! *Angel Gabriel nothing to do wid it!*"

This was also fair criticism.

The practical application also was not wanting. In alluding to what the preacher had said during his exposition about the government of

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the tongue, he gave his fair hearers the full benefit of the application—thus:

"My brudder also speak about de guberment ob de tongue! *de guberment ob de tongue!!* DE GUBERMENT OB DE TONGUE!!! Ah, my sister, *you got a* BIG *slap dar!*"

This was a hit, as was evident from the sensation.

Then came what I suppose was the showing of how the subject should have been handled by his white brother; any how it couldn't have been better illustrated. And in the resumé which was given of the sacrifice of Isaac, and the results of Abraham's "trial," some of the negro peculiarities when under preaching were manifested. Especially was this true during the very graphic description given of the prospective sacrifice. There was but little of the negro syllabication or intonation in the finest parts of the description. How the man accomplished it I have never been able to conjecture, but the description of the offering of Isaac was intensely affecting. We were all in tears. Such pathos, such descriptive eloquence, such simple imagery, such analysis of the father's emotions when the rescue came, such an overwhelming effect when all this in a sudden burst of appeal was applied to the hearers, and their deliverance by Christ. Such pathetic tones when alluding to the sacrifice on Calvary, and "no ram in the thicket there." It was a most extraordinary exhibition.

As for the hearers, it was very easy to see what most moved them. At the description of their rescue by Christ—the coming from heaven as a substitute—the injunction that "no hand should be laid upon the lad," and the assuring, exhilarating parts of the discourse—they would first begin a gentle swaying, rocking motion—as the intensity of their emotions increased they would throw up their hands and half shout, as if their enjoyment was irrepressible. Then would come down the pastoral crook with,

"Now look at dat. I'm 'shamed ob you! dese white bredren here too! You won't let me go on wid de glories ob salvation. You 'gin shoutin'. *I hab to keep you on de tribulations to keep you quiet!*"

Here was the explanation of the whole philosophy of the effect produced upon his impressible hearers. In their simplicity they were literal believers. They believed the promises and assurances of the preacher without caviling; and they shouted over their certain salvation. They believed that they were to reach heaven through tribulation, and they were saddened at the allusion. It was the exhibition of what is one peculiar element of the negro character—his simple receptive nature, and his earnest emotional faith. "He believeth with the heart," and "receiveth the truth as a little child." Here, too, was illustrated the character of the preaching which is to affect the negro. The white preacher was didactic, dry, and powerless; and the same is true of all the white preaching which I have heard addressed to the negro. None can move the negro but a negro. He alone understands the avenue to their emotions and sympathies, because they are identical with his own.

As in most white churches the contribution-box came at the close of the exercises. But who would have expected a plate full of silver from slaves! They were as liberal as princes, though it was only their usual Sunday collection. The contribution amounting to about thirty dollars.

These services as I then witnessed them, and as I afterward had occasion to learn during a two years' residence in New Orleans, were a fair specimen of negro worship in that city. So orderly was the congregation that they were not even watched by the authorities. Such exclusive meetings among the negroes were, however, peculiar to that city. At services which I have attended in Savannah, Charleston, and Richmond, the congregations were under much greater restraint, and were therefore more formal in their manner of worship. I have selected my illustrations from the church in New Orleans because of this, preacher and audience were alike unrestrained, and showed the negro's peculiarities when under the influence of the civilization and refinements of a city.

CHURCH GOVERNMENT—CHURCH MEETING.

It is very apparent that the artificialities attendant upon a city life must greatly modify the free and unrestrained development of social and religious character even in the slave. So that from the city churches no criterion can be formed which will apply indiscriminately to them, and to the much larger class of negroes whose natures are developed almost without restraint amidst the seclusion of the plantations. For this reason the following narrative must be taken as illustrative of a limited class, and not of the great mass of negroes whose lives are passed in the country.

In some respects the church, whose public worship we have already noticed, will better illustrate the slave's character as affected by religion than will even the country churches. This was purely a colored church; in the country such a thing is rarely if ever known. There the whites control, and in all important matters of church government the negroes are voiceless. Here, however, the negro was supreme. From pastor to sexton no white influence was allowable.

The negro's idea of a democratic form of government, and also of church government (Baptist), was here well illustrated. So was also a tendency, which has been thought by many to be in the negro an invariable accompaniment of power, viz., to change simple authority into despotism. Certainly no religious association was ever more strictly ruled than was the church now under consideration. And if the "pastoral crook" was sometimes made a rod of iron, it may have been necessary in order to make the pastoral authority effective. As to the facts which were developed those who hear them can form their own opinions.

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I was one day sitting in my study striving, almost hopelessly, to shake off the enervating listlessness and lassitude produced by the sultriness of the tropical noonday when three visitors entered. They were negroes, but fine-looking, well dressed, and evidently belonging to the upper class of intelligent house-servants. They introduced themselves with great respect and formality, apologizing for their intrusion, and urging as an excuse the necessities of their errand, and the need which they felt for advice upon matters connected with their church relations. They belonged to the church whose critical pastor had already in my presence manifested his wonderful power over the emotions of his hearers. And it now appeared that this was but a faint shadow of his administrative power which, though less openly, was not less resistlessly wielded.

It appeared from their representations that their pastor was more effective in the pulpit than above reproach in the moralities of private life, and that a recent event had so excited the indignation of a part of his flock that they wished to leave him and join the little white church of the same denomination in that city. The points of the statement were eliminated as follows:

"You are in good standing, why not ask for your letter of dismission?"

"We daresn't do it. He cut our heads off" (meaning expulsion from the church).

"But he can't do that. It is against the rules of his own church."

"Oh, Sir, you don't know! He do any thing. He get us up in dat room, way up de stairs—and he do any thing."

"Are your church-meetings private?"

"Oh yes, Sir! De deacon stand at de door, an' he let the members in. He let in dem he wants."

"Why do you wish to leave?"

"'Cause, Sir, de scandal be so great."

"What scandal?"

"Why, Sir, 'bout Sis Julia."

"What about Sister Julia?"

"Why, you see, Sir, dis mornin' de neighbors hear a big noise in de back yard, an' dey runs and dere Sis Julia was fightin' Sis Mary. Tearin' de cloves, and dey jess holler so loud you hear 'em in de street. Sis Julia say she jess good right to go see her brudder as Sis Mary. An' dere dey was fightin' 'bout it. Some of de peoples went in to find Brudder Sanders, and dey find him way up in de garret, under old mosquito net, an' he 'fraid to come down."

How were the mighty fallen! Here was our pungent critic, our fearless reprover of unmetrical deacons, our Boanerges and Apollos both in one, hiding in abject fear behind an old mosquito netting in his garret. Evidently there was a great scandal, and the more respectable part of the church didn't wish to be involved in it. It was bad for the pastor; but it spoke well for the people to wish to cleanse their sanctuary from such a scandalous shame.

Here, too, was a great discovery. Aside from the pastoral delinquencies, here was a new thing suddenly brought to light—nothing less than a spiritual despotism. The sense of powerlessness on the part of these three intelligent men was really touching to witness. They were determined to leave the church, and yet they were in actual terror at the thought of their own hardihood. The detail of their subsequent difficulties, the tediousness, the utter failure of all representations and appeals to justice in behalf of those men need not be narrated. The pastor was determined to have them retained under his authority, where they could be controlled; and individual rights were not to be entertained. By threats, and his own fears of exposure, the doughty pastor was at last induced to relax the reins of authority, and let these poor fellows have letters of dismission from his church; and after he had pledged himself to grant them liberty, such was their abject fear of his power that they doubted their own good fortune while it was prospective; and even after being dismissed they almost doubted their own deliverance.

The closing scene of the church-meeting at which their dismissal was granted was more unique than imposing. The church-meeting was held in a large upper-room over the place of public worship. This room was accessible only by a private staircase, the door of which was kept by one of the initiated. Here were now assembled the church to grant letters of dismission to the small number of recusants (now reduced to six) whose courage was adequate to the trial. After an address by the pastor, fully explaining the great indulgence he was granting, he turned suddenly to the clerk of the church with the following instructions:

"Now I'me gwine to gib letters to all dem folks what feels demselves too good to stay here wid dere culled bredren and sister. You, Brudder Satterlee, go right ober to my house, an' bring me five, six, sebben quire ob paper—five, six, sebben quire paper. I wants paper 'nuff for all dese peoples." (He knew there were but five or six out of as many hundreds.) "Mose all de bredren an' sisters gwine to leave us. I want five, six, sebben quire paper. 'Nuff paper to gib ebbery one letter."

The poor fellows had been expecting something like this address, but they were notwithstanding almost crushed by the sarcasm, and the accompanying laughter which greeted these sallies. As they expressed it, "We felt so mean, we t'ought we should sink." Soon the paper came, and after being ostentatiously displayed, and the sheets counted aloud, the pastor followed up his telling blows after this wise:

"Now all you people what don't want to stay in dis church, but wants to go and jine dat little white church, an' be put 'way up stars, in dat little gallery under de ceilin' dare, where you set on benches lookin' at de white folks on de cushion in de pew, you all jess come now and get your letter."

Nobody came. The poor fellows implicated would have given all they had to have been well

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out of the scrape. As for going up before that battery of shining eyes and glistening ivories, and taking a letter for such purpose, they couldn't stand it. "We jess stood dere by de winder, massa, an' sweat jess like de rain was pourin'." And had the artful pastor not counted too much upon his own power and upon the weak spirits of his subjects, there the matter would have ended. But it is the last straw which breaks the camel's back; and one more hit produced a revulsion rather than an extinction. Intending to give a final shot as a demolisher, he continued:

"Why don't you come, you folks wat don't like to sit down stars in pews, but want to go to de white church to sit up dere in dat little gallery? Why don't you come—forty, fifty, hundred ob you—all we got paper for—why don't you come an' take letters?

Nobody starts, and the pastor continues:

"Come now; we is awaitin'! All you folks wat wants to go an' set down by de door when de white folks hab de communion, an' wait dare till dey gets trew 'fore you gits some. *Come now*, an' git your letter!"

This was one blow too many; it was striking a fallen adversary, and it aroused the sense of injustice and feeling of resistance which the negro keenly experiences when imposed upon by his fellows. The six indignantly presented themselves; and the letters, with many sneers and much ridicule, were finally given.

I will add, by way of completing this narrative, that a new church was formed, with the seceders as a nucleus; and that this soon outstripped the parent church in numbers and respectability. And when I last heard from them (1861) they had built a large meeting-house, and were under a white pastor, whose salary was not less than fifteen hundred dollars. These men often declared to me that they would never again be under a colored pastor; and they persisted in this during the twelve years that I had knowledge of their history.

The points worthy of notice in these facts are, the negroes' idea of government, and their reluctance to be governed by each other.

With them all government is absolutism. There is no medium between freedom and despotism. We may say that this is from the want of education, or that it is the effect of a peculiar education; and no doubt it is. We are not so much concerned with causes as with facts. Here was a fair experiment. A pure negro, himself but recently freed from slavery, and who we would therefore suppose would appreciate liberty. He was not uneducated, he had studied church government thoroughly, and we had long discussions concerning the limits of the power of the majority. This power he always understood and interpreted as being absolute. He brought with him books of reference to sustain his views, though he always misinterpreted his authorities. He showed the habit of a reader, if not of a student. Still he had no conception of moral influence as a means of government. Government was absolutism. It is not strange that he should have learned nothing else when a slave; but it was discouraging to perceive that he could not be taught to conceive of any thing else when a free man and a Christian pastor.

And this same feature of the negro character I have seen illustrated in almost innumerable instances, in the family, in the field, and in the church. Wherever the negro has power he understands it to be without limit. It is this indulgence of arbitrariness rather than deliberate cruelty which leads him so often to fell with a blow his favorite domestic animals, and not less frequently his own children. From this cause, too, the negro slave is himself a most intolerable task-master whenever placed in authority over his fellow-servants, and this makes his inflictions of punishment, when permitted, most severe and unsparing. To govern is to crush into powerlessness whatever opposes his will.

That such is the tendency in the exercise of pastoral authority is a sad truth, but one which we must recognize if we would see things as they exist. And it is owing to a consciousness of this fact that the second point mentioned as worthy of notice in our illustration is interesting. This point is, the reluctance which the negro feels to being governed by colored pastors.

There is the more significance in this, because the "colored brethren" are so much preferred *as preachers*. When in the pulpit there is a wonderful sympathy between the speaker and his audience. A sympathy which finds expression in those peculiar tones which are inimitable by a preacher of any other race, and which, in their influence upon the negro hearers, are unequaled. This sympathetic influence seems the result of both a peculiar organization and a peculiar experience. None but a negro can so preach as fully to arouse, excite, and transport the negro. But when the question is one of government, as in the pastorship, they will prefer a white pastor. This preference was not an incidental thing, but is illustrative of a characteristic trait.

PAUL HAYDEN'S CONFESSION.

CHRISTMAS-EVE, MIDNIGHT.

TO CHRISTINA:—One person alone, besides my mother, knows what I am now going to tell you. If I could speak to you on such a theme, I would not commit to paper the records of my shame. Burn these sheets when you have read them. I have been sufficiently punished; do not let me risk the danger of my future being again compromised by their existence.

Yesterday, the twenty-third day of December, I, Paul Hayden, was sitting at my desk in the counting-house of Messrs. Klop, Son, and Klop, foreign merchants. There was a good deal to do during the evening, as we were accustomed on the day of Christmas-eve to break up early. Every footstep that crossed the counting-house,

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or moved in the outer office, seemed light and elastic, and had a kind of enjoyable frosty creak in its sound. There was something in the pure air of the night, and in the anticipations of the coming festival, which completely changed the aspect of affairs in the ordinarily dull atmosphere of the counting-house, making grim old "senior" clerks light and frisky, and young "junior" clerks staid and painstaking, as they saw that a little hard work now alone interposed between them and the coming revels.

As for me, I sat there with my pen in my hand, and the ledger open before me, bowed down by such a weight of shame and self-reproach as I had never dreamed of falling to my lot. There were my fellow-workmen moving about light-hearted and hopeful; there was I with ruin—almost certain ruin—staring me in the face. Once I felt as in a dream; but no: there lay the letter before me, and I took it up and read it once again:

"DEAR OLD FELLOW,—Codd won't renew the bill on any terms. What's to be done? If something is not thought of, and quickly too, you'll see him at Klop's to-morrow morning, sure as fate. I'm deucedly sorry for you, but I can't help you: not the remotest chance of that. Turn it over in your mind. I'll be on the bridge as you go home. Yours ever,

"ARTHUR GLYNNE."

Turn it over! And what good would that do? How was a poor fellow like me to scrape together a hundred pounds? Yes, my dear friend, Arthur Glynne, who had so kindly introduced me to all the delights of London, initiated me in all its tempting mysteries, paid for me, quarreled with me if I remonstrated against his liberality, and laughed at me if I tried to withdraw from such a life of flowery degradation; this all-bountiful friend had suddenly come down upon me one month before with a request (that my obligations had made irresistible) that I would accept for him a bill of a hundred pounds, and leave him to provide for it when due. I am sure he had meant to fulfill his promise. But Fortune did not hold Arthur Glynne in such deep respect as to trouble herself in the least about giving him the means of fulfilling his obligations; and so I was left in the lurch.

What was I to do? The first sight of that bill would, in Mr. Klop's eyes, have been about the same thing as the last sight of me. And if I left him in disgrace there was an end to my mercantile career. Should I confide the whole to my mother?—which meant, should I let her know what a recklessly-profligate life I had been leading since our arrival in London, and my meeting with Glynne? Should I open to her the vista of my recent experience during the secret hours of night? Should I dash to the ground the hopes she was fondly nursing of my advancement?

Despairing of any solution, I determined to meet Glynne and tell him so.

I shut up the ledger, put it away in its place, and proceeded to exchange my office-coat for my walking one.

"Going, Mr. Hayden?" inquired our cashier, Mr. Sampson Boyce, who did not, I fancied, at all participate in the slight signs of satisfaction that Mr. Klop had occasionally exhibited toward me.

"Yes, Sir; good-night," I answered, as I went out.

I hurried along the noisy streets, with their glaring Christmas-lighted shops, gliding like a spectre through the crowds, never slackening my pace till I reached the foot of the bridge, when a thought struck me, as with a blow of paralysis; I had left Glynne's letter in my office-coat! With moist and trembling hands, which I vainly tried to keep steady, I searched my pockets over and over, then began to run back, but again stopped, incredulously, to make sure. It was too true; I had left it behind; might even have dropped it on the floor while changing coats. I hurried back to the office. The door to the counting-house was down a little court or archway. I tried it. It was locked. I went round to the dwelling-house, determined that nothing less than sheer impossibility should prevent my getting back my letter. I knew the way into the counting-house from Mr. Klop's house, and that if I could only escape notice from the domestics first, and then from the cashier, and Denning, the watchman, there would be no one else likely to see me. At the worst, I could ask permission to go through to the office. I was fortunate—the street-door was open. I slipped through the passage, and was safely in the business premises. Through the glass-door of Denning's little room I saw Mr. Boyce reading a newspaper. So, then, he had done with the business of the office, and was probably just going. I heard Denning's footstep moving heavily to and fro in the store-room above. I walked cautiously along the passage till I came to the counting-house. The door was open. I went in, glancing hurriedly about on the floor, but seeing nothing of my letter. The first touch of the pockets of my office-coat told me it was not there. I turned the pockets inside out. No, there was no letter in them. Had Boyce found it accidentally, or Mr. Klop, or had some one suspected me, and searched my coat when I went away? The suspense was intolerable. Suddenly I remembered that on one occasion I had slipped the letter between the pages of the ledger when Mr. Boyce had appeared at the door; but I felt almost certain that I had not left it there. I took down the ledger, however, and with a bounding heart saw the missing sheet drop to the ground. For a moment I felt rather as though my troubles were gone, than that their mere exposure was delayed, as I tore up Glynne's letter, and consumed the pieces by the single gas-lamp that was left burning low till the watchman came for his last survey. As I turned to find my way back I heard Denning coming down stairs. "Well," I thought, "if he comes in I will tell him I passed through the house

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without meeting any one, to fetch something I had left behind; but if he passes on I will not unnecessarily make him aware of my presence." He did pass on, and presently I heard him descending the stairs to the underground storeroom.

As I stood there listening, where I had then no right to be, no wonder I felt like a criminal, and that strange and unpleasant thoughts should begin to pass through my mind. Dark, vague suggestions, the true nature of which I shrank from grappling with, began to stir me; and I felt as if my hair were lifted in horror. I gazed cautiously round. I believe I had at that moment no defined idea beyond the simple one of seeking security from the apprehension that some one might have seen me enter and burn the letter — nay, might even now be watching me. Anxiously I gazed around. Behind, through the glass door of the counting-house, I could see all over and through the large office, with its shadowy-looking rows of desks and stools, made dimly visible by the low, smouldering kind of light. Before me was Mr. Klop's private room. The door was left ajar. Was he there? No, all was silent! But I must make sure. I pushed the door back, and was startled by the flood of moonlight in which I was suddenly plunged. I advanced, half believing that I was simply fascinated by the splendid natural and artificial scene beyond, which was visible through the broad window. There was a piece of the great black city spread out, low and far, in the vivid, frosty moonlight; the glittering river curving amidst blackened buildings; the arches of the bridges almost changing from semicircles to circles by the junction of bridge and reflection below; and a sky of glassy blue, thickly crowded with stars, each apparently emulous to outshine its neighbor in size and brilliancy, and draw to itself every wandering earthly eye. That end of the room was light enough to see to read. I could discern the spots of ink upon the floor. I could see the brass-work of the iron safe. I could see —what? Yes, I write to confess, not to evade, my guilt. I could see, Christina, a something that made my heart throb with violence, even while I knew well enough there had been in it a feeling of roused expectation, as though I had been led there by friend or foe, for some purpose which I should not long mistake. My hand, as I looked, dropped on the neighboring desk for support to my frame. Yet I did not turn away, as I ought to have done, either in pure innocence of heart, or with a sense that I had in thought sinned for a moment, but had fled in horror from the temptation, to repent, and to be warned ever after of the danger of one moment of criminal weakness. No; I continued to gaze as in a kind of hideous fascination. It seemed to me not a simple key in that lock, but the curving finger of some demon that I was bound to obey. "Pay the price of your enjoyments now," I thought I heard it saying to me. "Fool, you can not escape, or, if you can, this is the only way. Show some courage, some manliness —do boldly what must be done! If it will be any comfort to you, we'll say this shall be the only time. Ay, swear it if you like! Am I not here to register your oath? We understand. Only this once!"

Still I moved not—only helplessly gazed. My ears now became filled with other sounds and voices. I heard Mr. Klop dismissing me amidst the contemptuous and indignant murmurs of the clerks. I felt the touch of arrest on my shoulder, and the low murmur in the ear implying that my very body was become the property of another. I heard the heart-broken cry of my mother as the double news of my imprisonment and dismissal reached her. And still the demon beckoned me, as though these were all but tributary influences which he had evoked to show me how useless and unmanly was my hesitation. That curved, shining finger (so strangely lifelike in its form under the moonlight's partial gleam) drew me toward it, and I heard its voice saying, "Come! It is the only way. Hasten! Save yourself!" "No! Fly! It is ruin!" cried another and opposing voice. And then it too murmured, like an echo, "Save yourself!"

But that last voice was so small, and so far off, and the previous one so loud and near—and then that beckoning finger was so easy to touch, and promised so much of instant advantage from its mystery, that even as I gazed, incapable to determine what I would do, *I had done all*—committed myself to that from which life will never again allow me to be dissevered.

Spare me, Christina, for an instant. I will go on again calmly soon, if you can feel interest in me any longer.

Well, I resume: The cold steel, as I touched it, sent a shiver through my frame, but I turned the key with a desperate hand, opened the door, and looked in. I could just dimly see a drawer full of gold; my first touch was of a batch of filmy, rustling paper—all bank-notes. I took out two, and held one of them up to the light of the moon. I could just make out the word "Hundred," and was about to put the others back and hurry away, when my Familiar whispered me, "Fool, you will never prosper in this mode of life if you begin so badly. What good will that do you? Where can you change it? Take gold!" Hastily I replaced the notes on the heap, and plunged my hand into the drawer where the gold was, trying to guess as well as I could how far such a handful would go toward a hundred sovereigns. And here let me laugh at a delicate piece of casuistry with which I amused myself. Even then I could not, I thought, take one sovereign more than my indispensable need required. Oh, not for the wealth of worlds! Pity my employer had not been by to recognize as it deserved such sublime self-abnegation! So I counted the gold, tremulously, yet determinedly, to the end of the hundred, perfectly conscious that every second thus spent was enhancing my danger, but also conscious that I was laying up one bit of com-

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fortable hypocrisy for the future that might be found very necessary for my peace.

The gold was mine. My bill should be duly honored. "Honored!" O God, how my own word pierced me like an ill-carried weapon! Pshaw! These were trifles now. I groped my way out of the room and along the passage; saw Joyce still over his newspaper, in Denning's room; staggered out by the way I had entered; opened silently the street-door, which had been closed since I had passed through; and then, unchallenged by a single voice, slunk away by dark courts and by-passages to keep my appointment.

I reached the bridge. I leaned against the wall. I tried to realize a single moment of joy at my success—the success for which I had bid so high a price. "I am saved!" I cried, inwardly; "saved!" Just then I heard a sound which shook my very soul. It was but a church clock across the river striking: but to me it was like a voice crying through the midnight, "Lost!" And immediately one clock after another took up the sound, until it seemed to me that angel voices—some thrillingly sweet, some mournful and beseeching, some solemn and denouncing—were crying to me from all parts of the universe, "Lost! lost! lost!" The river, the black city, faded from my view beneath that glorious sky. I saw an old village, every spot of which was familiar to me. I seemed to stand no longer on that bridge, but was kneeling in a well-known room, with my face raised to that sky in prayer. I clasped my hands, my lips moved. I had a delicious feeling of rest. Once more I was a little child going to lie down in my bed without a care. I heard a footstep; gradually as it approached nearer it recalled me to myself—myself! Good God! was that poor, miserable, shrinking being Paul Hayden? That—!

Spare me yet, Christina, one weakness. Do not ask me to brand myself once more with the word; it has burned in too deeply, and needs rather anodynes and rest. Yes, spare me now and forever the word. I know I can not escape the thing.

What should I do? Again came that perilous question. How had I answered it before? The weight in my pockets, heavy enough to drag down a thousand souls, was my answer. I thought once I would leap into the river, and let that weight bear me down to a grave so deep that I might hope there to be insensible even to my shame. Then my clenched hands would rise convulsively and desperately in mortal agony against my breast, asking again, "What shall I do?"

Knowing not, seeing no path open to go back, yet shrinking more and more every moment from the thought of going forward, I suddenly—obeying some impulse I hardly understood, perhaps one of desire for physical relief—began to run. Presently I fancied I caught a glimpse of Glynne approaching to meet me. I turned and ran in an opposite direction to that of his coming footsteps; it seemed to me as though I were flying not so much from him as from myself—from the new and hideous form I had taken—knowing not yet which would prove to be the true Paul Hayden.

When I stopped running it was in the court outside the office. How I came there I know not, unless drawn by the same power that I have heard often moves murderers to haunt the spot where they shed the blood of their victim, and where they are at length to find the ministers of retribution.

"Is it too late?" I asked, under my breath, sinking down on some steps in a dark corner near the counting-house. "Is it too late even now to right myself? Yes! it is impossible—hopeless!" Thus I despairingly cried; but the hope grew and grew until it became a strong, yearning, passionate desire to try. If that gold were only back again how light every other trouble would be—how quietly I could go home and sleep! I rose from the steps filled with a wild, feverish resolution. "I will do it, so God help me!" I cried, and went round to the front door. It was locked. Oh the misery of that moment! I wrung my hands in silent despair, and went back to the court. I glanced eagerly at the three lower windows on that side. The one nearest the steps was open—wide open—left so, perhaps, for a few moments, by the watchman, in order to sweeten the offices after putting out the gas. But if so, he was not far off. He would probably see me if I ventured. Well, I must risk that. By ascending the steps I fancied I could reach it. It was soon done, my arm stretched across, the window-sill grasped, and I had pulled myself up and dropped lightly inside. I looked through the counting-house door. As far as I could see every thing remained as when I had left it; no one was there. I went in, opened the safe, and with trembling hand put back the hated gold, trying to let it mingle with the rest without noise. Oh how anxiously I searched my pockets to be sure that not one solitary piece was left behind by accident! It gave me a fresh alarm the mere thought. With a more grateful sound than before the key turned in the lock, and I groped my way from the room and gained the window without hearing the slightest noise to disturb me. Once out in the cold night again, my only feeling was to get away as fast as I could. Then came blessed relief—my heart was brimful of intense thankfulness.

As I was walking rapidly across the bridge some one slapped me on the shoulder. I looked round, saw it was Glynne, and shrunk from him, perhaps rather roughly; if so, the roughness was not intentional.

"What's the matter now?" said he. "Why, Hayden, you've been drinking. It was a fool's trick to get yourself in this state just now. I suppose you had better go home, and I'll come and see you before breakfast. Only it's driving it desperately close."

"Look here, Glynne; answer me this. Have

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you any notion of what you have paid for me since I have been in London?"

"Pooh! you don't know what you're talking about."

"I beg your pardon, I do. Can you answer me?"

"Well, I should rather fancy not. How on earth should I know?"

"Would that bill be about it?"

"Humbug! What's the good of asking me? Yes, more."

"Very well, then. That I take into my own hands. From this day I owe you nothing. Good-night!" I held out my hand. As he took it I said, "Don't let's meet again, Glynne, not at present; I don't care if we never do."

He drew himself up, stared at me, took his cigar from his lips, laughed a low forced laugh, turned lightly on his heel, and walked away.

I went home; sorry to have so parted, but glad of the parting itself, and too weak myself to dream of strengthening him.

I sat down by the fireside with the miserable task before me of telling my mother about the bill, but I felt it was the only thing to save her as well as myself from disgrace. She was more cheerful than I had seen her for some time; but her first words were most unwelcome to me in my present condition.

"Christina is in London, Paul. She will perhaps be here to-morrow."

This was indeed an unpleasant surprise to me—she who had known me as I once was—she coming to witness my disgrace. That decided me. I must tell my mother all about it. In a few words I prepared for the worst, and then told her all—*all*, Christina.

When I had said what I had to say, from beginning to end, my head dropped on her shoulder, and relief, indescribable relief, was mine. For some time we were both silent. At length she spoke:

"Paul, you know what my property is—five hundred pounds. I will pay your bill. But, O my boy, do not deceive me! Tell me the worst. Will Mr. Klop, indeed, find that hundred pounds there that you say—" She did not need to finish the sentence. I understood her but too well. After the revelation I had made she had no longer faith in me or in my word. My act was already pursuing me—here, where I thought myself most safe. I rudely pushed her away, and hurried to my bed, at once stung by her doubts and terrified by the new alarm she had conjured up. As I weighed it, an almost superstitious dread possessed me that her words betokened some further consequence yet undreamed of by me. "What if it should not be there!" I cried out in my anguish; "who would then believe me, if she does not?" I spent a terrible night. When I lay awake the darkness seemed full of beckoning, shining fingers, in the shape of keys; when I slept I dreamed I was dropping from some enormous height, or flying across some interminable bridge. In the pale, wintry dawn of morning I rose. I started to meet my own face in the glass. It spoke truly; I *had* grown years older during that night.

I would not trust myself to meet my mother at breakfast, and left the house without seeing her. By the time I had arrived at the office I felt unable to look any one in the face. As I turned my back to hang up my coat I said, as usual, "Good-morning, gentlemen."

I listened breathlessly. My hand paused with the uplifted coat. No, there was no answer; there was not a sound in the room but the scratching of pens. I looked round. This was folly. Every one was quietly engaged in work. My own voice must have died away before it left me. I had nothing but myself and my own fears to be afraid of.

I had tried hard to work, but my ears involuntarily strove to catch every sound, every whisper. The sight of that safe, which I could see from where I sat, when the door was open, turned me sick. I could not help watching Boyce eagerly as he went to open it. What if I had displaced any thing, and he should notice it? He opened it. There was no immediate intimation, by his manner, that he saw any thing wrong till he began counting, and then I fancied he must be puzzled, he was so long and silent. I wondered; yet what was it to me—what could it be—whether his accounts were right or wrong? There was clearly no trace of my visit left behind. Yet I could not rest. I started at the least sound; and when I saw Mr. Klop's shining bald head and silver hair approaching my heart jumped violently.

"Now, Mr. Boyce," he said, sitting down at the great fire, "I'll just run through the cash balance with you, if you're ready."

"Certainly, Sir, certainly," said Mr. Boyce. "I have just a little matter to finish with first, then I'll come to you." So saying he left the office.

Mr. Klop sat rubbing his hands at the fire, waiting for him. Some minutes passed without his return. Mr. Klop looked impatiently once toward the door. Still he came not. At length Mr. Klop rose, went to the outer office, and called—

"Mr. Boyce!"

"He has gone out, Sir," said one of the clerks.

"Gone out!" cried Mr. Klop. "Why, what can have induced him to go out just as I told him I wanted him?"

He went back impatiently into his room.

Every circumstance, however slight, now oppressed me. What did Boyce's absence mean? Had he gone to fetch a constable before even letting Mr. Klop know he had cause for suspicion?

No, no; there was a something in the cashier's manner that I could not read in that way. There seemed almost a kind of new and sympathetic tie between us which made me shudder in that aspect and manner of his.

And then, trying to relapse into the thoughts of my safety, and of Christina, and of my mo-

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ther, and of that dinner I was to eat by Mr. Klop's hearth in the evening, I felt there hung over me yet a kind of imposture. I was not what I seemed, and might for that reason be again tempted by those secret influences that seem to lie in wait for such prey. I had been all the morning weighing over a certain idea, alarming to dwell on, requiring more courage to pursue than I dared dream of possessing, dismissed many times, yet always coming back—"Paul, Paul, do not eat that dinner; go not *there* while you remain *thus*. Take heart; you know what you ought to do. Go while it is certain there is time."

My knees knocked together, my lips seemed glued, my fingers like those of a dead man, as I slipped from my stool, strode to the mantlepiece, and drank off a whole glass of water before going up to Mr. Klop's door. I tapped, and, without waiting for an answer, walked straight into his room. I suppose I tried to speak at first, and that he did not hear me, for he said, impatiently,

"Speak louder, Paul. What is it?"

"I should like to speak to you, Sir, in private."

"Eh! Oh, certainly." He got up, came past me, and closed the door, then reseated himself. I began to speak, desirous naturally to make the best of so bad a job, but the tones were unsteady, and I could only get out words enough to show the bare dry truth, without the slightest circumlocution or coloring.

"Sir, I had a letter last night telling me I should be arrested to-day for a debt of a hundred pounds. I left that letter here accidentally, and, fearing you or some one might find it, I returned. I saw your room open, your key in the safe; I robbed you of a hundred pounds."

I stopped; for my voice grew more and more hoarse and unsteady, and my heart was beating with frenzied violence.

"Well?" said Mr. Klop, eying me sternly.

"I could not keep it, Sir. I climbed in at the lower passage-window opening into the court, and put it back. You will find it there. My life is a burden to me with this untold."

"Is this true, young man? and the whole truth?"

"All! on my soul, Sir."

Mr. Klop rose, passed by me to the door, opened it, and called out, "Has Mr. Boyce returned?"

"Yes, Sir," answered one of the clerks.

Mr. Boyce now presented himself, bathed in perspiration, and breathless; facts which he vainly strove to conceal under the guise of his ordinarily quiet, almost sullen, behavior.

"A customer, Sir, drew me out while talking. And I forgot to say there is a gentleman outside asking to see you on particular and pressing business. He is watching for some one to pass. He said he must go if you did not see him instantly."

"Let him go then, and to the devil if he likes! Now, Mr. Boyce, just look to the cash, and see if it's all right. I left my key in the safe last night, and should like to be satisfied that nothing wrong has happened in consequence."

"Yes, Sir;" and Mr. Boyce looked strangely irresolute as he came in, glancing uneasily behind him, yet warned by Mr. Klop's searching eye, which was becoming decidedly unpleasant.

Mr. Boyce went to the safe, opened it, and drew the iron door toward him—perhaps accidentally—but it would have had the effect of concealing the upper part of his body from us where he stood, only that Mr. Klop moved a little—and that, too, might have been accidentally—and then the door was almost ostentatiously thrown back.

A pause of a minute or two now ensued. Presently Mr. Boyce said, with a quivering voice, quite unlike his usual harsh, unfeeling tone, "Why, why, Sir! Mr. Klop, some one has been here! There is, I believe—nay, I am sure—a hundred pounds missing! Stay; I will count again." And he did so, not turning for a moment to look on us.

Our eyes met—Mr. Klop's and mine. It was an awful meeting. He doubted me—that was the expression I saw there. I answered him with a quiet but steady look, earnestly yet mutually appealing. He understood, I thought, and waited.

As for me, however calmly I was able to bear myself, I saw there was a frightful gulf yawning beneath my feet.

Very rapidly I ran over all the possibilities of this new calamity—retraced every foot of ground, and every minute of time, belonging to the sickening experience of the past night. I saw but one solution—too fantastic to be credible, yet the only one my agitated mind could guess at and rest upon. Was Boyce a rogue? Had he seen me either steal into Mr. Klop's room last night, or out of it when he was reading the paper in Denning's room. Had he secretly gone after me to the safe, discovered the theft, and, instead of denouncing it, determined to profit by it, sure that the thief would be made answerable for all, and disbelieved even if discovered, and if he should deny that he had taken more than the one hundred pounds? If so, one thing was clear—he would sacrifice me to clear himself.

"Yes, Sir," he said, now turning round upon us a face whiter—so it seemed to me—than the whitest of sepulchral walls, "there is a hundred pounds missing."

"And can you, Boyce, guess how?"

"Well, Sir, that is a serious question to answer. I fear I can. Last night, when every one was gone, I thought I saw a shadow pass the little window of Denning's place. It was gone before I could get out. I looked into the room here, but saw nothing in particular to alarm me."

"Not the key in the safe?"

"No, Sir, I did not notice it."

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"Indeed!" said the merchant, "and did you notice any thing?"

"I did, Sir. I picked up this on the floor."

He produced a crumpled play-bill. As he opened it I saw, in large letters, "Don Giovanni." I knew it. It indicated the latest of the many visits Glynne and I had made together to the Opera.

"Do you know who could have dropped it?"

"I will answer that question, Sir," said I. "I have no doubt I did, if it was really found there."

"*If* it was? Would you dare, Sir, to suspect Mr. Sampson Boyce, the cashier of Klop, Son, and Klop, of an untruth? uttered, too, for the ruin of another? Young man, beware! *This* is no play," said Mr. Klop, with a strange gleam in his eye.

I trembled, yet looked up with a certain confidence. God help me, I felt almost innocent just then. Mr. Klop's eye passed from Boyce to me, from me to Boyce, before he again spoke.

"Well, Mr. Boyce, I and Paul have already had some talk: he knows he is under suspicion. By-the-by, who was the customer, Mr. Boyce, that took you into the street a little while ago—kept you so long, and sent you back in such hot haste?"

There was the slightest possible pause.

"I really don't know his name, Sir. I have seen him in the warehouse over and over again, but can not remember to have ever heard it."

"And when you came back, who was the gentleman who wanted me so pressingly to come out?" said Mr. Klop, with that inexplicable gleam once more in his quiet, dangerous-looking eye.

Mr. Boyce attempted a smile: a very ghastly one it was.

"He neither gave me his name nor card, Sir."

"And he said nothing particular to you, except that he wanted me out there?"

"Nothing, Sir."

"Not even that you must get me out of this room at any cost, or you would never be able to replace that hundred pounds out of your pocket, and which you have been home to fetch! Eh?"

Dead silence. I seemed (but it might be fancy) to hear the shaking of the clothes on that collapsing frame.

"Come, Mr. Boyce, enough of this! If I wrong you I will beg your pardon, as a gentleman should, and show you why I came to this abrupt conclusion. Now, Sir, have you not that money in your pocket?"

What a position was mine! To stand there and see this man's guilt strangely and wonderfully brought to light through my guilt, and to know he was every instant getting more hopelessly entangled, and I feeling more and more free, in spite of my inward prayer to God to prepare me for the worst.

Suddenly he threw himself on his knees before Mr. Klop, and murmured, just above his breath, "Forgive me! It is true. I was tempted. I saw the key in your safe—discovered, as I thought, you had been robbed. I am sure, Sir, there *was* a hundred pounds taken away."

"I could have told you that."

"Indeed, Sir! It was you, then? I am rightly punished! I thought you had been robbed—saw in the play-bill a trace of the criminal—and felt assured that if I increased the amount no suspicion would ever attach to me. Mercy!"

"It would be wasted. I can understand a moment of weakness leading to crime in a young, tempted, and inexperienced man; and that the act itself may bring its own warning and cure. But you, Sir, must be corrupt at heart—must have through life fenced yourself round with lies, and have been only unexpectedly surprised into a true self-revelation. Go! I have no more to say."

A few minutes more and I saw two constables enter, and the gold taken from Boyce's pockets, which he had evidently determined to restore the moment he had, or fancied that he had, discovered no theft had been committed, but had been denied all opportunity. Without a word more he left the room in the custody of the men.

I sank down in a chair, heedless of Mr. Klop's presence, my very soul faint.

"Young man," he said to me soon, and in a voice so strangely sweet that the tears bounded forth to greet it, "you have sinned, repented, and made prompt restitution. You can do no more now. I wish it had been otherwise. But I forgive you. In time I may be able to trust you if you deserve it."

He would not turn me off, then. O God! that I might have shown him what I felt! But I restrained myself, and I have no doubt he liked me the better for so doing.

"Paul, no one knows but myself. No one shall know."

I could only look and bow, in silent gratitude.

"You will dine with me as you had intended?"

"No, no, Sir."

"Why? It will divert suspicion."

"Oh, Sir, my heart is too full. God forgive me; it would seem a kind of triumph."

"You are right. Go at once. I will look to the affair of the bill, and see how to help you, without altogether sheltering you from your just responsibilities. Good-by; give me your hand; pleasant Christmas to you!"

Christina, I have told all to my mother. I can not eat to-morrow's dinner till I have also told you. Now, if you wish it, I release you from your engagement. PAUL HAYDEN.

Let the last of these pages bear witness that I will never comply with the request made in them: never will I burn them, never will I part with them, never shall eye see them while we two live. When we are dead, the revelation under other names will not matter to us, and may help those who are in danger. CHRISTINA HAYDEN.

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THE STATESMANSHIP OF SHAKSPEARE.

IT is the curiosity of a great poetic mind that it has few if any practical opinions like those which are bandied about as the small change of current statesmanship, or, rather, of statecraft; while, at the same time, by idealizing the body-politic and the operations, it does for both what religion does for virtue, and gives them not merely creation but authority. The reformer of details is he who makes the most noise in the world, and figures most conspicuously in cheap history. The public has no appetite for any thing but the specific, and the concrete, and the immediate. The many wish to be told at once, and without wearisome circumlocution, *what* is to be done, and not *why* it is to be done. Hence, for example, wars are usually popular, partly because public pride is as natural and potent as personal pride; but chiefly because the masses accept authorized state-necessity as imperative. But before all that the poetic element has idealized country into home; a figure of speech has become to the citizen an axiomatic fact; he is to be drafted, and to pay taxes, and to fight for his altars and his fires; and the philosophical value which he gives to these, at least in an enlightened land, of which alone we are speaking, depends upon the culture which he has received, not simply in the school or university, but through the indirect influence of the highest thought of his age and nation. Of the operation of this upon himself personally he may not be aware, nor might it always be possible for acuter minds directly to trace it. An Athenian soldier who could not spell, and who cared nothing directly for the philosophers, who never frequented Porch or Lyceum, fought all the better for the philosophical influences which had surrounded him from infancy to manhood, both because he had acquired from them a certain elevation of character, by breathing the atmosphere of general refinement and intellectual activity, and because he sufficiently comprehended that great minds were a part of the glory of his country; and they thus awakened his pride, which was not less because its object was to him unintelligible. The influence of the theatre upon him was more immediate and palpable. He appreciated action if not abstraction—the fine deed if not the fine trope. Then it seems to be impossible that the Iliad should not have had a perpetual and pressing effect upon the public character. It was a poem not hard to be understood. It was as intelligible to the general Grecian mind as the songs of Burns are intelligible to the general mind of Scotland; it had no recondite conceits and no artificial raptures; its sublimity was in its simplicity, and its charm in its accuracy of detail and fine common sense. So if the Grecian peasant or artisan sang at all, there was no reason why he should not sing Homer; while mothers might have chanted verses from the Iliad to children in their cradles, or troopers joined in a chorus from it about their camp-fires. It is thus that great epics belong to great nations. The words of the poet bear fruit in the deeds of the warrior, and noble actions, by the rhythmic record of their performance, insure a line of heroes. The most ignorant British soldier at Waterloo fought all the better for the battles in Paradise Lost. This is the divine economy of nature, as true in the domain of the spiritual as in the region of the material. Nothing is lost—no word, no act, no thought, no nobility of mind, no refinement of speculation, no achievement of the race. The recluse of an Oxford quadrangle prepares the ditcher of Lancashire or the miner of Derbyshire to play a soldier's part, and to die a soldier's death. Chaucer and Elizabeth, Shakspeare and Bacon, Milton and John Locke, conquered at Waterloo.

We fear that in this nineteenth century of printing and prating, propositions like these may be regarded as truisms; because we have a bad public habit of referring every advancement in national greatness to the schoolmaster—to the fact that this man can write whose grandfather could not, and that man reads many books whose ancestor had only the Bible for his library. But we are not seeking to substitute such vulgar commonplaces for philosophy. We are rather speaking of the influence of great thinkers upon the minds of men who never read at all; and of that contribution which pure thinking makes to the whole stock of the national character and wealth. And we have done this as properly preliminary to some attempt to estimate the statesmanship and politics of Shakspeare.

Now it is a peculiar circumstance to be observed in the very beginning of the inquiry that the finest of idealists, as Shakspeare certainly was, should also be so singularly practical and hard-headed in the region of the actual. You can deduce from his plays that which you can deduce from sundry biographical facts and extant commercial documents—that the great English poet was an excellent man of business. He sang like Orpheus, but he kept his money well together like Benjamin Franklin. He was no itinerant piper, picking up, now and then, an obolus at the street-corners—he began poor, or not rich, and he left off rich, or at least with a competence. He thinks that men should be prosperous and comfortable—should have two cloaks and not fall into economical decay. He nurses, albeit a poet, his theatrical property, better than most managers, no poets at all, have since nursed theirs—he dwells always, with remarkable unction, upon the glories of good housekeeping—he keeps no terms with thriftlessness, and he draws pictures of hospitality which are almost enough to satisfy a hungry man; the herbs of the anchorite are all well enough, but he would prefer "to sup with the Salii"—he is, like his own Speed, "one that is nourished by his victual"—he revels in the preparation of banquets, as in Romeo and Juliet. He recognizes every where the necessity of plenty to secure the general quiet, stability,

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and contentment of the state. Of the mob in Coriolanus he writes:

"They said, they were an hungry; sigh'd forth proverbs;
That, hunger broke stone walls; that, dogs must eat;
That, meat was made for mouths; that, the gods sent not
Corn for the rich men only."

We have been going on about three hundred years since this was written—about twenty-three hundred years since meal-and-meat mobs pestered Rome; yet still it is true that, in this nineteenth century, the British statesman is made to understand that dogs must eat, and, if put upon short commons, are apt to bite where they can. Through what canvasses and confusions, and speechifying and pamphleteering, mass-meetings and Manchester mobs, wheat-blights and potato-famines, rick-burnings and Corn-Law Leagues, have British Cabinets and Parliaments been taught that the gods sent not corn for the rich men only!

All Shakspeare's politics are of this hard, common-sense school. He is carried away by no theories, and cares nothing for Utopias and Oceanas—nay, he has a habit of laughing at unprofitable political idealizations, and shows no respect for those who would turn the world upside down. The reforming gentleman who extemporizes in a fine speech his plan of a commonwealth in the Tempest gets nothing but banter from his companions. The poet has a poet's love of order and tranquillity. He expresses in Macbeth what may be regarded, in these times, as a very just estimate of a rebel:

"Worthy to be a rebel; for to that
The multiplying villanies of nature
Do swarm upon him."

And again in Henry V.:

"Treason and murder ever kept together
As true yoke-devils, sworn to either's purpose."

Shakspeare, the subject of the most able and brilliant of sovereigns, and the recipient of her most gracious and queenly patronage, was, undoubtedly, so far as one of such various qualities can be accurately characterized by a single word, a Monarchist. Not that we mean to affirm that there might not be gathered many passages from his works which would prove him to have been a Republican or a Democrat, or, for that matter, an atheist, a Jew, or a madman. What we mean is, that, in his best idea of a State, the sovereign is the centre. Abstractly speaking, he spits upon democracy and treads it under his feet. But this statement need not be offensive to the most determined leveler of modern times; for the poet can no more be blamed for not adopting political theories which in his day were meeting with only a clumsy and ridiculous development, than for failing to make any allusion to the steam-engine or the magnetic telegraph. He has a tender and liberal regard for human rights; he has an abiding scorn of public injustice; he has a genial relish for the innocent pleasures and diversions of the people; his love of his kind is unaffected by circumstances of social position, and he has no gibe or sneer for any form of human misfortune. So far he is an excellent Democrat in a certain way, *i. e.*, while he tenderly treats the poor he does not desire to pull down the rich. So far he is Democratic, and something more and better. Against Jack Cade, as a man, he has not a particle of animosity. He would house him if roofless, and feed him if hungry. But against Jack Cade making a great deal of noise and confusion, provoking unnecessary bloodshed, and marching against the Lord's Anointed, he has much, so far as Jack is to be a figure in this drama of royalty which is to be composed. It has appeared to some modern writers that Jack was right: we may be sure that by no possibility could it so have appeared to Shakspeare. Mr. William Leggett wrote an essay to prove that Cade engaged in a praiseworthy undertaking; and somebody else wrote a drama for Mr. Edwin Forrest, making Jack a noble patriot, which was very kind. All we have to say is, that the Jack of Shakspeare was all wrong, and deserved the fate which he met with most richly, whatever may have been the charms, mental or moral, of Mr. Leggett's Jack, or of the prize Jack of the tragedian. When some eminent painter puts King Alfred in the Herdsman's hut, upon canvas very high and very broad, you do not ask if the portrait be accurate historically. You say, that is Mr. Mahlstick's conception of a King toasting muffins—and there you leave it! Is Shakspeare an artist of such a strain that he is to be tried by a foot-rule and a pair of dividers? Is it not, in fact, the acme of absurdity to insist upon subjecting these plays to the test of a strict historical examination, when history furnished only the rude outline, and Shakspeare all the life and color? If fact is wished for, are there not Hollingshed, and Hume, and Henry? Is not Froissart to be had in two neat though bulky volumes?

The historical King, from David down to his late Majesty of Oude, is not a perfect personage. Upon the imbecile, the cruel, the sensual, and the rapacious the world takes a gratifying revenge—it puts them into the pillory of history and pelts them through the ages. It would be hard to say that one single bad sovereign has escaped a bad reputation. Nero is as freshly execrated now as he was in the days when he fired Rome and fiddled in the smoke. Boys at school to-day, when they quarrel, nickname each other Galba or Domitian. No matter what the poets may do with the monsters—tradition is more than a match for the Nine Muses. We may, therefore, more readily pardon the singer who takes liberties with history. His little aberrations from exact drawing, when he is tempted into them by the desire of effect, are, upon the whole, harmless.

But the ideal of the kingly character in Shakspeare, no matter what names he may use for his purposes, is exceedingly high. In no works of political philosophy are the duties of the throne to the people more elaborately and profoundly set forth than in his dramas. In their delineations the bad ruler serves an equal purpose with

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the good one by provoking comparison. He shows by what he does what men in power should not do; nor in any single instance does audacity of purpose, or extreme ability, or temporary success cheat the conscience of the student. It is an extraordinary instance of the power of Shakspeare to touch the sympathies without disarming the moral judgment, that while Macbeth certainly does, in the dreadful hurly-burly which concludes his career, excite our pity, our abhorrence of his crime is merely mitigated by the consideration of his temptation, his weakness, and his fate. There is something frightful in his agonies, but we never forget that they are the agonies of a murderer shrinking from retribution.

The stage-king, before the advent of Shakspeare, was merely a truculent creature full of sounding rant and furious assertion of his princely prerogative. Like the giants and ogres of fairy story, he came from the East, and usually bore an Asiatic name. He passed his time in cutting off heads and in bidding his bondmen tremble; he used only the longest words and the finest expressions; and he lived in a condition of chronic ill-temper. The English Drama, long after Shakspeare had contributed to the theatre nobler and more rational models of royalty, still swarmed with these spurious specimens—many of them ridiculous parodies of Corneille and Racine; and down to a very late period, and even after Dryden's abused monarchs had abdicated, it was thought necessary that the stage-king should bellow like a bull, and should talk like an ass. One star is usually supposed to differ from another star in glory, but these kings were all alike. Xerxes, and Artaxerxes, and Alexander—Tigranes, and Mithridates, and Tarquin—the tyrants of Greece and the tyrants of Tartary—it was impossible to distinguish one from another; for they were all equally loud and equally devoted to love and cruelty. And yet these monsters of merely playhouse creation, who never really lived, and never could have lived any where, for an hour, since the creation, were multiplied by men who were petulant sticklers for the classical proprieties, and who garnished their printed plays with pedantic dissertations upon the Dramatic Unities!

If Shakspeare had received any thing like a sufficient recognition as a great dramatic master, this species of sceptred monster would have been extinct before the age of Charles the Second, at which time, as if to covertly ridicule the loose speech and unkingly bearing of the incumbent of the British throne, the play-house brought forward many aggravated examples of these striding and strident nondescripts. There was always, it is true, especially among accomplished gentlemen of the court, an undercurrent of protest against these childish exaggerations. The Duke of Buckingham, who had lived all his life upon an equal footing in the palaces of the great, burst into laughter at the spectacle of Dryden's royal rascals, and in the Rehearsal covered them with a ridicule the exquisite bitterness of which has never been surpassed.

The kings of Shakspeare, in all the plays which are unquestionably his, at least talk and act like human beings. He gives us no "robustious, periwig-pated fellows," who "outdo Termagant and out-herod Herod." His kings are gentlemen who are full, indeed, sometimes, of dark imaginings, of fierce hatreds, and of arrogant pretensions; but they do not think it necessary to bawl out their purposes and passions like so many town-criers. Even in a personage like Richard the Third we have no superfluous choler. He can be bland or boisterous, as may chance to suit his crafty purpose. It is the redeeming charm of his character that he has his wrath and rhetoric under control; he is often angry, but he is always angry in the right place and with a definite intent. In the street-scene with Lady Anne he makes love like a well-bred nobleman, mixing badinage and earnestness in such engaging proportions that we are not surprised by his success, although the impudence of his attempt seemed ludicrous. One of Dryden's kings would have assaulted the widow in a rhymed speech of one hundred furious lines—dreadful decasyllabics, winding up with a thunderous Alexandrine. Shakspeare evidently thought that kings should exhibit good-breeding, whatever might be their morals. Lord Macaulay speaks of Charles the Second's apology for being such an unconscionable time dying as a last touch of exquisite urbanity; but is it not surpassed by the choking exclamation of King Lear over the corpse of Cordelia—

"Pray you undo this button; *Thank you, Sir!*"

The king, in perhaps a majority of English plays, is one who has fought, is fighting, or is about to fight; or who has made love, is making love, or is about to make love. These two resources most dramatic monarchs have, and no third. It never seems to have occurred to the playwrights that a king should have any other business than that of coaxing his mistresses, bullying his ministers, and mincing his enemies. It never seems to have occurred to most tragedy-mongers that a king is the political head of the state, and should be a statesman; and that he may therefore be properly represented either as a statesman, or as endeavoring to be one to the best of his poor ability, which will answer the same purpose. But Shakspeare never fell into the cheap folly of painting puppet-kings; he has even ventured upon drawing a few wise ones, rare as such were in his, or have been in any time; and he is always earnest in proclaiming the responsibility of those upon whom "the lives, the souls, the debts, the wives, the children, and the sins" of their subjects depend.

We do not recollect to have seen it by any commentator surmised that Shakspeare was presented at Court, although every possible circumstance of any man's life have by our ingenious friends been conjectured concerning his. Neither was he made a knight. The fashion of dubbing poets with unhacked rapier, as a token of the

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royal appreciation of their verses, came in with George the Fourth, and went out again at once, and apparently forever. Even George made but one literary baronet, Sir Walter Scott, although he certainly offered the same questionable honor to Robert Southey, who had the good sense to decline the dignity. If Mr. Tinfoil, who wrote the fine comedy (from the French) which had such an exhilarating run at Drury Lane, is angry because the Queen has never invited him to dinner, we beg leave at least to ameliorate his pangs by assuring him that Mr. Shakspeare was esteemed a tolerable dramatist in his day, and that the great Eliza, although she herself wrote verses from her tender years to the years in which she was exceedingly tough, never asked Mr. Shakspeare to so much as one of her early breakfasts of beef and humming beer. Notwithstanding this, he lived and flourished and composed famously, boiling down old chronicles, recasting old Italian novels, furbishing up Scotch traditions, putting great spaces of English history into five acts, clothing Greek and Roman story with English garments, busy, cheerful, prosperous; a man of no pretension, glad to get back to the old homely scenes of his boyhood, with money in his purse—though not with so much probably, per play, as Mr. Tinfoil gets for a screaming farce, dashed off in a week, presented for a month, and in a year forgotten! Wherefore let Mr. Tinfoil take courage, forget the Queen, give us a plenty of his hilarious workmanship, and pocket his profits with a thankful heart!

But if Shakspeare did not frequent Courts, he knew them, partly from his history-books, partly from that sharp observation against which the most formal etiquette is no effectual screen, and partly by that rare intuition which made all men, all minds, and all manners the playthings of his wit, the quarries of his satire, or the butts of his ridicule. They little understand the divine secret of genius who suppose that Shakspeare could not have written these plays because he never went to Court, and was not sworn of her Majesty's Privy Council, and that Lord Bacon must have written them because he was a great minister and went to Court often. A true dramatic poet is the cleverest of clairvoyants. At his bidding all palaces are unroofed, and the proudest gates flung open, and the secretest of men and women must wear windows in their bosoms.

Alas, these Courts! plain Mr. Shakspeare knew them but too well! How otherwise could he have given us the shames and the crimes, the vices and the follies, the glories and the gallantries, the pitiful ambitions and the garrulous statecraft, the breaking hearts and the tortuous wiles of Elsinore! This Court of Denmark—is it not the epitome of most Courts?—all secret state history condensed, and laid open in five little acts!—all the bitterness of regal pomp distilled in one cup crowned with wormwood and fennel?—the skeletons coming out of the royal closets and taking their seats at table, or waiting behind the guests to put poison in the wine, while Osric, the water-fly, buzzes about pleasantly, and sparkles in his fine coat—while the love-lorn Ophelia, poor maid of honor, hides her gentle sorrows—while old Polonius prattles ponderous nonsense becoming a prime minister—while Laertes braves it with the briskest ruffiers—while the guilty usurper trembles, and the accursed regicide queen trembles beside him in his bed—while there are feastings and funerals, merry-makings and murders, deep diplomacies and domestic intrigues—was there never a Court like the Court of Denmark?—in subtle and false and intriguing Italy?—in the cruel and blood-smeared Paris of the Bartholomew?

The plays of Shakspeare are of such varied and inexhaustible significance, because of all dramas they present the fullest record of human life and society, and of the performance and possibility of man to be found in any literature. He gives us what has mischanced, and he provokes us to speculations of what may chance in the future. This is why commentary is never finished. This is why men never find out his whole secret. The editors and essayists will be as busy in the twentieth century as they have been in our own. Upon the great text the new experiences of man will throw a clearer light, and every age will be its own interpreter of the immortal poet.

ONCE UPON A TIME.

THERE never yet was sadder dirge
For minstrel's harp, or poet's rhyme,
Than those few words wherein we merge
A dead past—"Once upon a time."

In vain years bring their healing balm,
Their kind forgetfulness, in vain:
That whisper breaks the seeming calm,
And bids the old wound throb again!

Its charm the buried past recalls:
A shadow, silent and sublime,
Across the present sunshine falls
At those words—"Once upon a time."

So Memory gifts with holy powers
A faded violet's perfume faint,
Rendering a withered spray of flowers
Precious as relics of a saint.

T. HOOD.

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ROMOLA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE."



CHAPTER LXII.

THE BENEDICTION.

ABOUT ten o'clock on the morning of the twenty-seventh of February the currents of passengers along the Florentine streets set decidedly toward San Marco. It was the last morning of the Carnival, and every one knew there was a second Bonfire of Vanities being prepared in front of the Old Palace; but at this hour it was evident that the centre of popular interest lay elsewhere.

The Piazza di San Marco was filled by a multitude who showed no other movement than that which proceeded from the pressure of newcomers trying to force their way forward from all the openings; but the front ranks were already close-serried, and resisted the pressure. Those ranks were ranged around a semicircular barrier in front of the church, and within this barrier were already assembling the Dominican Brethren of San Marco.

But the temporary wooden pulpit erected over the church door was still empty. It was presently to be entered by the man whom the Pope's command had banished from the pulpit of the Duomo, whom the other ecclesiastics of Florence had been forbidden to consort with, whom the citizens had been forbidden to hear on pain of excommunication. This man had said, "A wicked, unbelieving Pope, who has gained the pontifical chair by bribery, is not Christ's Vicar. His curses are broken swords: he grasps a hilt without a blade. His commands are contrary to the Christian life: it is lawful to disobey them —nay, *it is not lawful to obey them.*" And the people still flocked to hear him as he preached in his own church of San Marco, though the Pope was hanging terrible threats over Florence if it did not renounce the pestilential schismatic and send him to Rome to be "converted"—still, as on this very morning, accepted the communion from his excommunicated hands. For how if this Frate had really more command over the Divine lightnings than that official successor of Saint Peter? It was a momentous question, which for the mass of citizens could never be decided by the Frate's ultimate test, namely, what was and what was not accordant with the highest spiritual law. No: in such a case as this, if God had chosen the Frate as his prophet to rebuke the High Priest who carried the mystic raiment unworthily, he would attest his choice by some unmistakable sign. As long as the belief in the Prophet carried no threat of outward calamity, but rather the confident hope of exceptional safety, no sign was needed: his preaching was a music to which the people felt themselves marching along the way they wished to go; but now that belief meant an immediate blow to their commerce, the shaking of their position among the Italian States, and an interdict on their city, there inevitably came the question, "What miracle showest thou?" Slowly at first, then faster and faster, that fatal demand had been swelling in Savonarola's ear, provoking a response, outwardly in the declaration that at the fitting time the miracle would come; inwardly in the faith—not unwavering, for what faith is so?—that if the need for miracle became urgent, the work he had before him was too great for the Divine power to leave it halting. His faith wavered, but not his speech: it is the lot of every man who has to speak for the satisfaction of the crowd, that he must often speak in virtue of yesterday's faith, hoping it will come back to-morrow.

It was in preparation for a scene which was really a response to the popular impatience for some supernatural guarantee of the Prophet's mission that the wooden pulpit had been erected above the church door. But while the ordinary Frati in black mantles were entering and arranging themselves the faces of the multitude were not yet eagerly directed toward the pulpit: it was felt that Savonarola would not appear just yet, and there was some interest in singling out the various monks, some of them belonging to high Florentine families, many of them having fathers, brothers, or cousins among the artisans and shop-keepers who made the majority of the crowd. It was not till the tale of monks was complete, not till they had fluttered their books and had begun to chant, that people said to each other, "Fra Girolamo must be coming now."

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That expectation, rather than any spell from the accustomed wail of psalmody, was what made silence and expectation seem to spread like a paling solemn light over the multitude of upturned faces, all now directed toward the empty pulpit.

The next instant the pulpit was no longer empty. A figure covered from head to foot in black cowl and mantle had entered it, and was kneeling with bent head and with face turned away. It seemed a weary time to the eager people while the black figure knelt and the monks chanted. But the stillness was not broken, for the Frate's audiences with Heaven were yet charged with electric awe for that mixed multitude, so that those who had already the will to stone him felt their arms unnerved.

At last there was a vibration among the multitude, each seeming to give his neighbor a momentary aspen-like touch, as when men who have been watching for something in the heavens see the expected presence silently disclosing itself. The Frate had risen, turned toward the people, and partly pushed back his cowl. The monotonous wail of psalmody had ceased, and to those who stood near the pulpit it was as if the sounds which had just been filling their ears had suddenly merged themselves in the force of Savonarola's flashing glance, as he looked round him in the silence. Then he stretched out his hands, which, in their exquisite delicacy, seemed transfigured from an animal organ for grasping into vehicles of sensibility too acute to need any gross contact: hands that came like an appealing speech from that part of his soul which was masked by his strong passionate face, written on now with deeper lines about the mouth and brow than are made by forty-four years of ordinary life.

At the first stretching out of the hands some of the crowd in the front ranks fell on their knees, and here and there a devout disciple farther off; but the great majority stood firm, some resisting the impulse to kneel before this excommunicated man (might not a great judgment fall upon him even in this act of blessing?), others jarred with scorn and hatred of the ambitious deceiver who was getting up this new comedy, before which, nevertheless, they felt themselves impotent, as before the triumph of a fashion.

But then came the voice, clear and low at first, uttering the words of absolution—"Misereatur vestri"—and more fell on their knees; and as it rose higher and yet clearer, the erect heads became fewer and fewer, till, at the words, "Benedicat vos omnipotens Deus," it rose to a masculine cry, as if protesting its power to bless under the clutch of a demon that wanted to stifle it: it rang like a trumpet to the extremities of the Piázza, and under it every head was bowed.

After the utterance of that blessing Savonarola himself fell on his knees and hid his face in temporary exhaustion. Those great jets of emotion were a necessary part of his life: he himself had said to the people long ago, "Without preaching I can not live." But it was a life that shattered him.

In a few minutes more some had risen to their feet, but a larger number remained kneeling, and all faces were intently watching him. He had taken into his hands a crystal vessel, containing the consecrated Host, and was about to address the people.

"You remember, my children, three days ago I besought you, when I should hold this Sacrament in my hand in the face of you all, to pray fervently to the Most High that if this work of mine does not come from Him, He will send a fire and consume me, that I may vanish into the eternal darkness away from His light which I have hidden with my falsity. Again I beseech you to make that prayer, and to make it *now*."

It was a breathless moment: perhaps no man really prayed, if some in a spirit of devout obedience made the effort to pray. Every consciousness was chiefly possessed by the sense that Savonarola was praying, in a voice not loud but distinctly audible in the wide stillness.

"Lord, if I have not wrought in sincerity of soul, if my word cometh not from Thee, strike me in this moment with Thy thunder, and let the fires of Thy wrath inclose me."

He ceased to speak, and stood motionless, with the consecrated Mystery in his hand, with eyes uplifted and a quivering excitement in his whole aspect. Every one else was motionless and silent too, while the sunlight, which for the last quarter of an hour had here and there been piercing the grayness, made fitful streaks across the convent wall, causing some awe-stricken spectators to start timidly. But soon there was a wider parting, and with a gentle quickness, like a smile, a stream of brightness poured itself on the crystal vase, and then spread itself over Savonarola's face with mild glorification.

An instantaneous shout rang through the Piazza, "Behold the answer!"

The warm radiance thrilled through Savonarola's frame, and so did the shout. It was his last moment of untroubled triumph, and in its rapturous confidence he felt carried to a grander scene yet to come, before an audience that would represent all Christendom, in whose presence he would again be sealed as the messenger of the supreme righteousness, and feel himself full charged with Divine strength. It was but a moment that expanded itself in that prevision. While the shout was still ringing in his ears he turned away within the church, feeling the strain too great for him to bear it longer.

But when the Frate had disappeared, and the sunlight seemed no longer to have any thing special in its illumination, but was spreading itself impartially over all things clean and unclean, there began, along with the general movement of the crowd, a confusion of voices in which certain strong discords and varying scales of laughter made it evident that, in the previous silence and universal kneeling, hostility and scorn had only submitted unwillingly to a momentary spell.

"It seems to me the plaudits are giving way

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to criticism," said Tito, who had been watching the scene attentively from an upper loggia in one of the houses opposite the church. "Nevertheless it was a striking moment, eh, Messer Pietro? Fra Girolamo is a man to make one understand that there was a time when the monk's frock was a symbol of power over men's minds rather than over the keys of women's cupboards."

"Assuredly," said Pietro Cennini. "And until I have seen proof that Fra Girolamo has much less faith in God's judgments than the common run of men, instead of having considerably more, I shall not believe that he would brave Heaven in this way if his soul were laden with a conscious lie."

CHAPTER LXIII.

RIPENING SCHEMES.

A MONTH after that Carnival, one morning near the end of March, Tito descended the marble steps of the Old Palace, bound on a pregnant errand to San Marco. For some reason he did not choose to take the direct road, which was but a slightly bent line from the Old Palace; he chose rather to make a circuit by the Piazza di Santa Croce, where the people would be pouring out of the church after the early sermon.

It was in the grand church of Santa Croce that the daily Lenten sermon had of late had the largest audience. For Savonarola's voice had ceased to be heard even in his own church of San Marco, a hostile Signoria having imposed silence on him in obedience to a new letter from the Pope, threatening the city with an immediate interdict if this "wretched worm" and "monstrous idol" were not forbidden to preach, and sent to demand pardon at Rome. And next to hearing Fra Girolamo himself, the most exciting Lenten occupation was to hear him argued against and vilified. This excitement was to be had in Santa Croce, where the Franciscan appointed to preach the Quaresimal sermons had offered to clench his arguments by walking through the fire with Fra Girolamo. Had not that schismatical Dominican said that his prophetic doctrine would be proved by a miracle at the fitting time? Here, then, was the fitting time. Let Savonarola walk through the fire, and if he came out unhurt the Divine origin of his doctrine would be demonstrated; but if the fire consumed him his falsity would be manifest; and that he might have no excuse for evading the test, the Franciscan declared himself willing to be a victim to this high logic, and to be burned for the sake of securing the necessary minor premiss.

Savonarola, according to his habit, had taken no notice of these pulpit attacks. But it happened that the zealous preacher of Santa Croce was no other than the Fra Francesco di Puglia, who at Prato the year before had been engaged in a like challenge with Savonarola's fervent follower Fra Domenico, but had been called home by his superiors while the heat was simply oratorical. Honest Fra Domenico, then, who was preaching Lenten sermons to the women in the Via Cocornero, no sooner heard of this new challenge than he took up the gauntlet for his master, and declared himself ready to walk through the fire with Fra Francesco. Already the people were beginning to take a strong interest in what seemed to them a short and easy method of argument (for those who were to be convinced), when Savonarola, keenly alive to the dangers that lay in the mere discussion of the case, commanded Fra Domenico to withdraw his acceptance of the challenge and secede from the affair. The Franciscan declared himself content: he had not directed his challenge to any subaltern, but to Fra Girolamo himself.

After that the popular interest in the Lenten sermons had flagged a little. But this morning, when Tito entered the Piazza di Santa Croce, he found, as he expected, that the people were pouring from the church in large numbers. Instead of dispersing, many of them concentrated themselves toward a particular spot near the entrance of the Franciscan monastery, and Tito took the same direction, threading the crowd with a careless and leisurely air, but keeping careful watch on that monastic entrance, as if he expected some object of interest to issue from it.

It was no such expectation that occupied the crowd. The object they were caring about was already visible to them in the shape of a large placard, affixed by order of the Signoria, and covered with very legible official handwriting. But curiosity was somewhat balked by the fact that the manuscript was chiefly in Latin; and though nearly every man knew beforehand approximately what the placard contained, he had an appetite for more exact knowledge, which gave him an irritating sense of his neighbor's ignorance in not being able to interpret the learned tongue. For that aural acquaintance with Latin phrases which the unlearned might pick up from pulpit quotations constantly interpreted by the preacher could help them little when they saw written Latin; the spelling even of the modern language being in an unorganized and scrambling condition for the mass of people who could read and write,* and the majority of those assembled nearest to the placard were not in the dangerous predicament of possessing that little knowledge.

"It's the Frate's doctrines that he's to prove by being burned," said that large public character Goro, who happened to be among the foremost gazers. "The Signoria has taken it in hand, and the writing is to let us know. It's what the Padre has been telling us about in his sermon."

"Nay, Goro," said a sleek shop-keeper, com-

* The old diarists throw in their consonants with a scrupulous regard rather to quantity than position, well typified by the *Ragnolo Braghiello* (Agnnolo Gabriello) of Boccaccio's Ferondo.

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passionately, "thou hast got thy legs into twisted hose there. The Frate has to prove his doctrines by *not* being burned: he is to walk through the fire, and come out on the other side sound and whole."

"Yes, yes," said a young sculptor, who wore his white-streaked cap and tunic with a jaunty air. "But Fra Girolamo objects to walking through the fire. Being sound and whole already, he sees no reason why he should walk through the fire to come out in just the same condition. He leaves such odds and ends of work to Fra Domenico."

"Then I say he flinches like a coward," said Goro, in a wheezy treble. "Suffocation! that was what he did at the Carnival. He had us all in the Piazza to see the lightning strike him, and nothing came of it."

"Stop that bleating," said a tall shoemaker, who had stepped in to hear part of the sermon, with bunches of slippers hanging over his shoulders. "It seems to me, friend, that you are about as wise as a calf with water on its brain. The Frate will flinch from nothing: he'll say nothing beforehand, perhaps, but when the moment comes he'll walk through the fire without asking any gray-frock to keep him company. But I would give a shoe-string to know what this Latin all is."

"There's so much of it," said the shop-keeper, "else I'm pretty good at guessing. Is there no scholar to be seen?" he added, with a slight expression of disgust.

There was a general turning of heads, which caused the talkers to descry Tito approaching in their rear.

"Here is one," said the young sculptor, smiling and raising his cap.

"It is the secretary of the Ten: he is going to the convent, doubtless; make way for him," said the shop-keeper, also doffing, though that mark of respect was rarely shown by Florentines except to the highest officials. The exceptional reverence was really exacted by the splendor and grace of Tito's appearance, which made his black mantle, with its gold fibula, look like a regal robe, and his ordinary black velvet cap like an entirely exceptional head-dress. The hardening of his cheeks and mouth, which was the chief change in his face since he came to Florence, seemed to a superficial glance only to give his beauty a more masculine character. He raised his own cap immediately and said,

"Thanks, my friend, I merely wished, as you did, to see what is at the foot of this placard—ah, it is as I expected. I had been informed that the government permits any one who will to subscribe his name as a candidate to enter the fire—which is an act of liberality worthy of the magnificent Signoria—reserving of course the right to make a selection. And doubtless many believers will be eager to subscribe their names. For what is it to enter the fire to one whose faith is firm? A man is afraid of the fire because he believes it will burn him; but if he believes the contrary?"—here Tito lifted his shoulders and made an oratorical pause—"for which reason I have never been one to disbelieve the Frate, when he has said that he would enter the fire to prove his doctrine. For in his place, if you believed the fire would not burn you, which of you, my friends, would not enter it as readily as you would walk along the dry bed of the Mugnone?"

As Tito looked round him during this appeal there was a change in some of his audience very much like the change in an eager dog when he is invited to smell something pungent. Since the question of burning was becoming practical, it was not every one who would rashly commit himself to any general view of the relation between faith and fire. The scene might have been too much for a gravity less under command than Tito's.

"Then, Messer Segretario," said the young sculptor, "it seems to me Fra Francesco is the greater hero, for he offers to enter the fire for the truth, though he is sure the fire will burn him."

"I do not deny it," said Tito, blandly. "But if it turns out that Fra Francesco is mistaken, he will have been burned for the wrong side, and the Church has never reckoned such as martyrs. We must suspend our judgment until the trial has really taken place."

"It is true, Messer Segretario," said the shop-keeper, with subdued impatience. "But will you favor us by interpreting the Latin?"

"Assuredly," said Tito. "It does but express the conclusions or doctrines which the Frate specially teaches, and which the trial by fire is to prove true or false. They are doubtless familiar to you. First, that Florence—"

"Let us have the Latin bit by bit, and then tell us what it means," said the shoemaker, who had been a frequent hearer of Fra Girolamo.

"Willingly," said Tito, smiling. "You will then judge if I give you the right meaning."

"Yes, yes; that's fair," said Goro.

"*Ecclesia Dei indiget renovatione*, that is, the Church of God needs purifying or regenerating."

"It is true," said several voices at once.

"That means, the priests ought to lead better lives; there needs no miracle to prove that. That's what the Frate has always been saying," said the shoemaker.

"*Flagellabitur*," Tito went on. "That is, it will be scourged. *Renovabitur:* it will be purified. *Florentia quoque post flagella renovabitur et prosperabitur:* Florence also, after the scourging, shall be purified and shall prosper."

"That means, we are to get Pisa again," said the shop-keeper.

"And get the wool from England as we used to do, I should hope," said an elderly man, in an old fashioned berretta, who had been silent till now. "There's been scourging enough with the sinking of the trade."

At this moment, a tall personage, surmounted by a red feather, issued from the door of the convent, and exchanged an indifferent glance with Tito; who, tossing his becchetto carelessly

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over his left shoulder, turned to his reading again, while the by-standers, with more timidity than respect, shrank to make a passage for Messer Dolfo Spini.

"*Infideles convertentur ad Christum*," Tito went on. "That is, the infidels shall be converted to Christ."

"Those are the Turks and the Moors. Well, I've nothing to say against that," said the shopkeeper, dispassionately.

"*Hæc autem omnia erunt temporibus nostris*—and all these things shall happen in our times."

"Why, what use would they be else?" said Goro.

"*Excommunicatio nuper lata contra Reverendum Patrem nostrum Fratrem Hieronymum nulla est*—the excommunication lately pronounced against our reverend father, Fra Girolamo, is null. *Non observantes eam non peccant*—those who disregard it are not committing a sin."

"I shall know better what to say to that when we have had the Trial by Fire," said the shopkeeper.

"Which doubtless will clear up every thing," said Tito. "That is all the Latin—all the conclusions that are to be proved true or false by the trial. The rest you can perceive is simply a proclamation of the Signoria in good Tuscan, calling on such as are eager to walk through the fire to come to the Palazzo and subscribe their names. Can I serve you further? If not—"

Tito, as he turned away, raised his cap and bent slightly, with so easy an air that the movement seemed a natural prompting of deference.

He quickened his pace as he left the Piazza, and after two or three turnings he paused in a quiet street before a door at which he gave a light and peculiar knock. It was opened by a young woman, whom he chucked under the chin as he asked her if the Padrone was within, and he then passed, without further ceremony, through another door which stood ajar on his right hand. It admitted him into a handsome but untidy room, where Dolfo Spini sat playing with a fine stag-hound, which alternately snuffed at a basket of pups and licked his hands with that affectionate disregard of her master's morals which in the fifteenth century was felt to be one of the most agreeable attributes of her sex. He just looked up as Tito entered, but continued his play, simply from that disposition to persistence in some irrelevant action, by which slow-witted sensual people seem to be continually counteracting their own purposes. Tito was patient.

"A handsome *bracca* that," he said, quietly, standing with his thumbs in his belt. Presently he added, in that cool liquid tone which seemed mild, but compelled attention, "When you have finished such caresses as can not possibly be deferred, my Dolfo, we will talk of business, if you please. My time, which I could wish to be eternity at your service, is not entirely my own this morning."

"Down, Mischief, down!" said Spini, with sudden roughness. "Malediction!" he added, still more gruffly, pushing the dog aside; then, starting from his seat, he stood close to Tito, and put a hand on his shoulder as he spoke.

"I hope your sharp wits see all the ins and outs of this business, my fine necromancer, for it seems to me no clearer than the bottom of a sack."

"What is your difficulty, my cavaliere?"

"These accursed Frati Minori at Santa Croce. They are drawing back now. Fra Francesco himself seems afraid of sticking to his challenge; talks of the Prophet being likely to use magic to get up a false miracle—thinks he might be dragged into the fire and burned, and the Prophet might come out whole by magic, and the Church be none the better. And then, after all our talking, there's not so much as a blessed lay brother who will offer himself to pair with that pious sheep Fra Domenico."

"It is the peculiar stupidity of the tonsured skull that prevents them from seeing of how little consequence it is whether they are burned or not," said Tito. "Have you sworn well to them that they shall be in no danger of entering the fire?"

"No," said Spini, looking puzzled; "because one of them will be obliged to go in with Fra Domenico, who thinks it a thousand years till the fagots are ready."

"Not at all. Fra Domenico himself is not likely to go in. I have told you before, my Dolfo, only your powerful mind is not to be impressed without more repetition than suffices for the vulgar—I have told you that now you have got the Signoria to take up this affair and prevent it from being hushed up by Fra Girolamo, nothing is necessary but that on a given day the fuel should be prepared in the Piazza, and the people got together with the expectation of seeing something prodigious. If, after that, the Prophet quits the Piazza without any appearance of a miracle on his side, he is ruined with the people: they will be ready to pelt him out of the city, the Signoria will find it easy to banish him from the territory, and his Holiness may do as he likes with him. Therefore, my Alcibiades, swear to the Franciscans that their gray frocks shall not come within singeing distance of the fire."

Spini rubbed the back of his head with one hand, and tapped his sword against his leg with the other, to stimulate his power of seeing these intangible combinations.

"But," he said presently, looking up again, "unless we fall on him in the Piazza, when the people are in a rage, and make an end of him and his lies then and there, Valori and the Salviati and the Albizzi will take up arms and raise a fight for him. I know that was talked of when there was the hubbub on Ascension Sunday. And the people may turn round again: there may be a story raised of the French king coming again, or some other cursed chance in

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the hypocrite's favor. The city will never be safe till he's out of it."

"He *will* be out of it before long, without your giving yourself any further trouble than this little comedy of the Trial by Fire. The wine and the sun will make vinegar without any shouting to help them, as your Florentine sages would say. You will have the satisfaction of delivering your city from an incubus by an able stratagem, instead of risking blunders with sword-thrusts."

"But suppose he *did* get magic and the devil to help him, and walk through the fire after all?" said Spini, with a grimace intended to hide a certain shyness in trenching on this speculative ground. "How do you know there's nothing in those things? Plenty of scholars believe in them, and this Frate is bad enough for any thing."

"Oh, of course there are such things," said Tito, with a shrug; "but I have particular reasons for knowing that the Frate is not on such terms with the devil as can give him any confidence in this affair. The only magic he relies on is his own ability."

"Ability!" said Spini. "Do you call it ability to be setting Florence at loggerheads with the Pope and all the powers of Italy—all to keep beckoning at the French king who never comes? You may call him able, but I call him a hypocrite, who wants to be master of every body, and get himself made Pope."

"You judge with your usual penetration, my captain, but our opinions do not clash. The Frate, wanting to be master, and to carry out his projects against the Pope, requires the lever of a foreign power, and requires Florence as a fulcrum. I used to think him a narrow-minded bigot, but now I think him a shrewd ambitious man who knows what he is aiming at, and directs his aim as skillfully as you direct a ball when you are playing at *maglio*."

"Yes, yes," said Spini, cordially, "I can aim a ball."

"It is true," said Tito, with bland gravity; "and I should not have troubled you with my trivial remark on the Frate's ability, but that you may see how this will heighten the credit of your success against him at Rome and at Milan, which is sure to serve you in good stead when the city comes to change its policy."

"Well, thou art a good little demon, and shalt have good pay," said Spini, patronizingly; whereupon he thought it only natural that the useful Greek adventurer should smile with gratification as he said—

"Of course, any advantage to me depends entirely on your—"

"We shall have our supper at my palace to-night," interrupted Spini, with a significant nod and an affectionate pat on Tito's shoulder, "and I shall expound the new scheme to them all."

"Pardon, my magnificent patron," said Tito; "the scheme has been the same from the first—it has never varied except in your memory. Are you sure you have fast hold of it now?"

Spini rehearsed.

"One thing more," he said, as Tito was hastening away. "There is that sharp-nosed notary, Ser Ceccone; he has been handy of late. Tell me, you who can see a man wink when you're behind him, do you think I may go on making use of him?"

Tito dared not say "no." He knew his companion too well to trust him with advice when all Spini's vanity and self-interest were not engaged in concealing the adviser.

"Doubtless," he answered, promptly. "I have nothing to say against Ceccone."

That suggestion of the notary's intimate access to Spini caused Tito a passing twinge, interrupting his amused satisfaction in the success with which he made a tool of the man who fancied himself a patron. For he had been rather afraid of Ser Ceccone. Tito's nature made him peculiarly alive to circumstances that might be turned to his disadvantage; his memory was much haunted by such possibilities, stimulating him to contrivances by which he might ward them off. And it was not likely that he should forget that October morning more than a year ago, when Romola had appeared suddenly before him at the door of Nello's shop, and had compelled him to declare his certainty that Fra Girolamo was not going outside the gates. The fact that Ser Ceccone had been a witness of that scene, together with Tito's perception that for some reason or other he was an object of dislike to the notary, had received a new importance from the recent turn of events. For after having been implicated in the Medicean plots, and found it advisable in consequence to retire into the country for some time, Ser Ceccone had of late, since his reappearance in the city, attached himself to the Arrabbiati, and cultivated the patronage of Dolfo Spini. Now that captain of the Compagnacci was much given, when in the company of intimates, to confidential narrative about his own doings, and if Ser Ceccone's powers of combination were sharpened by enmity, he might gather some knowledge which he could use against Tito with very unpleasant results.

It would be pitiable to be balked in well-conducted schemes by an insignificant notary; to be lamed by the sting of an insect whom he had offended unawares. "But," Tito said to himself, "the man's dislike to me can be nothing deeper than the ill-humor of a dinnerless dog; I shall conquer it if I can make him prosperous." And he had been very glad of an opportunity which had presented itself of providing the notary with a temporary post as an extra *cancelliere* or registering secretary under the Ten, believing that with this sop and the expectation of more, the waspish cur must be quite cured of the disposition to bite him.

But perfect scheming demands omniscience, and the notary's envy had been stimulated into hatred by causes of which Tito knew nothing. That evening when Tito, returning from his critical audience with the Special Council, had

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brushed by Ser Ceccone on the stairs, the notary, who had only just returned from Pistoja, and learned the arrest of the conspirators, was bound on an errand which bore a humble resemblance to Tito's. He also, without giving up a show of popular zeal, had been putting in the Medicean lottery. He also had been privy to the unexecuted plot, and was willing to tell what he knew, but knew much less to tell. He also would have been willing to go on treacherous errands, but a more eligible agent had forestalled him. His propositions were received coldly; the council, he was told, was already in possession of the needed information, and since he had been thus busy in sedition, it would be well for him to retire out of the way of mischief, otherwise the government might be obliged to take note of him. Ser Ceccone wanted no evidence to make him attribute his failure to Tito, and his spite was the more bitter because the nature of the case compelled him to hold his peace about it. Nor was this the whole of his grudge against the flourishing Melema. On issuing from his hiding-place, and attaching himself to the Arrabbiati, he had earned some pay as one of the spies who reported information on Florentine affairs to the Milanese court; but his pay had been small, notwithstanding his pains to write full letters, and he had lately been apprised that his news was seldom more than a late and imperfect edition of what was known already. Now Ser Ceccone had no positive knowledge that Tito had an underhand connection with the Arrabbiati and the Court of Milan, but he had a suspicion of which he chewed the cud with as strong a sense of flavor as if it had been a certainty.

This fine-grown vigorous hatred could swallow the feeble opiate of Tito's favors, and be as lively as ever after it. Why should Ser Ceccone like Melema any the better for doing him favors? Doubtless the suave secretary had his own ends to serve; and what right had he to the superior position which made it possible for him to show favor? But since he had tuned his voice to flattery Ser Ceccone would pitch his in the same key, and it remained to be seen who would win at the game of outwitting.

To have a mind well oiled with that sort of argument which prevents any claim from grasping it seems eminently convenient sometimes; only the oil becomes objectionable when we find it anointing other minds on which we want to establish a hold.

Tito, however, not being quite omniscient, felt now no more than a passing twinge of uneasiness at the suggestion of Ser Ceccone's power to hurt him. It was only for a little while that he cared greatly about keeping clear of suspicions and hostility. He was now playing his final game in Florence, and the skill he was conscious of applying gave him a pleasure in it even apart from the expected winnings. The errand on which he was bent to San Marco was a stroke in which he felt so much confidence that he had already given notice to the Ten of his desire to resign his office at an indefinite period within the next month or two, and had obtained permission to make that resignation suddenly, if his affairs needed it, with the understanding that Niccolò Macchiavelli was to be his provisional substitute, if not his successor. He was acting on hypothetic grounds, but this was the sort of action that had the keenest interest for his diplomatic mind. From a combination of general knowledge concerning Savonarola's purposes with diligently observed details he had framed a conjecture which he was about to verify by this visit to San Marco. If he proved to be right his game would be won, and he might soon turn his back on Florence. He looked eagerly toward that consummation, for many circumstances besides his own weariness of the place told him that it was time for him to be gone.

CHAPTER LXIV.

THE PROPHET IN HIS CELL.

Tito's visit to San Marco had been announced beforehand, and he was at once conducted by Fra Niccolò, Savonarola's secretary, up the spiral staircase into the long corridors lined with cells—corridors where Fra Angelico's frescoes, delicate as the rainbow on the melting cloud, startled the unaccustomed eye here and there, as if they had been sudden reflections cast from an ethereal world, where the Madonna sat crowned in her radiant glory, and the divine infant looked forth with perpetual promise.

It was an hour of relaxation in the monastery, and most of the cells were empty. The light through the narrow windows looked in on nothing but bare walls, and the hard pallet, and the crucifix. And even behind that door at the end of a long corridor, in the inner cell opening from an ante-chamber where the Prior usually sat at his desk or received private visitors, the high jet of light fell on only one more object that looked quite as common a monastic sight as the bare walls and hard pallet. It was but the back of a figure in the long white Dominican tunic and scapulary, kneeling with bowed head before a crucifix. It might have been any ordinary Fra Girolamo, who had nothing worse to confess than thinking of wrong things when he was singing *in coro*, or feeling a spiteful joy when Fra Benedetto dropped the ink over his own miniatures in the breviary he was illuminating—who had no higher thought than that of climbing safely into paradise up the narrow ladder of prayer, fasting, and obedience. But under this particular white tunic there was a heart beating with a consciousness inconceivable to the average monk, and perhaps hard to be conceived by any man who has not arrived at self-knowledge through a tumultuous inner life: a consciousness in which irrevocable errors and lapses from veracity were so entwined with noble purposes and sincere beliefs, in which self-justifying expediency was so inwoven with

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the tissue of a great work which the whole being seemed as unable to abandon as the body was unable to abandon glowing and trembling before the objects of hope and fear, that it was perhaps impossible, whatever course might be adopted, for the conscience to find perfect repose.

Savonarola was not only in the attitude of prayer, there were Latin words of prayer on his lips, and yet he was not praying. He had entered his cell, had fallen on his knees, and burst into words of supplication, seeking in this way for an influx of calmness which would be a warrant to him that the resolutions urged on him by crowding thoughts and passions were not wresting him away from the Divine support; but the previsions and impulses which had been at work within him for the last hour were too imperious; and while he pressed his hands against his face, and while his lips were uttering audibly, "Cor mundum crea in me," his mind was still filled with the images of the snare his enemies had prepared for him, was still busy with the arguments by which he could justify himself against their taunts and accusations.

And it was not only against his opponents that Savonarola had to defend himself. This morning he had had new proof that his friends and followers were as much inclined to urge on the trial by fire as his enemies; desiring and tacitly expecting that he himself would at last accept the challenge, and evoke the long-expected miracle which was to dissipate doubt and triumph over malignity. Had he not said that God would declare Himself at the fitting time? And to the understanding of plain Florentines, eager to get party questions settled, it seemed that no time could be more fitting than this. Certainly, if Fra Domenico walked through the fire unhurt, *that* would be a miracle, and the faith and ardor of that good brother were felt to be a cheering augury; but Savonarola was acutely conscious that the secret longing of his followers to see him accept the challenge had not been dissipated by any reasons he had given for his refusal.

Yet it was impossible to him to satisfy them; and with bitter distress he saw now that it was impossible for him any longer to resist the prosecution of the trial in Fra Domenico's case. Not that Savonarola had uttered and written a falsity when he declared his belief in a future supernatural attestation of his work; but his mind was so constituted that while it was easy for him to believe in a miracle which, being distant and undefined, was screened behind the strong reasons he saw for its occurrence, and yet easier for him to have a belief in inward miracles such as his own prophetic inspiration and divinely wrought intuitions; it was at the same time insurmountably difficult to him to believe in the probability of a miracle which, like this of being carried unhurt through the fire, pressed in all its details on his imagination and involved a demand not only for belief but for exceptional action.

Savonarola's nature was one of those in which opposing tendencies coexist in almost equal strength: the passionate sensibility which, impatient of definite thought, floods every idea with emotion and tends toward contemplative ecstasy, alternated in him with a keen perception of outward facts and a vigorous practical judgment of men and things. And in this case of the Trial by Fire, the latter characteristics were stimulated into unusual activity by an acute physical sensitiveness which gives overpowering force to the conception of pain and destruction as a necessary sequence of facts which have already been experienced as causes of pain. The readiness with which men will consent to touch red-hot iron with a wet finger is not to be measured by their theoretic acceptance of the impossibility that the iron will burn them: practical belief depends on what is most strongly represented in the mind at a given moment. And with the Frate's constitution, when the Trial by Fire was urged on his imagination as an immediate demand, it was impossible for him to believe that he or any other man could walk through the flames unhurt—impossible for him to believe that even if he resolved to offer himself he would not shrink at the last moment.

But the Florentines were not likely to make these fine distinctions. To the common run of mankind it has always seemed a proof of mental vigor to find moral questions easy, and judge conduct according to concise alteratives. And nothing was likely to seem plainer than that a man who at one time declared that God would not leave him without the guarantee of a miracle, and yet drew back when it was proposed to test his declaration, had said what he did not believe. Were not Fra Domenico and Fra Mariano, and scores of Piagnoni besides, ready to enter the fire? What was the cause of their superior courage, if it was not their superior faith? Savonarola could not have explained his conduct satisfactorily to his friends, even if he had been able to explain it thoroughly to himself. And he was not. Our naked feelings make haste to clothe themselves in propositions which lie at hand among our store of opinions, and to give a true account of what passes within us something else is necessary besides sincerity, even when sincerity is unmixed. In these very moments, when Savonarola was kneeling in audible prayer, he had ceased to hear the words on his lips. They were drowned by argumentative voices within him that shaped their reasons more and more for an outward audience.

"To appeal to Heaven for a miracle by a rash acceptance of a challenge, which is a mere snare prepared for me by ignoble foes, would be a tempting of God, and the appeal would not be responded to. Let the Pope's legate come, let the embassadors of all the great Powers come and promise that the calling of a General Council and the reform of the Church shall hang on the miracle, and I will enter the flames, trusting that God will not withhold His seal from that great work. Until then I reserve myself for

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higher duties which are directly laid upon me: it is not permitted to me to leap from the chariot for the sake of wrestling with every loud vaunter. But Fra Domenico's invincible zeal to enter into the trial may be the sign of a Divine vocation, may be a pledge that the miracle—"

But no! when Savonarola brought his mind close to the threatened scene in the Piazza, and imagined a human body entering the fire, his belief recoiled again. It was not an event that his imagination could simply see: he felt it with shuddering vibrations to the extremities of his sensitive fingers. The miracle could not be. Nay, the trial itself was not to happen: he was warranted in doing all in his power to hinder it. The fuel might be got ready in the Piazza, the people might be assembled, the preparatory formalities might be gone through: all this was perhaps inevitable now, and he could no longer resist it without bringing dishonor on—himself? Yes, and therefore on the cause of God. But it was not really intended that the Franciscan should enter the fire, and while *he* hung back there would be the means of preventing Fra Domenico's entrance. At the very worst, if Fra Domenico were compelled to enter, he should carry the consecrated Host with him, and with that Mystery in his hand, there might be a warrant for expecting that the ordinary effects of fire would be stayed; or, more probably, this demand would be resisted, and might thus be a final obstacle to the trial.

But these intentions could not be avowed: he must appear frankly to await the trial, and to trust in its issue. That dissidence between inward reality and outward seeming was not the Christian simplicity after which he had striven through years of his youth and prime, and which he had preached as a chief fruit of the Divine life. In the stress and heat of the day, with cheeks burning, with shouts ringing in the ears, who is so blest as to remember the yearnings he had in the cool and silent morning, and know that he has not belied them?

"O God, it is for the sake of the people—because they are blind—because their faith depends on me. If I put on sackcloth and cast myself among the ashes, who will take up the standard and head the battle? Have I not been led by a way which I knew not to the work that lies before me?"

The conflict was one that could not end, and in the effort at prayerful pleading the uneasy mind laved its smart continually in thoughts of the greatness of that task which there was no man else to fulfill if he forsook it. It was not a thing of every day that a man should be inspired with the vision and the daring that made a sacred rebel.

Even the words of prayer had died away. He continued to kneel, but his mind was filled with the images of results to be felt through all Europe; and the sense of immediate difficulties was being lost in the glow of that vision, when the knocking at the door announced the expected visit.

Savonarola drew on his mantle before he left his cell, as was his custom when he received visitors; and with that immediate response to any appeal from without which belongs to a power-loving nature accustomed to make its power felt by speech, he met Tito with a glance as self-possessed and strong as if he had risen from resolution instead of conflict.

Tito did not kneel, but simply made a greeting of profound deference, which Savonarola received quietly without any sacerdotal words, and then desiring him to be seated, said at once,

"Your business is something of weight, my son, that could not be conveyed through others?"

"Assuredly, father, else I should not have presumed to ask it. I will not trespass on your time by any proem. I gathered from a remark of Messer Domenico Mazzinghi that you might be glad to make use of the next special courier who is sent to France with dispatches from the Ten. I must entreat you to pardon me if I have been too officious; but inasmuch as Messer Domenico is at this moment away at his villa, I wished to apprise you that a courier carrying important letters is about to depart for Lyons at daybreak to-morrow.

The muscles of Fra Girolamo's face were eminently under command, as must be the case with all men whose personality is powerful, and in deliberate speech he was habitually cautious, confiding his intentions to none without necessity. But under any strong mental stimulus his eyes were liable to a dilation and added brilliancy that no strength of will could control. He looked steadily at Tito, and did not answer immediately, as if he had to consider whether the information he had just heard met any purpose of his.

Tito, whose glance never seemed observant, but rarely let any thing escape it, had expected precisely that dilation and flash of Savonarola's eyes which he had noted on other occasions. He saw it, and then immediately busied himself in adjusting his gold fibula, which had got wrong; seeming to imply that he awaited an answer patiently.

The fact was that Savonarola had expected to receive this intimation from Domenico Mazzinghi, one of the Ten, an ardent disciple of his, whom he had already employed to write a private letter to the Florentine embassador in France, to prepare the way for a letter to the French king himself in Savonarola's handwriting, which now lay ready in the desk at his side. It was a letter calling on the king to assist in summoning a General Council, that might reform the abuses of the Church, and begin by deposing Pope Alexander, who was not rightfully Pope, being a vicious unbeliever, elected by corruption, and governing by simony.

This fact was not what Tito knew, but what his hypothetic talent, constructing from subtle indications, had led him to guess and hope.

"It is true, my son," said Savonarola, quietly. "It is true I have letters which I would gladly send by safe conveyance under cover to

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our embassador. Our community of San Marco, as you know, has affairs in France, being, among other things, responsible for a debt to that singularly wise and experienced Frenchman, Signor Philippe de Comines, on the library of the Medici, which we purchased; but I apprehend that Domenico Mazzinghi himself may return to the city before evening, and I should gain more time for preparation of the letters if I waited to deposit them in his hands."

"Assuredly, reverend father, that might be better on all grounds except one, namely, that if any thing occurred to hinder Messer Domenico's return, the dispatch of the letters would require either that I should come to San Marco again at a late hour, or that you should send them to me by your secretary; and I am aware that you wish to guard against the false inferences which might be drawn from a too frequent communication between yourself and any officer of the government." In throwing out this difficulty Tito felt that the more unwillingness the Frate showed to trust him the more certain he would be of his conjecture.

Savonarola was silent; but while he kept his mouth firm a slight glow rose in his face with the suppressed excitement that was growing within him. It would be a critical moment—that in which he delivered the letter out of his own hands.

"It is most probable that Messer Domenico will return in time," said Tito, affecting to consider the Frate's determination settled, and rising from his chair as he spoke. "With your permission I will take my leave, father, not to trespass on your time when my errand is done; but as I may not be favored with another interview, I venture to confide to you what is not yet known to others except to the magnificent Ten, that I contemplate resigning my secretaryship, and leaving Florence shortly. Am I presuming too much on your interest in stating what relates chiefly to myself?"

"Speak on, my son," said the Frate, "I desire to know your prospects."

"I find, then, that I have mistaken my real vocation in forsaking the career of pure letters, for which I was brought up. The politics of Florence, father, are worthy to occupy the greatest mind—to occupy yours—when a man is in a position to execute his own ideas; but when, like me, he can only hope to be the mere instrument of changing schemes, he requires to be animated by the minor attachments of a born Florentine: also, my wife's unhappy alienation from a Florentine residence since the painful events of August naturally influences me. I wish to join her."

Savonarola inclined his head approvingly.

"I intend, then, soon to leave Florence, to visit the chief courts of Europe, and to widen my acquaintance with the men of letters in the various universities. I shall go first to the court of Hungary, where scholars are eminently welcome; and I shall probably start in a week or ten days. I have not concealed from you, father, that I am no religious enthusiast; I have not my wife's ardor; but religious enthusiasm, as I conceive, is not necessary in order to appreciate the grandeur and justice of your views concerning the government of nations and the Church. And if you condescend to intrust me with any commission that will further the relations you wish to establish I shall feel honored. May I now take my leave?"

"Stay, my son. When you depart from Florence I will send a letter to your wife, of whose spiritual welfare I would fain be assured, for she left me in anger. As for the letters to France, such as I have ready—"

Savonarola rose and turned to his desk as he spoke. He took from it a letter on which Tito could see, but not read, an address in the Frate's own minute and exquisite handwriting, still to be seen covering the margins of his Bibles. He took a large sheet of paper, inclosed the letter, and sealed it.

"Pardon me, father," said Tito, before Savonarola had time to speak, "unless it were your decided wish, I would rather not incur the responsibility of carrying away the letter. Messer Domenico Mazzinghi will doubtless return, or, if not, Fra Niccolò can convey it to me at the second hour of the evening, when I shall place the other dispatches in the courier's hands."

"At present, my son," said the Frate, waiving that point, "I wish you to address this packet to our embassador in your own handwriting, which is preferable to my secretary's."

Tito sat down to write the address while the Frate stood by him with folded arms, the glow mounting in his cheek, and his lip at last quivering. Tito rose and was about to move away, when Savonarola said, abruptly,

"Take it, my son. There is no use in waiting. It does not please me that Fra Niccolò should have needless errands to the Palazzo."

As Tito took the letter Savonarola stood in suppressed excitement that forbade further speech. There seems to be a subtle emanation from passionate natures like his, making their mental states tell immediately on others; when they are absent-minded and inwardly excited there is silence in the air.

Tito made a deep reverence, and went out with the letter under his mantle.

The letter was duly delivered to the courier and carried out of Florence. But before that happened another messenger, privately employed by Tito, had conveyed information in cipher, which was carried by a series of relays to armed agents of Ludovico Sforza, Duke of Milan, on the watch for the very purpose of intercepting dispatches on the borders of the Milanese territory.

CHAPTER LXV.

THE TRIAL BY FIRE.

LITTLE more than a week after, on the seventh of April, the great Piazza della Signoria

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presented a stranger spectacle even than the famous Bonfire of Vanities. And a greater multitude had assembled to see it than had ever before tried to find place for themselves in the wide Piazza, even on the day of San Giovanni.

It was near mid-day, and since the early morning there had been a gradual swarming of the people at every coign of vantage or disadvantage offered by the façades and roofs of the houses, and such spaces of the pavement as were free to the public. Men were seated on iron rods that made a sharp angle with the rising wall, were clutching slim pillars with arms and legs, were astride on the necks of the rough statuary that here and there surmounted the entrances of the grander houses, were finding a palm's-breadth of seat on a bit of architrave, and a footing on the rough projections of the rustic stone-work, while they clutched the strong iron rings or staples driven into the walls beside them.

For they were come to see a Miracle: cramped limbs and abraded flesh seemed slight inconveniences with that prospect close at hand. It is the ordinary lot of mankind to hear of miracles, and more or less believe in them; but now the Florentines were going to see one. At the very least they would see half a miracle; for if the monk did not come whole out of the fire, they would see him enter it, and infer that he was burned in the middle.

There could be no reasonable doubt, it seemed, that the fire would be kindled, and that the monks would enter it. For there, before their eyes, was the long platform, eight feet broad and twenty yards long, with a grove of fuel heaped up terribly, great branches of dry oak as a foundation, crackling thorns above, and well-anointed tow and rags, known to make fine flames in Florentine illuminations. The platform began at the corner of the marble terrace in front of the old palace, close to Marzocco, the stone lion, whose aged visage looked frowningly along the grove of fuel that stretched obliquely across the Piazza.

Besides that there were three large bodies of armed men: five hundred hired soldiers of the Signoria stationed before the palace, five hundred Compagnacci, under Dolfo Spini, far off on the opposite side of the Piazza, and three hundred armed citizens of another sort, under Marco Salviati, Savonarola's friend, in front of Orcagna's Loggia, where the Franciscans and Dominicans were to be placed with their champions.

Here had been much expense of money and labor, and high dignities were concerned. There could be no reasonable doubt that something great was about to happen; and it would certainly be a great thing if the two monks were simply burned, for in that case too God would have spoken, and said very plainly that Fra Girolamo was not his prophet.

And there was not much longer to wait, for it was now near mid-day. Half the monks were already at their post, and that half of the Loggia that lies toward the Palace was already filled with gray mantles; but the other half, divided off by boards, was still empty of every thing except a small altar. The Franciscans had entered and taken their places in silence. But now, at the other side of the Piazza, was heard loud chanting from two hundred voices, and there was general satisfaction, if not in the chanting, at least in the evidence that the Dominicans were come. That loud chanting repetition of the prayer, "Let God arise, and let his enemies be scattered," was unpleasantly suggestive to some impartial ears of a desire to vaunt confidence and excite dismay; and so was the flame-colored velvet cope in which Fra Domenico was arrayed as he headed the procession, cross in hand, his simple mind really exalted with faith, and with the genuine intention to enter the flames for the glory of God and Fra Girolamo. Behind him came Savonarola in the white vestment of a priest, carrying in his hands a vessel containing the consecrated Host. He too was chanting loudly, he too looked firm and confident; and as all eyes were turned eagerly on him, either in anxiety, curiosity, or malignity, from the moment when he entered the Piazza till he mounted the steps of the Loggia, and deposited the Sacrament on the altar, there was an intensifying flash and energy in his countenance responding to that scrutiny.

We are so made, almost all of us, that the false seeming which we have thought of with painful shrinking when beforehand in our solitude it has urged itself on us as a necessity, will possess our muscles and move our lips as if nothing but that were easy when once we have come under the stimulus of expectant eyes and ears. And the strength of that stimulus to Savonarola can hardly be measured by the experience of ordinary lives. Perhaps no man has ever had a mighty influence over his fellows without having the innate need to dominate, and this need usually becomes the more imperious in proportion as the complications of life make self inseparable from a purpose which is not selfish. In this way it came to pass that on the day of the Trial by Fire the doubleness which is the pressing temptation in every public career, whether of priest, orator, or statesman, was more strongly defined in Savonarola's consciousness as the acting of a part, than at any other period in his life. He was struggling not against impending martyrdom, but against impending ruin.

Therefore he looked and acted as if he were thoroughly confident, when all the while foreboding was pressing with leaden weight on his heart, not only because of the probable issues of this trial, but because of another event already past—an event which was spreading a sunny satisfaction through the mind of a man who was looking down at the passion-worn prophet from a window of the Old Palace. It was a common turning-point toward which those widely-sundered lives had been converging, that two evenings ago the news had come that the Florentine

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courier of the Ten had been arrested and robbed of all his dispatches, so that Savonarola's letter was already in the hands of the Duke of Milan, and would soon be in the hands of the Pope, not only heightening rage, but giving a new justification to extreme measures. There was no malignity in Tito Melema's satisfaction: it was the mild self-gratulation of a man who has won a game that has employed hypothetic skill, not a game that has stirred the muscles and heated the blood. Of course that bundle of desires and contrivances called human nature, when moulded into the form of a plain-featured Frate Predicatore, more or less of an impostor, could not be a pathetic object to a brilliant-minded scholar who understood every thing. Yet this tonsured Girolamo, with the high nose and large under lip, was an immensely clever Frate, mixing with his absurd superstitions or fabrications very remarkable notions about government: no babbler, but a man who could keep his secrets. Tito had no more spite against him than against Saint Dominic. On the contrary, Fra Girolamo's existence had been highly convenient to Tito Melema, furnishing him with that round of the ladder from which he was about to leap on to a new and smooth footing very much to his heart's content. And every thing now was in forward preparation for that leap: let one more sun rise and set, and Tito hoped to quit Florence. He had been so industrious that he felt at full leisure to amuse himself with to-day's comedy, which the thick-headed Dolfo Spini could never have brought about but for him.

Not yet did the loud chanting cease, but rather swelled to a deafening roar, being taken up in all parts of the Piazza by the Piagnoni, who carried their little red crosses as a badge, and, most of them, chanted the prayer for the confusion of God's enemies, with the expectation of an answer to be given through the medium of a more signal personage than Fra Domenico. This good Frate, in his flame-colored cope, was now kneeling before the little altar on which the Sacrament was deposited, awaiting his summons.

On the Franciscan side of the Loggia there was no chanting and no flame-color: only silence and grayness. But there was this counterbalancing difference, that the Franciscans had two champions: a certain Fra Giuliano was to pair with Fra Domenico, while the original champion, Fra Francesco, confined his challenge to Savonarola.

"Surely," thought the men perched uneasily on rods and pillars, "all must be ready now. This chanting might stop, and we should see better when the Frati are moving toward the platform."

But the Frati were not to be seen moving yet. Pale Franciscan faces were looking uneasily over the boarding at that flame-colored cope. It had an evil look and might be enchanted, so that a false miracle would be wrought by magic. Your monk may come whole out of the fire, and yet it may be the work of the devil.

And now there was passing to and fro between the Loggia and the marble terrace of the Palazzo, and the roar of chanting became a little quieter, for every one at a distance was beginning to watch more eagerly. But it soon appeared that the new movement was not a beginning, but an obstacle to beginning. The dignified Florentines appointed to preside over this affair as moderators on each side, went in and out of the Palace, and there was much debate with the Franciscans. But at last it was clear that Fra Domenico, conspicuous in his flame-color, was being fetched toward the Palace. Probably the fire had already been kindled—it was difficult to see at a distance—and the miracle was going to begin.

Not at all. The flame-colored cope disappeared within the Palace; then another Dominican was fetched away; and for a long while every thing went on as before—the tiresome chanting, which was not miraculous, and Fra Girolamo in his white vestment standing just in the same place. But at last something happened: Fra Domenico was seen coming out of the Palace again, and returning to his brethren. He had changed all his clothes with a brother monk, but he was guarded on each flank by a Franciscan, lest coming into the vicinity of Savonarola he should be enchanted again.

"Ah, then," thought the distant spectators, a little less conscious of cramped limbs and hunger, "Fra Domenico is not going to enter the fire. It is Fra Girolamo who offers himself after all. We shall see him move presently, and if he comes out of the flames we shall have a fine view of him!"

But Fra Girolamo did not move, except with the ordinary action accompanying speech. The speech was bold and firm, perhaps somewhat ironically remonstrant, like that of Elijah to the priests of Baal, demanding the cessation of these trivial delays. But speech is the most irritating kind of argument for those who are out of hearing, cramped in the limbs, and empty in the stomach. And what need was there for speech? If the miracle did not begin, it could be no one's fault but Fra Girolamo's, who might put an end to all difficulties by offering himself now the fire was ready, as he had been forward enough to do when there was no fuel in sight.

More movement to and fro, more discussion; and the afternoon seemed to be slipping away all the faster because the clouds had gathered, and changed the light on every thing, and sent a chill through the spectators, hungry in mind and body.

Now it was the crucifix which Fra Domenico wanted to carry into the fire and must not be allowed to profane in that manner. After some little resistance Savonarola gave way to this objection, and thus had the advantage of making one more concession; but he immediately placed in Fra Domenico's hands the vessel containing the consecrated Host. The idea that the pres-

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ence of the sacred Mystery might in the worst extremity avert the ordinary effects of fire hovered in his mind as a possibility; but the issue on which he counted was of a more positive kind. In taking up the Host he said, quietly, as if he were only doing what had been presupposed from the first,

"Since they are not willing that you should enter with the crucifix, my brother, enter simply with the Sacrament."

New horror in the Franciscans; new firmness in Savonarola. "It was impious presumption to carry the Sacrament into the fire: if it were burned the scandal would be great in the minds of the weak and ignorant." "Not at all: even if it were burned, the Accidents only would be consumed, the Substance would remain." Here was a question that might be argued till set of sun and remain as elastic as ever; and no one could propose settling it by proceeding to the trial, since it was essentially a preliminary question. It was only necessary that both sides should remain firm—that the Franciscans should persist in not permitting the Host to be carried into the fire, and that Fra Domenico should persist in refusing to enter without it.

Meanwhile the clouds were getting darker, the air chiller. Even the chanting was missed now it had given way to inaudible argument; and the confused sounds of talk from all points of the Piazza, showing that expectation was every where relaxing, contributed to the irritating presentiment that nothing decisive would be done. Here and there a dropping shout was heard; then, more frequent shouts in a rising scale of scorn.

"Light the fire and drive them in!" "Let us have a smell of roast—we want our dinner!" "Come, Prophet, let us know whether any thing is to happen before the twenty-four hours are over!" "Yes, yes, what's your last vision?" "Oh, he's got a dozen in his inside; they're the small change for a miracle!" "Olà, Frate, where are you? Never mind wasting the fuel!"

Still the same movement to and fro between the Loggia and the Palace; still the same debate, slow and unintelligible to the multitude as the colloquies of insects that touch antennæ to no other apparent effect than that of going and coming. But an interpretation was not long wanting to unheard debates in which Fra Girolamo was constantly a speaker: it was he who was hindering the trial; every body was appealing to him now, and he was hanging back.

Soon the shouts ceased to be distinguishable, and were lost in an uproar not simply of voices, but of clashing metal and trampling feet. The suggestions of the irritated people had stimulated old impulses in Dolfo Spini and his band of Compagnacci; it seemed an opportunity not to be lost for putting an end to Florentine difficulties by getting possession of the arch-hypocrite's person; and there was a vigorous rush of the armed men toward the Loggia, thrusting the people aside, or driving them on to the file of soldiery stationed in front of the palace. At this movement every thing was suspended, both with monks and embarrassed magistrates, except the palpitating watch to see what would come of the struggle.

But the Loggia was well guarded by the band under the brave Salviati; the soldiers of the Signoria assisted in the repulse; and the trampling and rushing were all backward again toward the Tetto de' Pisani, when the blackness of the heavens seemed to intensify in this moment of utter confusion, and the rain, which had already been felt in scattered drops, began to fall with rapidly growing violence, wetting the fuel, and running in streams off the platform, wetting the weary, hungry people to the skin, and driving every man's disgust and rage inward to ferment there in the damp darkness.

Every body knew now that the trial by fire was not to happen. The Signoria was doubtless glad of the rain, as an obvious reason, better than any pretext, for declaring that both parties might go home. It was the issue which Savonarola had expected and desired; yet it would be an ill description of what he felt to say that he was glad. As that rain fell, and plashed on the edge of the Loggia, and sent spray over the altar and all garments and faces, the Frate knew that the demand for him or his to enter the fire was at an end. But he knew too, with a certainty as irresistible as the damp chill that had taken possession of his frame, that the design of his enemies was fulfilled, and that his honor was not saved. He knew that he should have to make his way to San Marco again through the enraged crowd, and that the hearts of many friends who would once have defended him with their lives would now be turned against him.

When the rain had ceased he asked for a guard from the Signoria, and it was given him. Had he said that he was willing to die for the work of his life? Yes, and he had not spoken falsely. But to die in dishonor—held up to scorn as a hypocrite and a false prophet? "O God! *that* is not martyrdom! It is the blotting out of a life that has been a protest against wrong. Let me die because of the worth that is in me, not because of my weakness."

The rain had ceased, and the light from the breaking clouds fell on Savonarola as he left the Loggia in the midst of his guard, walking, as he had come, with the Sacrament in his hand. But there seemed no glory in the light that fell on him now, no smile of Heaven: it was only that light which shines on, patiently and impartially, justifying or condemning by simply showing all things in the slow history of their ripening. He heard no blessing, no tones of pity, but only taunts and threats. He knew this was but a foretaste of coming bitterness; yet his courage mounted under all moral attack, and he showed no sign of dismay.

"Well parried, Frate!" said Tito, as Savonarola descended the steps of the Loggia. "But I fear your career at Florence is ended. What say you, my Niccolò?"

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"It is a pity his falsehoods were not all of a wise sort," said Macchiavelli, with a melancholy shrug. "With the times so much on his side as they are about church affairs, he might have done something great."

CHAPTER LXVI.

A MASQUE OF THE FURIES.

THE next day was Palm Sunday, or Olive Sunday, as it was chiefly called in the olive-growing Valdarno; and the morning sun shone with a more delicious clearness for the yesterday's rain. Once more Savonarola mounted the pulpit in San Marco, and saw a flock around him whose faith in him was still unshaken; and this morning in calm and sad sincerity he declared himself ready to die: in the front of all visions he saw his own doom. Once more he uttered the benediction, and saw the faces of men and women lifted toward him in venerating love. Then he descended the steps of the pulpit and turned away from that sight forever.

For before the sun had set Florence was in an uproar. The passions which had been roused the day before had been smouldering through that quiet morning, and had now burst out again with a fury not unassisted by design, and not without official connivance. The uproar had begun at the Duomo in an attempt of some Compagnacci to hinder the evening sermon, which the Piagnoni had assembled to hear. But no sooner had men's blood mounted and the disturbances had become an affray than the cry arose, "To San Marco! the fire to San Marco!"

And long before the daylight had died, both the church and convent were being besieged by an enraged and continually increasing multitude. Not without resistance; for the monks, long conscious of growing hostility without, had arms within their walls, and some of them fought as vigorously in their long white tunics as if they had been Knights Templars. Even the command of Savonarola could not prevail against the impulse to self-defense in arms that were still muscular under the Dominican serge. There were laymen too who had not chosen to depart, and some of them fought fiercely: there was firing from the high altar close by the great crucifix, there was pouring of stones and hot embers from the convent roof, there was close fighting with swords in the cloisters. Notwithstanding the force of the assailants, the attack lasted till deep night.

The demonstrations of the Government had all been against the convent; early in the attack guards had been sent, not to disperse the assailants, but to command all within the convent to lay down their arms, all laymen to depart from it, and Savonarola himself to quit the Florentine territory within twelve hours. Had Savonarola quitted the convent then he could hardly have escaped being torn to pieces; he was willing to go, but his friends hindered him. It was felt to be a great risk even for some laymen of high name to depart by the garden wall, but among those who had chosen to do so was Francesco Valori, who hoped to raise rescue from without.

And now when it was deep night—when the struggle could hardly have lasted much longer, and the Compagnacci might soon have carried their swords into the library, where Savonarola was praying with the Brethren who had either not taken up arms or had laid them down at his command—there came a second body of guards, commissioned by the Signoria to demand the persons of Fra Girolamo and his two coadjutors, Fra Domenico and Fra Salvestro.

Loud was the roar of triumphant hate when the light of lanterns showed the Frate issuing from the door of the convent with a guard who promised him no other safety than that of the prison. The struggle now was, who should get first in the stream that rushed up the narrow street to see the Prophet carried back in ignominy to the Piazza where he had braved it yesterday—who should be in the best place for reaching his ear with insult, nay, if possible, for smiting him and kicking him. This was not difficult for some of the armed Compagnacci who were not prevented from mixing themselves with the guards.

When Savonarola felt himself dragged and pushed along in the midst of that hooting multitude; when lanterns were lifted to show him deriding faces; when he felt himself spat upon, smitten and kicked with grossest words of insult, it seemed to him that the worst bitterness of life was past. If men judged him guilty, and were bent on having his blood, it was only death that awaited him. But the worst drop of bitterness can never be wrung on to our lips from without: the lowest depth of resignation is not to be found in martyrdom; it is only to be found when we have covered our heads in silence and felt, "I am not worthy to be a martyr: the truth shall prosper, but not by me."

But that brief imperfect triumph of insulting the Frate, who had soon disappeared under the doorway of the Old Palace, was only like the taste of blood to the tiger. Were there not the houses of the hypocrite's friends to be sacked? Already one half of the armed multitude, too much in the rear to share greatly in the siege of the convent, had been employed in the more profitable work of attacking rich houses, not with planless desire for plunder, but with that discriminating selection of such as belonged to chief Piagnoni, which showed that the riot was under guidance, and that the rabble with clubs and staves was well officered by sword-girt Compagnacci. Was there not—next criminal after the Frate—the ambitious Francesco Valori, suspected of wanting with the Frate's help to make himself a Doge or Gonfaloniere for life? And the gray-haired man who, eight months ago, had lifted his arm and his voice in such ferocious demand for justice on five of his fellow-citizens,

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only escaped from San Marco to experience what *others* called justice—to see his house surrounded by an angry, greedy multitude, to see his wife shot dead with an arrow, and to be himself murdered, as he was on his way to answer a summons to the Palazzo, by the swords of men named Ridolfi and Tornabuoni.

In this way that Masque of the Furies, called Riot, was played on in Florence through the hours of night and early morning.

But the chief director was not visible: he had his reasons for issuing his orders from a private retreat, being of rather too high a name to let his red feather be seen waving among all the work that was to be done before the dawn. The retreat was the same house and the same room in a quiet street between Santa Croce and San Marco, where we have seen Tito paying a secret visit to Dolfo Spini. Here the captain of the Compagnacci sat through this memorable night, receiving visitors who came and went, and went and came, some of them in the guise of armed Compagnacci, others dressed obscurely and without visible arms. There was abundant wine on the table, with drinking-cups for chance comers; and though Spini was on his guard against excessive drinking, he took enough from time to time to heighten the excitement produced by the news that was being brought to him continually.

Among the obscurely dressed visitors Ser Ceccone was one of the most frequent, and as the hours advanced toward the morning twilight he had remained as Spini's constant companion, together with Francesco Cei, who was then in rather careless hiding in Florence, expecting to have his banishment revoked when the Frate's fall had been accomplished.

The tapers had burned themselves into low shapeless masses, and holes in the shutters were just marked by a sombre outward light, when Spini, who had started from his seat and walked up and down with an angry flush on his face at some talk that had been going forward with those two unmilitary companions, burst out—

"The devil spit him! he shall pay for it, though. Ha, ha! the claws shall be down on him when he little thinks of them. So *he* was to be the great man after all! He's been pretending to chuck every thing toward my cap, as if I were a blind beggarman, and all the while he's been winking and filling his own scarsella. I should like to hang skins about him and set my hounds on him! And he's got that fine ruby of mine I was fool enough to give him yesterday. Malediction! And he was laughing at me in his sleeve two years ago, and spoiling the best plan that ever was laid. I was a fool for trusting myself with a rascal who had long-twisted contrivances that nobody could see to the end of but himself."

"A Greek, too, who dropped into Florence with gems packed about him," said Francesco Cei, who had a slight smile of amusement on his face at Spini's fuming. "You did *not* choose your confidant very wisely, my Dolfo."

"He's a cursed deal cleverer than you, Francesco, and handsomer too," said Spini, turning on his associate with a general desire to worry any thing that presented itself.

"I humbly conceive," said Ser Ceccone, "that Messer Francesco's poetic genius will outweigh—"

"Yes, yes, rub your hands! I hate that notary's trick of yours," interrupted Spini, whose patronage consisted largely in this sort of frankness. "But there comes Taddeo, or somebody: now's the time! What news, eh?" he went on, as two Compagnacci entered with heated looks.

"Bad!" said one. "The people had made up their minds they were going to have the sacking of Soderini's house, and now they've been balked we shall have them turning on us if we don't take care. I suspect there are some Mediceans buzzing about among them, and we may see them attacking your palace over the bridge before long, unless we can find a bait for them another way."

"I have it," said Spini, and seizing Taddeo by the belt he drew him aside to give him directions, while the other went on telling Cei how the Signoria had interfered about Soderini's house.

"Ecco!" exclaimed Spini, presently, giving Taddeo a slight push toward the door. "Go and make quick work."

CHAPTER LXVII.

WAITING BY THE RIVER.

About the time when the two Compagnacci went on their errand, there was another man who, on the opposite side of the Arno, was also going out into the chill gray twilight. His errand, apparently, could have no relation to theirs; he was making his way to the brink of the river at a spot which, though within the city walls, was overlooked by no dwellings, and which only seemed the more shrouded and lonely for the warehouses and granaries which at some little distance backward turned their shoulders to the river. There was a sloping width of long grass and rushes, made all the more dank by broad gutters which here and there emptied themselves into the Arno.

The gutters and the loneliness were the attraction that drew this man to come and sit down among the grass, and bend over the waters that ran swiftly in the channeled slope at his side. For he had once had a large piece of bread brought to him by one of those friendly runlets, and more than once a raw carrot and apple parings. It was worth while to wait for such chances in a place where there was no one to see, and often in his restless wakefulness he came to watch here before daybreak; it might save him for one day the need of that silent begging, which consisted in sitting on a church step or by the way-side out beyond the Porta San Frediano.

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For Baldassarre hated begging so much that he would have perhaps chosen to die rather than make even that silent appeal, but for one reason that made him desire to live. It was no longer a hope; it was only that possibility which clings to every idea that has taken complete possession of the mind: the sort of possibility that makes a woman watch on a headland for the ship which held something dear, though all her neighbors are certain that the ship was a wreck long years ago. After he had come out of the convent hospital, where the monks of San Miniato had taken care of him as long as he was helpless; after he had watched in vain for the wife who was to help him, and had begun to think that she was dead of the pestilence that seemed to fill all the space since the night he parted from her, he had been unable to conceive any way in which sacred vengeance could satisfy itself through his arm. His knife was gone, and he was too feeble in body to win another by work, too feeble in mind, even if he had had the knife, to contrive that it should serve its one purpose. He was a shattered, bewildered, lonely old man; yet he desired to live: he waited for something of which he had no distinct vision —something dim, formless—that startled him, and made strong pulsations within him, like that unknown thing which we look for when we start from sleep, though no voice or touch has waked us. Baldassarre desired to live; and therefore he crept out in the gray light and seated himself in the long grass and watched the waters that had a faint promise in them.

Meanwhile the Compagnacci were busy at their work. The formidable bands of armed men, left to do their will, with very little interference from an embarrassed if not conniving Signoria, had parted into two masses, but both were soon making their way by different roads toward the Arno. The smaller mass was making for the Ponte Rubaconte, the larger for the Ponte Vecchio; but in both the same words had passed from mouth to mouth as a signal, and almost every man of the multitude knew that he was going to the Via de' Bardi to sack a house there. If he knew no other reason could he demand a better?

The armed Compagnacci knew something more, for a brief word of command flies quickly, and the leaders of the two streams of rabble had a perfect understanding that they would meet before a certain house a little toward the eastern end of the Via de' Bardi, where the master would probably be in bed and be surprised in his morning sleep.

But the master of that house was neither sleeping nor in bed: he had not been in bed that night. For Tito's anxiety to quit Florence had been stimulated by the events of the previous day: investigations would follow in which appeals might be made to him delaying his departure; and in all delay he had an uneasy sense that there was danger. Falsehood had prospered and waxed strong; but it had nourished the twin life, Fear. He no longer wore his armor, he was no longer afraid of Baldassarre; but from the corpse of that dead fear a spirit had risen—the undying *habit* of fear. He felt he should not be safe till he was out of this fierce, turbid Florence; and now he was ready to go. Maso was to deliver up his house to the new tenant; his horses and mules were awaiting him in San Gallo; Tessa and the children had been lodged for the night in the Borgo outside the gate, and would be dressed in readiness to mount the mules and join him. He descended the stone steps into the court-yard, he passed through the great doorway, not the same Tito, but as brilliant, as on the day when he had first entered that house, and made the mistake of falling in love with Romola. The mistake was remedied now, the old life was cast off, and was soon to be far behind him.

He turned with rapid steps toward the Piazza dei Mozzi, intending to pass over the Ponte Rubaconte; but as he went along certain sounds came upon his ears that made him turn round and walk yet more quickly in the opposite direction. Was the mob coming into Oltrarno? It was a vexation, for he would have preferred the more private road. He must now go by the Ponte Vecchio; and unpleasant sensations made him draw his mantle close round him, and walk at his utmost speed. There was no one to see him in that gray twilight. But before he reached the end of the Via de' Bardi like sounds fell on his ear again, and this time they were much louder and nearer. Could he have been deceived before? The mob must be coming over the Ponte Vecchio. Again he turned, from an impulse of fear that was stronger than reflection; but it was only to be assured that the mob was actually entering the street from the opposite end. He chose not to go back to his house: after all, they would not attack *him*. Still, he had some valuables about him; and all things except reason and order are possible with a mob. But necessity does the work of courage. He went on toward the Ponte Vecchio, the rush and the trampling and the confused voices getting so loud before him that he had ceased to hear them behind.

For he had reached the end of the street, and the crowd pouring from the bridge met him at the turning and hemmed in his way. He had not time to wonder at a sudden shout before he felt himself surrounded, not, in the first instance, by an unarmed rabble, but by armed Compagnacci; the next sensation was that his cap fell off, and that he was thrust violently forward among the rabble, along the narrow passage of the bridge. Then he distinguished the shouts, "Piagnone! Mediccan! Piagnone! Throw him over the bridge!"

His mantle was being torn off him with strong pulls that would have throttled him if the fibula had not given way. Then his scarsella was snatched at; but all the while he was being hustled and dragged; and the snatch failed—his scarsella still hung at his side. Shouting, yelling, half-motiveless execration rang stunningly

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in his ears, spreading even among those who had not yet seen him, and only knew there was a man to be reviled. Tito's horrible dread was that he should be struck down or trampled on before he reached the open arches that surmount the centre of the bridge. There was one hope for him—that they might throw him over before they had wounded him or beaten the strength out of him; and his whole soul was absorbed in that one hope and its obverse terror.

Yes—they *were* at the arches. In that moment Tito, with bloodless face and eyes dilated, had one of the self-preserving inspirations that come in extremity. With a sudden desperate effort he mastered the clasp of his belt, and flung belt and scarsella forward toward a yard of clear space against the parapet, crying, in a ringing voice,

"There are diamonds! there is gold!"

In the instant the hold on him was relaxed, and there was a rush toward the scarsella. He threw himself on the parapet with a desperate leap, and the next moment plunged—plunged with a great plash into the dark river far below.

It was his chance of salvation; and it was a good chance. His life had been saved once before by his fine swimming, and as he rose to the surface again after his long dive he had a sense of deliverance. He struck out with all the energy of his strong prime, and the current helped him. If he could only swim beyond the Ponte alla Carrara he might land in a remote part of the city, and even yet reach San Gallo. Life was still before him. And the idiot mob, shouting and bellowing on the bridge there, would think he was drowned.

They did think so. Peering over the parapet along the dark stream, they could not see afar off the moving blackness of the floating hair, and the velvet tunic-sleeves.

It was only from the other way that a pale olive face could be seen looking white above the dark water: a face not easy even for the indifferent to forget, with its square forehead, the long low arch of the eyebrows, and the long lustrous agate-like eyes. Onward the face went on the dark current, with inflated quivering nostrils, with the blue veins distended on the temples. One bridge was passed—the bridge of Santa Trinità. Should he risk landing now rather than trust to his strength? No. He heard, or fancied he heard, yells and cries pursuing him. Terror pressed him most from the side of his fellow-men: he was less afraid of indefinite chances; and he swam on, panting and straining. He was not so fresh as he would have been if he had passed the night in sleep.

Yet the next bridge—the last bridge—was passed. He was conscious of it; but in that tumult of his blood he could only feel vaguely that he was safe and might land. But where? The current was having its way with him: he hardly knew where he was: exhaustion was bringing on the dreamy state that precedes unconsciousness.

But now there were eyes that discerned him—aged eyes, strong for the distance. Baldassarre, looking up blankly from the search in the runlet that brought him nothing, had seen a white object coming along the broader stream. Could that be any fortunate chance for *him?* He looked and looked till the object gathered form; then he leaned forward with a start as he sat among the rank green stems, and his eyes seemed to be filled with a new light. Yet he only watched—motionless. Something was being brought to him.

The next instant a man's body was cast violently on the grass two yards from him, and he started forward like a panther, clutching the velvet tunic as he fell forward on the body and flashed a look in the man's face.

Dead—was he dead? The eyes were rigid. But no, it could not be—justice had brought him. Men looked dead sometimes, and yet the life came back into them. Baldassarre did not feel feeble in that moment. He knew just what he could do. He got his large fingers within the neck of the tunic and held them there, kneeling on one knee beside the body and watching the face. There was a fierce hope in his heart, but it was mixed with trembling. In his eyes there was only fierceness: all the slow-burning remnant of life within him seemed to have leaped into flame.

Rigid—rigid still. Those eyes with the half-fallen lids were locked against vengeance. *Could* it be that he was dead? There was nothing to measure the time; it seemed long enough for hope to freeze into despair.

Surely at last the eyelids were quivering; the eyes were no longer rigid. There was a vibrating light in them—they opened wide.

"Ah yes! You see me—you know me!"

Tito knew him; but he did not know whether it was life or death that had brought him into the presence of his injured father. It might be death—and death might mean this chill gloom with the face of the hideous past hanging over him forever.

But now Baldassarre's only dread was, lest the young limbs should escape him. He pressed his knuckles against the round throat and knelt upon the chest with all the force of his aged frame. Let death come now!

Again he kept his watch on the face. And when the eyes were rigid again he dared not trust them. He would never loose his hold till some one came and found them. Justice would send some witness, and then he, Baldassarre, would declare that he had killed this traitor, to whom he had once been a father. They would, perhaps, believe him now, and then he would be content with the struggle of justice on earth—then he would desire to die with his hold on this body, and follow the traitor to hell that he might clutch him there.

And so he knelt, and so he pressed his knuckles against the round throat, without trusting to the seeming death, till the light got strong, and he could kneel no longer. Then he sat on the body, still clutching the neck of the tunic. But

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"WILL HIS EYES OPEN?"

the hours went on, and no witness came. No eyes descried afar off the two human bodies among the tall grass by the river-side. Florence was busy with greater affairs, and the preparation of a deeper tragedy.

Not long after those two bodies were lying in the grass Savonarola was being tortured and crying out in his agony, "I will confess!"

It was not until the sun was westward that a wagon, drawn by a mild gray ox, came to the edge of the grassy margin; and as the man who led it was leaning to gather up the round stones that lay heaped in readiness to be carried away he detected some startling object in the grass. The aged man had fallen forward, and his dead clutch was on the garment of the other. It was not possible to separate them; nay, it was better to put them into the wagon and carry them as they were into the great Piazza, that notice might be given to the Eight.

As the wagon entered the frequented streets there was a growing crowd escorting it with its strange burden. No one knew the bodies for a long while, for the aged face had fallen for-

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ward, half hiding the younger. But before they had been moved out of sight they had been recognized.

"I know that old man," Piero di Cosimo had testified. "I painted his likeness once. He is the prisoner who clutched Melema on the steps of the Duomo."

"He is perhaps the same old man who appeared at supper in my gardens," said Bernardo Rucellai, one of the Eight. "I had forgotten him; I thought he had died in prison. But there is no knowing the truth now."

Who shall put his finger on the work of justice and say, "It is there?" Justice is like the kingdom of God—it is not without us as a fact, it is within us as a great yearning.

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.



CHAPTER XXXI.

THE WOUNDED FAWN.

NEARLY two months passed away, and it was now Christmas time at Allington. It may be presumed that there was no intention at either house that the mirth should be very loud. Such a wound as that received by Lily Dale was one from which recovery could not be quick, and it was felt by all the family that a weight was upon them which made gayety impracticable. As for Lily herself, it may be said that she bore her misfortune with all a woman's courage. For the first week she stood up as a tree that stands against the wind, which is soon to be shivered to pieces because it will not bend. During that week her mother and sister were frightened by her calmness and endurance. She would perform her daily task. She would go out through the village, and appear at her place in church on the first Sunday. She would sit over her book of an evening, keeping back her tears; and would chide her mother and sister when she found that they were regarding her with earnest anxiety.

"Mamma, let it all be as though it had never been," she said.

"Ah, dear! if that were but possible!"

"God forbid that it should be possible inwardly," Lily replied. "But it is possible outwardly. I feel that you are more tender to me than you used to be, and that upsets me. If you would only scold me because I am idle, I should soon be better." But her mother could not speak to her as she perhaps might have spoken had no grief fallen upon her pet. She could not cease from those anxious tender glances which made Lily know that she was looked on as a fawn wounded almost to death.

At the end of the first week she gave way. "I won't get up, Bell," she said one morning, almost petulantly. "I am ill; I had better lie here out of the way. Don't make a fuss about it. I'm stupid and foolish, and that makes me ill."

Thereupon Mrs. Dale and Bell were frightened, and looked into each other's blank faces, remembering stories of poor broken-hearted girls who had died because their loves had been unfortunate—as small wax tapers whose lights are quenched if a breath of wind blows upon them too strongly. But then Lily was in truth no such slight taper as that. Nor was she the stem that must be broken because it will not bend. She bent herself to the blast during that week of illness, and then arose with her form still straight and graceful, and with her brigh. light unquenched.

After that she would talk more openly to her mother about her loss—openly and with a true appreciation of the misfortune which had befallen her; but with an assurance of strength which seemed to ridicule the idea of a broken heart. "I know that I can bear it," she said, "and that I can bear it without lasting unhappiness. Of course I shall always love him, and must feel almost as you felt when you lost my father."

In answer to this Mrs. Dale could say nothing. She could not speak out her thoughts about Crosbie, and explain to Lily that he was unworthy of her love. Love does not follow worth, and is not given to excellence—nor is it destroyed by ill-usage, nor killed by blows and mutilation. When Lily declared that she still loved the man who had so ill-used her, Mrs. Dale would be silent. Each perfectly understood the other, but on that matter even they could not interchange their thoughts with freedom.

"You must promise never to be tired of me, mamma," said Lily.

"Mothers do not often get tired of their chil-

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dren, whatever the children may do of their mothers."

"I'm not so sure of that when the children turn out old maids. And I mean to have a will of my own too, mamma; and a way also, if it be possible. When Bell is married I shall consider it a partnership, and I sha'n't do what I'm told any longer."

"Forewarned will be forearmed."

"Exactly; and I don't want to take you by surprise. For a year or two longer, till Bell is gone, I mean to be dutiful; but it would be very stupid for a person to be dutiful all their lives."

All of which Mrs. Dale understood thoroughly. It amounted to an assertion on Lily's part that she had loved once and could never love again; that she had played her game, hoping, as other girls hope, that she might win the prize of a husband; but that, having lost, she could never play the game again. It was that inward conviction on Lily's part which made her say such words to her mother. But Mrs. Dale would by no means allow herself to share this conviction. She declared to herself that time would cure Lily's wound, and that her child might yet be crowned by the bliss of a happy marriage. She would not in her heart consent to that plan in accordance with which Lily's destiny in life was to be regarded as already fixed. She had never really liked Crosbie as a suitor, and would herself have preferred John Eames, with all the faults of his hobbledehoyhood on his head. It might yet come to pass that John Eames's love might be made happy.

But in the mean time Lily, as I have said, had become strong in her courage, and recommenced the work of living with no lackadaisical self-assurance that because she had been made more unhappy than others, therefore she should allow herself to be more idle. Morning and night she prayed for him; and daily, almost hour by hour, she assured herself that it was still her duty to love him. It was hard, this duty of loving without any power of expressing such love. But still she would do her duty. "Tell me at once, mamma," she said one morning, "when you hear that the day is fixed for his marriage. Pray don't keep me in the dark."

"It is to be in February," said Mrs. Dale.

"But let me know the day. It must not be to me like ordinary days. But do not look unhappy, mamma; I am not going to make a fool of myself. I sha'n't steal off and appear in the church like a ghost." And then, having uttered her little joke, a sob came, and she hid her face on her mother's bosom. In a moment she raised it again. "Believe me, mamma, that I am not unhappy," she said.

After the expiration of that second week Mrs. Dale did write a letter to Crosbie:

"I suppose"—she said—"it is right that I should acknowledge the receipt of your letter. I do not know that I have aught else to say to you. It would not become me as a woman to say what I think of your conduct, but I believe that your conscience will tell you the same things. If it do not, you must, indeed, be hardened. I have promised my child that I will send to you a message from her. She bids me tell you that she has forgiven you, and that she does not hate you. May God also forgive you, and may you recover his love. MARY DALE.

"I beg that no rejoinder may be made to this letter, either to myself or to any of my family."

The squire wrote no answer to the letter which he had received, nor did he take any steps toward the immediate punishment of Crosbie. Indeed he had declared that no such steps could be taken, explaining to his nephew that such a man could be served only as one serves a rat.

"I shall never see him," he said once again; "if I did, I should not scruple to hit him on the head with my stick; but I should think ill of myself to go after him with such an object."

And yet it was a terrible sorrow to the old man that the scoundrel who had so injured him and his should escape scot-free. He had not forgiven Crosbie. No idea of forgiveness had ever crossed his mind. He would have hated himself had he thought it possible that he could be induced to forgive such an injury. "There is an amount of rascality in it, of low meanness, which I do not understand," he would say over and over again to his nephew. And then as he would walk alone on the terrace he would speculate within his own mind whether Bernard would take any steps toward avenging his cousin's injury. "He is right," he would say to himself; "Bernard is quite right. But when I was young I could not have stood it. In those days a gentleman might have a fellow out who had treated him as he has treated us. A man was satisfied in feeling that he had done something. I suppose the world is different nowadays." The world is different; but the squire by no means acknowledged in his heart that there had been any improvement.

Bernard also was greatly troubled in his mind. He would have had no objection to fight a duel with Crosbie, had duels in these days been possible. But he believed them to be no longer possible—at any rate without ridicule. And if he could not fight the man, in what other way was he to punish him? Was it not the fact that for such a fault the world afforded no punishment? Was it not in the power of a man like Crosbie to amuse himself for a week or two at the expense of a girl's happiness for life, and then to escape absolutely without any ill effects to himself? "I shall be barred out of my club lest I should meet him," Bernard said to himself, "but he will not be barred out." Moreover, there was a feeling within him that the matter would be one of triumph to Crosbie rather than otherwise. In having secured for himself the pleasure of his courtship with such a girl as Lily Dale, without encountering the penalty usually consequent upon such amusement, he would be held by many as having merited much admiration. He had sinned against all the Dales, and yet the suffering arising from his sin was to fall upon the Dales exclusively. Such was Bernard's reasoning, as he speculated on the whole affair, sadly enough

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—wishing to be avenged, but not knowing where to look for vengeance. For myself I believe him to have been altogether wrong as to the light in which he supposed that Crosbie's falsehood would be regarded by Crosbie's friends. Men will still talk of such things lightly, professing that all is fair in love as it is in war, and speaking almost with envy of the good fortunes of a practiced deceiver. But I have never come across the man who thought in this way with reference to an individual case. Crosbie's own judgment as to the consequences to himself of what he had done was more correct than that formed by Bernard Dale. He had regarded the act as venial as long as it was still to do—while it was still within his power to leave it undone; but from the moment of its accomplishment it had forced itself upon his own view in its proper light. He knew that he had been a scoundrel, and he knew that other men would so think of him. His friend Fowler Pratt, who had the reputation of looking at women simply as toys, had so regarded him. Instead of boasting of what he had done, he was as afraid of alluding to any matter connected with his marriage as a man is of talking of the articles which he has stolen. He had already felt that men at his club looked askance at him; and, though he was no coward as regarded his own skin and bones, he had an undefined fear lest some day he might encounter Bernard Dale purposely armed with a stick. The squire and his nephew were wrong in supposing that Crosbie was unpunished.

And as the winter came on he felt that he was closely watched by the noble family of De Courcy. Some of that noble family he had already learned to hate cordially. The Honorable John came up to town in November and persecuted him vilely; insisted on having dinners given to him at Sebright's, of smoking throughout the whole afternoon in his future brother-in-law's rooms, and on borrowing his future brother-in-law's possessions; till at last Crosbie determined that it would be wise to quarrel with the Honorable John—and he quarreled with him accordingly, turning him out of his rooms, and telling him in so many words that he would have no more to do with him.

"You'll have to do it, as I did," Mortimer Gazebee had said to him; "I didn't like it because of the family, but Lady Amelia told me that it must be so." Whereupon Crosbie took the advice of Mortimer Gazebee.

But the hospitality of the Gazebees was perhaps more distressing to him than even the importunities of the Honorable John. It seemed as though his future sister-in-law was determined not to leave him alone. Mortimer was sent to fetch him up for the Sunday afternoons, and he found that he was constrained to go to the villa in St. John's Wood, even in opposition to his own most strenuous will. He could not quite analyze the circumstances of his own position, but he felt as though he were a cock with his spurs cut off—as a dog with his teeth drawn. He found himself becoming humble and meek. He had to acknowledge to himself that he was afraid of Lady Amelia, and almost even afraid of Mortimer Gazebee. He was aware that they watched him, and knew all his goings out and comings in. They called him Adolphus, and made him tame. That coming evil day in February was dinned into his ears. Lady Amelia would go and look at furniture for him, and talked by the hour about bedding and sheets. "You had better get your kitchen things at Tomkins's. They're all good, and he'll give you ten per cent. off if you pay him ready money—which of course you will, you know!" Was it for this that he had sacrificed Lily Dale?—for this that he had allied himself with the noble house of De Courcy?

Mortimer had been at him about the settlements from the very first moment of his return to London, and had already bound him up hand and foot. His life was insured, and the policy was in Mortimer's hands. His own little bit of money had been already handed over to be tied up with Lady Alexandrina's little bit. It seemed to him that in all the arrangements made the intention was that he should die off speedily, and that Lady Alexandrina should be provided with a decent little income, sufficient for St. John's Wood. Things were to be so settled that he could not even spend the proceeds of his own money or of hers. They were to go, under the fostering hand of Mortimer Gazebee, in paying insurances. If he would only die the day after his marriage there would really be a very nice sum of money for Alexandrina, almost worthy of the acceptance of an earl's daughter. Six months ago he would have considered himself able to turn Mortimer Gazebee round his finger on any subject that could be introduced between them. When they chanced to meet Gazebee had been quite humble to him, treating him almost as a superior being. He had looked down on Gazebee from a very great height. But now it seemed as though he were powerless in this man's hands.

But perhaps the countess had become his greatest aversion. She was perpetually writing to him little notes in which she gave him multitudes of commissions, sending him about as though he had been her servant. And she pestered him with advice which was even worse than her commissions, telling him of the style of life in which Alexandrina would expect to live, and warning him very frequently that such a one as he could not expect to be admitted within the bosom of so noble a family without paying very dearly for that inestimable privilege. Her letters had become odious to him, and he would chuck them on one side, leaving them for the whole day unopened. He had already made up his mind that he would quarrel with the countess also, very shortly after his marriage; indeed, that he would separate himself from the whole family if it were possible. And yet he had entered into this engagement mainly with the view of reaping those advantages which would accrue to him from being allied to the

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De Courcys! The squire and his nephew were wretched in thinking that this man was escaping without punishment, but they might have spared themselves that misery.

It had been understood from the first that he was to spend his Christmas at Courcy Castle. From this undertaking it was quite out of his power to enfranchise himself; but he resolved that his visit should be as short as possible. Christmas Day unfortunately came on a Monday, and it was known to the De Courcy world that Saturday was almost a *dies non* at the General Committee Office. As to those three days there was no escape for him; but he made Alexandrina understand that the three Commissioners were men of iron as to any extension of those three days. "I must be absent again in February, of course," he said, almost making his wail audible in the words he used, "and therefore it is quite impossible that I should stay now beyond the Monday." Had there been attractions for him at Courcy Castle I think he might have arranged with Mr. Optimist for a week or ten days. "We shall be all alone," the countess wrote to him, "and I hope you will have an opportunity of learning more of our ways than you have ever really been able to do as yet." This was bitter as gall to him. But in this world all valuable commodities have their price; and when such men as Crosbie aspire to obtain for themselves an alliance with noble families, they must pay the market-price for the article which they purchase.

"You'll all come up and dine with us on Monday," the squire said to Mrs. Dale, about the middle of the previous week.

"Well, I think not," said Mrs. Dale; "we are better, perhaps, as we are."

At this moment the squire and his sister-in-law were on much more friendly terms than had been usual with them, and he took her reply in good part, understanding her feeling. Therefore he pressed his request, and succeeded.

"I think you're wrong," he said; "I don't suppose that we shall have a very merry Christmas. You and the girls will hardly have that, whether you eat your pudding here or at the Great House. But it will be better for us all to make the attempt. It's the right thing to do. That's the way I look at it."

"I'll ask Lily," said Mrs. Dale.

"Do, do. Give her my love, and tell her from me that, in spite of all that has come and gone, Christmas Day should still be to her a day of rejoicing. We'll dine about three, so that the servants can have the afternoon."

"Of course we'll go," said Lily; "why not? We always do. And we'll have blindman's-buff with all the Boyces, as we had last year, if uncle will ask them up." But the Boyces were not asked up for that occasion.

But Lily, though she put on it all so brave a face, had much to suffer, and did in truth suffer greatly. If you, my reader, ever chanced to slip into the gutter on a wet day, did you not find that the sympathy of the by-standers was by far the severest part of your misfortune? Did you not declare to yourself that all might yet be well, if the people would only walk on and not look at you? And yet you can not blame those who stood and pitied you; or, perhaps, essayed to rub you down, and assist you in the recovery of your bedaubed hat. You, yourself, if you see a man fall, can not walk by as though nothing uncommon had happened to him. It was so with Lily. The people of Allington could not regard her with their ordinary eyes. They would look at her tenderly, knowing that she was a wounded fawn, and thus they aggravated the soreness of her wound. Old Mrs. Hearn condoled with her, telling her that very likely she would be better off as she was. Lily would not lie about it in any way. "Mrs. Hearn," she said, "the subject is painful to me." Mrs. Hearn said no more about it, but on every meeting between them she looked the things she did not say. "Miss Lily!" said Hopkins one day, "Miss Lily!"—and as he looked up into her face a tear had almost formed itself in his old eye—"I knew what he was from the first. Oh, dear! oh, dear! if I could have had him killed!" "Hopkins, how dare you?" said Lily. "If you speak to me again in such a way I will tell my uncle." She turned away from him; but immediately turned back again, and put out her little hand to him. "I beg your pardon," she said. "I know how kind you are, and I love you for it." And then she went away. "I'll go after him yet, and break the dirty neck of him," said Hopkins to himself, as he walked down the path.

Shortly before Christmas Day she called, with her sister, at the vicarage. Bell, in the course of the visit, left the room with one of the Boyce girls to look at the last chrysanthemums of the year. Then Mrs. Boyce took advantage of the occasion to make her little speech. "My dear Lily," she said, "you will think me cold if I do not say one word to you." "No, I shall not," said Lily, almost sharply, shrinking from the finger that threatened to touch her sore. "There are things which should never be talked about." "Well, well, perhaps so," said Mrs. Boyce. But for a minute or two she was unable to fall back upon any other topic, and sat looking at Lily with painful tenderness. I need hardly say what were Lily's sufferings under such a gaze; but she bore it, acknowledging to herself in her misery that the fault did not lie with Mrs. Boyce. How could Mrs. Boyce have looked at her otherwise than tenderly?

It was settled, then, that Lily was to dine up at the Great House on Christmas Day, and thus show to the Allington world that she was not to be regarded as a person shut out from the world by the depth of her misfortune. That she was right there can, I think, be no doubt; but as she walked across the little bridge with her mother and sister, after returning from church, she would have given much to be able to have turned round, and have gone to bed instead of to her uncle's dinner.

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CHAPTER XXXII.

PAWKINS'S IN JERMYN STREET.

THE show of fat beasts in London took place this year on the twentieth day of December, and I have always understood that a certain bullock exhibited by Lord De Guest was declared by the metropolitan butchers to have realized all the possible excellences of breeding, feeding, and condition. No doubt the butchers of the next half century will have learned much better, and the Guestwick beast, could it be embalmed and then produced, would excite only ridicule at the agricultural ignorance of the present age; but Lord De Guest took the praise that was offered to him, and found himself in a seventh heaven of delight. He was never so happy as when surrounded by butchers, graziers, and salesmen who were able to appreciate the work of his life, and who regarded him as a model nobleman. "Look at that fellow," he said to Eames, pointing to the prize bullock. Eames had joined his patron at the show after his office hours, looking on upon the living beef by gaslight. "Isn't he like his sire? He was got by Lambkin, you know."

"Lambkin," said Johnny, who had not as yet been able to learn much about the Guestwick stock.

"Yes, Lambkin. The bull that we had the trouble with. He has just got his sire's back and fore-quarters. Don't you see?"

"I dare say," said Johnny, who looked very hard, but could not see.

"It's very odd," exclaimed the earl, "but do you know that bull has been as quiet since that day—as quiet as—as any thing. I think it must have been my pocket-handkerchief."

"I dare say it was," said Johnny; "or perhaps the flies."

"Flies!" said the earl, angrily. "Do you suppose he isn't used to flies? Come away. I ordered dinner at seven, and it's past six now. My brother-in-law, Colonel Dale, is up in town, and he dines with us." So he took Johnny's arm, and led him off through the show, calling his attention as he went to several beasts which were inferior to his own.

And then they walked down through Portman Square and Grosvenor Square, and across Piccadilly to Jermyn Street. John Eames acknowledged to himself that it was odd that he should have an earl leaning on his arm as he passed along through the streets. At home, in his own life, his daily companions were Cradell and Amelia Roper, Mrs. Lupex and Mrs. Roper. The difference was very great, and yet he found it quite as easy to talk to the earl as to Mrs. Lupex.

"You know the Dales down at Allington, of course," said the earl.

"Oh yes, I know them."

"But perhaps you never met the colonel."

"I don't think I ever did."

"He's a queer sort of fellow; very well in his way, but he never does any thing. He and my sister live at Torquay, and as far as I can find out they neither of them have any occupation of any sort. He's come up to town now because we both had to meet our family lawyers and sign some papers, but he looks on the journey as a great hardship. As for me, I'm a year older than he is, but I wouldn't mind going up and down from Guestwick every day."

"It's looking after the bull that does it," said Eames.

"By George! you're right, Master Johnny. My sister and Crofts may tell me what they like, but when a man's out in the open air for eight or nine hours every day, it doesn't much matter where he goes to sleep after that. This is Pawkins's—capital good house, but not so good as it used to be while old Pawkins was alive. Show Mr. Eames up into a bedroom to wash his hands."

Colonel Dale was much like his brother in face, but was taller, even thinner, and apparently older. When Eames went into the sitting-room the colonel was there alone, and had to take upon himself the trouble of introducing himself. He did not get up from his arm-chair, but nodded gently at the young man. "Mr. Eames, I believe? I knew your father at Guestwick a great many years ago;" then he turned his face back toward the fire and sighed.

"It's got very cold this afternoon," said Johnny, trying to make conversation.

"It's always cold in London," said the colonel.

"If you had to be here in August you wouldn't say so."

"God forbid," said the colonel, and he sighed again, with his eyes fixed upon the fire. Eames had heard of the very gallant way in which Orlando Dale had persisted in running away with Lord De Guest's sister in opposition to very terrible obstacles, and as he now looked at the intrepid lover he thought that there must have been a great change since those days. After that nothing more was said till the earl came down.

Pawkins's house was thoroughly old-fashioned in all things, and the Pawkins of that day himself stood behind the earl's elbow when the dinner began, and himself removed the cover from the soup tureen. Lord De Guest did not require much personal attention, but he would have felt annoyed if this hadn't been done. As it was he had a civil word to say to Pawkins about the fat cattle, thereby showing that he did not mistake Pawkins for one of the waiters. Pawkins then took his lordship's orders about the wine and retired.

"He keeps up the old house pretty well," said the earl to his brother-in-law. "It isn't like what it was thirty years ago, but then every thing of that sort has got worse and worse."

"I suppose it has," said the colonel.

"I remember when old Pawkins had as good a glass of port as I've got at home—or nearly. They can't get it now, you know."

"I never drink port," said the colonel. "I

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seldom take any thing after dinner except a little negus."

His brother-in-law said nothing, but made a most eloquent grimace as he turned his face toward his soup-plate. Eames saw it, and could hardly refrain from laughing. When, at half past nine o'clock, the colonel retired from the room, the earl, as the door was closed, threw up his hands, and uttered the one word "negus!" Then Eames took heart of grace and had his laughter out.

The dinner was very dull, and before the colonel went to bed Johnny regretted that he had been induced to dine at Pawkins's. It might be a very fine thing to be asked to dinner with an earl, and John Eames had perhaps received at his office some little accession of dignity from the circumstances, of which he had been not unpleasantly aware; but as he sat at the table, on which there were four or five apples and a plate of dried nuts, looking at the earl, as he endeavored to keep his eyes open, and at the colonel, to whom it seemed absolutely a matter of indifference whether his companions were asleep or awake, he confessed to himself that the price he was paying was almost too dear. Mrs. Roper's tea-table was not pleasant to him, but even that would have been preferable to the black dinginess of Pawkins's mahogany, with the company of two tired old men, with whom he seemed to have no mutual subject of conversation. Once or twice he tried a word with the colonel, for the colonel sat with his eyes open looking at the fire. But he was answered with monosyllables, and it was evident to him that the colonel did not wish to talk. To sit still, with his hands closed over each other on his lap, was work enough for Colonel Dale during his after-dinner hours.

But the earl knew what was going on. During that terrible conflict between him and his slumber, in which the drowsy god fairly vanquished him for some twenty minutes, his conscience was always accusing him of treating his guests badly. He was very angry with himself, and tried to arouse himself and talk. But his brother-in-law would not help him in his efforts; and even Eames was not bright in rendering him assistance. Then for twenty minutes he slept soundly, and at the end of that he woke himself with one of his own snorts. "By George!" he said, jumping up and standing on the rug, "we'll have some coffee;" and after that he did not sleep any more.

"Dale," said he, "won't you take some more wine?"

"Nothing more," said the colonel, still looking at the fire, and shaking his head very slowly.

"Come, Johnny, fill your glass." He had already got into the way of calling his young friend Johnny, having found that Mrs. Eames generally spoke of her son by that name.

"I have been filling my glass all the time," said Eames, taking the decanter again in his hand as he spoke.

"I'm glad you've found something to amuse you, for it has seemed to me that you and Dale haven't had much to say to each other. I've been listening all the time."

"You've been asleep," said the colonel.

"Then there's been some excuse for my holding my tongue," said the earl. "By-the-by, Dale, what do you think of that fellow Crosbie?"

Eames's ears were instantly on the alert, and the spirit of dullness vanished from him.

"Think of him?" said the colonel.

"He ought to have every bone in his skin broken," said the earl.

"So he ought," said Eames, getting up from his chair in his eagerness, and speaking in a tone somewhat louder than was perhaps becoming in the presence of his seniors. "So he ought, my lord. He is the most abominable rascal that ever I met in my life. I wish I was Lily Dale's brother." Then he sat down again, remembering that he was speaking in the presence of Lily's uncle, and of the father of Bernard Dale, who might be supposed to occupy the place of Lily's brother.

The colonel turned his head round, and looked at the young man with surprise. "I beg your pardon, Sir," said Eames, "but I have known Mrs. Dale and your nieces all my life."

"Oh, have you?" said the colonel. "Nevertheless it is, perhaps, as well not to make too free with a young lady's name. Not that I blame you in the least, Mr. Eames."

"I should think not," said the earl. "I honor him for his feeling. Johnny, my boy, if ever I am unfortunate enough to meet that man I shall tell him my mind, and I believe you will do the same." On hearing this John Eames winked at the earl, and made a motion with his head toward the colonel, whose back was turned to him. And then the earl winked back at Eames.

"De Guest," said the colonel, "I think I'll go up stairs; I always have a little arrow-root in my own room."

"I'll ring the bell for a candle," said the host. Then the colonel went, and as the door was closed behind him, the earl raised his two hands and uttered that single word, "negus!" Whereupon Johnny burst out laughing, and coming round to the fire, sat himself down in the arm-chair which the colonel had left.

"I've no doubt it's all right," said the earl; "but I shouldn't like to drink negus myself, nor yet to have arrow-root up in my bedroom."

"I don't suppose there's any harm in it."

"Oh dear, no; I wonder what Pawkins says about him. But I suppose they have them of all sorts in a hotel."

"The waiter didn't seem to think much of it when he brought it."

"No, no. If he'd asked for senna and salts the waiter wouldn't have showed any surprise. By-the-by, you touched him up about that poor girl."

"Did I, my lord? I didn't mean it."

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"WON'T YOU TAKE SOME MORE WINE?"

"You see he's Bernard Dale's father, and the question is, whether Bernard shouldn't punish the fellow for what he has done. Somebody ought to do it. It isn't right that he should escape. Somebody ought to let Mr. Crosbie know what a scoundrel he has made himself."

"I'd do it to-morrow, only I'm afraid—"

"No, no, no," said the earl; "you are not the right person at all. What have you got to do with it? You've merely known them as family friends, but that's not enough."

"No, I suppose not," said Eames, sadly.

"Perhaps it's best as it is," said the earl. "I don't know that any good would be got by knocking him over the head. And if we are to be Christians, I suppose we ought to be Christians."

"What sort of a Christian has he been?"

"That's true enough; and if I was Bernard I should be very apt to forget my Bible lessons about meekness."

"Do you know, my lord, I should think it

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the most Christian thing in the world to pitch into him; I should, indeed. There are some things for which a man ought to be beaten black and blue."

"So that he shouldn't do them again?"

"Exactly. You might say it isn't Christian to hang a man."

"I'd always hang a murderer. It wasn't right to hang men for stealing sheep."

"Much better hang such a fellow as Crosbie," said Eames.

"Well, I believe so. If any fellow wanted now to curry favor with the young lady what an opportunity he'd have!"

Johnny remained silent for a moment or two before he answered. "I'm not so sure of that," he said, mournfully, as though grieving at the thought that there was no chance of currying favor with Lily by thrashing her late lover.

"I don't pretend to know much about girls," said Lord De Guest; "but I should think it would be so. I should fancy that nothing would please her so much as hearing that he had caught it, and that all the world knew that he'd caught it." The earl had declared that he didn't know much about girls, and in so saying he was no doubt right.

"If I thought so," said Eames, "I'd find him out to-morrow."

"Why so? what difference does it make to you?" Then there was another pause, during which Johnny looked very sheepish. "You don't mean to say that you're in love with Miss Lily Dale?"

"I don't know much about being in love with her," said Johnny, turning very red as he spoke. And then he made up his mind, in a wild sort of way, to tell all the truth to his friend. Pawkins's port-wine may, perhaps, have had something to do with the resolution. "But I'd go through fire and water for her, my lord. I knew her years before he had ever seen her, and have loved her a great deal better than he will ever love any one. When I heard that she had accepted him I had half a mind to cut my own throat—or else his."

"Highty tighty!" said the earl.

"It's very ridiculous, I know," said Johnny, "and of course she would never have accepted me."

"I don't see that at all."

"I haven't a shilling in the world."

"Girls don't care much for that."

"And then a clerk in the Income-tax Office! It's such a poor thing."

"The other fellow was only a clerk in another office."

The earl living down at Guestwick did not understand that the Income-tax Office in the city and the General Committee Office at Whitehall were as far apart as Dives and Lazarus, and separated by as impassable a gulf.

"Oh yes," said Johnny; "but his office is another kind of thing, and then he was a swell himself."

"By George, I don't see it," said the earl.

"I don't wonder a bit at her accepting a fellow like that. I hated him the first moment I saw him; but that's no reason she should hate him. He had that sort of manner, you know. He was a swell, and girls like that kind of thing. I never felt angry with her, but I could have eaten him." As he spoke he looked as though he would have made some such attempt had Crosbie been present.

"Did you ever ask her to have you?" said the earl.

"No; how could I ask her when I hadn't bread to give her?"

"And you never told her—that you were in love with her, I mean, and all that kind of thing?"

"She knows it now," said Johnny; "I went to say good-by to her the other day—when I thought she was going to be married. I could not help telling her then."

"But it seems to me, my dear fellow, that you ought to be very much obliged to Crosbie—that is to say, if you've a mind to—"

"I know what you mean, my lord. I am not a bit obliged to him. It's my belief that all this will about kill her. As to myself, if I thought she'd ever have me—"

Then he was again silent, and the earl could see that the tears were in his eyes.

"I think I begin to understand it," said the earl, "and I'll give you a bit of advice. You come down and spend your Christmas with me at Guestwick."

"Oh, my lord!"

"Never mind my-lording me, but do as I tell you. Lady Julia sent you a message, though I forgot all about it till now. She wants to thank you herself for what you did in the field."

"That's all nonsense, my lord."

"Very well; you can tell her so. You may take my word for this, too—my sister hates Crosbie quite as much as you do. I think she'd 'pitch into him,' as you call it, herself, if she knew how. You come down to Guestwick for the Christmas, and then go over to Allington and tell them all plainly what you mean."

"I couldn't say a word to her now."

"Say it to the squire, then. Go to him, and tell him what you mean—holding your head up like a man. Don't talk to me about swells. The man who means honestly is the best swell I know. He's the only swell I recognize. Go to old Dale, and say you come from me—from Guestwick Manor. Tell him that if he'll put a little stick under the pot to make it boil, I'll put a bigger one. He'll understand what that means."

"Oh no, my lord."

"But I say, oh yes;" and the earl, who was now standing on the rug before the fire, dug his hands deep down into his trowsers' pockets. "I'm very fond of that girl, and would do much for her. You ask Lady Julia if I didn't say so to her before I ever knew of your casting a sheep's-eye that way. And I've a sneaking kindness for you too, Master Johnny. Lord

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bless you! I knew your father as well as I ever knew any man; and to tell the truth, I believe I helped to ruin him. He held land of me, you know, and there can't be any doubt that he did ruin himself. He knew no more about a beast when he'd done than—than—than that waiter. If he'd gone on to this day he wouldn't have been any wiser."

Johnny sat silent, with his eyes full of tears. What was he to say to his friend?

"You come down with me," continued the earl, "and you'll find we'll make it all straight. I dare say you're right about not speaking to the girl just at present. But tell every thing to the uncle, and then to the mother. And, above all things, never think that you're not good enough yourself. A man should never think that. My belief is that in life people will take you very much at your own reckoning. If you are made of dirt, like that fellow Crosbie, you'll be found out at last, no doubt. But then I don't think you are made of dirt."

"I hope not."

"And so do I. You can come down, I suppose, with me the day after to-morrow?"

"I'm afraid not. I have had all my leave."

"Shall I write to old Buffle, and ask it as a favor?"

"No," said Johnny; "I shouldn't like that. But I'll see to-morrow, and then I'll let you know. I can go down by the mail-train on Saturday, at any rate."

"That won't be comfortable. See and come with me if you can. Now, good-night, my dear fellow, and remember this—when I say a thing I mean it. I think I may boast that I never yet went back from my word."

The earl as he spoke gave his left hand to his guest, and looking somewhat grandly up over the young man's head, he tapped his own breast thrice with his right hand. As he went through the little scene John Eames felt that he was every inch an earl.

"I don't know what to say to you, my lord."

"Say nothing—not a word more to me. But say to yourself that faint heart never won fair lady. Good-night, my dear boy, good-night. I dine out to-morrow, but you can call and let me know at about six."

Eames then left the room without another word, and walked out into the cold air of Jermyn Street. The moon was clear and bright, and the pavement in the shining light seemed to be as clean as a lady's hand. All the world was altered to him since he had entered Pawkins's Hotel. Was it then possible that Lily Dale might even yet become his wife? Could it be true that he, even now, was in a position to go boldly to the Squire of Allington, and tell him what were his views with reference to Lily? And how far would he be justified in taking the earl at his word? Some incredible amount of wealth would be required before he could marry Lily Dale. Two or three hundred pounds a year at the very least! The earl could not mean him to understand that any such sum as that would be made up with such an object! Nevertheless he resolved as he walked home to Burton Crescent that he would go down to Guestwick, and that he would obey the earl's behest. As regarded Lily herself he felt that nothing could be said to her for many a long day as yet.

"Oh, John, how late you are!" said Amelia, slipping out from the back parlor as he let himself in with his latch-key.

"Yes, I am—very late," said John, taking his candle, and passing her by on the stairs without another word.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"THE TIME WILL COME."

"DID you hear that young Eames is staying at Guestwick Manor?"

As these were the first words which the squire spoke to Mrs. Dale as they walked together up to the Great House, after church, on Christmas Day, it was clear enough that the tidings of Johnny's visit, when told to him, had made some impression.

"At Guestwick Manor!" said Mrs. Dale. "Dear me! Do you hear that, Bell? There's promotion for Master Johnny!"

"Don't you remember, mamma," said Bell, "that he helped his lordship in his trouble with the bull?"

Lily, who remembered accurately all the passages of her last interview with John Eames, said nothing, but felt, in some sort, sore at the idea that he should be so near her at such a time. In some unconscious way she had liked him for coming to her and saying all that he did say. She valued him more highly after that scene than she did before. But now she would feel herself injured and hurt if he ever made his way into her presence under circumstances as they existed.

"I should not have thought that Lord De Guest was the man to show so much gratitude for so slight a favor," said the squire. "However, I'm going to dine there to-morrow."

"To meet young Eames?" said Mrs. Dale.

"Yes—especially to meet young Eames. At least, I've been very specially asked to come, and I've been told that he is to be there."

"And is Bernard going?"

"Indeed I'm not," said Bernard. "I shall come over and dine with you."

A half-formed idea flitted across Lily's mind, teaching her to imagine for a moment that she might possibly be concerned in this arrangement. But the thought vanished as quickly as it came, merely leaving some soreness behind it. There are certain maladies which make the whole body sore. The patient, let him be touched on any point—let him even be nearly touched—will roar with agony as though his whole body had been bruised. So is it also with maladies of the mind. Sorrows such as that of poor Lily's leave the heart sore at every point,

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and compel the sufferer to be ever in fear of new wounds. Lily bore her cross bravely and well; but not the less did it weigh heavily upon her at every turn because she had the strength to walk as though she did not bear it. Nothing happened to her, or in her presence, that did not in some way connect itself with her misery. Her uncle was going over to meet John Eames at Lord De Guest's. Of course the men there would talk about her, and all such talking was an injury to her.

The afternoon of that day did not pass away brightly. As long as the servants were in the room the dinner went on much as other dinners. At such times a certain amount of hypocrisy must always be practiced in closely domestic circles. At mixed dinner-parties people can talk before Richard and William the same words that they would use if Richard and William were not there. People so mixed do not talk together their inward home thoughts. But when close friends are together a little conscious reticence is practiced till the door is tiled. At such a meeting as this that conscious reticence was of service, and created an effort which was salutary. When the door was tiled, and when the servants were gone, how could they be merry together? By what mirth should the beards be made to wag on that Christmas Day?

"My father has been up in town," said Bernard. "He was with Lord De Guest at Pawkins's."

"Why didn't you go and see him?" asked Mrs. Dale.

"Well, I don't know. He did not seem to wish it. I shall go down to Torquay in February. I must be up in London, you know, in a fortnight, for good." Then they were all silent again for a few minutes. If Bernard could have owned the truth he would have acknowledged that he had not gone up to London because he did not yet know how to treat Crosbie when he should meet him. His thoughts on this matter threw some sort of shadow across poor Lily's mind, making her feel that her wound was again opened.

"I want him to give up his profession altogether," said the squire, speaking firmly and slowly. "It would be better, I think, for both of us that he should do so."

"Would it be wise at his time of life," said Mrs. Dale, "and when he has been doing so well?"

"I think it would be wise. If he were my son it would be thought better that he should live here upon the property, among the people who are to become his tenants, than remain up in London, or perhaps be sent to India. He has one profession as the heir of this place, and that, I think, should be enough."

"I should have but an idle life of it down here," said Bernard.

"That would be your own fault. But if you did as I would have you, your life would not be idle." In this he was alluding to Bernard's proposed marriage, but as to that nothing further could be said in Bell's presence. Bell understood it all, and sat quite silent, with demure countenance; perhaps even with something of sternness in her face.

"But the fact is," said Mrs. Dale, speaking in a low tone, and having well considered what she was about to say, "that Bernard is not exactly the same as your son."

"Why not?" said the squire. "I have even offered to settle the property on him, if he will leave the service."

"You do not owe him so much as you would owe your son; and, therefore, he does not owe you as much as he would owe his father."

"If you mean that I can not constrain him, I know that well enough. As regards money, I have offered to do for him quite as much as any father would feel called upon to do for an only son."

"I hope you don't think me ungrateful," said Bernard.

"No, I do not; but I think you unmindful. I have nothing more to say about it, however; not about that. If you should marry—" And then he stopped himself, feeling that he could not go on in Bell's presence.

"If he should marry," said Mrs. Dale, "it may well be that his wife would like a house of her own."

"Wouldn't she have this house?" said the squire, angrily. "Isn't it big enough? I only want one room for myself, and I'd give up that if it were necessary."

"That's nonsense," said Mrs. Dale.

"It isn't nonsense," said the squire.

"You'll be squire of Allington for the next twenty years," said Mrs. Dale. "And as long as you are the squire you'll be master of this house; at least, I hope so. I don't approve of monarchs abdicating in favor of young people."

"I don't think Uncle Christopher would look at all well like Charles the Fifth," said Lily.

"I would always keep a cell for you, my darling, if I did," said the squire, regarding her with that painful, special tenderness. Lily, who was sitting next to Mrs. Dale, put her hand out secretly and got hold of her mother's, thereby indicating that she did not intend to occupy the cell offered to her by her uncle; or to look to him as the companion of her monastic seclusion. After that there was nothing more then said as to Bernard's prospects.

"Mrs. Hearn is dining at the vicarage, I suppose?" asked the squire.

"Yes; she went in after church," said Bell. "I saw her go with Mrs. Boyce."

"She told me she never would dine with them again after dark in winter," said Mrs. Dale. "The last time she was there the boy let the lamp blow out as she was going home and she lost her way. The truth was, she was angry because Mr. Boyce didn't go with her."

"She's always angry," said the squire. "She hardly speaks to me now. When she paid her rent the other day to Jolliffe she said she hoped

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it would do me much good—as though she thought me a brute for taking it."

"So she does," said Bernard.

"She's very old, you know," said Bell.

"I'd give her the house for nothing if I were you, uncle," said Lily.

"No, my dear; if you were me you would not. I should be very wrong to do so. Why should Mrs. Hearn have her house for nothing any more than her meat or her clothes? It would be much more reasonable were I to give her so much money into her hand yearly; but it would be wrong in me to do so, seeing that she is not an object of charity; and it would be wrong in her to take it."

"And she wouldn't take it," said Mrs. Dale.

"I don't think she would. But if she did, I'm sure she would grumble because it wasn't double the amount. And if Mr. Boyce had gone home with her, she would have grumbled because he walked too fast."

"She is very old," said Bell, again.

"But, nevertheless, she ought to know better than to speak disparagingly of me to my servants. She should have more respect for herself." And the squire showed by the tone of his voice that he thought very much about it.

It was very long and very dull that Christmas evening, making Bernard feel strongly that he would be very foolish to give up his profession, and tie himself down to a life at Allington. Women are more accustomed than men to long, dull, unemployed hours; and, therefore, Mrs. Dale and her daughters bore the tedium courageously. While he yawned, stretched himself, and went in and out of the room, they sat demurely, listening as the squire laid down the law on small matters, and contradicting him occasionally when the spirit of either of them prompted her specially to do so. "Of course you know much better than I do," he would say. "Not at all," Mrs. Dale would answer. "I don't pretend to know any thing about it. But—" So the evening wore itself away; and when the squire was left alone at half past nine, he did not feel that the day had passed badly with him. That was his style of life, and he expected no more from it than he got. He did not look to find things very pleasant, and, if not happy, he was, at any rate, contented.

"Only think of Johnny Eames being at Guestwick Manor!" said Bell, as they were going home.

"I don't see why he shouldn't be there," said Lily. "I would rather it should be he than I, because Lady Julia is so grumpy."

"But asking your Uncle Christopher especially to meet him!" said Mrs. Dale. "There must be some reason for it." Then Lily felt the soreness come upon her again, and spoke no further upon the subject.

We all know that there was a special reason, and that Lily's soreness was not false in its mysterious forebodings. Eames, on the evening after his dinner at Pawkins's, had seen the earl, and explained to him that he could not leave town till the Saturday evening; but that he could remain over the Tuesday. He must be at his office by twelve on Wednesday, and could manage to do that by an early train from Guestwick.

"Very well, Johnny," said the earl, talking to his young friend with the bedroom candle in his hand, as he was going up to dress. "Then I'll tell you what; I've been thinking of it. I'll ask Dale to come over to dinner on Tuesday; and if he'll come, I'll explain the whole matter to him myself. He's a man of business, and he'll understand. If he won't come, why then you must go over to Allington, and find him, if you can, on the Tuesday morning; or I'll go to him myself, which will be better. You mustn't keep me now, as I am ever so much too late."

Eames did not attempt to keep him, but went away feeling that the whole matter was being arranged for him in a very wonderful way. And when he got to Allington he found that the squire had accepted the earl's invitation. Then he declared to himself that there was no longer any possibility of retractation for him. Of course he did not wish to retract. The one great longing of his life was to call Lily Dale his own. But he felt afraid of the squire—that the squire would despise him and snub him, and that the earl would perceive that he had made a mistake when he saw how his client was scorned and snubbed. It was arranged that the earl was to take the squire into his own room for a few minutes before dinner, and Johnny felt that he would be hardly able to stand his ground in the drawing-room when the two old men should make their appearance together.

He got on very well with Lady Julia, who gave herself no airs, and made herself very civil. Her brother had told her the whole story, and she felt as anxious as he did to provide Lily with another husband in place of that horrible man Crosbie. "She has been very fortunate in her escape," she said to her brother; "very fortunate." The earl agreed with this, saying that in his opinion his own favorite Johnny would make much the nicer lover of the two. But Lady Julia had her doubts as to Lily's acquiescence. "But, Theodore, he must not speak to Miss Lilian Dale herself about it yet a while."

"No," said the earl; "not for a month or so."

"He will have a better chance if he can remain silent for six months," said Lady Julia.

"Bless my soul! somebody else will have picked her up before that," said the earl.

In answer to this Lady Julia merely shook her head.

Johnny went over to his mother on Christmas Day after church, and was received by her and by his sister with great honor. And she gave him many injunctions as to his behavior at the earl's table, even descending to small details about his boots and linen. But Johnny had

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already begun to feel at the Manor that, after all, people are not so very different in their ways of life as they are supposed to be. Lady Julia's manners were certainly not quite those of Mrs. Roper; but she made the tea very much in the way in which it was made at Burton Crescent, and Eames found that he could eat his egg, at any rate on the second morning, without any tremor in his hand, in spite of the coronet on the silver egg-cup. He did feel himself to be rather out of his place in the Manor pew on the Sunday, conceiving that all the congregation was looking at him; but he got over this on Christmas Day, and sat quite comfortably in his soft corner during the sermon, almost going to sleep. And when he walked with the earl after church to the gate over which the noble peer had climbed in his agony, and inspected the hedge through which he had thrown himself, he was quite at home with his little jokes, bantering his august companion as to the mode of his somersault. But be it always remembered that there are two modes in which a young man may be free and easy with his elder and superior — the mode pleasant, and the mode offensive. Had it been in Johnny's nature to try the latter, the earl's back would soon have been up at once, and the play would have been over. But it was not in Johnny's nature to do so, and therefore it was that the earl liked him.

At last came the hour of dinner on Tuesday, or at least the hour at which the squire had been asked to show himself at the Manor House. Eames, as by agreement with his patron, did not come down so as to show himself till after the interview. Lady Julia, who had been present at their discussions, had agreed to receive the squire, and then a servant was to ask him to step into the earl's own room. It was pretty to see the way in which the three conspired together, planning and plotting with an eagerness that was beautifully green and fresh.

"He can be as cross as an old stick when he likes it," said the earl, speaking of the squire; "and we must take care not to rub him the wrong way."

"I sha'n't know what to say to him when I come down," said Johnny.

"Just shake hands with him and don't say any thing," said Lady Julia.

"I'll give him some port-wine that ought to soften his heart," said the earl, "and then we'll see how he is in the evening."

Eames heard the wheels of the squire's little open carriage and trembled. The squire, unconscious of all schemes, soon found himself with Lady Julia, and within two minutes of his entrance was walked off to the earl's private room. "Certainly," he said, "certainly," and followed the man-servant. The earl, as he entered, was standing in the middle of the room, and his round rosy face was a picture of good-humor.

"I'm very glad you've come, Dale," said he. "I've something I want to say to you."

Mr. Dale, who neither in heart nor in manner was so light a man as the earl, took the proffered hand of his host, and bowed his head slightly, signifying that he was willing to listen to any thing.

"I think I told you," continued the earl, "that young John Eames is down here; but he goes back to-morrow, as they can't spare him at his office. He's a very good fellow—as far as I am able to judge, an uncommonly good young man. I've taken a great fancy to him myself."

In answer to this Mr. Dale did not say much. He sat down, and in some general terms expressed his good-will toward all the Eames family.

"As you know, Dale, I'm a very bad hand at talking, and therefore I won't beat about the bush in what I've got to say at present. Of course we've all heard of that scoundrel Crosbie, and the way he has treated your niece Lilian."

"He is a scoundrel—an unmixed scoundrel. But the less we say about that the better. It is ill mentioning a girl's name in such a matter as that."

"But, my dear Dale, I must mention it at the present moment. Dear young child, I would do any thing to comfort her! And I hope that something may be done to comfort her. Do you know that that young man was in love with her long before Crosbie ever saw her?"

"What—John Eames!"

"Yes, John Eames. And I wish heartily, for his sake, that he had won her regard before she had met that rascal whom you had to stay down at your house."

"A man can not help these things, De Guest," said the squire.

"No, no, no! There are such men about the world, and it is impossible to know them at a glance. He was my nephew's friend, and I am not going to say that my nephew was in fault. But I wish—I only say that I wish—she had first known what are this young man's feelings toward her."

"But she might not have thought of him as you do."

"He is an uncommonly good-looking young fellow; straight made, broad in the chest, with a good, honest eye, and a young man's proper courage. He has never been taught to give himself airs like a dancing monkey; but I think he's all the better for that."

"But it's too late now, De Guest."

"No, no; that's just where it is. It mustn't be too late! That child is not to lose her whole life because a villain has played her false. Of course she'll suffer. Just at present it wouldn't do, I suppose, to talk to her about a new sweetheart. But, Dale, the time will come; the time will come; the time always does come."

"It has never come to you and me," said the squire, with the slightest possible smile on his dry cheeks. The story of their lives had been so far the same; each had loved, and each had been disappointed, and then each had remained single through life.

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"Yes, it has," said the earl, with no slight touch of feeling and even of romance in what he said. "We have retricked our beams in our own ways, and our lives have not been desolate. But for her—you and her mother will look forward to see her married some day."

"I have not thought about it."

"But I want you to think about it. I want to interest you in this fellow's favor, and in doing so I mean to be very open with you. I suppose you'll give her something?"

"I don't know, I'm sure," said the squire, almost offended at an inquiry of such a nature.

"Well, then, whether you do or not, I'll give him something," said the earl. "I shouldn't have ventured to meddle in the matter had I not intended to put myself in such a position with reference to him as would justify me in asking the question." And the peer as he spoke drew himself up to his full height. "If such a match can be made, it shall not be a bad marriage for your niece in a pecuniary point of view. I shall have pleasure in giving to him; but I shall have more pleasure if she can share what I give."

"She ought to be very much obliged to you," said the squire.

"I think she would be if she knew young Eames. I hope the day may come when she will be so. I hope that you and I may see them happy together, and that you too may thank me for having assisted in making them so. Shall we go in to Lady Julia now?" The earl had felt that he had not quite succeeded; that his offer had been accepted somewhat coldly, and had not much hope that further good could be done on that day, even with the help of his best port-wine.

"Half a moment," said the squire. "There are matters as to which I never find myself able to speak quickly, and this certainly seems to be one of them. If you will allow me I will think over what you have said, and then see you again."

"Certainly, certainly."

"But for your own part in the matter, for your great generosity and kind heart, I beg to offer you my warmest thanks." Then the squire bowed low, and preceded the earl out of the room.

Lord De Guest still felt that he had not succeeded. We may probably say, looking at the squire's character and peculiarities, that no marked success was probable at the first opening out of such a subject. He had said of himself that he was never able to speak quickly in matters of moment; but he would more correctly have described his own character had he declared that he could not think of them quickly. As it was, the earl was disappointed; but had he been able to read the squire's mind his disappointment would have been less strong. Mr. Dale knew well enough that he was being treated well, and that the effort being made was intended with kindness to those belonging to him; but it was not in his nature to be demonstrative and quick at expressions of gratitude. So he entered the drawing-room with a cold, placid face, leading Eames, and Lady Julia also, to suppose that no good had been done.

"How do you do, Sir?" said Johnny, walking up to him in a wild sort of manner—going through a premeditated lesson, but doing it without any presence of mind.

"How do you do, Eames?" said the squire, speaking with a very cold voice. And then there was nothing further said till the dinner was announced.

"Dale, I know you drink port," said the earl when Lady Julia left them. "If you say you don't like that, I shall say you know nothing about it."

"Ah! that's the '20," said the squire, tasting it.

"I should rather think it is," said the earl. "I was lucky enough to get it early, and it hasn't been moved for thirty years. I like to give it to a man who knows it, as you do, at the first glance. Now there's my friend Johnny there; it's thrown away upon him."

"No, my lord, it is not. I think it's uncommonly nice."

"Uncommonly nice! So is Champagne, or ginger-beer, or lollipops—for those who like them. Do you mean to tell me you can taste wine with half a pickled orange in your mouth?"

"It'll come to him soon enough," said the squire.

"Twenty port won't come to him when he is as old as we are," said the earl, forgetting that by that time sixty port will be as wonderful to the then living seniors of the age as was his own pet vintage to him.

The good wine did in some sort soften the squire; but, as a matter of course, nothing further was said as to the new matrimonial scheme. The earl did observe, however, that Mr. Dale was civil, and even kind, to his own young friend, asking a question here and there as to his life in London, and saying something about the work at the Income-tax Office.

"It is hard work," said Eames. "If you're under the line they make a great row about it, send for you, and look at you as though you'd been robbing the bank; but they think nothing of keeping you till five."

"But how long do you have for lunch and reading the papers?" said the earl.

"Not ten minutes. We take a paper among twenty of us for half the day. That's exactly nine minutes to each; and as for lunch, we only have a biscuit dipped in ink."

"Dipped in ink!" said the squire.

"It comes to that, for you have to be writing while you munch it."

"I hear all about you," said the earl; "Sir Raffle Buffle is an old crony of mine."

"I don't suppose he ever heard my name as yet," said Johnny. "But do you really know him well, Lord De Guest?"

"Haven't seen him these thirty years; but I did know him."

"We call him old Huffle Scuffle."

"Huffle Scuffle! Ha, ha, ha! He always

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was Huffle Scuffle; a noisy, pretentious, empty-headed fellow. But I oughtn't to say so before you, young man. Come, we'll go into the drawing-room."

"And what did he say?" asked Lady Julia, as soon as the squire was gone. There was no attempt at concealment, and the question was asked in Johnny's presence.

"Well, he did not say much. And coming from him, that ought to be taken as a good sign. He is to think of it, and let me see him again. You hold your head up, Johnny, and remember that you sha'n't want a friend on your side. Faint heart never won fair lady."

At seven o'clock on the following morning Eames started on his return journey, and was at his desk at twelve o'clock — as per agreement with his task-master at the Income-tax Office.

MY OPERATION IN GOLD.

MR. EDITOR,—I am a plain man, poor but honest, like the remarkable parents of most of our heroes; living, with my wife, on a salary which is enough to make both ends meet with a little stretching, and usually as happy as most of our race. When ill winds blow abroad I have a comfortable shelter in a quiet home, and the sympathy and love of the best of women, from whom I never conceal any thing—in fact, I would not if I could, on principle as well as interest. I have every reason to believe that my domestic happiness is as perfect as is ever vouchsafed to mortals. Strange to say, an emergency has arisen which drives me to confide in some other bosom than the one which usually receives my joys and griefs; and, for reasons to be stated, I have chosen yours. Let me tell you my tale, for the mere telling will be relief, if you can do nothing for me.

I have long been convinced that, as a rule, the female sex are most capable in the spending of a salary. That sentence leaves an echo of a slur upon them, but I did not mean it. Naturally, as you will see, my wife's image is before me when I speak of the female sex, and therefore I did not mean that they are more lavish than the men, but, on the contrary, that they are more capable of judicious spending. A salary to them puts up a fence in the path of every desire—or, at least, if not of every one, if one must be left open, they have a happy way of shortening the others. I could not compute the difference it would make to me if Sophia did not go to market and I did. On rare occasions, when I have tried it, my opinions have been so strengthened by the weary line of hashes and other fragmentary repasts which followed my efforts, and the mild reproaches for not having remembered what I bought the day before, and so on, that I now dread the necessity of buying fish, flesh, or fowl. There is always such a difference in the monthly balance, when I have flitted across the page in some of my purchases, that the first of the month, when I draw my salary, I place it in Sophia's hands, and mentally vow that, except the allowance she gives me and never expects me to account for, not a penny of it shall touch my fingers again. Every one has his weakness, and mine is an inability to handle money. To be sure I have never been much tried, but I know I should grow wild in a banker's office; and it gives me a headache to read of financial schemes, and to hear of stocks, and bonds, and hypothecation, and bulls and bears, and the premium on gold. Now, strange to say—and it is one proof that we were meant for each other—Sophia delights in money matters. She keeps books on the Italian plan, and revels in balance-sheets and monthly statements, however light the footings. I may be partial, but if Woman's Rights had been established—which neither she nor I desire—I am confident that she would be urged to accept the Treasury Department as soon as her party should be in power. In fact I often call her, playfully, my Secretary of the Treasury, and when I do so she is happier than Mr. Chase, I am sure.

Well this prepares you to understand in what condition I am left by her absence from home on a visit. I speak not of the loneliness and forlornity; the solitary meals and the silent house; the living on letters recounting her good times; the conversation, sometimes needlessly prolonged, with our handmaiden or with a chance caller. My sorrow is financial. Before she went away she delivered to me the balafice of the month's salary, of which certain portions were duly counted out and wrapped up and labeled for certain purposes, and a slate and pencil; and adjured me by the love I bore her to set down every night just what I had spent through the day. Nay more, like the lover of the Kentucky maiden, who before could not induce her to run away, she "dared" me to keep that tally right while she was gone! Impressed by this, I can lay my hand upon my heart and say that I have done so each night. There was a little delinquency a day or two since about the price of some parsnips, but that was corrected the next morning; and, but for one circumstance, if she were to return this moment I should be able, when she had performed the arithmetic, to give her her money in full tale. Alas! now that is out of the question. And my allowance is spent; nor can I, from the nature of the case, conceal my deficit, as I have heard her call some of my earlier shortcomings, from any other source.

Now it is not that I am afraid to own all this to her. I know too well the angelic sweetness with which she would forgive and pity me, and very likely make over her bonnet, and so on, that the concern may meet with no loss. But there is a reason why I prefer another course—why I am willing for a few days even to endure the stings of conscience in not confiding in her—in taking up the maxim, which I abhor, that "the end justifies the means." My sorrow grows out of the state of public affairs. Financially a great deal of sorrow has been produced, of which no doubt Sophia could write a very full

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account; but to me, besides having to weigh our tea-spoons and the soup-ladle one day, which my wife pronounced insufficient for something or other to do with the revenue, the results most apparent have been the loss of coin and the high value of gold. And these two results have combined to bring about my present woe.

It chanced that my Treasurer left me one gold coin. She does not like speculation; and gold, she said, "had gone down," so she would not part with it. In an evil moment, after her departure—how tempted, or by whom, I know not—with a vague idea of keeping *that* safe, at any rate, I put it in my pocket-book. There, day after day, I found it when I took out the slate and pencil, until— But I anticipate.

The other morning I was just leaving the house when a man wanted to sell me some fresh fish. Hungry for human converse, I discoursed somewhat with him, learned the names of his varieties, the dates of their capture, and the like, and would doubtless have soon asked about his wife and family, or whether he had any, when our handmaiden came forth and counseled a fish dinner. Glad to have the marketing off my mind, I assented. The freshest fish was purchased and removed from the scene. I began to pay for it. Paper went most of the way, and would have gone all, but I had no more. I fumbled in my pockets, found of the "shiners" almost a sufficiency; one more only was wanted. Lo, it was in my pocket-book! The man went off satisfied, and I too, for I like a fish-dinner now and then. I am bound to say, by-the-way, that experience threw great doubt upon the accuracy of the date given for that fish's capture. The lamentations of his finny family must have commenced many hours earlier.

Now, Mr. Editor, last night I came again to the slate, and all was right. An approving conscience permitted me to picture the pride and pleasure with which I should read off the items to Sophia for her to copy in her journal or ledger, or whatever volume of her set she might choose, when suddenly the gold coin was gone! I searched and hunted for it through pocket-book and pockets, money-box, and every possible receptacle, all in vain. I seized the slate to see if I could have spent it paying some large bill: to no purpose. At last, after close self-examination, and a review of the day as minute as Pythagoras could have wished, the fish-man rose before me—the need of one more cent, the finding in my pocket-book, the hasty payment, and the man's instant retreat. That man has our gold. There is no doubt about it. He has it, or he has sold it at a premium. And I am left to set down on the slate, among the items—for I scorn not to tell the whole—

Two mouthfuls of fish, say..... $14 00

True, my accounts may yet balance, but I'd rather have had a "deficit." I'd rather have had, as sometimes before, ten dollars too much than to have such an item for Sophia, to be entered, on the Italian plan, in her enduring works.

Such is my woe—no, you do not understand it yet unless you have undergone the same! First, there is the sense of being cheated—no pleasure, Sir Hudibras, by your leave—the belittling sense of not being smart enough to match an itinerant fish-monger, a poor wretch doubtless picked up in the market to work off an unsalable stock—the humbling, mortifying, shame-faced, shrinking notion you get of yourself, to have measured your wits with a beggar, and to have come off second-best. See how easily I shift the shame from myself to my conqueror; how I call him names, and want to hate him and despise him; how I would like to kick him, or hand him over to the police, or publish him as a mean villain; how I make it out his fault, not mine—for from Father Adam's time there never was a man whose instinctive feeling was not to look for a scape-goat when caught himself in a thicket.

I may venture to say that I am a man of literary tastes; that Sophia and I are both book-lovers; and that that admirable woman never financiers a surplus but that some long-coveted volume is added to our humble library, unless indeed a choice print—for we have eyes for pictures—carries the day after long deliberation. Now, Mr. Editor, I appeal to you for pity in the haunting reflections on what that wasted coin would have purchased. I agree with the poet:

"Of all the sad words from tongue or pen
The saddest are these, It might have been."

Yes, indeed, it might have been the purchase-money of the rest of Irving's works, which we have been slowly gathering in; of that dainty copy of Elia, whom we own in less befitting dress, and so have felt bound to do without; of a full Tennyson; of a final Mrs. Browning. I know where to lay my hand on every one of these in the book-shop I am suffered to frequent. I shall see them many times, and ask the price, no doubt, like a child, and have seductive discounts offered, and have to turn away and say to myself, "But for two mouthfuls, any one of these, perhaps several." I shall buzz about the table by the door, where the new books always spend a few weeks on their way to the shelves, and see many a one I would so like, and then taste that golden fish, and think, "I might have bought these, and been no poorer for them; if the money was to be lost, why could I not have known it, and saved it in the form of books?"

I know the print-seller has just come home with a fresh stock. Only yesterday his window was surrounded with admirers. I shall have to pass by on the other side. Sophia has been wanting to have a little party; but people must eat at parties, and she has doubted about it as a financial measure. Now it seems she could almost as well have given it. Somehow or other my coats will never keep inside of my allowance, and the time is approaching for a new one. I might have bought it, and surprised my Secretary of the Treasury. I should love to go for her, when it is time to bring her home, and I think they would spare me from the office. It

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would cost about sixteen dollars, and I could have gone as well as not. Our garden-spot is a trial just now, for I am no gardener, and we have not had the surplus for the needed labor. Only this morning Tim, our best gardener, was wanting to have a chance at it. And Sophia might have found the beds all laid out, and the walks trim, and her favorite vines and plants growing up, and her poor neglected grape-vine trellised. I can picture her delight. And it might have been just as well as not.

What weeks I shall have before she comes home! How many times I shall spend that spent and squandered gold! Not always on myself. How glad poor Mrs. Twitcher would have been made by it, with her six little ones, fatherless now just one week! How easily I could have sent that poor little blind Tom Lucas to the city, for the five minutes which would give him sight for all his life! How wise it would have been to have bought that wood which was offered yesterday so low, and have it piled up in our yard for our poor pensioners next winter! How much good our pastor would have done with it—nay, how much it would have done him, poor man; I declare it should have gone to him! But the fisherman took it—nay, I ate it in two mouthfuls. They say that gold is going up again. I find I have a feverish thirst for information about it, and they say it is going up again. So I am bound with my regrets, my self-reproach, my antipathies, my plans of spending and respending, to a sliding-scale of misery. I can not tell from day to day how miserable I am. To-day it may be only Charles Lamb that I have lost—*only* Charles Lamb!—and to-morrow all Irving and Tennyson. I know not what a day may bring forth. Now I could hand the slate to Sophia with "Two mouthfuls of fish, say $14 00." Perhaps when she comes home her strict unerring sense, cognizant of the current rates, may wring forth the words, "My dear Lemuel, we shall have to enter it $20 00; it stands now cent. per cent." Oh, I hope not. If you have any influence, stay this ruthless speculation in gold; bait the bulls and shoot the bears—any thing rather than this uncertainty how much you have, or perhaps had—how much somebody else had, or perhaps has—in the ownership of a piece of gold.

You see, Mr. Editor, that my good sense has not deserted me. I have not thought once of finding that fisherman. At first I abjured fish-dinners, but I mean to have them constantly, to encourage fresh fish to be brought to my door. For I know I shall never be caught again, and my handmaid thinks that she would know that man. I am not acquainted with him or his character. He may be bold, and confident that his denial without blushing would carry him through any emergency. He may be sanguine, and hope to catch another such shiner. He may find it hard to sell elsewhere—I should think he would—and so be driven here. And then what satisfaction could I have? Not the money—no, that is gone forever. Perhaps I should not even allude to it. But then I *would* ask him about his wife and family, all about them. I would win his confidence, and find out his abode, and know the man at least. That would be a mighty relief, you may be sure. For now I am distracted between two ideas of "the stalwart fisherman." He may be a mean, dishonest knave. He may drink, and my gold have given him an extra bout. He may gamble, and it have tempted him to the green fields of ruin. He may be a Copperhead, and it have initiated him into some vile traitorous club. He may be running for constable, and it have bought some of my fellow-citizens. He may have been a burglar, lately from State Prison, and it have furnished him with a new set of tools. He may have a wife whom he beats, and children whom he starves, while he hoards his gains, and it among them. Perhaps he has been *speculating* in gold; if so, I have him. May he hold on to it, waiting for a rise, and a farther rise, until it comes down with a rush, down, down—but, to be sure, he will have ten dollars! Perhaps he is verdant, and did not notice that it was no shiner; then I have him again. No, he is my brother, my fellow-victim, and some third man is reveling with my forfeited trust.

But sometimes I can not help turning the picture. I recall his hat and his coat—both shabby and worn—and he was *so* anxious to sell his fish. He must be poor, and I will try to think him honest. He knew that I was deceiving myself, and his manly heart prompted him to tell me so. But there rose before him his sick wife, and the poor little hungry children, soon to be motherless, and so many comforts for them all thronged into his thoughts that at the moment he hesitated. There lay the coin in his hand, should he restore it? It was a moment of temptation, shorter than it would have been for my speedy retreat. Oh, if I had only waited a minute! He turned away. A fisherman, he was but human—he was tried, and he fell. Perhaps he bought remorse with the draughts for his poor wife and the bread for his children! I follow him home. I see their delight and his agitation. I see the tenderness with which he smooths the pillows and kisses the worn cheek, and the glee with which the baby crows and signals to him; and the clustering of the hungry mouths about the unusual meal; and the care with which the oldest girl, both mother's and the baby's nurse, begins to tidy up, now that her weary arms are empty; and I forgive him all. Perhaps even now he is trying to make up his mind to come and tell me of it. If he comes I am ready to say to him: "You are welcome." I know Sophia would be willing to read, "Two mouthfuls of fish for myself, and a week's or fortnight's happiness to a starving family, $14 00," and even to charge it at the highest premium, under the sacred name of "charity." If I were sure that he is such a man—

Ah, that If calls back the other view. I fear the world would laugh at my conceiving such a

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palliation. I fear that with Sophia's eye upon me I could not so paint the picture as to make her see its probability. She writes me that she is coming home next week. I can not wait for the chance of the fisherman's remorse. I do not like to meet her with the bare confession of "my operation in gold." And while I was musing on it this morning one course occurred to me, taking which I have become your correspondent. I have long since lost the ambition to see myself in print, but I think I would like Sophia to see me in print. I think I know how Miss Burney and Charlotte Brontë felt when they brought to their fathers their unsuspected novels. And I should like to try it with my wife. I hear that you pay for contributions to your pages, and I have read your invitation to contributors on the cover of your Monthly. So I want you to accept this simple story of my mischance; and remit to my address, and print it in early number. Am I too sanguine? Perhaps so. I have heard of "rejected contributions," and I see that you don't undertake to return them. But before you reject this think of the usefulness of its warning to our fellow-citizens, to whom the like may happen any day, and its value as an illustration of the times. So much I can urge for it, as you are a public man. But I appeal to you no less as a private individual, to whom nothing human is foreign—as a married man, having experience of wedded joys. Consider my relief when a favorable reply, by return mail if you please, permits me to rub out that baleful entry, and to substitute,

Embarked in a literary venture.....$10 00 (in gold).

Then when my dear wife's eyes seek mine, with that sweet, puzzled, wondering look I know so well, I can say, "You shall know all about it soon. It was successful. Here is the result in money, and I think we can finish Irving with my earnings. But for the other result wait a few days. I'm going to have a secret, and keep it for once." I know she will be pleased with me. The accounts will be all right for once. And then she can set down a surplus on her Italian plan. And then she will spend it, or we will—for we always go together on such errands. And she will try to coax my secret from me, and wonder what it can be that I can keep it. And at last some happy day will bring me my expected copy—do you send them to contributors in advance?—and I will hurry home with it, not cutting the leaves even, and hug it scorching in my pocket until tea is over and the little table drawn out, and we are seated for our quiet evening; and then, as usual, I will begin to read to her from her favorite Monthly the first article which takes my fancy, which will be this one that night, and then— Well, I look back over the pages, and wonder where she will find me out. Sophia is not her own name, for I thought that would tell her too soon; and so I think she will only say, "Why, that couple must have managed as we do;" until perhaps her leaving me the slate, perhaps some tone of mine, or some twinkle in my eyes when she lifts hers from her work, will tell the secret, and then—

Well, I am sure she will be pleased. No one will suspect *us*, you know, of being Lemuel and Sophia. She will pardon my writing so freely to my writing at all. I know she will be glad to see me in print. She will pardon to a literary man, in whom it is rather to be expected, the carelessness about figures and money, which she has mildly blamed in a husband. I can not do much to make her as happy as this would; so I have done all I can toward it, and leave the rest to you. Please, Mr. Editor, weigh my fears and my hopes, my two sets of anticipations, my present loss and our possible gain, before you refuse to let my wife and the public hear through you the details of my first and last operation in gold.

Respectfully, hopefully, yours,

LEMUEL AGUR.

MISTRESS GOWAN AND HER SON.

I'VE thought for a good many years that I should have to write sometime about Erastus Gowan.

When I've heard people praising him, and looking up to him, and following after him so many ways, I've said to myself, There's more to it than any body in Plainfield knows of; and my thoughts have run back to Watertown, where I was working under Gowan from the time when Erastus was a boy.

Well now, that makes me smile. It was long enough before there was a sign of *him* on the face of the earth that I began to work for Gowan. I was only ten years old, in fact, when he gave me my first job. It was to bring a pitcher of water from the public pump in the square, on as hot a day as ever I experienced.

I remember the day of the year when Gowan was married. And I remember too the time when he first saw the lady who became Mistress Gowan.

She walked into the dock-yard one day with some books in her hands, and another girl and a young lad were with her. They had just come from school, I reckoned. In those days a great many people were constantly visiting the yard to see how the *Albatross* was growing.

And it was a sight worth coming a good bit to see. It took a "forest of timber," as they say, to set up that great floating castle. Over a hundred men, first and last, were working at it. I've seen a great many ships built in my time, but I never saw any thing that grew so magical-like as the *Albatross*.

These young people that I've reason to remember so particular, seemed to me from the first minute I looked at 'em different from the gabbling sight-seers that strolled into the yard a dozen times a week perhaps, because it had got to be a sort of fashion to lounge there instead of using Broad Street for parade ground.

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For they could no more take in the idea of a ship than they could build one.

But these three that walked in and stood about were not of that kind. I noticed them when they came through the gate. I was at work then on the lower deck. They walked round and round, and they had their eyes wide open, but they didn't seem to have much confidence about asking questions.

If I hadn't been so driven with work I should have gone right down and offered my service, for I never felt more like it. At last one of the girls sat down and took a scrap of paper out of her pocket and began to draw.

A few minutes after Mr. Gowan came across the yard, and stopped, and looked at the young folks. Then he began to talk with them, and pretty soon I saw him stooping down and looking over the girl's shoulder. She was taking the ship's portrait. Then he looked up at me.

"Solon," said he; but when he saw how busy I was, "No matter," said he, "I'll take the time myself. Come, young people, you must see how the *Albatross* looks inside."

So he put up the visitors' ladder, which he had taken down and hid that very morning, and invited them on deck.

He explained every thing to them. The young lady, the one I'm telling about, walked round with the paper in her hand, and she made a note, I guess, of every thing she saw and every thing he told her.

Good Heavens! when I think of what she was, and what she might have been, all in the same hour, if it hadn't been for me—no, no—if it hadn't been for God! for, suppose I had never been born. He didn't mean to have her killed; *somebody* would have stood there who would have been the first to hear an awful tearing, ripping sound, and then a rush through the air; *somebody* who would have looked up and seen that one of the great spars was tumbling down from aloft.

It would have hit her, nothing's surer, if I hadn't jumped down quicker than it could fall, and got her out of the way, almost breaking her neck, quite breaking my leg doing it.

It was worth having a leg shut up in a box though for three months to get such a friend by it as I had in her from that time, and to have Captain Gowan looking after me as if I had been his own brother.

One day while I was lying there a prisoner (there wasn't a day he didn't come), he brought a picture of the *Albatross*, drawn with pen and ink on cardboard. The young lady made it for him. He seemed almost as proud of it as he was of the ship itself.

Two or three years after he married this young lady. Some of the fellows thought it was a curious kind of match, some thought it was no match at all.

She was younger than Gowan by fifteen years at least. And she looked as fresh as a rose, while he looked older and more worn than he actually was. He had done such an amount of brain-work as couldn't but tell on a man.

He was always in a study, a kind of man folks didn't like to ask questions of, though if they did they got better and kinder answers than from any body else. His office was the stillest place I was ever in.

The young lady was different from him in all that. I remember how I wondered, noticing that she was full of animation and spirit, for she was bright as the brightest day, and glad as the gladdest day that ever was, what kind of influence Gowan would be likely to have on this young lady in the house. Whether she wouldn't pretty soon begin to look grave like him, and see so much trouble and distress and sorrow in the world she'd almost come to think it was a sin to smile.

It *wasn't* the kind of choice you'd expect a girl like her to make; but it seemed to me even then that if she was only equal to being his wife, really and truly his *wife*, married to him in spirit as well as yoked to him in body, there was more happiness to be looked for in their fortunes than the most of people have.

It was two or three years after their marriage, if I remember rightly, that Erastus was born.

Gowan came into the office in a hurry one morning. A kind of hurry I never saw him in before. There were several letters lying on his desk—he just tore them open and glanced at one after another. One needed an immediate answer; he dashed his pen across a sheet of paper; it was done in a moment, then he turned about and saw me standing there.

"Solon," said he, "unless something turns up that must be attended to to-day, don't let me be sent for. I'm going home. Do you know, Sir, I have a little boy up at my house? I have a son!"

He stood looking at me a minute, but I'm sure he didn't hear a word that I was saying. Then he went off, his face as grave as ever. Graver yet, maybe. There wasn't any mistaking the signs though. If there wasn't but one happy man on earth that day I had seen him.

So there was Erastus.

There was a little girl afterward, but she died, and the boy grew up alone.

Long before he could walk his mother brought him down to the yard, and there she would carry him about, or sit for hours on the dock. He was to be a ship-builder like his father, she said; and he must love the sea. He couldn't begin to make friends with it too early.

He did begin to make advances early. We thought it was wonderful when he'd stretch out his little arms toward the great awful mystery. He thought the waves were playing with him when they rolled in high and strong with their thundering sound.

It was a pretty sight to see him, but there was a more beautiful sight close by, and that was his mother. I've seen women enough who make slaves of themselves for their children's sake, and

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poor is the pay they get. But it wasn't a slave that Erastus had for an attendant. She was a queen, and he was her little subject. Years and years ago that thought came to me, and I've never seen reason to change it. In spite of all I can remember she was always the queen and he the subject.

Gowan was getting to be a man of consequence, more and more, all the while. It wasn't on account of the fortune he was making, and the reputation he had of being the best ship-builder in the country—I'm sure it wasn't any more on account of those things than on his wife's account. Going inside of his house seemed to let you into the secret. It was a perfect curiosity—I mean museum. Every thing showed there was something besides money-making thought of. The books, and the pictures, and shells, and minerals, and every thing else, showed that the minds of the people who lived there were fed on the best food they could find.

Mistress Gowan was getting ready for Erastus. She told me that herself. She said she didn't mean that he should ever come out in advance of her till he was a man—then they would make a race of it.

She told me, too, that if she could *be sure* that he would make such a man as his father was, she thought she could die content without the sight.

She said there were two things a mother would find it worth living to make sure of: first, that she should have her child's love, and second, that she should deserve it. Some folks will think that I've quoted a very simple thing here. Any body might say the same without getting a reputation for being as wise as Solomon.

That's true. But simple as it sounds there's wisdom in that remark that's worth more than riches. Let a single generation of women act on it as Mistress Gowan did, and oh what a shout would go up while they

"Crowned Him Lord of all!"

Gowan wouldn't have been Gowan if he hadn't felt proud of such a woman.

Chester and his wife were different. Chester was the proudest man I ever knew.

There was a time when I used to be at his house very often of an evening. I was making some drawings for the works, and he wanted them done under his eyes, and his house, he thought, was the best place for doing them. So, after a fashion, I got to be quite intimate in the family. They were very industrious people, children and all. Chester disapproved of wasting time on amusements, or on any thing that wasn't likely to turn out to some profit. I haven't any children of my own. Never had any. It's only a bachelor's opinion, but I made up my mind in that house, and I've never seen any reason for changing it, that there's a kind of industry that's worse than idleness. I was reading in a paper the other day that work was good for children. This was the way they proved it. Some wretch of a father had set his infant, three years old, to filling a wood-box, and couldn't help putting the fact into print, he and the baby were so delighted with the feat. Very likely, thirty or forty years from the date of that performance, there'll be a man lying on his back with spine disease, and he won't remember any thing about the wood-box.

Am I delighted with the spectacle, when I see our streets filled every day with vagrant young men and women, who haven't any thing apparently to do in God's world? Who can't even find a cup of cold water to put to famishing lips? I am NOT. Well, then, education begins in the cradle! To be sure it does; but tie a fireman's bucket around a carrier-pigeon's neck, and put it among statistics the distance the little thing managed!

It was the kind of strain Chester's boy and girl were put through, only, instead of filling wood-boxes, and "making themselves useful" in that kind of way, they were set at the harder work of piling up lumber in their heads.

These two weren't a great many years in finding out that there were always a couple of chances of their getting what they wanted—for children are sharp as pirates, and always on the look-out, if you once set them on that track. Their first plan was to try their father; if he consented, well and good. If he refused out and out, of course they could bring their mother over to their side.

They had as fair an outside as any two young persons I ever beheld. And their manners were well enough; but you let a child understand it's of more importance how he looks to folks outside of him than to God Almighty, who's inside surveying the works, and you've got a good fair start for a perfect failure of a human being.

Chester wanted to do great things for his children. They were going to be educated, and he was working day and night for nothing under heaven but to lay up fortunes for them.

That he should break down in the middle of his work and die outright in a minute, as it were, he never thought that such a thing could happen.

None of us thought it likely. But there came a shock one day. He had a stroke, and another, and another on the top of it, till he died.

It was an awful case—a man taken up in a minute so, while he was full of business, and never permitted to open his mouth and give directions about a dozen different matters which were all at loose ends. For a day or two it seemed as if there was a great deal on his mind; he *must* speak. But after that it was horrible; there he lay, and gave no sign till he breathed his last. If there wasn't proof that life is as a "vapor" and "a vain show," I don't know where you should turn for it.

Mr. Gowan looked into Chester's affairs, and the next thing he did was to shoulder the whole family.

The boy and girl should have their education, he said, just as their father had intended. He would help them till they were able to help themselves.

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I never in my life saw so plausible a person as Howard Chester. Nothing short of Omniscience could find him out, for he was deep as the sea. He studied hard, and he never forgot any thing he had learned once. Besides that, he was gay and handsome, and a prize man at boating. You couldn't help expecting a good deal of a fellow who had as much brain and muscle as he had.

It was Gowan all over to make a good deal of him. He would have done that on Chester's account, if Howard hadn't been half the man he was.

Perhaps it was as much as six weeks after Chester's death when I went down to the pier one night—I had an errand that way—and it happened there was a vessel just sailing out of the harbor. Most of the men on the pier were wharf hands, who had business there; but there were two young men—not *men* either—though they were more than boys, who had nothing to do there except to stand on the pier and watch the ship. She was more than suspected by some folks of being a slaver.

As I walked along I heard the younger of these two say out, not in a very loud voice, but with such a will that any body passing by couldn't help hearing every word of it,

"It makes no difference to me what you think about it now. You know where the ship is bound for, and so do I. If you're of the same mind about sailing with her next time she makes a voyage I won't say a word."

It was Erastus Gowan that was speaking, and Howard Chester who answered him.

"I don't know what you mean by that. The *Eagle* is going to Madeira and Spain, on a trading voyage. It's a devilish fine thing if a fellow can't be allowed to make use of such a chance as I had to get an independent living. What sort of person do you take me for? I don't want your father to feel as if he had me on his hands. I can earn my own living, and take care of my mother and sister, and I'll do it."

"Of course you will," said Erastus. "Let's go home."

"I'm as much at home out here as I am any where on earth!" was Howard's answer, and he said it like a savage. "What are you up to, any way?"

"Howard Chester, didn't you know that ship was sailing for Guinea, and will bring back a cargo of blacks to Charleston? Every body knows it, I guess, except the authorities."

If he answered I didn't hear it. I passed along just then on purpose they should see me, for I thought perhaps they'd have some listeners to their conversation they wouldn't like to have if they went on much longer.

Just as I got past them I heard my name called: "Solon! Solon Armstrong!"

It was Erastus that called, and he did it as if he wanted help. So I turned about and walked home with the young gentlemen.

I supposed they were going home, of course; but I don't know where they went to. It was a most uncomfortable walk. When we came to Cliff Street I expected, of course, to see the last of one or both of them. But no: up and down, through and across, from street to avenue and lane, I led, and they followed on, till we came to the door of the house where I lodged. Then they left me quick as thought—before I could say "Good-night" Erastus followed Howard around the corner.

I was wondering a good deal what Howard would do next; for it didn't seem likely that, if he had such feelings as I heard him say he had about being dependent on others, he would cool down all in a minute, and go at any steady work like studying. It wasn't probable, I thought, that a young fellow who had been desperate and wild one day, would show himself prudent and tame the next. But all I heard or saw of him showed that he could be prudent. He went on with his school as he had before, till there came a long vacation; then he came into the office and asked Captain Gowan for work.

I was going into the yard late one evening that summer, when I met Chester coming out. He went past me in a hurry, and didn't speak. When I turned to look at him he was on a run.

I went along the dock to look after my boat, when I saw a little skiff that had just put out. There was no mistaking the two inside in such a moonlight as that. One was Erastus: he held the oars. The other was Honora: she sat opposite him. Honora was Howard's sister.

If I could have done it, the Lord knows I would have drawn that skiff back, and sent the couple home by different ways—ways as far apart as Behring's Straits and Terra del Fuego. I thought that what I saw was the last thing that Mistress Gowan would be glad to see. If the boy was on that track he might as well take an anaconda and twist it round his neck. That was what I thought of Honora Chester—a creature no more like Annie Gowan, when she was a girl, than a pearl is like a fish-scale. I declare it made me mad to see how Erastus was being caught in the net they had made between them and thrown out—for they had fairly thrown it; when they hauled it in, by-and-by, they expected as good fish as ever swam in the sea would reward them.

That was the reason I asked the first time I saw him what kind of a sail he had the other night.

"Very pleasant," he said. It wasn't like him to ask me what business that was of mine; but he looked vexed and troubled at my question. Pretty soon he turned about from the desk where he was reading, and said,

"Howard was going along, but just as we got the boat out he remembered he had made an engagement he must keep."

"Yes," said I; "do you want to know what that was?"

"I didn't ask him."

"*Perhaps* he would have told you," said

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I. "He was writing for your father till midnight."

I thought Erastus looked surprised at that; but he spoke up, very quick:

"I am glad of that! You don't like Howard, but father does. If he was only rich he'd have friends enough. It don't make any difference with father, that don't; nor with me either. People are welcome to like him or not, as they please. I'm sure he don't care; he'll get along without their consent, I dare say."

I couldn't stand this kind of talk from him.

"You've known me pretty well ever since your mother brought you down here to make you acquainted with the sea," said I. "What do you think I'd bother myself for about who you took for your friends?"

"That's what I don't know."

"Well," said I, "if you don't know, Erastus, it's no matter."

I was going off after I said that; but he called to me, and said,

"Solon Armstrong, have I made you angry?"

"Is there any thing to be angry at?" said I.

"Yes, I should think so; if you really care any thing for me."

"I've always cared for you, for your father's and mother's sake," said I.

That hit him. He came up close to me, and looked at me in such a way I could have forgiven him any thing.

"Care for me for my own sake," said he; "only don't abuse poor Chester."

"There's no danger of his being abused by me," said I.

"I should think not. For his father's sake you wouldn't. You were his old friend."

"Not as I am your father's friend, though. What made you call Chester poor?"

He didn't answer immediately: at last he said,

"He *is* poor. He has a hard life of it."

"Does he say so?"

"I can see it for myself."

"No you can't," said I. "That's your great mistake. He *hasn't* a hard life of it, unless he makes it hard. He has as good a chance as ninety-nine men out of a hundred ever have. He's got brains enough, and brass enough. You needn't think, Erastus, he'll ever stop at trifles."

What I meant, speaking so about the net along back a little, was, that I *knew* if Erastus hadn't been urged on by somebody besides himself he wouldn't have spent his time that summer the way he did—getting up excursions, and races, and pleasure parties, and horseback rides, and so on. It was all in him, of course, to be lively, and to look for pleasure where old folks wouldn't find it; but he wouldn't have gone on in the way he did of his own pushing. I knew that well enough. I knew it better than his father did; for though nobody ever heard a word of complaint from him against Erastus, I know he looked at the boy sometimes and wondered how it was all going to end, and wished that he would show the same liking for work that Howard was showing in the yard. Indeed, I heard him say as much one day to Mistress Gowan; and she answered, "It will be all right: we must wait."

Now I'm not railing, understand, against a young man who has his own way to make in the world, for trying to please his benefactor, and to be of use in the business his father served in. Howard had a perfect right to make himself indispensable, if he could. But he hadn't a right to make it appear that Erastus hated work, and would get rid of it on any kind of pretense.

All these things were in my mind when Erastus said,

"Father thinks different from you about Howard, Solon. You're hard on him, Solon. You don't understand."

"Be sure *you* do," said I; and I couldn't help adding, "Suppose, now, you go into the office a few minutes every day, as if you was there for work. Your father would provide it for you quick enough, if you only took an interest, and he saw you wanted to get your hand in."

"There's no more than Howard can do," said he, speaking up very quick. There it was. I knew I had hit the mark right in the very centre.

"Well," said I, "suppose there isn't?"

"That's good advice!" said he, after a minute. "Take the bread out of a fellow's mouth! Howard is in earnest about learning to do business of father. I can tell you I am glad enough to have him!"

What he meant was that he had been working all along to bring this about. But he didn't say so. He wouldn't even make a confidant of me, if it seemed like compromising Howard.

One day Mistress Gowan asked me some questions about those two young fellows: if they were good friends, and so on. I thought likely she had heard something that troubled her, for there were a good many reports flying about the dock-yard and in the town. I suppose Captain Gowan was about the only man they never reached.

I never could help speaking out exactly what was in my mind to that woman. I felt that if I kept back any thing she'd be sure to know it the moment she looked at me; and so I said,

"A good deal better friends than I wish they were."

I knew this answer was a complete one to her question; but I couldn't let it end there. I knew she would be gone in a moment, so I made bold to say,

"Mistress Gowan, wouldn't a long journey, or a sea-voyage, be a good thing for Erastus?"

"Perhaps not now," she answered.

"Wouldn't he be safe away from here, don't you think?"

"Not if there is danger for my boy *here*," said she. "He carries his heart along with

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him wherever he goes, Solon. If I understand any thing about my boy, he has thrown himself into a work that God only can see as it is. I think he has been placed in many a cruel strait by it; that he has gone into some dangerous places he has found it difficult to get out of again. Pitch defiles whoever touches it. But I understand Erastus. He would have explained some mysteries to me if he had felt at liberty to betray another. I am sure of one thing: there is nothing to be feared on account of Honora Chester. He loves his mother so well he will be noble in every other love. He could not love her nobly."

But though she said all this, and believed it, Mistress Gowan was troubled. The mother of Paul the Apostle would have been troubled if she had seen the viper that clung to his hand at Melita. The barbarians who knew the animal best expected to see him falling down dead suddenly.

It wasn't long after she was speaking to me in this way that Erastus came to my office one morning when I was at work. He stood about there a good while very uneasy. I knew he wanted to say something to me in particular; so after a while, to help him through with it, I put up my tools and got on my overshoes, as if I was going right out. Then he came up to the desk and looked right at me, bold as you please, and said:

"Solon, do you happen to have any money by you?"

He pretended to be indifferent, but I saw he was in dead earnest about it. I did happen to have three months' pay in my pocket-book, and meant to put it in the bank that morning. I took out the book and laid it on the desk. At that he put his hand on it. I didn't like the way he did it. I'd call it grabbing in another fellow. But the instant he laid his hand on it that way he took it off again, and went and stood by the stove. That looked as if he had felt something in him he hadn't felt before when he stepped back that way, and as if he had said, "Down, Sir!" to some animal.

"What do you want, Erastus?" said I.

"I wanted to borrow a small sum of you for a day or two," said he.

If he'd asked me for my year's salary I could hardly have refused him, right or wrong; so I said:

"How much?"

"A hundred dollars is what I'd like."

"You can have it," said I. "Of course it's all right. You want it for yourself. You don't waste your money."

"Don't you be alarmed," said he. "You will have it all back in a day or two. It isn't going to be spent about any foolish business. It's going to do a real service."

But in spite of what he had promised, a few days, and many days passed, and the money didn't come. I was in no hurry, but I did feel disappointed. I didn't want to think Erastus could fall behind that way. Besides, I didn't like his style of treating me. It was clear enough to me that if he had borrowed the money for himself he would have explained the business he had been about; but seeing he hadn't, and that he was bothered by not having it back to pay as soon as was expected, he began to feel toward me as if I had offended him, because he knew, or thought, that I was wondering what he meant by such proceedings.

I couldn't stand this long.

He couldn't either. For one day he said to me:

"Solon, I've been disappointed about getting you're money for you. There's a man owing me for it who is perfectly good, but he wants a few days longer. He will be ready to pay it up now in a very little time."

"That isn't of any consequence to me," said I, "only I'd be glad to know, Erastus, that the same man hasn't been getting money from you to pay debts of honor, as he calls them, who has been about that sort of business pretty active lately, and run it into the ground."

His face turned the color of a live coal.

Then I said right out, for I couldn't beat that bush eternally, "I mean Howard Chester. If a man could believe him, there isn't any end to the debts of honor his father must have owed. Now who will believe that of a man as prompt and prudent as Chester was? I don't for one. I think it's a cheap way of raising money to pay his own debts. You're welcome to what you've had of me. I reckon I'm in your father's debt for more than I can pay; so don't you plague yourself about me. But if you don't get out of the business you're in, Erastus," said I, "you'll be swamped yet. And nobody can help it. I was asked the other day if old Chester ever gambled. I said no. The person who asked me said it was mighty strange, then; he never saw a young man play a game like Howard Chester if he hadn't been trained in such things from the time he could walk. But for all that he don't always play a winning game."

Whenever I think how Erastus stood and listened while I spoke, my mind runs on to think of Him in whom Pilate found no fault at all—who stood and answered nothing, though the rulers and the great men, when they had accused him, got into a rage at his silence.

Pretty soon—he had stood looking down on the floor—he lifted up his head and faced me. I saw tears in his eyes; they fell on his cheek.

"Solon," said he, "you ought to understand it."

I couldn't answer that. I *did* understand. He was in the work of redemption, whose anguish must be borne in silence by whoever undertakes it. I hadn't another word to say. I knew now how his mother trusted him, and why.

It was about this time, though, that I saw Honora Chester with a diamond ring on her finger. It was a ring Erastus used to wear.

Not long after the heaviest calamity I ever *felt* fell on me. Gowan died—Captain Gowan.

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He was the greatest man—the best man I ever knew or heard of.

His death was unexpected—quite as unexpected as that of Chester was. It was singular their fate should have been in some respects so much alike. For there was no time for him to straighten out his affairs before he went. There was no confusion, though, which strangers taking hold of must make worse. It was seen how he stood by any clear eye that looked over his books. A great deal of his money, the best part of it, in fact, was invested in projects that were as yet not half carried out. Under a firm hand they would be successful; but if there was any bungling any where they might just as easily fall into ruin. I confess I saw ruin, nothing else, ahead. For where was the firm, bold hand, the courageous will, the patience and industry, the sagacity that was needed to prevent it? There was Howard Chester. Lord! it was dreadful to be thinking of such matters, and to *have* to think of them while Gowan was lying in his house not buried yet.

When I heard Howard giving his directions to this man and that, as if he were the manager of every thing, when I saw him reading letters and answering them, taking the place of the Captain's son, you may believe it was as much as I was able to endure.

I couldn't get at Erastus. He was with his mother. I wanted to say one word to him. But if the chance had been given me could I have said it?

Heaven preserve me from ever attending another funeral of one I love; but I shall never love another man as I loved him—with such impatience to be done with the dead—such a distracted sense of duty that would fail, if it did not intrude on the grief of the living, and call on them to come out of the holy place into the market and look at these things of earth, while all their thoughts and desires were with the lost one in heaven!

I was walking about the dock-yard that night after the funeral. We were gloomy enough down there. All work had been pretty much suspended during the last three days, and at this hour the men had all gone home. I was alone, and walking up and down I was thinking of the business I determined to settle in the morning let what would come of it.

From thinking of this duty, and what was likely to be the result of my undertaking it, my mind turned to him who *was* the soul, the mind, the will of all these works. I tried to think of him as entered into his rest, and how, if he could look back on the scene of his long labors, he would be likely to counsel his son.

I had got as far as Erastus in my thinking when I heard some one approaching toward me, and when I looked I saw it was Captain Gowan's son.

He came straight on to me. He was looking for me—I knew that by the way he walked, faster and faster. When he got by my side he took my arm with a sort of grip that seemed to say there was something I, *I* had got to do for him. That he sought *me*. That I was the man he wanted.

When I looked down on him, dressed in black, in mourning for his father—for blessed Captain Gowan! standing alone there, looking so pale, and remembered where I saw him last, by his father's open grave, striving to stand so firm there with his mother leaning on him—such a reed he looked like—I put my arms around him—I wanted to tell him he might use old Solon as a sword to fight the world with, while the blade could stick in the handle; but I couldn't say one word.

He was the one to speak. He had come to speak.

"Solon," said he, "I have run down the first minute I could find to talk with you." He stopped a minute, but not to see if I had any thing to say; and if he had waited longer I couldn't have spoken a word. But it wasn't on account of the pity I felt; you know how in a minute that feeling may be changed into awe, and wonder, and reverence, when some little stripling stands up like a hero armed with the sword of the Lord. That was what I felt about Erastus. It was David facing Goliath over again—Erastus facing Duty.

"There are some things," said he, "that can't stand still. If I should shut myself up in the house some things would go to ruin; the things, he expected, would come out complete and successful, just to his mind. I know father and mother have as much confidence in you as in any man alive. And I want to tell you that *I* have. *I want to ask you, Solon, to have as much in me.* I want you to say you can trust me, and act as if you did."

"I trust you, Erastus," I said. "God knows I trust you."

"I thought if I asked it—whatever you thought before—you would. I came to ask it. That's what I left mother for. To-morrow I shall tell her that if she can trust us both we will carry on father's business, go through with his plans. Stand right where he did."

He was stronger than I, and braver than I, for I couldn't answer a word.

"Can we do it, Solon?" asked he, so agitated that he shook just like a leaf.

Then I said, "We can, God helping."

He broke short off in the walk at that. It was all he wanted me to say. "I'll go back to mother," said he. "I shall be down here by eight o'clock to-morrow. I know what we've undertaken, Solon. It will be done."

It was done. If any thing depended now on perfect confidence in him, his mother understood it. No boy was ever trusted as Erastus was.

As she had declared to me long before it happened—*she was ready for him.*

What was the consequence? In less than five years the boy had got the name for business his father had maintained for thirty years.

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As to Howard Chester I have little to say of him. All I wanted to write I have written. I wanted some people, especially some women, should know about Mistress Gowan and her son. Those beautiful Temples of the Holy Ghost. Howard staid in the office but a little while under the new master. Things turned out with him just as you might have expected.

Honora married a man and ruined him, and her brother has been going up and down ever since, like Satan of old, seeking whom he may devour. He has sailed on some mysterious voyages, and if the law ever lays its hand on him the community will shudder at its revelations. That's all I have to say.

THE BATTLE OF ANTIETAM.*

WEDNESDAY, *September 17th.* Before retiring last night I had seen my horse safely stabled by my host, but, as General Sumner's cavalry escort had bivouacked all over the premises, and as I suspected that the distinction between meum and tuum in the matter of horseflesh was somewhat neglected in the code of cavalry morals, I took with me to sleep a half uneasy feeling, and was awakened by it before daybreak. Upon going to the stable I found all right; the cavalry-men were making coffee; and as soon as daylight came I mustered my squad, accomplished my errand, breakfasted in the tent of the officer whom I had come to seek, and was soon on my way back to the division.

By this time the incessant roar of artillery, apparently a couple of miles distant on the right, indicated that a battle was going forward; the dusty street of the little village was full of orderlies and staff officers, riding hither and thither on various duties; every house boiled over with excitement, and gathered upon its stoop a knot of half-frantic women, whose terror it was pitiful to behold. Of course my own thoughts were full of the impending conflict, of whose happy result to the good cause I could not doubt. We certainly had forced the enemy into a dangerous corner, and I felt sure that the music of these cannon was ushering in the salvation-day of the republic. Our victory at South Mountain had not lost its inspiration, and there was thus every reason for being hopeful and enthusiastic.

I was soon riding into the last night's camping ground of our division, but the ashes of their camp-fires were cold. Troops were, however, massed in the fields beyond, and thither I hastened, to be again disappointed. Presuming that they must have advanced still farther to the front, I rode on to find other troops drawn up in line of battle, but these also were strangers to me, and no one could give me the desired information. I was now on the battle-field of Antietam, and near the front of our centre.

I should like to give a full description of this famous battle, but the attempt would fail for various reasons, one difficulty being that personally I know little about it. The newspaper press, with its corps of keen observers in every part of the field, has given its general features artistically, and as faithfully as is perhaps possible. I may be permitted, therefore, to give only my own limited and partial experiences and observations.

At the point where I now paused for a moment, just about the central point of our army, and on the east side of Antietam Creek, I saw no indications of a hostile force in the fields and woods opposite. Our forces were coming into position near me, but on the other side of the creek all was still. Very few missiles had yet come this way; but, as I rode away, I saw one shell burst in a group of our men, wounding two or three severely. A house upon a commanding elevation was pointed out to me as the head-quarters of General M'Clellan, and thither I at once proceeded, as the last resort for the information I sought. Here was the immense cavalry escort waiting in the rear, staff horses picketed by dozens around the house, while the piazza was crowded with officers seeking to read with their field-glasses the history of the battle at the right. On an elevation a couple of hundred yards in front, commanding a still better view, groups of officers, newspaper correspondents, and citizens were assembled, and I at once joined them, leaving my horse for a moment in the valley below.

It was only the usual battle panorama, and I could not distinguish a single battery, nor discern the movements of a single brigade, nor see a single battalion of the men in gray. Smoke-clouds leaped in sudden fury from ridges crowned with cannon, or lay thick and dim upon the valleys, or rose lazily up over the trees; all else was concealed; only the volleyed thunder was eloquent; and no man was so stolid, of all who now stood gazing down upon the field of death, but pictured in his excited imagination a scene with some at least of the features of the dread reality.

Only a short outlook was permitted me; for here I had discovered that beneath that smoky canopy my own division was engaged, having last evening been sent from the centre to the extreme left. It was necessary to return toward Keadysville, turn to the left over a road which crossed the Antietam by a stone bridge, and, after a two miles' ride, I had little need to inquire the way. It was now about nine o'clock, and already the ebb-tide which flows from every battle-field had fairly set in, bearing out some stragglers, but chiefly those of our wounded, whose injuries, being slight or in the upper portion of the body, permitted them to walk slowly back toward Keadysville, having already been bandaged in the field-hospitals. Ambulances bringing off the more desperately wounded, or returning for fresh freights of agony; pale-faced men looking up at me from the grassy wayside

* From *The Bivouac and the Battle-Field; or, Campaign Sketches in Virginia and Maryland*, by GEORGE F. NOYES, Captain United States Volunteers. Just published by Harper and Brothers.

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where they had paused to rest; a captain of our old brigade smilingly holding up both arms bandaged and bleeding, and assuring me that we were doing well on the right—such are some of the pictures left in my memory by that morning's ride.

And still, as I hastened on, the roar of the artillery and infantry grew more terrible, and I was soon passing a hospital sheltered in a low-lying valley on the verge of the battle-field. Farm-houses, barns, outhouses, all were tenanted, and still the stretcher-bearers brought in from the front a constantly fresh addition. I had no time to-day to visit this hospital, but, as I rode past the barn, a collection of amputated limbs lying outside the door attested the hurried and wholesale character of the work going on within. At any other time such a sight would have shocked me, but to-day it came in naturally as part of the scene.

For now the ghastly procession of the wounded—some tottering along unsupported, some leaning upon their comrades, some borne upon stretchers, some carried in the arms of their friends, every step an agony—passed me almost continuously; full five hundred mangled and bleeding men, some of them with hardly life enough in them to reach the hospital. There were sights that day whose sad horrors can never be forgotten, too sad and horrible for any description here. And it was through this bloody avenue I must pass forward to the battle. It was no time to grow sick and faint, for into that hell of smoke and battle-din, out of which come these bleeding braves, I must enter, come what, come may. Let me admit that it was a terrible morning's ride.

I was now on the Hagerstown turnpike, across which cavalry were drawn up with drawn sabres to prevent the egress of stragglers from the battle-field. And now in what part of that awful hurly-burly of cloud and noise just ahead is my division? The cavalry-men were ignorant; none of the wounded could tell me; I must push on, and trust to fortune. As I rode down the turnpike, I passed under a hilly crest to its left, upon which a battery was posted, now hurling shot and shell over my head at a rebel battery opposite. On my right I saw troops drawn up in line of battle; on my left I soon met other troops drawn up in a grove near the road; but still I heard nothing of my division, except that it was somewhere in front. And now I was passing between spots desperately fought over already this morning, when over the fields, or in the road just ahead, I was astonished to see some of our troops apparently falling back, and soon also I discovered the general.

We were now in rather too hot a place for the exchange of courtesies, but I saw at a glance that I had come at an inauspicious moment, and a word or two of hurried explanation told me the whole story. I had arrived just at the period when, General Hooker having been driven fainting with his wound from the field, our right wing, which had driven the enemy through these fields above us into a thick grove farther up the road, at least a mile, with great slaughter, had been compelled to fall back by the outnumbering force which the enemy, whose centre and right were left unattacked during all these morning hours, was able to concentrate against it. The bravest fighting could not withstand such fearful odds, especially as our old opponent, Stonewall Jackson, had sheltered his reserves behind rocky ledges waist-high, and wonderfully adapted for defense, had deepened natural depressions into rifle-pits, had laid up long lines of fence-rail breast-works, and so was all ready for a formidable resistance.

Our old brigade retained the position in which it was first posted in support of artillery, but the other brigades were falling back to a new position in excellent order, and the general and staff were overseeing the movement. A bitter disappointment all this to me, but how much worse to the men who had moved through such a storm of leaden rain up this turnpike, through yonder corn-field, close up to the rocky citadel—"slaughter-pen," as a friend designated it—where the rebels from behind stone bulwarks shot down our exposed ranks. But, though the anxious strain still rested on their features, there was not even a shadow of despair, and nowhere was there a single symptom of panic among our officers or men.

The division was soon halted, and drawn up in line of battle on both sides the Hagerstown turnpike; but the enemy did not follow up his temporary advantage, and the infantry fighting at this point was over. The artillery on both sides still filled the air with shot and shell, but not long after this ceased also; the general and staff dismounted, our horses were tethered on the west of the road, and there was a little rest. It was now about 10 A.M., and the right wing had been engaged since daybreak. The enemy, having overpowered our attack in this direction, was now able to give his undivided attention to his centre and right wing, which were to be attacked in turn later in the day.

After a brief interval under the trees, an orderly brought orders from General Meade, now in command of our corps since General Hooker's wound, to march the division on the east side of the turnpike, near our present locality, where we formed in line of battle behind several batteries, and the men were ordered to lie down on their arms. The woods and fields in front of this key-point of the right wing were now voiceless and still; not a grayback could be seen; not a battery saluted us; the scene of the late encounter seemed quiet and deserted. Thirty cannon of various calibre were silently looking toward the foe; grimly behind their pieces stood the gunners, peering out over field and wood, eager to get sight of the enemy. At any attempt to plant a rebel battery, any demonstration of rebel infantry, any symptom of advance, some of them took sight, and sent a shot or shell shrieking among the trees. One of these batteries of our division is well worth visiting; it

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has lost this day thirty-eight officers and men killed and wounded, and twenty-eight horses; but here it is now posted, every gun brought safely out of the fight, the ranks of its heroic gunners now recruited by infantry volunteers. If one half be true which the staff tell me as we stand around this battery, hundreds of rebels must have fallen this day before the hurricane of grape and canister poured in a critical moment right into the face of the enemy from these wide-mouthed Napoleon guns.

Seated on this little summit, I listened to the deeply interesting recital of the events which occurred before I reached the field. How two of our staff appeased their hunger by a hoe-cake taken from the haversack of a dead rebel soldier; how one general of our division, at a doubtful moment, leaped toward a battery, ordered in double charges of grape and canister, and personally sighted the pieces into the enemy's teeth; how another general, not of our division, left his brigade to advance without him; how the horses of three of our orderlies were killed by a bursting shell as they rode behind the general, and yet no one was hurt seriously; how up to the last moment all was going well, when, just as our boys were pushing into some woods, leaving the corn-field behind them full of rebel dead and wounded, they found themselves confronted with fresh troops, fully fortified, who swept them with volleys so terrible that a retreat was unavoidable—these and the thousand and one little personal incidents, only uttered into friendly ears, greatly interested me, though of course there was in my own mind a natural feeling of regret that I had lost all these new experiences.

But little did any of us imagine that for us the battle of Antietam was nearly over; this seemed to be only the first act of the tragedy, and every moment might lift the curtain for a new scene. On our left, toward the centre of our main line, the din of battle had long been heard, and ever and anon one or more of our own cannon in front spoke out its thunder. As an attack on our position was momentarily expected, one or the other of the staff was constantly engaged in sweeping with a glass the presumed locality of the enemy. Meantime our infantry rested on the ground in long lines—thin, broken ranks at best, giving one a pang at the heart to see how small were some of the regiments now gathered about the torn and bullet-riddled colors. On our right were the Pennsylvania Reserves, and other troops were gradually posted behind us to aid in resisting the expected attack, each brigade in turn stacking arms and then lying down.

Thus every moment was a moment of expectation; of anxiety as to the result of the battle in the centre, and later in the day on our extreme left; of the suppressed excitement of men liable at any moment to be called into battle, and yet of practical rest and idleness. I passed much of the time out among the batteries, whence we had a good view of the woods in which the enemy might lie concealed until the moment of attack, and of the corn-field, which afforded admirable covert for infantry. At times we saw little squads of men at the edge of the woods—rebel pickets, or persons curious like ourselves. A horseman on a white horse showed himself several times on a slight elevation beyond the corn-field, and we christened him Stonewall Jackson. I found that a powerful imagination helps out a picture wonderfully, for several times I was assured by others that large bodies of rebels could be seen *en masse* at the edge of the woods, while the glass gave me a view of nothing but trees.

During the day we were able to get up a wagon or two with provisions, which the regimental quarter-masters distributed among the men. I was walking down the lines, when a regimental captain thus accosted me, holding up a great piece of pork on his sword: "Look here, captain, this is the allowance of pork for my company, and I shall have to eat it all, for I am the only one left." I paused to inquire about it, and found it was even so; no commissioned or non-commissioned officer, no private, not even a drummer-boy remained to him. We talk with sadness about the decimated ranks of a regiment or company; here was a company simply annihilated by sickness, wounds, and death.

During the day some of our boys brought in from the adjacent fields the dead bodies of some of their comrades, and buried them in the rear of our little elevation, placing at their heads strips of cracker-box-covers, with the name and regiment of the deceased in pencil. Horses were lying all about us just where they were killed, for over this spot the battle had at one time fiercely raged. Hour after hour of inaction slipped away, while the battle-field on our left was fought over fiercely, terribly, with a stubborn desperation on both sides rarely exhibited since the world began. For the truth of this statement I may safely appeal to the statistician when the records of this day's work are made up, and the lists of dead and wounded are completed, or to any one who may visit with me two days hence the field of battle and witness the fearful result.

Sometimes it seemed as if the fighting had drawn so near to us that it must be in the next wood, and that our turn must soon come, and then the din of battle would move off to the left, leaving us quiet as before. Of course rumor had full swing on such a day as this; victory, defeat, large Union reinforcements, the repulse of our left wing, the death of several of our prominent generals, the taking of several thousand prisoners, all were in turn buzzed through the ranks, and relieved somewhat the tedious waiting of this long day. About 4 P.M. General M'Clellan, with his staff, rode along our lines, and was greeted with much enthusiasm by the troops. We had now learned that our centre and left had been partially successful, the enemy having been driven back with much

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loss, though still holding firmly their new position.

One of our orderlies brought us about this time from a neighboring farm-house a loaf of bread, with a modicum of butter ingeniously stored in a hole cut in the loaf, and we sat down to enjoy it, with a cup of coffee, for the men had been permitted to light fires and cook their rations. We began to think that the fighting for the day was over. But about 5 P.M., sudden as lightning out of a clear sky swept over us another tornado of rebel wrath, and the shot and shell began to strike and burst over and about us in all directions. In an instant we were in the saddle; but before we were fairly mounted our thirty guns, which had been impatiently awaiting this opportunity for hours, swept woods and corn-field with a deluge of shot and shell. Never before had I known how tremendous may be the roar of mingled artillery. Thirty guns, each discharged as fast as the men could load! they actually shook the hill; nay, the concussion seemed enough to shake the planet.

As the rebel projectiles were supposed to be introductory to an infantry attack, the troops in front were notified to be ready, while those in rear fell in, took arms, advanced closer to the crest of the hill, and also lay down, prepared for action at a moment's notice. The Reserves still remained as before, except that each commander was getting his men into thorough preparation; every wagon went off at full gallop; the right wing was all ready; and now we sat on our horses, looking earnestly down to see what was to be the next move. General Meade, who succeeded to the command of our corps after General Hooker was wounded, rode up to the crest where we were stationed, and reconnoitred the position of the enemy's batteries as coolly as if at a review. Already decorated with a bullet-hole in his cap as a trophy of to-day's battle, his almost nonchalant manner, and the quiet way in which, amidst the tornado of rebel wrath, he gave his orders to make ready for the storm, greatly impressed me. I saw the shot strike so close to our men as to fling the dust apparently over them; for perhaps ten minutes the enemy kept up a lively cannonade, but not a man was, to my knowledge, killed or wounded. This artillery firing at long range is terrible to hear, but is rarely fatal.

From some prisoners afterward captured we learned that it had been the intention of the enemy to attack with infantry, General Jackson's favorite time for flinging himself upon us seeming to be just before sunset. If this was his intention, the awful fire of our batteries must have admonished him of our thorough state of preparation, for in a brief period his batteries ceased to play, and our own thirty guns were silent also.

During a visit to one of our hospitals I heard from the lips of a German, who was severely wounded in to-day's battle, a thrilling account of his personal experiences during this ten minutes' cannonading. He was lying under a tree, desperately wounded and unable to stir, with several other Union soldiers and a number of rebels, all in the same condition, in the woods, where some of the hardest fighting had been, and through which now crashed our shot and shell. The ground had been taken from the enemy and occupied by our troops early in the day, but was retaken by the rebels, so that wounded men in blue and gray lay indiscriminately together. He suffered little pain, but was tortured with thirst, relieved from time to time by some generous Southerner, who, in passing, shared with him the contents of his canteen. When, however, the shot and shell from our own batteries, in this five o'clock duel, began to shriek among the trees, killing some of our own wounded men, he described his sensations as truly horrible. Unable to move, planted by his wound just there, with these death-messengers crashing, bursting, striking sometimes within ten feet of him, what language could paint a scene so terrible! All that night, all the next day, and the next night also, he remained untended, only to be taken up at last when the enemy had retired and our own troops occupied the field. When I talked with him he was lying under a shelter-tent, outside a garden, every part of which was filled with the shelter-tent bedrooms of wounded rebels, waiting until his wound was sufficiently healed to enable him to be moved into the house. He told me that the surgeon had promised to save his leg, and added, in his broken way, a fervent hope that he might have one shot more at the enemy.

With this cannonading ended the fighting of the right wing for the day. The men were now permitted to bring in bundles of straw from the neighboring farms, with which they made themselves beds, and lay down in line of battle; the tired gunners made themselves similarly comfortable alongside their guns; pickets stood, with eye and ear open, close to the rebel lines, ready to give instant warning should a night-attack be attempted; and hardly had the darkness descended on hill and wood before we had also lain down on beds of corn-shooks and straw, pulled our blankets over us, and all was still. No one removed even his sword; our horses stood saddled and ready for instant use at the fence near by; all felt the importance of getting as much rest as possible while rest was permitted us.

There was no tree over our heads to shut out the stars, and as I lay looking up at these orbs moving so calmly on their appointed way, I felt, as never so strongly before, how utterly absurd in the face of high Heaven is this whole game of war, relieved only from contempt and ridicule by its tragic accompaniments, and by the sublime illustrations of man's nobler qualities incidentally called forth in its service. Sent to occupy this little planet, one among ten thousand worlds revolving through infinite space, how worse than foolish these mighty efforts to make our tenancy unhappy or to drive each

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other out of it. Within a space of four square miles lay two hundred thousand men, some stiff and stark, looking with visionless eyes up into the pitying heavens; some tossing on the beds of the hospital, or lying maimed and bleeding under the trees; some hugging in their sleep the deadly weapon with which, to-morrow, they may renew the work of death.

IN MEMORIAM:—F. B. C.

Ay! Leave the Stripes and Stars
Above him, with the precious cap and sash;
The mute mementos of the battle-crash,
And of a hero's scars.

Rest, gallant soldier, rest!
Ennobled e'en in dying: Christ's true knight
Is now a king, in royal glory bright,
With "Victor" on his crest.

And yet—God giveth sleep:
No earthly victor's laurels ever shed
A glory like the halo round his head.
Ye loved him—should you weep?

Say ye, "His life is lost;
Our home's sweet comfort, and our crown of hope?"
Nay, friends! His life has now a grander scope,
A living holocaust

To God, and Truth, and Right.
It aye hath been; and if the gleaming coal
On God's own altar hath upborne the soul
In fiery chariot bright,

'Mid battle roar and strife;
If to the fearless soldier, God's release
Came swiftly with the seal of perfect peace
Upon his earthly life,

Ay, though it sorely crush
The hearts that clung to him—poor hearts that ache,
With yearning sense of loss—oh, for his sake
Each wail of anguish hush!

And yet, ye well may weep,
As those who mourned the holy martyr erst,
On whose glad eyes Heaven's waiting glories burst,
Before "he fell asleep."

A hero-heart is still,
And eyes are sealed; and loving lips are mute,
Which bore on earth the Spirit's golden fruit.
But peace! It was God's will.

And for our precious land—
The land he loved, and died for in her need.
The blood of heroes is the country's seed.
As he stood, let us stand.

The Lord of hosts doth reign.
He crowned your soldier, "dying at his guns."
Oh be the nation worthy of such sons—
The noble-hearted slain!

And so we sadly lay,
Yet not all sadly, though with tearful eyes,
A little nameless flower where he lies,
And gently steal away.

FIVE YEARS.

THERE were four of us, all girls: Kate, Liz, Marian, and Lucy. I was Kate, and the eldest, and at this time eighteen. Then came the others, as I have placed them, with two years between each.

Our parents dying when we were very young, Grandmother Peyton, my father's mother, had given us a home. Her own means were slender, and my father left but a trifle for us. But she was an energetic woman, wise and shrewd in her calculations, and under her management we were well educated, and comfortably if not luxuriously cared for in other directions.

It was a large old house that we lived in, the oldest in Exham, known as "the old Gaylord House"—Gaylord being the family name of my grandmother. It was a quaint, rambling structure built of brick, which in all these many years—and the house had been standing above a century—had never received a coat of paint, and certainly for the last half of the century it had sustained few repairs. The windows were high and narrow, the rooms wainscoted with oak or walnut, and part of the floors were laid in Flemish tiles, while the mantle-pieces were so tall that I could scarcely reach the shelves even after I was fully grown. These, too, were done in tiles—a dull gray and white pottery, whose designs were impossible saints, or ungraceful, Holland figures, with fat, stolid faces and ample skirts. The furniture harmonized with this ancient workmanship. Straight high-backed chairs, covered with dark worn leather, and studded with clumsy brass-nails. Tables black with age, and faded red damask hangings at the parlor windows, and depending from the four high posts of the great bed in the guest-chamber.

It was quite as much a matter of taste as of economy that caused my grandmother to keep on in this ancient way without change. She had such respect for the past, and disdained the fashions of the present day so strongly, that I have often marveled that she allowed us to become instructed in many of the branches which were unknown in her time. However she was a shrewd woman, and possibly had recognized the truth that it is not wise to put yourself at odds with the age in which you live. At all events she did not permit us to be ignorant of whatever was suited to us that the time had to teach. She even allowed me to have a piano in place of the old harpsichord, because I early evinced a fondness and aptitude for music. But it was placed in a far-away room which we girls used for a sort of study and library, and she never asked me to play for her, though she knew that I was said to be remarkably proficient. Sometimes of nights, though, I would hear a faint quavering cluster of chords, which to my ear had a cracked stringy sound, and with it a quavering voice would ascend and wander through the house like a wail from the past. It was my grandmother at her harpsichord. Thus

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she made a protest, as it were, to herself against all innovation by stanchest fidelity to her time.

When I look back upon this old house, with its great space, its sweet neglected garden, where I strayed and studied—the life so free from care, so peaceful if monotonous—the vision seems Arcadian and full of serêne beauty. Yet those were not happy days to me, and I recognize to the full the causes of my discontent as well at this moment as I did when they were fresh and poignant.

With all the care, the strict and watchful scrutiny which was given to our needs and comfort, I soon felt that it was more the result of conscientious motives of duty than of love and interest. My grandmother was a just woman, not an affectionate one. Proud also, with a pride that never made boasts, she must educate those who bore the name of Peyton in a manner befitting their race. She was not hard, but cold and ambitious, with the keen scheming brain of a man, not the heart of a woman. If one of us had been a boy her ambition might have had room to expend itself, and doubtless her nature would have been more genial in its reaction. But, pent up, with no outlet, she fed upon herself, as it were, in a lonely, severe, and silent way, which sensibly affected the atmosphere of the house, and hindered us then from recognizing how really self-sacrificing she was to us. For by taking the charge of four children she had been obliged to forego all the luxuries of her former life. Yet we were never reminded of this in that querulous, half-taunting manner which many people indulge themselves in.

But very early we were taught the value of money, not in a sordid, vulgar way, but in an exact, practical method of "account-keeping." Almost the first thing I remember after coming to my grandmother's house was the possession of a little book in the form of a diary, wherein I was taught to put down every item of clothing which was purchased for me, from a gown to a shoe-string. In this manner it was that I learned the various prices of different qualities of fabrics, and very soon found that it was a matter of necessity that I should have only the simplest and cheapest. Then, too, I often was required to assist my grandmother in making up her weekly household accounts, so that I realized also how much my daily bread and butter cost. And often, in contemplating a purchase, I have heard her compare and calculate some slight difference of pennies, in her calm grave way, which impressed me forcibly even then. For when this begun I was only ten years old, and with the morbid perception of an imaginative nature I saw too that it was not meanness that caused my grandmother to take this course with us. But I did not quite understand it until one day Judith, our one servant—a woman who had grown middle-aged in my grandmother's service, and so was more familiar with her than any one—said, in a low tone, in my presence, as she glanced from the china she was dusting to the little book I was poring over,

"What's the good, Mis' Peyton, o' her doin' that? such a young one."

Her mistress answered in a louder key, cool and tranquil,

"Because we are poor, Judith; and unless she marries prosperously her means will be very narrow, and it is my duty to teach her how to meet her lot."

Judith went on dusting her china, and I went on with my little line of figures—wiser than I was ten minutes before. But though I understood this explanation, and pondered upon it in my precocious way, I did not understand until long after what Judith meant that night. When I asked her for a bun with my glass of milk, she gave me two large ones, mumbling out as she did so, "Yes, for the Lord's sake, eat without counting 'em up. It'll choke if you do, 'fore long."

No, I did not understand good old Judith until long after—years after; then it came to me. Judith was wise in her way; but it was a heart knowledge, so went deeper than that of her mistress. She foresaw with her finer instinct of tenderness how this constant weighing, and measuring, and counting of costs at every turn, would be likely to appall a child's immature mind with the weary cost of outward life; how, in "counting 'em up," it would come to "choke 'fore long." It came soon enough.

I went through my childhood with a vague sense of anxiety; a boding fear that some mistake, or miscalculation, would condemn us to penury. Somewhere continually lurked the shadow of possible want. As I grew into girlhood I became influenced by other emotions, but I did not lose my shadow. It affected me differently, however, than in earlier days. As my physique matured, and my mind expanded, my warm and vehement temper made me impatient of this constant care.

I well remember the prophetic words which I uttered out of this impatience on my eighteenth birthday. I had been invited to my first grand party, and my grandmother had accepted the invitation for me. Glad at first, I was heartily sorry in the three days of preparation, so grievously disappointed was I in the matter of dress, and so worried by the close calculation, and cutting off of home articles, by the necessary gloves and slippers. I had counted on a new gown of white muslin with pink sprigs, like that of my most intimate friend, Ann Carew. But no, my fate was decided by the higher power at home.

"I can not afford a new gown for you, Kate; but we will have Miss Brown to make over my green brocade."

"Oh, grandmother, I shall look so odd."

"You will look well-dressed, if that be odd," returned Madame Peyton, in her coolest manner.

It was an odd dress for a girl of eighteen, especially at that time when these youthful materials were in vogue. But when I stood before the glass, and saw the brilliant contrast of the shining sea-green folds, finished and softened

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by some wonderful old lace, to my fair complexion and light hair, I was half converted to my grandmother's opinion. I know now that she was right, and that I must have looked very quaintly pretty with all those shimmering satiny folds, and rich lace, and old-fashioned pearls. But my heart was sore with these three days, and I burst out to Liz as I went down the stairs after Madame Peyton had given her final admonitions of care and caution about my finery:

"Liz, I am going to marry myself away from this everlasting wear and tear of economy as soon as ever I can."

"Do, do, and let me be carried away with you, Kate;" and Liz laughed with gay fun.

That night I was standing behind a great calla with one of the Exham youths, who was talking boyish admiration to me, when I heard some one say:

"Mrs. Deerham, I want you to present me to that little water-nymph I saw a few moments since."

"Who?"

"A little thing in sea-green, with white foam for lace, and real ocean pearls."

"Oh," and a laugh: "it is Kate Peyton!"

Johnny Carew, who overheard as well as I, gave a contemptuous "Bah!" and then said:

"It's that old Chinaman, Ayre, as yellow as a guinea, Kate."

I made him explain, and found he meant a gentleman who had been doing business in Canton "for the last hundred years, Kate;" that accounting for the "yellow as a guinea."

Johnny's story was not flattering, and we hid ourselves away behind the tall calla, and laughed in great glee at the idea of eluding the old yellow Chinaman; when I was suddenly seized upon with the words:

"Well, Kate, I have found you at last. Ah, Johnny Carew, you are a very selfish boy;" shaking a splendid fan at him. Then:

"Mr. Ayre, Kate; Miss Peyton, Mr. Ayre;" and I straightway found myself standing with the Chinaman.

A little disturbed and confused, I didn't raise my eyes at first, but stood listening to the gentleman's voice, as he talked in a smooth, quiet way, easy commonplaces that put me at ease, so that presently I looked up. I saw a thin dark face, darkly bearded, which seemed old to me, accustomed to beardless boys like young Carew and the Deerhams.

At first I was impatient, and wanted to get away to the gay chattering set across the room; but by-and-by I grew interested and at last amused by my companion's conversation, and I plied him with questions about China and the Chinese, which he answered greatly to my satisfaction, giving picturesque description of the strange, Oriental life, which pleased my vivid imagination with warm tropic tints.

I had been listening in a rapt, eager way, when once, as he paused, I said,

"Ah, how I should like to go there!"

"Should you?" And he looked at me, his eyes meeting mine with a curious intentness, which I thought odd then, and did not at all understand.

When he bade me good-night he said too, "Will you give my compliments to your grandmother, and say to her that I shall do myself the honor of paying them in person to-morrow?"

"So he knows grandmother," was my thought.

Liz sat up in bed, with wide, bright eyes, as I entered our chamber a little while after, and asked, laughing,

"Well, did you find him, Kate?"

I had forgotten.

"Found who, Liz?" I asked.

"Why the prince who is to carry you away."

I laughed merrier than she as I answered,

"He's turned out a yellow old Chinaman, Liz." Whereat I told her all about Johnny Carew and the shield of the calla, which ended in being overcome by the Chinaman.

"He's the prince in disguise; see if he isn't," she commented as I ended.

And she persisted in it, in a half mocking half serious manner, as he followed up his first call by others of greater length—calls that I never flattered myself by appropriating, for they seemed more a renewal of some past acquaintance with my grandmother than any thing else. But I enjoyed them, for he had fine conversational powers, and treated us to bits of travel, racy incident, or humorous and caustic comment, which often made me feel a wild sparkle of gayety and wit, that sometimes flowed out even in Madame Peyton's dignified presence. But it was the easy enjoyment which a child feels in the presence of an indulgent senior. What, he my prince! I laughed merrier than ever at Liz after I had seen him by daylight. Dark and thin in the gay blaze of Mrs. Deerham's parlors, by daylight he was hollow-eyed and sallow. Johnny Carew's veritable Chinaman.

"But you'll marry him, you'll marry him!" pronounced whimsical Liz in her droll way; and I laughed at the joke, and was utterly amazed one day when I was summoned into Madame Peyton's chamber to receive the following communication:

"Kate, Mr. Ayre has been speaking to me about you; he wishes to make you his wife."

"Me!" I ejaculated in astonishment: "how absurd!"

Madame Peyton looked up tranquilly from her darning; said she didn't see the absurdity; Mr. Ayre was only thirty-six, a gentleman, and a man of fortune. She considered it a fine thing for me; much finer than, in all probability, ever would fall to my lot again.

I can never tell what words she employed to so influence my mind; but I know that, before I left her, all of my old childish terrors and boding anxieties had returned in full force. I someway felt myself an ungrateful burden upon her slender means. The world looked very wide and dreary, with not an inch of room for

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any little lonely wanderer. I pitied myself with an aching sense of sympathy. I pitied my sisters. And Liz, Liz, who pined for freedom, who hated her dependence, I might do so much for her!

All these wild emotions while Madame Peyton closed over the gap in her stocking with her skillful stitches, perfectly unaware of the train of thought she had aroused in her plain statements of circumstances. And let me do her the justice to say that she did not seek to bias my mind by warping it into the condition it was then in. In her cold, calm way she had merely shown me my chances in life as a matter of duty. It was a truth, and I should be made acquainted with it. If I had told her she could never have comprehended the agitation and misery I felt. I did not tell her; but at the expiration of half an hour I abruptly sealed my fate by accepting the proposals she had laid before me.

I certainly had great faith in my grandmother's judgments. Thus, though I tried to repel and disbelieve those judgments, I still, in spite of every thing, supposed them inevitable. It was in this way that she colored my thoughts to something the hue of her own in her social opinions.

She had a cold, hard system of talk about people in the world which utterly precluded the idea of disinterested or romantic love. Marriage she held as a matter of state and estate. The persons with whom we associated did not tend to remove these ideas. They were old families, tinctured with old aristocratic notions; so that every where, in the actual life that I turned, I saw the opinions of my grandmother confirmed.

In the midst of this I lived two lives—the ideal and the real; and I candidly believed them to be as the words express—the ideal and the real; and thus early came the habit of cynical thought, born of the bitterness of this melancholy frame of mind. Reading Shelley and Keats and Tennyson, I wrapt myself in dreams, which I supposed utterly fallacious in other moments. Lovely suggestions of a state of life as impossible as it was charming. What saved me from entire disregard of every thing save the present pleasure with such cynicism, I can never understand; but faithless of romance in the real as I was, I yet shrank at first, as we shrink from something that seems unnatural, from the proposed union with Mr. Ayre. If the suitor had been Tom Deerham or Johnny Carew—though I was not the least in love with either of these two young fellows—I should have considered it a very proper thing. There would have come to my mind no shock of strange surprise; for they were young like myself. But this Mr. Ayre seemed to me to belong to my grandmother's day, with his wise talk of politics, of the federations of the world, and things, to me, abstruse and ancient.

I remember with what a chill feeling of fright I went down into the parlor to receive him the night after my grandmother's communication. He was standing facing a window looking out into the garden as I pushed open the door, but at the sound of my footsteps he turned quickly, and coming forward, put out his hand with the words:

"Kate, I should have spoken to you first, but I knew your grandmother's old prejudices; you will forgive me?" with soft accents of questioning, and meeting my eyes with a glance of kindness.

He was so exactly like himself upon other occasions that my fright broke away, and I smiled. Presently I was talking with him in the same easy, unthinking manner that had been my way during all these past visits that I had appropriated to Madame Peyton.

"He was not so very dreadful as a suitor," I thought. Indeed he scarcely spoke of our relation, and when he parted from me he just kissed my hand in a courteous, grave way, as a matter of course.

As time went on he gradually evinced more tenderness, or, I should say, more ardor, though he was never very demonstrative. It was evinced by a little closer attention, a word, or smile, or a lingering hand-clasp. One night there were a few guests in the parlor, and he had been mingling in with the conversation as usual, while I sat apart; for they were all older people than I, and I was interested in watching the proceedings of my bird Dick, that I had let out of his cage, as I was often in the habit of doing, to air his wings in the honey-suckle of the piazza. Leaning my head out of the window, for it was a warm May-day, I began to speculate upon the voices inside. Suddenly I became aware that Mr. Ayre had ceased speaking, that he had not been speaking for some time. I turned my head quickly to look at him, and caught a glance that I felt at once had been a gaze, absorbed and intense. I started at his expression, and immediately thought of a line I had met with somewhere:

"He looked at her as a lover can."

Was that what he meant? I vaguely thought. Did he love me like that? He, that thin, dark, oldish man? My dreams, born of Shelley and Keats, came thronging up. Could it be possible that this ideal love was to be found? but then—"He looked at her as a lover can." I could not look at him as a lover: I shuddered. The May wind had suddenly grown chilly. By the time I had come to this point, only a moment or so in the whole time, he crossed over and began talking about Dick. His quiet, simple air reassured me, for I was strangely disturbed or confused. In the constant occupation that followed, I forgot my self-questioning and became tranquil, and even gay, over the new and exciting interest of my bridal wardrobe, for I was to be married in a month.

My betrothed husband's gifts to me may give some indication of him. He was a man vitally interested in the abstruse subjects I have before mentioned; but my gifts were things chosen with

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a womanly tact almost. A beautiful little watch, with a spray of diamonds in the enamel back. A set of opals, my favorite gem, with a pair of ear-rings, when I had heard him declare that he considered ear-rings a barbarous and unlovely ornament. He knew I liked them specially. A diamond ring too, and a bracelet of coins, heavy and fashionable, and various pretty trinkets that suited my gay, youthful tastes. These from a man who wore not so much as a seal-ring, or a gold chain to his watch! With all these, with the excitements of preparation, I was so active that it had the effect of delight. I was even deceived myself, thought myself happy until one day. Ah, that day!

It was the day of my marriage. A brilliant day, filled with the bloom of flowers and the caroling of birds. I awoke with the notes of a robin in my ear. As the soft strain pierced the thin veil of morning slumber I felt a pang. What was it? I awoke thoroughly, and realized what it was.

About the room were scattered various articles which were to form a part of my new wardrobe. A gray silk shimmered in the sunshine. A large trunk stood open, revealing glimpses of linen and lace. I sprang out of bed with a confused sense of gathering excitement. It was now six o'clock. At six in the afternoon I was to be married. Our arrangements were completed, and at sunset we should be on our way to my new home for the next five years—the strange Oriental country which all my life had been a subject of fascinated speculation with me. Mr. Ayre would have returned long before, but for his engagement to me; and our wedding-day had been hastened to meet the exigencies of the time which were urgent, news having been received some time previous that Mr. Carle, the partner at Canton, was in the most precarious health.

I was standing by the door consulting with Liz about some matter of dress on that momentous day, not long after I had risen, when Mr. Ayre suddenly appeared, holding an open letter in his hand. His countenance was grave and preoccupied as he said:

"Carle is dead! It is providential that I had arranged to sail in this steamer. I must have gone in spite of every thing, somehow."

The pang at my heart came again. More and more I was waking up to reality. A fearful fate seemed closing about me from which there was no escape. Why had I invited it? Why left to myself to make this choice of isolation? Had I been mad? At least I felt so now. My pulses were beating with heavy throbs, my brain whirled. Mechanically I went through my preparations. Morning ran to noon, and noon to night. I suppose in all these hours I talked, and answered questions much as usual, but I felt in a horrible feverish dream. Thus I found myself standing beside Thorburn Ayre, and heard the piping of the birds, while the sun streamed through the blind-bars, and soft odors of summer wafted in, while farther than all these seemed the voice that was sealing my fate.

"What God has joined together let no man put asunder."

I listened to these words, and knew what they meant. I listened to the words that followed; congratulations and greetings. I felt kisses upon my brow, my cheeks, my lips; but the fearful spell did not break till I entered my room to change my bridal garments. Liz was there pale and watchful of me. I was crimson with fever. As I met her eyes, as I breathed the quietness of that chamber, never more to be mine, the fire burst forth. In a passion of tears and sobs I cried:

"Oh, why did I do this! Why did I marry him! I do not love him. I hate him; and I can not, oh, I can not go from you all with him! I do not know him, I am too young. I am frightened to death! Oh Liz, Liz! my grandmother has done it: not I: I have been in a dream!"

As I said this wildly and bitterly, a flood-tide seemed to mount up from my heart to my brain; my pulses throbbed, a lava stream poured through every vein. Then all sensation stopped. Where was I? Darkness and confusion had settled upon me.

I opened my eyes.

"Is that you, Liz?"

"Oh, Kate!" And Liz, I saw, was crying.

I looked about me. I was lying upon the bed in our little room, and there was an odor of camphor.

"What is it, Liz? What has happened?"

She told me that I had fallen down insensible the day of my wedding.

"My wedding-day? When was it, Liz?"

"It is July now, Kate." And she bent and kissed me.

July! My wedding-day was in May. I wondered where was Mr. Ayre—my husband. I said, faintly:

"Tell me all about it, Liz."

And she told me. I had fallen insensible as I stood speaking to her. The long, unnatural strain had at last given way, and I had drifted out into unknown restful regions of spiritual calm. Weeks had passed, and I had been dead to outward life. Where were the actors in that life? I asked the question that was thrilling my heart.

"Where is he—Mr. Ayre, Liz?"

"He had to go, you know; there was no alternative. The physician told him there was no danger of your dying, but that you would probably be ill for a long time. A nervous fever of some kind. Grandmother says that mamma was subject to them after strong excitements."

She paused; then, hesitatingly, "There is a letter for you. When you are able to read it I will—"

But I turned my head away indifferently. I felt no interest in the letter. I cared to look no further than the present; rest was in the

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present, and freedom. I went to sleep, tranquil and unthinking. I awoke stronger, and with a dawning interest in the affairs of life. I began to question myself. Where was that life to be spent in these present days? Then I asked for my letter. It was a deep July day; a gold sky, an ardent atmosphere, and balmy breaths of summer all about me as I read:

"DEAR KATE,—You know how imperative is the necessity of my leaving you at this moment, or you will know when you awake to consciousness. I leave you free to act, to live as you think fit. Mr. Calvin will be your business man until my return. Choose your own place of residence, your own companions. Mr. Calvin will assist you faithfully, and acquaint you with the extent of your income. Good-by, and God bless you.

"THORBURN AYRE."

It was an odd note, I thought, for such a long good-by; but then it was written in the brief interval that intervened between the excitement of my sudden illness and the sailing of the steamer. I glowed with gratitude at the wild sense of freedom it conveyed. He was very kind, certainly; and so absorbed was I in the vista that opened before me I forgot the reserve and brevity that conveyed it, and ceased to wonder why he had not mentioned his probable time of return.

Consulting with Mr. Calvin, I found my means far exceeded my wildest expectations. The arrangements that ensued seemed like a fairy-tale to me. I was to live in the old Langdon mansion on the hill that lay between Exham and Rawley. Rawley was then famous for its beaches, and was the resort of the summer. In winter it was the link between town and city, lying between Exham and New York.

I formed my establishment with considerable forethought for a girl of eighteen. My grandmother's prudence had been effective with me. So I wisely chose for a chaperon a middle-aged aunt who was in impoverished circumstances, for my grandmother at once declined my invitation for her to be with me. Her pride was too strong for her to give up the independence of her own home, however poor and scant. But I took Liz, as I had promised in jest long ago.

It was September before we were fairly settled in our new home; but the season was not yet over in Rawley, and I very soon found myself making many new acquaintances through the Carews and the Deerhams, who held high festival for three months at Rawley beach every summer. There I renewed my old friendship with Johnny Carew, and there Ashford Lang and his three brothers, such brilliant, elegant men as I had rarely met, sought our society.

"When does Mr. Ayre return, Mrs. Ayre?" asked Stuart Lang one day, as we stood resting from bowling in the alley. "When?"

How could I tell? Then it first occurred to me that in his few letters my husband did not mention the subject. *I* never had thought to ask. I put the question aside somehow, and the thought with it.

"You will not think of remaining here all winter?" Ashford took up, as he bent his supple figure. "You will come to New York, and know my sister and mother. They will be back from Europe in a month."

"I don't know; I am so young, and Mr. Ayre away—perhaps—"

Ashford smiled.

"Do you fancy there are such special dangers abroad in New York that you can not escape them—roaring lions going about seeking whom they may devour?"

He lifted his eyebrows, and his smile deepened in amusement as he concluded. I felt foolish and afflicted with *gaucherie* at his words—his manner. In a moment my dress felt ill-made, my hat was unbecoming, my gloves out of place. How stupid I must seem! How little I knew of the world! In books I was well educated; but in the million local topics that are the current coin of all general society, which keep it at brilliant high-pressure, I knew nothing. Always ambitious of knowledge, of all conversational power which places one person *en rapport* with another, I felt defeated, and unsphered as it were. Before the next day I had decided to spend my winter in New York. I looked upon it as a necessary part of my education. I must find myself equal with the world.

My grandmother made no objection, as I fancied she would; she evidently had perfect faith in me, either through her faith in her own training, or in my natural caution and worldliness. She seemed to have relinquished me entirely. I was no more to her than some distant relative.

In New York my life opened more fully. I found that I had many tastes, many qualities which I was before unaware of. Through the Langs I was introduced into society both fine and fashionable. I went out a great deal with Liz, who was by this time a handsome, brilliant young creature, much admired and much sought after.

The winter passed rapidly, then summer again at Langdon Hill, and Mr. Ayre still away, and his coming home indefinite. His letters had begun to lengthen about the time I first went to New York, possibly from the fact that I myself, vivified and amused by my new acquaintances and plans, spoke more fully of myself. Once I asked him when he would return. He answered, vaguely, "When circumstances will allow me." The letters were kind; those of a friend, not a lover or a husband. I saw no particular want in them until one day, Ashford Lang and his sister calling upon me, she said:

"I should think you would want to go out to your husband, Mrs. Ayre. When our Tom was there he was continually sending for Lou."

I suddenly flushed. I had not thought of it before. *My* husband had never sent for me. I had always been aware that there was something rather odd in the circumstances of my married life; but so absorbed had I been in my new freedom, in following out my tastes and inclinations with my ample means, that I for-

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got or put aside thoughts which in reality were more uninteresting than any others. Words now and then from strangers, like these of Camilla Lang, awakened me. When she made this last remark she lifted her languid eyes with rare interest to my face. I colored, as I have said, and more vividly as I caught the searching glance from Ashford. With effort I said:

"Mr. Ayre may return at any time. The complications arising from the death of Mr. Carle have kept him beyond his expectations. It would be useless for me to attempt the voyage when every thing is so unsettled. Mr.—my husband may return any day."

As I repeated this, again I caught the searching, incredulous look from Ashford Lang. He had noticed my hesitation. I saw him exchange glances with his sister. I felt humiliated. A sense of being neglected and forsaken came over me.

My husband! How strange it all was. How different from others. By comparisons I now began to realize my singular lot. My husband! I said it over and over. Why did he not return. Was it business really, or had he repented his marriage? Why did he not send for me if it was the first? I was not sorry that he did not, but I felt nevertheless neglected.

My husband! That thin, dark, oldish man. I looked at myself that night in my mirror. I was young, fresh; not beautiful like Liz, but attractive. I had a good figure, and a fine air. I was called charming. I was conscious of this as a fact. As I looked I thought of my mate. The thin, dark, oldish man. Who should it have been? Instantly my mind shaped an answer. A man like Ashford Lang. My thought went no farther. I never fancied myself in love with Ashford. He and his three brothers merely served me as models of brilliant, gracious gentlemen. They were not men to carry on intricate flirtations with married women. They were too high-souled for that. Brilliant, gracious gentlemen, as I have said. With them and their sister I learned what fine society meant. I became conversant with the best thoughts, the best books; with art and all splendid accomplishments. Standing before my mirror I thought over all this, and thought myself fit only for such a type of man as they revealed. I sighed. The next moment I heard Liz's gay voice saying good-night to Stuart Lang. There was a new tone in it. I went out and leaned over the balusters. She was standing under the gas, moveless and rapt in a dream; but her face was sad, some deep pain was breaking its girlish smoothness. Was she in love, and with Stuart Lang? Then I ran rapidly over my memory for favorable signs on his part. I felt sure that it was a mutual attachment. Why that look of pain then? A little love-cloud, I reasoned. To-morrow or the next day I should have him claiming audience of me. But to-morrow, and the next day, and the next, and the next—a month or more, and Stuart Lang claimed no audience of me. I was disappointed. There could never come such another gallant fellow for Liz. My type for all that was noble and manly.

Months passed, I asked no questions, she told me nothing, but her cheek thinned, and the look of pain broke through when her face was still. One day I found her crying in her chamber. Then I swept reserve away.

"Liz, dear, what is it between you and Stuart Lang? He loves you; you love him."

She turned and faced me. Never shall I forget her look. It was so deep and wise for so young a girl.

"He loves me, and I love him," was the reply, "but he will never ask me to marry him."

"Why, what do you mean?"

"Kate, did you never find out that the ruling power through the Lang family is a passive kind of self-indulgence. They have no will to conquer, to make new conditions; they accordingly accept circumstance for fate, and it overcomes them. I am poor. Stuart Lang has nothing by himself; living with his family he lives elegantly. Do you think he knows how to give it up? Do you think for a moment he would consider it possible for him to make his own future? He hates business, he has no interest in professions, he is not a worker any way. He can never do any thing; and he is but twenty-three."

Ceasing, a shadow of bitterness passed over her face, and a faint sigh fluttered forth from her lips.

I was overwhelmed with the truth of what she said. At once I saw that this analyzation was as true for one as for another. Where, then, was my type of manhood that I was sure I had found in these brothers. Always had I cherished the idea of a masculine character firm and enduring, and strong to conquer circumstances. This was my special point, my most vivid expectation of a man's character. The one quality I considered absolutely indispensable to form a rounded nature. Without it, I could not believe in its strength. Incompleteness mastered and overcame all else.

After this confession of Liz's I made up my mind to go away from New York. Her pale face haunted me. My own disappointment, and that feeling of desolation, of being adrift in our minds, cut off from all the old landmarks of belief, as it were, influenced me in this choice. We went back to Exham for a while; but there, in a few weeks, the Langs appeared upon the scene, and again resumed something of their wonted charm. Liz grew restless under it. Fever burned in her cheeks and in her eyes.

Again we became birds of passage. Hither and thither we went, north, south, east, and west; pilgrims in search, one of change, the other of faith. By another year Liz had found her color, her spirits. Devoting herself to her music, for which she had developed wonderful talent, perhaps genius, she became contented, even gay. For myself, I had learned much, but I had not learned or found my faith. I put my

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one experience to bear upon all others. Rapid in my conclusions, I believed that I had sifted the world. I became inwardly unbelieving, cynical to a degree far beyond that of my vague girlhood's misanthropy. Outwardly, I was brighter than before; easier, because I had less interest, and so thought less of my impressions.

After much wandering we came back to Langdon Hill, and made it a permanent residence.

In all this time how the years had flown! I was twenty-three. Five years of my girl-marriage. Five years!

I opened a daguerreotype one day that was taken when I was eighteen, the period of my engagement. As I looked I realized how I had changed. How the soft, crude look of inexperience had changed to a self-controlled womanhood. I sighed and turned away from the blue believing eyes, so full of hopes and dreams. What did life hold for me now?

A long, low ring of the bell recalled me to the present. I started, and a thrill of pain darted through me. Then I smiled at my nervousness, and went down at the summons from a servant: "A gentleman to see you." There was no card sent up to me, and I thought it somebody on business.

A dark figure stood bending over a book of photographs. I crossed the room; he did not move. I approached the table, and a pair of eyes lifted themselves to mine. Dark eyes, full of youth and fire, but the hair was iron gray, the full beard, almost white. Where had I met that expression? I looked puzzled, then.

"Kate," he said, "have I changed so much?"

"Mr. Ayre!"

Involuntarily I put out my hand, though I was faint with feeling. He took it, and the strong firm clasp upheld me. The room swam for a moment, and I gasped for breath. His voice broke through this confused state.

"Is it so bad as that, Kate? Do you still hate me, that you shrink from me thus?"

"Hate you?" I murmured, "who said I hated you?"

Still holding my hand, he replied, in an intense, though controlled voice,

"Five years ago, Kate, I stood in the room adjoining another, and heard a girl who had but just vowed herself to me, say in vehement accents, 'Why did I marry him? I do not love him; I hate him; and I can not go from you all with him.' So *I* went, Kate; do you think I would have gone without that knowledge?"

Suddenly the past appeared all plain to me. "You have been very generous," I faltered.

He flung up his head with a half impatient deprecation.

"Generous: ah, how little all the rest! Kate, how could you marry me?"

I think my few plain words, attempting to explain my state at that time, gave him some clear understanding, for he muttered lowly once or twice, "What a grievous error, what a grievous error!"

At last I asked his own question: "Why did you wish to marry *me*, Mr. Ayre?"

He dropped my hand, and looked at me in amazement.

"Why, was I so unfortunately inexpressive, then, that you never guessed that I loved you?"

I do not know what I replied, but he seemed to get farther insight by my words, for bending his dark full gaze upon me, he said quietly, but earnestly: "You were very young, Kate."

These words, too kind to sound rebuking, yet filled me with nameless regret. What was it? Had I lost any thing?

"Either I missed, or itself missed me," came into my mind: and in conjunction with this came a realization of his delicacy. Meeting his gaze I asked,

"And did you hate me, too, after hearing what I said there?"

"Hate you? no, I did not hate you," he answered, in a curious tone, which puzzled and chilled me.

It was singular how soon after this strange talk every thing seemed to resolve into an outward harmony. We occupied the same house, but I only met him at the table, and sometimes in the garden; never in the drawing-room, except in the presence of guests. There seemed no purposed avoidance. He was always so active; busy with a hundred interests I knew nothing of. With no specified arrangement of our life, he quietly took up his course, and left me mine unembarrassed. He was so much away, riding hither and thither, by horse, or rail, or boat, and always preoccupied with his own thoughts when I chanced to meet him alone; wrinkling his brows, and unconsciously indicating the bent of his mind by tapping out upon the table some intricate computations. Of mornings I used to hear his voice, commenting, suggesting, or giving orders about the grounds, and once in a while at these times he would send to ask my opinion of some garden alteration.

"He is a man of wonderful executive ability," pronounced my grandmother one day, as she came up the avenue with me and overheard him as he went his rounds.

"Yes, that is evident," I acknowledged, and as I thought I became conscious of how this executive element was changing the character, the very atmosphere of the place. Somehow every thing seemed to be righted. The garden bloomed, the lawns grew greener, the fruit trees gave no trouble, and all my household annoyances had fled somewhere out of sight. Like one vast machine, house, and garden, and servant were in regulated harmony. My outward life swung as easily as a perfectly adjusted pendulum. But inwardly I was more restless than ever. I felt humbled as I had never felt in all my life in the presence of this active spirit of usefulness, of ability. What was it I wanted? what missed? The old city excitements of society? Would that give me contentment?

As if to answer this question there came one

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day in the last of the summer the Langs, brother and sister.

Remembering their questioning concerning my husband's absence, I was glad that they should see him at home. Then immediately followed a faint uneasiness. Ashford Lang was so cultured, so fine, and elegant—Camilla was so critical. I had never seen Mr. Ayre in such society. I had a feeling of apprehensive pride.

He came in late, finding us upon the lawn, waiting tea. I went through introductions mechanically, and turned to Camilla with voluble talk about the tuberose I held—a splendid specimen, worth the most eloquent talk; but mine was mere words, to which she did not listen, so intently was she absorbed in regarding my husband. He caught the look, came forward, thinking we had appealed to him in our rose-talk, took the flower from me, and in two or three sentences astonished me by his rare knowledge as well as by his grace of expression. In a second, however, he had found that the young lady was only politely interested, and another sentence turned the subject into a gracious pleasantry, half gallant and wholly gentlemanly—a careless, unconscious ease, which gave me much satisfaction.

After, in the drawing-room, at tea or dinner, driving or walking, he was the courteous host, meeting his guests more than equally because of a force he possessed that went beneath their culture. Sometimes from some profounder talk of art or science he suddenly struck out into playful badinage with Camilla. Then I saw her eyes light, and her languor dissolve, and my pride was gratified and appeased. But I was still restless and filled with vague discontent. I had come to the worst of disbeliefs, a faithlessness of myself. All the rest were so serene, so happy. Even Liz sang with gayer freedom, and Ashford Lang grew merry as he stepped out of his stateliness.

"Shall you return to China with your husband?" he asked me one night, with just that air he had asked before.

"To China?" I started, looking up to meet *his* look, which had strayed away from me across the room. My eyes followed it, and rested upon Camilla and Mr. Ayre. He was talking, brilliantly I knew, in his remarkably epigrammatic manner. She was listening, intent and vivid. "He is very handsome," remarked Ashford in a dreaming voice.

I thrilled with surprise. Handsome? A mist went over my eyes. Then I looked again with clearer vision. I saw a straight lithe figure, full of expressive lines. A face dark and thin, but firm and fixed with purpose and power. Youthful eyes that lighted and darkened. Bright warmth of color on the lips, and a real flush streaking either cheek. All these indications of freshest life, while the grayed hair and beard stood like grim sentinels of decay.

"He is not old: why should his beard be so white?" Ashford mused on. "The climate? *That* climate—no," he interrupted; "it is not climate." But, coming back,

"Will you go to China?"

"I? Mr. Ayre will not return to China."

"He has told me that such was his intention."

I grew red with angry embarrassment. My disbelief in myself increased. I shivered. Was I considering my duty?

A half hour later Camilla and Ashford were listening to Liz's wonderful playing. Mr. Ayre had excused himself to "answer India letters." I waited till the player and her audience were absorbed in a sonata, and then stole out. The light streamed from the library, but it was not there I meant to go. My head ached; the odors of dead flowers in the parlor were stifling. Let me breathe the odor of living ones; let the cool breeze of the garden and the friendly dark give me healing and calm, I thought. I got no further than the veranda. The night was warm, and rainy winds blew round the vines and drenched my hair with balmy moisture. I leaned back for rest, and a glass door slipped its bolt and sprung inward. I was falling, when he caught me, drew me in, and secured the fastening again at a breath.

"Where have you been, Kate, into the rain? You are quite wet."

My husband peered into my face as he spoke with an intent expression. What I answered I do not know. I only know his expression grew kindly and troubled.

"What is the matter? Are you ill, child?" he questioned.

"Are you going to China?" I asked, instead of replying, in a blank, dazed way.

"To China? Who has told you that I was going?"

"Mr. Lang."

He turned away, and began sealing a letter, his face preoccupied as he said:

"Yes, we were talking about China this morning. I am to take his brother Stuart with me when I return."

The late lilies sent up all at once a load of heavy incense from their damp, dark beds without. I seemed to scent the odors of the Orient, and my heart beat hurriedly. I sighed and shivered.

He glanced up, left his letters, and stood before me.

"What is it, Kate—what is it you want, poor child?"

I met his look. The lips curved with pain, but there was something in the darkening eyes that held me, that gave me power to speak.

"I want to go to China."

He started back. "You! Why do you want to go to China?"

There was fever in my veins. I must speak. It was like an expiation; so wildly, vehemently I burst out, though low enough of tone:

"Why? Because I love you, I love you! You may have ceased to love me; you may have learned to repent of your hasty marriage

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long ago; but I have learned out of all the world to love you; and I lay my love at your feet for atonement."

"Lay it here, Kate, but never for atonement. There is nothing for you to atone. Kate, my Kate, this pays for all the pain."

As he spoke he took me to his breast, and there I laid my love, and every wild regret and nameless bitterness. There I found my faith again, and with it more than my old ideal.

"And shall I go to China?"

"If I go; but if I do not go, Kate?"

"Is there, then, no necessity?"

"None now."

Yes, I understood: all the delicacy, the generous reserve, the tender pain. All the cross and passion of that strong still nature. For my love he could stay. Without it he would banish himself, uncomplaining, unreproachful, from home, from native land, and social civilization. Tears came to my eyes. Ah, God was very good to bring me out of the dark into such light as this.

Ashford Lang was talking fine talk, and critical about a beautiful woman as we went into the parlor. Liz had shut the piano, but drummed her fingers on the rosewood as she listened absently to Ashford. Camilla, yawning, brightened as we entered.

I went over to Ashford.

"Mr. Ayre is not going to China, Mr. Lang."

He looked at me searchingly. Liz wheeled round and exclaimed, softly,

"How bright your eyes are, Kate!"

"Not going to China. He has changed his mind since this morning, Mrs. Ayre?" Mr. Lang kept on.

"Yes, since this morning, Mr. Lang."

All the time Camilla was talking volubly with Mr. Ayre, drowning our words. Presently they joined us.

"So Mrs. Ayre tells me that you have given up going to China, Mr. Ayre?"

"Yes; I shall send Steyne in my place. Your brother will find him a better traveling companion than myself."

Speaking, his glance fell athwart mine. A light came into his eyes, a tender look of recognition dawned in the faint smile.

Liz broke into a little low, sweet air, still beating her fingers on the piano case, and Camilla Lang sung a soft second; but her brother talked in undertones to my husband. My husband! I looked at them both there with clear eyes.

I remembered my verdict in the past. A brilliant, gracious gentleman; and that thin, dark, oldish man. It was still there. A brilliant, gracious gentleman was Ashford Lang; and my husband was thin and dark and oldish. But did Thorburn Ayre lack any grace or charm as he stood beside the other?

Not one. Ashford Lang had recognized his power; Camilla had roused from her languor into appreciation; and I—I had realized more than my ideal in this thin, dark, oldish man. Johnny Carew's Chinaman was my first, my only love.

"You will never care to go to China now," said Ashford Lang, in a low tone, to me as we said good-night.

"Never—why?"

"Because you have found your world. I congratulate you, Mrs. Ayre." He bent over my hand, and his glance was expressive but no longer searching. He had read my life correctly from page to page, the last as clearly as the first. "He is what I hoped to be years ago," he went on, with a melancholy wistfulness—"a man to conquer circumstance. Good-night, Mrs. Ayre."

PARSON RUSSELL'S SECRET.

PARSON RUSSELL of Hadley was noble and true,
Yet the parsonage door was open to few;
And a mystery profound, yet guessed at by some,
For years hung around the good man and his home.
In his house was a distant and lonely room,
Scarce seen from the street in its desolate gloom,
And there in this chamber, gloomy and gray,
Two men, sad and lonely, sat day after day.
One was old and infirm, and his quivering hand,
Like the needle, which, trembling, guides to the land,
Seemed ever to point to that happier shore,
Where the pains and the toils of this life are o'er.
The other was younger. His keen flashing eye
Showed the vigor of manhood not wholly gone by;
Still their long silver beards, and their thin white hair,
Told that both had known years of sorrow and care.
They talked in hushed whispers, gentle and low,
But their words were of scenes and events long ago.
They spoke of a King and his false selfish sway,
The fair speeches he made, and forgot the same day;
Of their battles, and how in many a fight
The King's gay cavaliers were driven in flight.

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How at Edgehill, at Newbury, and Marston Moor,
And at Naseby last, they broke the King's power;
How to Westminster Hall a proud captive they bring,
And in judgment sit on the life of a King.
But, recalling the scenes of that dreadful day,
The firm, proud mien of the King, the array
Of Puritan judges, who sternly heard
Death decreed to the King who had broken his word,
They called God to witness that justice was done,
That a monarch's blood could scarcely atone
For the nation's wrongs, and that 'twas God's word
That by it those should perish who took up the sword.
And sometimes they spoke of Cromwell's bright reign,
Of Charles on the throne of his father again,
Of the edict proclaiming all lives should be spared
Save those of the infamous judges who dared
To sentence their monarch to death. Then they tell
Of their hurried flight, of the sad farewell,
When parting from her who was dearer than life,
Whom one loved as daughter, the other as wife;
The long stormy voyage, the dreary strange land,
The search for them here by the King's command.
Now hidden in caves, now in forests they roam,
Till at last the poor wanderers have found a safe home
In the Parson's chamber, and there, sorely pressed,
These tempest-tossed souls have at last found a rest.
So years passed away, as in shadow and gloom
Two gray old men watch in the Parson's old room.

One bright Sabbath morn in the fall of the year
The people had gathered in church, to hear
Their minister preach from God's holy word.
The clang of the little shrill bell had been heard,
Sounding back from the hills till its notes died away,
And its rope in the centre aisle quietly lay;
Then, after the prayer, the rafters had rung
With the quaint old psalm which the people had sung.
And then came the sermon, profound and long,
Full of milk for the babes, and meat for the strong.
The boys were all buried in slumber profound,
And throughout the rude church you could hear no sound
Save the Parson's voice, droning ever the same.
The breeze through the wide western windows came,
And fluttered the leaves of the hymn-books there,
And played with the curls of a maiden's hair.
But hark! and there beats on the turf of the street
The quick, nervous tread of hurrying feet,
And then, through the window the people hear
A wild earnest cry, ringing loud and clear.
The minister pauses. The sleepers awake,
And startled and staring their day-dreams forsake;
Each man snatched his gun, and the mother pressed
The dear little babe more close to her breast,
And hearts beat more quickly, and cheeks grew white,
As turning around they all saw this sight.
A strange weird form in the doorway appeared,
For his locks were thin, and his floating beard,
Hanging down to his breast, was as white as snow,
While his quaint old dress told of times long ago.
Then his voice, loud and sharp, rung full on each ear:
"Men of Hadley! why sit ye in quiet here?
In the name of the Lord, I bid you arise,
For a blood-thirsty foe on your border lies.
Their weapons are gleaming as here ye sit,
And the savage's torch already is lit.
Bid the women and children in God's house stay,

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And while we wield the sword, let them earnestly pray!"
There was clanging of arms, and trampling of feet.
Then the sounds died away as they marched down the street;
And the church was hushed, and there rose on the air
The trembling murmur of anxious prayer.

The records of Hadley have little to say
Of the victory gained on that Sabbath day,
But what history prudently left in the dark,
Tradition has faintly lit up with her spark.
And 'tis said that wherever the bloody fray
Raged hottest and sharpest, leading the way,
That floating white beard like a comet shone:
But *who* had delivered them never was known;
For when it was found that the danger was o'er,
The stranger had fled, and was seen never more.
And throughout New England, on many a night,
The story was told by the ember's light,
That on the Lord's Day, an angel appeared
At Hadley—an angel with shadowy beard,
Whose flaming sword dealt such terrible blows
That the town was saved from its savage foes.
And in village and forest, on hill and plain,
Wherever the fear of the Indians came,
The children would ask in their evening prayer,
For the angel of Hadley to shelter them there.
And if the shrewd town ever rightly guessed
Who the angel was, in its noble old breast
The dangerous truth for a century slept;
And this is the way that the secret was kept.

THE CAREER OF A JOKER.

IF fine personal qualities, as a handsome figure and agreeable countenance, quick intelligence, and brilliant wit, with an unfailing flow of animal spirits, were alone able to secure happiness, THEODORE HOOK ought to have been among the happiest and most fortunate of mankind, for he possessed them all. We know, however, that something more is needed—above all, conscientiousness, sense of duty, or at least common prudence—to make life a true success. No man could more thoroughly illustrate the vanity of all gifts where this is wanting than Theodore Hook.

His early days were spent in an atmosphere which naturally tended to foster and develop his peculiar genius. His father was a favorite musical composer, whose house was the resort of all the popular characters of the day—musical, theatrical, and otherwise. Theodore was found to have an exquisite ear for music, and soon became noted among his father's coteries as a first-rate singer and player on the piano-forte. One night he astonished the old gentleman by singing and accompanying on the instrument two songs, one serious and the other comic, which the latter had never heard before. On inquiry, they turned out to be original compositions, both as regarded words and music. Here an assistant was unexpectedly discovered, by the elder Hook, to aid him in his labors, as hitherto he had always been obliged to employ the services of some poetaster to furnish the libretto of his musical pieces. Thus encouraged Theodore set to work, and produced "The Soldier's Return; or, What can Beauty do?" a comic opera, in two acts, first represented at Drury Lane in 1805. Its success was such as to stimulate him to further efforts, and at the age of sixteen he became a successful dramatist and song-writer, the pet of the *coulisses* and green-room, to which he had a free entrée, and the recipient of a handsome income, rarely procurable by a man's personal exertions at so early an age. The pieces written by him at this period comprise—"Catch Him who Can;" "The Invisible Girl;" "Tekeli, or the Siege of Mongratz;" "Killing no Murder," and others; but few, if any, of these now keep possession of the stage.

As may have been expected, the more solid branches of education seem to have been little attended to in the case of Hook. The first school to which he was sent was a "seminary for young gentlemen" in Soho Square, where, by his own account, he used regularly to play the truant, amusing himself by wandering about the streets, and devising all sorts of excuses to account to his teacher for his absence. On one occasion, unfortunately for him, he had remained at home, asserting to his parents that a general holiday had been granted to the scholars. His brother on the same day, which happened to be the rejoicing for the peace of Amiens, was passing Theodore's school, and seeing it open, was induced to go in and make inquiries, from which he learned that the young vagabond had not shown face there for the last three weeks. The

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result was his being locked up for the remainder of the day in the garret, and debarred from seeing the illuminations and fire-works in the evening. From this academy he was sent to a school in Cambridgeshire, and afterward to Harrow, where he had Lord Byron and Sir Robert Peel for his companions, but made little progress in classic learning, study and application being to him a most irksome drudgery. On the death of his step-mother in 1802, he was prematurely withdrawn from school, and from this period remained at home, in the enjoyment of the congenial atmosphere of his father's house, and the reputation and more solid advantages which the brilliancy of his talents enabled him to secure.

Hook's turn for quizzing and practical jokes was very early displayed, and innumerable anecdotes are recorded of this propensity. They are connected chiefly with the theatre, to which his occupations constantly led him, and where he was the soul and mirth-inspirer of the motley community behind the scenes. On one occasion he nearly frightened Dowton, the comedian, out of his wits, by walking up to him instead of the proper personator of the part, and delivering a letter. On another, when Sheridan was contesting the seat for Westminster, the cry of "Sheridan forever!" was heard by the astonished audience proceeding apparently from the evil spirit in the "Wood-Demon," and producing one of those incongruous effects which are so much relied on for raising a laugh in pantomime or burlesque.

A mischievous trick of another kind, in which he was aided by Liston, may also be mentioned. A young gentleman of Hook's acquaintance had a great desire to witness a play, and also escort a fair cousin thither, but was terrified lest his going to a theatre should come to the knowledge of his father, a rigid Presbyterian, who held such places in abhorrence. He communicated his difficulties to his gay friend. "Never mind the governor, my dear fellow," was the reply; "trust to me; I'll arrange every thing—get you a couple of orders, secure places—front row; and nobody need know any thing about it." The tickets were procured, and received with great thankfulness by Mr. B——, who started with his relative for the play-house, and the pair soon found themselves absorbed in an ecstasy of delight in witnessing the drolleries of Liston. But what was their confusion when the comedian, advancing to the foot-lights during a burst of laughter at one of his performances, looked round the dress-circle with a mock-offended air, and exclaimed:

"I don't understand this conduct, ladies and gentlemen! I am not accustomed to be laughed at; I can't imagine what you can see ridiculous in *me;* why, I declare" (pointing at the centre box with his finger), "there's Harry B——, too, and his cousin Martha J——; what business have they to come here and laugh at me, I should like to know? I'll go and tell his father, and hear what *he* thinks of it!"

The consternation caused to the truant couple by this unexpected address, and the eyes of the whole audience being turned on them, may be more readily imagined than described, and they fled from the house in dismay.

In the days of which we write, the abstraction of pump-handles and street-knockers was a favorite amusement of the young blades about town, some of whom prided themselves not a little in forming a museum of these trophies. Hook was behind no one in such freaks. One of them was the carrying off the figure of a Highlander, as large as life, from the door of a tobacconist, wrapping it up in a cloak, and tumbling it into a hackney-coach as "a friend, a very respectable man, but a little tipsy," with a request to the coachman to drive on. The following anecdote is related in the "Ingoldsby Legends," but will well bear repetition. On the occasion of the trial of Lord Melville, Hook had gone with a friend to Westminster Hall to witness the proceedings. As the peers began to enter, a simple-looking lady from the country touched his arm, and said:

"I beg your pardon, Sir, but pray who are those gentlemen in red now coming in?"

"Those, ma'am," he replied, "are the barons of England; in these cases, the junior peers always come first."

"Thank you, Sir, much obliged to you. Louisa, my dear (turning to her daughter, who accompanied her), tell Jane these are the barons of England; and the juniors (that's the youngest, you know) always goes first. Tell her to be sure and remember that when we get home."

"Dear me, ma," said Louisa, "can that gentleman be one of the *youngest?* I am sure he looks very old."

This *naïveté* held out an irresistible temptation to Theodore, who, on the old lady pointing to the bishops, who came next in order, with scarlet and lawn sleeves over their doctors' robes, and asking, "What gentlemen are those?" replied: "Gentlemen, ma'am! these are not gentlemen; these are *ladies*, elderly ladies—the dowager-peeresses in their own right."

His interrogator looked at him rather suspiciously, as if to find out whether or not he was quizzing her; but reassured by the imperturbable air of gravity with which her glance was met, turned round again to her daughter and whispered: "Louisa, dear, the gentleman says that these are elderly ladies and dowager-peeresses in their own right; tell Jane not to forget *that.*"

Shortly afterward her attention was drawn to the Speaker of the House of Commons, with his richly-embroidered robes. "Pray, Sir," she exclaimed, "who is that fine-looking person opposite?"

"That, ma'am, is Cardinal Wolsey."

"No, Sir!" was the angry rejoinder, "we knows a good deal better than that; Cardinal Wolsey has been dead and buried these many years."

"No such thing, my dear madam," replied Hook, with the most extraordinary *sang froid;*

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"it has indeed been so reported in the country, but without the least foundation in truth; in fact, these rascally newspapers will say any thing!"

The good lady looked thunder-struck, opened her eyes and mouth to their widest compass, and then, unable to say another word, or remain longer on the spot, hurried off with a daughter in each hand, leaving the mischievous wag and his friend to enjoy the joke.

A well-known story is told of Hook and Terry the actor making their way into a gentleman's house with whom they had no acquaintance whatever, but the appetizing steams issuing from whose area gave indications of a glorious feast being in the course of preparation. The anecdote is perfectly true, though the real scene of the adventure was not, as commonly represented, a suburban villa on the banks of the Thames, but a town-mansion somewhere in the neighborhood of Soho Square. Hook caught at the idea suggested by Terry, that he should like to make one of so jovial a party; and arranging with his friend that he should call for him there that evening at ten o'clock, hurried up the steps, gave a brisk rap with the knocker, and was at once admitted to the drawing-room. The room being full, no notice was taken of him at first, and before the host discovered him, he had already made his way to the hearts of a knot of guests by his sallies of drollery. The master of the house at last perceiving a stranger, went up and politely begged his name, as he felt rather at a loss. Hook replied with a perfect torrent of volubility, but expressed in the suavest and most fascinating terms, and effectually preventing any interruption to his discourse. An explanation at last came out, that he had mistaken both the house and the hour at which he ought to have dined with a friend. The old gentleman's civility then could not allow him to depart, as his friend's dinner-hour must now be long past, and a guest with such a flow of spirits must prove a most agreeable acquisition to his own table. Hook professed great reluctance to trespass thus on the hospitality of a perfect stranger, but was induced, seemingly with much difficulty, to remain and partake of dinner. So delightful a companion and so droll a fellow had never been met before, and so much mirth and jollity had never till now enlivened the mansion. At ten o'clock Mr. Terry was announced, and Hook, who had seated himself at the piano-forte, in the performance of one of his famous extemporaneous effusions, brought his song to a close as follows:

"I am very much pleased with your fare;
Your cellar's as prime as your cook;
My friend's Mr. Terry the player,
And I'm Mr. Theodore Hook!"

Nor was this by any means the only entertainment of the kind which his assurance and farcical powers enabled him to obtain. Passing one day in a gig with a friend by the villa of a retired chronometer-maker, he suddenly reined up, remarked to his friend what a comfortable little box that was, and that they might do worse than dine there. He then alighted, rang the bell, and on being admitted to the presence of the worthy old citizen, said that he had often heard his name, which was celebrated throughout the civilized world, and that being in the neighborhood, he could not resist the temptation of calling and making the acquaintance of so distinguished a public character. The good man was quite tickled with the compliment; pressed his admirer and friend to stay dinner, which was just ready; and a most jovial afternoon was spent, though on the way home the gig containing Hook and his companion was smashed to pieces by the refractory horse, and the two occupants had a narrow escape of their lives. Another of his adventures, in which he seems to have taken his cue from Tony Lumpkin, was driving up to an old gentleman's house, ordering the servant who appeared to take his mare to the stable and rub her down well, and then proceeding to the parlor stretched himself at full length on the sofa and called for a glass of brandy and water. On the master of the house making his appearance and inquiring the business of his visitor, Hook became more vociferous than ever, declared that he had never before met with such treatment in any inn, or from any landlord, and ended by saying that his host must be drunk, and he should certainly feel it his duty to report the circumstance to the bench. The old gentleman was confounded, but in a short time Hook pretended to discover his blunder of having taken the house for an inn, and made ten thousand apologies, adding that he had been induced to commit the mistake by seeing over the entrance-gate a large vase of flowers, which, he imagined, indicated the sign of the Flower-pot. This said vase happened to be cherished by its owner with special complacency as a most unique and chaste ornament, and here it was degraded to the level of a pot-house sign!

Another story is told of Hook, in which he improved on a well-known device related of Sheridan. Getting into a hackney-coach one day, and being unable to pay the fare, he bethought himself of the plan adopted by the celebrated wit just mentioned on a similar occasion, and hailed a friend whom he observed passing along the street. He made him get into the carriage beside him, but on comparing notes he found his companion equally devoid of cash as himself, and it was necessary to think of some other expedient. Presently they approached the house of a celebrated surgeon. Hook alighted, rushed to the door, and exclaimed hurriedly to the servant who opened it: "Is Mr. —— at home? I must see him immediately. For God's sake do not lose an instant!" Ushered into the consulting-room, he exclaimed wildly to the surgeon,

"Thank Heaven! Pardon my incoherence, Sir; make allowance for the feelings of a husband, *perhaps a father*—your attendance, Sir, is instantly required — instantly — by Mrs. ——. For mercy's sake, Sir, be off!"

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"I'll be on my way immediately," replied the medical man. "I have only to get my instruments and step into my carriage."

"Don't wait for your carriage," cried the pseudo-distressed parent; "get into mine, which is waiting at the door."

Esculapius readily complied, was hurried into the coach, and conveyed in a trice to the residence of an aged spinster, whose indignation and horror at the purport of his visit was beyond all bounds. The poor man was glad to beat a speedy retreat; but the fury of the old maiden lady was not all he was destined to undergo, as the hackney-coachman kept hold of him, and mulcted him in the full amount of the fare which Hook ought to have paid.

All these and similar escapades, however, were fairly eclipsed by the famous Berners Street hoax, which created such a sensation in London in 1809. By dispatching several thousands of letters to innumerable quarters he completely blocked up the entrances to the street, by an assemblage of the most heterogeneous kind. The parties written to had been requested to call on a certain day at the house of a lady residing at No. 54 Berners Street, against whom Hook and one or two of his friends had conceived a grudge. So successful was the trick that nearly all obeyed the summons. Coal-wagons heavily laden, carts of upholstery, vans with pianos and other articles, wedding and funeral coaches, all rumbled through, and filled up the adjoining streets and lanes; sweeps assembled with the implements of their trade; tailors with clothes that had been ordered; pastry-cooks with wedding-cakes; undertakers with coffins; fish-mongers with cod-fishes, and butchers with legs of mutton. There were surgeons with their instruments; lawyers with their papers and parchments; and clergymen with their books of devotion. Such a Babel was never heard before in London; and, to complete the business, who should drive up but the lord mayor in his state carriage, the governor of the Bank of England, the chairman of the East India Company, and even a scion of royalty itself in the person of the Duke of Gloucester. Hook and his confederates were meantime enjoying the fun from a window in the neighborhood, but the consternation occasioned to the poor lady who had been made the victim of the jest was nearly becoming too serious a matter. He never avowed himself as the originator of this trick, though there is no doubt of his being the prime actor in it. It was made the subject of a solemn investigation by many of the parties who had been duped, but so carefully had the precautions been taken to avoid detection that the inquiry proved entirely fruitless.

In 1813 Hook received the appointment, with a salary of $10,000 a year, of accountant-general and treasurer of the Mauritius, an office which one would have supposed to be the very antipodes to all his capacities and predilections. How it came to be conferred on him does not clearly appear; but it exhibits a memorable instance, among others, of the reckless selection, too often displayed in those days, in the choice of public officials. What might have been expected followed. The treasurer was about as fitted by nature for discharging the duties of such an office as a clown in a pantomime, and the five years spent by him in the island were little more than a round of merriment and festivities. An investigation of his accounts at last took place, and a large deficit, ultimately fixed at about $60,000, was discovered. There seems no reason for believing that Hook had been guilty of the least embezzlement or mal-appropriation of the Government funds; but there can be no doubt that his negligence in regard to his duties was most reprehensible, trusting their performance entirely to a deputy, who committed suicide about the time of the inquiry being instituted. A criminal charge was made out against the unfortunate accountant-general, and in 1818 he was sent home under arrest. His buoyancy of spirits, however, never failed him, and meeting at St. Helena one of his old friends, who asked him if he was going home for his health, he replied, "Yes, I believe there's something wrong with the chest!"

On landing in England it was found that there was no ground for a criminal action against him, but that, as responsible for the acts of his deputy, his person and estate were amenable to civil proceedings. The whole of his property in the Mauritius and elsewhere was accordingly confiscated, and he underwent a long confinement, first in a sponging-house in Shire Lane, and afterward in the King's Bench Prison. Thrown again on his own resources, he produced several dramatic pieces, which achieved a respectable amount of success. The great event, however, at this period of his life, was his becoming editor of the *John Bull* newspaper, which, under his management, made itself conspicuous by its stinging and too often scurrilous attacks on the Whig party. An inexhaustible fund of metrical lampoon and satire was ever at the command of its conductor, and he certainly dealt out his sarcasm with no sparing hand. Some of the most famous of his effusions were directed against Queen Caroline and her party at the time of the celebrated trial. "Whyttington and his Catte," the "Hunting of the Hare," and "Mrs. Muggins's Visit to the Queen," were reckoned in their day by the Tories as uncommonly smart things.

Have you been to Brandenburgh? heigh! ma'am, ho! ma'am;
Have you been to Brandenburgh! ho!
Oh yes! I have been, ma'am, to visit the queen, ma'am,
With the rest of the gallantee show.
What did you see, ma'am? heigh! ma'am, ho! ma'am,
What did you see, ma'am? ho!
We saw a great dame, with a face as red as flame,
And a character spotless as snow.

"Mrs. Muggins's Visit" was a satire on Queen Caroline's drawing-room, at Brandenburgh House, and is said to be a very good specimen of Hook's style in improvisation—an art which he possessed in a wonderful degree.

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Some years before Hook's obtaining his disastrous appointment at the Mauritius, he had published, under an assumed name, a novel entitled "The Man of Sorrow," but its success was very doubtful. It was not till after he had passed through the furnace of adversity, and undergone the pains of incarceration, that he gave to the world that series of works of fiction which, prior to the days of Dickens and Thackeray, had so unbounded a popularity as the exponents of middle-class life. With great smartness and liveliness of description, they partake eminently of the character of the author whose gifts were much more brilliant than solid. Deficient in the latter element, and possessing, in a great measure, an ephemeral interest, it becomes, therefore, doubtful whether they will be much heard of in a succeeding generation.

The *bons mots* recorded of Theodore Hook are multifarious, but they have all more or less a dash of the flippancy and impudence by which, especially in early life, he was characterized. Walking along the Strand one day, he accosted, with much gravity, a very pompous-looking gentleman. "I beg your pardon, Sir, but may I ask, are you any body particular?" and passed on before the astonished individual could collect himself sufficiently to reply. In the midst of his London career of gayety, when a stripling, he was induced by his brother James, who was seventeen years his senior, to enter himself at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, where his sojourn, however, was but brief. On being presented for matriculation to the vice-chancellor, that dignitary inquired if he was prepared to sign the Thirty-nine Articles.

"Oh yes," replied Theodore, "forty, if you like!"

It required all his brother's interest with Dr. Parsons to induce him to pardon this petulant sally. The first evening, it is said, of his arrival at Oxford, he had joined a party of old school-fellows at a tavern, and the fun had become fast and furious. Just then the proctor, that terror of university evil-doers, made his appearance, and advancing to the table where Hook was sitting, addressed him with the customary question:

"Pray, Sir, are you a member of this university?"

"No, Sir," was the reply (rising and bowing respectfully); "pray, Sir, are you?"

Somewhat discomposed by this unexpected query, the proctor held out his sleeve,

"You see this, Sir?"

"Ah," replied the young freshman, after examining with much apparent interest for a few moments the quality of the stuff. "Yes, I perceive, Manchester velvet; and may I take the liberty, Sir, of inquiring how much you may have paid per yard for the article?"

Discomfited by so much imperturbable coolness, the academical dignitary was forced to retire amidst a storm of laughter.

The Mauritius affair proved a calamity, from the effects of which Hook never recovered. With a crushing debt constantly suspended *in terrorem* over him, and an enfeebled frame, the result of his confinement in prison, and partly also of the unwholesome style of living, as regards food, in which he had indulged when abroad, his last years were sadly imbittered by ill health, mental depression, and pecuniary embarrassment. Outwardly, he seemed still to enjoy the same flow of spirits; but a worm was gnawing at the heart, and his diary at this period discloses a degree of mental anguish and anxiety which few of those about him suspected. He died at Fulham, on 24th August, 1841, in his fifty-third year.

HARBOR DEFENSE.

IT is well that we should understand definitely that at the present moment every one of our great harbors on the sea-board is open to attack from any enemy who can command two or three "iron-clads." The fortifications which were amply sufficient to defend them against any fleet of sailing-vessels are utterly worthless as a protection against the mailed vessels which have been constructed during the last three years. One half of the naval force which utterly failed—through no fault, we are sure, of the commanders or men—in the first attack upon Charleston, could have ventured with almost the certainty of success upon assailing New York. The *Ironsides* alone, had she been a hostile vessel, we venture to say could have run the gauntlet of all the forts which defend the Empire City. Either of the "Monitors" could have done the same; and one of these vessels fairly within the harbor would virtually hold the city at mercy. There is every reason to believe that the *Atlanta*, so opportunely disabled by the *Weehawken*, was destined for this very service. Had she overcome or eluded her opponents in Warsaw Bay, and reached New York, one can hardly estimate the amount of damage which she might have inflicted.

To say nothing of possible hostilities with Great Britain or France, we know that the Confederates are straining every nerve to equip in British ports a number of serviceable iron-clads. According to present appearances there is no reason to believe that the slightest practical opposition will be made by the British Government to this scheme. The adequate defense of our harbors is, therefore, a question of instant and vital importance.

It is well to learn wisdom from our enemies. They have taught us at New Orleans how a city can not be defended against a fleet, and at Charleston how it can be defended. Nothing is more clear than that if the defense of Charleston had rested upon Fort Sumter the place would have been taken last April. If the channel had been unobstructed, our iron-clads could have passed clear of the guns of the fort with far less damage than they sustained while detained under fire. A single sentence in the evidence of Captain Worden tells the whole story. He says:

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"I thought that any attempt to break through the obstructions would have got the propellers of the ships involved in the net-work it was known that the enemy had there; they would have become unmanageable, and so injured by torpedoes that they would have sunk in the harbor or have fallen into the enemy's hands; and I did not think that the risk of such a disaster was justifiable under the circumstances. Rebel iron-clads were lying behind the obstructions; any of our vessels that had become disabled would have been exposed to attack from them." Other officers, whose bravery, skill, and patriotism are beyond all question, testified to the same general purport.

The great duel now going on between offense and defense has settled—for the present, at least—some points, among which are these:

No fort, or system of forts, as heretofore constructed, can prevent the passage of steamers through an unobstructed channel. This has been abundantly demonstrated at New Orleans, Vicksburg, and Port Hudson.

No fort of masonry or brick-work is tenable against modern artillery. Fort Pulaski crumbled like a house of cards before our fire at a distance of two-thirds of a mile.

No vessel yet constructed, or likely to be constructed, can sustain for any considerable time the fire of a first-class fort. The question between vessels and forts is one simply of time.

The corollaries from these proved facts, as far as Harbor Defense is concerned, are these:

The offensive and defensive powers of our existing forts must be increased.

For defense iron must be substituted for brick and stone.

For offense these forts should be able to concentrate their whole fire upon any desired point.

Obstructions should be so contrived as to detain a hostile vessel under fire. In the case of a great commercial harbor these obstructions must not prevent ordinary commerce in time of peace, while sealing the harbor against hostile passage.

In this Magazine for January we gave a full description of the system of Revolving Towers, invented by Mr. Theodore Timby, which seemed to us to combine the maximum of offensive and defensive power. As a part of this scheme, applied to Harbor Defense, was a system of chains stretching from tower to tower, to rest upon the bottom in time of peace, and be drawn up by the steam-engines in the towers when it was necessary to obstruct the entrance of the harbors. An addition to this plan, proposed by the inventor, is shown in the accompanying diagram. To the chains are to be attached buoys (A A A), just sufficient to leave their net weight enough to sink them to the bottom when let loose. Almost the entire strength of the chains, when drawn up, will thus be available to withstand the passage of a hostile vessel. Outside of these chains it is proposed to place a line of torpedoes (B B B), attached to a chain stretching from tower to tower across the channel. These would be drawn directly under the vessel detained by the chains, and exploded by a discharge from a galvanic battery, at the precise instant desired. The scheme for Harbor Defense here suggested seems to us well worthy of the most careful consideration, combining all that our dear-bought experience has shown to be available in the plans of our enemies, with additions to which they have not attained. To this may be added any thing further in the way of rams and floating batteries which the development of offensive and defensive warfare may render advisable.

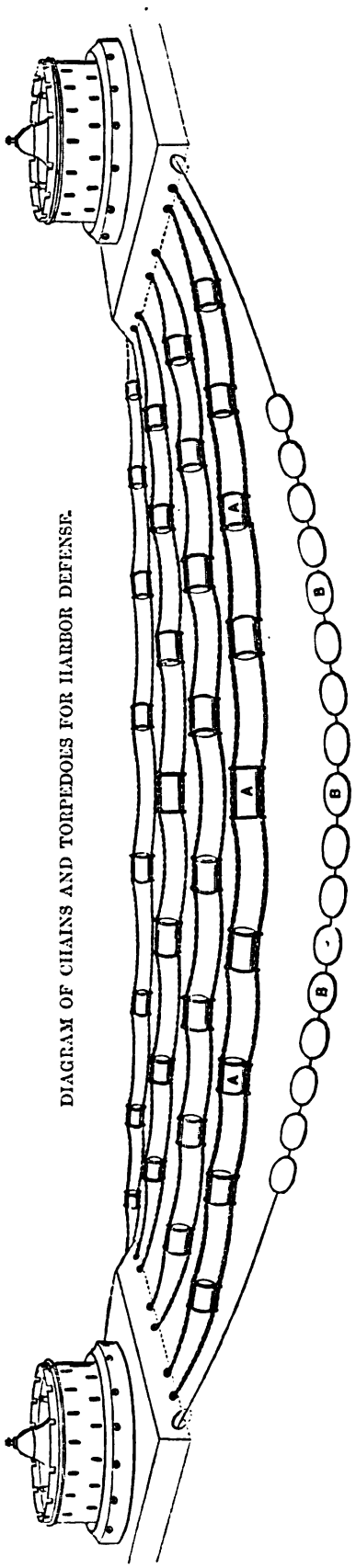


DIAGRAM OF CHAINS AND TORPEDOES FOR HARBOR DEFENSE.

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 8th of August.—The 6th of August was appointed by proclamation of the President, bearing date July 15, to be observed as a day for national thanksgiving, praise, and prayer, because "it had pleased Almighty God to hearken to the supplications and prayers of an afflicted people, and to vouchsafe to the army and navy of the United States, on the land and on the sea, victories so signal and so effective as to furnish reasonable grounds for augmented confidence that the Union of these States will be maintained, their Constitution preserved, and their peace and prosperity permanently secured."—On the other hand, Jefferson Davis, as President of the Confederate States, by a proclamation dated July 25, appointed the 21st of August to be observed as a day of fasting and prayer on account of the reverses which the Confederate cause had sustained. Mr. Davis, in his proclamation, says that the former successes of the Confederates on sea and land had made them self-confidont and forgetful of their reliance upon God; that "the love of lucre had eaten like a gangrene into the very heart of the land;" that therefore they had no right to complain that they had been "chastened," but should "receive in humble thankfulness the lesson which He has taught in our recent reverses."

The victories thus claimed on our side, and the defeats acknowledged by our enemies, are numerous and of great importance, though, in the case of the first, the battle of Gettysburg was less decisive than had been hoped. After his defeat here General Lee retreated slowly to the Potomac, leaving his dead and a great portion of his wounded behind him, but carrying off almost his entire train of artillery, and a considerable part of the plunder which he had secured. The retreat was made in perfect order, as far as the main body of his army was concerned, although there were a large number of stragglers who fell into our hands. Reaching the Potomac, which was so swollen by recent rains as to be unfordable, he took up so strong a position that General Meade, who had cautiously followed, was unwilling to peril the success which he had gained by attacking him. Lee remained on the Maryland side of the river until the 14th of July, when he succeeded in crossing with his entire army, except a brigade composing the rear guard, which was attacked and captured at Falling Waters. According to the best estimates, Lee crossed into Maryland with about 90,000 men. During his three weeks' campaign his losses in killed, wounded, and prisoners exceeded 33,000. He fell back slowly toward the Rappahannock, followed by General Meade, and at the latest advices the two armies occupied nearly the same positions as before the Confederate invasion of Pennsylvania. Our entire loss was about 18,000, of whom there were 13,000 wounded, the greater portion of whom will soon be able to resume duty.

Apart from the great artillery and infantry action at Gettysburg, there were several sharp engagements of cavalry. The principal of these were at Hanover, on the 6th of July, where Stuart was defeated by Buford with a loss of 1000 prisoners; at Funktown, on the 9th, where Pleasanton captured 600; and at Boonsboro, on the 9th, where Kilpatrick gained a victory. Heretofore it has been considered that the enemy were stronger than ourselves in this arm of the service; but now it is conceded that the case is reversed.

By the surrender of Vicksburg about 31,000 prisoners, 220 cannon, and 70,000 stand of small-arms fell into our hands. The prisoners were paroled by General Grant, under obligations not to act in any way in the service of the Confederacy until exchanged; a large part of them have dispersed to their homes. The entire loss of the enemy during Grant's campaign against Vicksburg was nearly 40,000; ours being about 7000.

The capture of Vicksburg was immediately followed by that of Port Hudson, which was surrendered on the 8th of July to General Banks. There were about 7000 prisoners, 50 cannon, and a considerable number of small-arms. The whole course of the Mississippi, from the source to the mouth, has now been opened, and the Confederacy is thus virtually separated into two parts, neither capable of rendering any effective service to the other.—The whole force of General Banks being concentrated upon the siege of Port Hudson, the enemy were enabled to resume operations in that part of Louisiana which had been overrun by Banks. They captured Brashear City, seizing a considerable amount of supplies and munitions. The place was, however, recaptured on the 22d of July.

Directly after the fall of Vicksburg General Sherman was dispatched to meet Johnston, who had taken up his position at Jackson, the capital of Mississippi. The place was abandoned by the enemy on the 16th, and a large amount of stores which he had collected were destroyed, Johnston falling back into the interior.

Almost simultaneously with Lee's invasion of Pennsylvania, a bold raid was made into Ohio by the noted guerrilla General John H. Morgan. At first he met with considerable success, but as he advanced our forces closed around him, and after a series of engagements his forces, numbering in all nearly 5000, were almost to a man either killed or captured.

A vigorous attempt to capture Charleston was commenced on the 10th of July by our land and naval forces, under command of General Gilmore and Admiral Dahlgren. Morris Island, the upper portion of which commands Fort Sumter, was seized and occupied, with the exception of Fort Wagner, a strong earth-work, which is held by the enemy. An attempt to carry this by assault on the 18th failed, our loss in killed, wounded and prisoners amounting to nearly 1000. The siege is still vigorously pressed.

Besides these leading operations during the month of July, others of considerable importance were successfully undertaken. We present a brief summary of these, omitting several that are reported, but of which authentic accounts have not been received:

July 3. *Victory of Gettysburg:* Enemy's loss fully 33,000 men.
" 4. *Capture of Vicksburg:* Enemy's loss 31,000 men and 220 cannon.—*Victory at Helena*, Arkansas: Enemy's loss 2700.—*Evacuation of Tullahoma* by Bragg: Enemy's loss within a few days about 5000.
" 6. *Battle of Hanover:* Stuart's cavalry defeated, with a loss of 1000 prisoners.
" 8. *Capture of Port Hudson:* Enemy's loss 7000, besides cannon and ammunition.—*Battle of Funkstown:* Enemy's loss 600.
" 9. *Battle of Boonsboro:* Enemy's loss considerable.

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July 10. *Charleston assailed* by a combined naval and military force.
" 13. *Yazoo City captured:* Enemy's loss 500 prisoners, six guns, a gun-boat, and stores.
" 14. *Battle of Falling Waters:* Enemy's loss a whole brigade captured.—*Capture of Fort Powhattan* on James River.
" 16. *Capture of Jackson*, Mississippi.—*Victory at Elk Creek*, Arkansas: 5000 Confederates, under Cooper, defeated by Blunt.
" 17. *Naval Expeditions up Red River and to Natchez:* Large captures of stores and munitions.
" 18. *Battle of Buffington*, Ohio: 1000 of Morgan's band captured.
" 19. *Affair at Jackson*, Tennessee: Two companies of the enemy and an ammunition train captured.—Of Morgan's band 300 more captured.
" 20. *Action at George's Creek*, Ohio: Of Morgan's band 1500 more captured.
" 22. *Cavalry Expedition from Newbern*, North Carolina: Railroad bridge over Tar River destroyed, together with two steamers and an unfinished iron-clad.—*Recapture of Brashear City*, Louisiana.
" 26. *Surrender of Morgan*, with the whole of his remaining forces, to General Shackelford.

The "reverses" acknowledged by Jefferson Davis in his fast-day proclamation, thus included at least twenty distinct instances within as many days, involving a loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners of nearly 100,000 men, 300 cannon, immense quantities of small-arms, stores, and ammunition, the disorganization of the armies of the West, the sundering of the Confederacy, and the practical expulsion of its armies from Tennessee and Mississippi; an attack, with every promise of success, upon Charleston; the way apparently open to Mobile; while, if Charleston should fall, Savannah must at once follow. At the most moderate estimate, one-third of the available force of the Confederacy must have been practically annihilated during the first three weeks of July. The army of Virginia, under its able General Lee, is, however, still strong, and, to all appearance, fully equal to that which we have opposed to it. It may also be considerably strengthened from the fragments of the other armies which have been rendered useless, and also by means of the conscription lately ordered, by which every male person between the ages of 18 and 45 is summoned into service.—— On the 1st of August Mr. Davis issued an address to the soldiers of the Confederate States, telling them that the enemy were gathering heavy masses for a general invasion, assuring them that there was now no alternative but victory or subjugation, and calling upon all who had been called out and not reported for duty, or who have absented themselves from their posts, to join the army at once. The address concludes thus:

"I call on you, then, my countrymen, to hasten to your camps, in obedience to the dictates of honor and of duty, and summon those who have absented themselves without leave, or who have remained absent beyond the period allowed by their furloughs, to repair without delay to their respective commands; and I do hereby declare that I grant a general pardon and amnesty to all officers and men within the Confederacy, now absent without leave, who shall, with the least possible delay, return to their proper posts of duty; but no excuse will be received for any delay beyond twenty days after the first publication of this proclamation in the State in which the absentee may be at the date of the publication. This amnesty and pardon shall extend to all who have been accused, or who have been convicted and are undergoing sentence for absence without leave, desertion, excepting only those who have been twice convicted of desertion.

Finally, I conjure my countrywomen—the wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters of the Confederacy—to use their all-powerful influence in aid of this call, to add one crowning sacrifice to those which their patriotism has so freely and constantly offered on their country's altar, and to take care that none who owe service in the field shall be sheltered at home from the disgrace of having deserted their duty to their families, to their country, and to their God."

The law of retaliation is formally announced by both the National and the Confederate authorities. Two Confederate officers were executed in Tennessee, June 9, by order of General Rosecrans, as spies found within our lines. The Confederates chose by lot, from among our prisoners at Richmond, two officers, and set them apart for execution, when ordered, in retaliation. Two officers of the enemy in our hands were then placed in close confinement, to be executed if the threats of the enemy were carried out. President Lincoln has also issued a proclamation declaring, in effect, that no distinction will be recognized in the treatment accorded to our white and colored troops who may be captured by the enemy. Every case of ill-treatment will be retaliated in kind: hanging for hanging, shooting for shooting, imprisonment for imprisonment. If a colored soldier, taken prisoner, is sold into slavery, a Confederate prisoner will, in return, be confined at hard labor in some prison until the colored prisoner is set at liberty.

The most serious riot which has ever occurred in the United States broke out in New York on the morning of July 13. At the outset it was merely a demonstration against the draft, which was then in progress in the Ninth District of the city. This district is inhabited mainly by laborers, a great proportion of whom are of foreign birth. They had been wrought to exasperation against the clause in the bill which allowed a person whose name was drawn to purchase exemption by the payment of $300. The rich man, they were told, was thus safe from draft by the payment of a sum which was of no account to him, while the poor man would be compelled to enter the army, leaving his family destitute. The draft had been commenced on Saturday the 11th without disturbance. Sunday passed quietly; but hardly was the drawing commenced on Monday when a sudden attack was made by an armed mob upon the office. The wheel was destroyed, the lists scattered, and the building set on fire. The excitement spread through the city, crowds gathered every where, with no apparent common object; but during the day the movement seemed to be controlled by leaders in two general directions. The first was an attack upon the negroes; the second an assault upon every one who was supposed to be in any way concerned in the draft, or prominently identified with the Republican party. Unfortunately the militia regiments, who have always been relied upon to uphold public order in case of emergency, had been sent to Pennsylvania to withstand the Confederate invasion; and the only guardians left for the public peace were the regular police and a few hundred soldiers who garrisoned the forts. These were too few to protect the dozen miles between the extremities of the city. The mob, dispersed in one quarter, would reassemble at another, and for four days the city seemed given up to their control. The outrages committed during this time were numerous and aggravated. Negroes were assaulted, beaten to death, mutilated, and hung; building after building was sacked and burned; gangs of desperadoes patrolled the streets, levying contributions, and ordering places of business to be closed. A Colored Orphan Asylum, sheltering some hundreds of children, was sacked and burned. After

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the first day the riot, which was at first directed against the draft, took a new turn. The entire mass of scoundrelism in the city seemed to have been let loose for indiscriminate plunder. Women, half-grown boys, and children were foremost in the work of robbery, and no man felt safe from attack. The police force did their duty manfully, aided at first by the few troops at the disposal of the authorities, and subsequently by the regiments who began to return from Pennsylvania. In the street fights which occurred many of the defenders of law and order lost their lives, while a far larger number of the rioters were killed. Gradually the bands of rioters were dispersed, and the peace of the city was restored. Fully a hundred persons were killed, and property to an immense amount was destroyed. The city and county are legally responsible for all losses occasioned by mobs and riots. Claims to the amount of about a million and a half of dollars have been presented. Already scores of the ringleaders have been apprehended, including a number charged with murder and arson. We place this brief outline upon record, proposing at a future time to give a more full account, and to present a detail of the proceedings of the blind guilty mob, and their still more guilty aiders and abettors.

MEXICO.

The French invasion of Mexico having proved successful, we present a brief resumé of the whole transaction from the commencement, repeating incidents which have already appeared in our Record. The successive Governments of Mexico have for years committed many aggressions upon foreigners residing in the country. The Governments of Great Britain, France, and Spain entered into a convention, in the latter part of 1861, by which they agreed to contribute each a naval and military force to compel the Mexican Government to fulfill its treaty stipulations. They expressly affirmed, however, that it was no part of their purpose to make any acquisition of territory, or to interfere with the right of the Mexican people to choose their own form of government. The Spanish portion of the expedition was the first in the field, leaving Havana on the 28th of November, 1861, and rendezvousing before Vera Cruz on the 10th of December. On the 15th that place, with the castle of San Juan d'Ulloa, was surrendered. The French and British forces arrived soon after, and negotiations were entered into, the Mexican Government agreeing to the demands of the Allies. The British and Spanish commanders then withdrew from the expedition, leaving the French, under General Lorencz. This commander, acting, as he said, under the special orders of the Emperor, entered into an arrangement with the Mexican General Almonte, who had set himself up in opposition to the Government of Juarez. The avowed object of this coalition was to establish an Imperial Government, under a European prince. The name of the Archduke Maximilian, brother of the Emperor of Austria, was suggested, though it was from the first suspected that the real design of the French Emperor was to provide a transatlantic throne for Prince Napoleon, as a sort of honorable exile to remove him from France, where his political course was displeasing to the Emperor. This conduct of the French seemed to unite the whole Mexican people. Lorencz, attempting to march upon the capital, was defeated at Puebla on the 5th of May, 1862; but the Emperor, resolved upon the prosecution of his purpose, sent General Forey, one of his own special favorites, with large reinforcements, to take the command of the Mexican expedition. In a letter to Forey the Emperor, for the first time, developed publicly his intentions. He said that it was not for the "interest of France that the United States should seize possession of all the Mexican Gulf, dominate from thence the Antilles, as well as South America, and be the sole dispenser of the products of the New World." If a stable Government could be, with the assistance of France, established in Mexico, it would be favorable to France; the object was then to march upon the capital, "and boldly plant there our flag; to establish a monarchy, if it is not incompatible with the national sentiment of the country, or, at all events, a Government which promises some stability." Forey, upon arriving at Vera Cruz, September 25th, issued a proclamation, in which the actual Government of the country was styled "a handful of men without scruples and without conscience, who have trampled upon the rights of men, have governed by the means of the most sanguinary system of terror, and who, to sustain themselves, have not been ashamed of selling to foreigners, piece by piece, the territory of their country." As soon as this Government was overthrown the Mexican people would be left at liberty to "freely elect the Government which they please." Proclamations to the same general purpose were repeated at various times; through all of them runs a strain of hostility to the United States, the key-note of which is found in the letter of the Emperor. The thing to be done was to establish a strong Government of the Latin race, which should form a counterpoise to the United States. Meanwhile he proceeded cautiously in his military operations. The one object was to march upon the capital, for experience has shown that the possession of the City of Mexico has always been equivalent to the control of the whole country. To this there were many obstacles. The roads were in an almost impassable condition; the country was bared of supplies, and the army must carry with it all that it required. The Mexican Government also acted with decided energy, and received the almost unanimous support of the country. Congress denounced the whole scheme of the French, accepted the issue of war, and gathered a force far greater than was supposed possible. To reach the capital Puebla must be taken, and here the whole available strength of the Mexicans was concentrated. Upon this place Forey advanced slowly and cautiously, the other operations which were undertaken being merely subsidiary to this. The city was finally invested on the 18th of March, 1863. It was defended by a system of detached fortresses, with powerful artillery, and a force of about 20,000 men. The assailants were repulsed in several attacks, and had at times to wait inactive for supplies of artillery and ammunition; but they gained on the whole day by day; defense after defense was captured; supplies ran short, and a vigorous attempt made by Commonfort to relieve the garrison failed of success, and on the 17th of May, the French having breached Fort Totimehuacan, the strongest of the remaining defenses, were about to make an assault, when the city was surrendered with all its defenders. The fall of Puebla decided the question. The French, without losing time, pressed on toward the capital. The Government of Juarez, indeed, announced its determination to maintain the independence of the country to the last extremity; but upon the approach of the French they abandoned Mexico, on the 31st of May, fleeing to San Luis Potosi, with what amount of money and arms they could collect.

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The principal members of the "Church Party" sent to Forey, who was not far off, to take possession of the capital. On the 9th of June he made his formal entry amidst the acclamations of the populace. He at once practically assumed the government of the country, placing the press under French censorship, summoning the adherents of Juarez to lay down their arms, under the severest penalties, and appointing a kind of Provisional Government, consisting of a Superior Council of 35 members, and a Council of Notables of 215, who were, in the name of the people, to choose a form of government. This Council of Notables by a vote, unanimous with the exception of two dissentients, declared in favor of abolishing the republican form of government, and establishing an Empire. They chose as Emperor the Archduke Maximilian of Austria; and in case he should decline, they requested Napoleon to select the future Emperor. There seems to be little probability that the government of Juarez will be able to make any further effectual opposition to the French conquest. If we can judge from the settled policy of the Austrian Government, and the manner in which the first proposition was received, the offer made to the Archduke will not be accepted. And then the Emperor Napoleon will have the privilege of nominating, and virtually appointing, the future Emperor of Mexico.

The Emperor of Brazil has issued directions to the officials throughout the Empire defining their duties as neutrals in the contest waged in America. Belligerent vessels are not to receive any thing but the naval stores of which they are in need to enable them to proceed to their point of destination; and to receive these they must have an actual point of destination. No shelter or assistance is to be given vessels cruising about in search of the enemy's ships. War vessels must not increase their crews by enlisting even their own countrymen in the ports of the Empire; nor can they purchase arms or munitions of any kind; and, finally, the *Alabama* is not to be admitted into any Brazilian port, because she has made the island of Rata a sort of stopping-place, leaving her anchorage there for the purpose of making prizes. The Brazilian neutrality is thus an honest and practical one.

EUROPE.

The report of our recent successes has apparently produced a great change of feeling in Great Britain. The stock-market is the surest indication of the state of public opinion. Our National stocks went up four or five per cent.; the Confederate cotton-loan declined fifteen or eighteen. There seems little doubt that the Emperor Napoleon is anxious to bring about a joint recognition by the Great European Powers of the Southern Confederacy. Great Britain hesitates to unite in this; but meanwhile practically adheres to the doctrine that vessels may be built and equipped in her ports, notoriously designed for the Confederate Government, and may be sent to sea without obstruction, if unarmed; meanwhile the armaments may be sent out, equally unobstructed, in other vessels, and placed on board of the ships for which they are designed. There have been long debates in Parliament upon this subject, but the result is that it is the settled policy of the Government to place no real obstacles in the way of the building and equipment of vessels to prey upon our commerce. It is notorious that several have lately been sent out from British ship-yards, and others, quite as formidable as any afloat, are in process of construction. We may therefore assume that the Governments both of England and France are hostile to us, and await only a favorable opportunity to declare their hostility directly, as they have done indirectly.

Parliament was prorogued until October 14. The Queen's speech trusted that the negotiations in behalf of Poland would prevent a European war; declared her determination to remain neutral in the American war; announced that negotiations were in progress for uniting the Ionian Islands to the Kingdom of Greece; spoke of the difficulties in Japan, which it was hoped would be adjusted, and of the discontinuance of diplomatic relations with Brazil, which she trusted would be speedily resumed.

Meanwhile, however, the American question is for the moment overshadowed by that of Poland, which threatens more strongly from day to day to result in a general European war. Interminable letters have been exchanged between the Ministers of the various Powers; the net results of which are that Russia scornfully denies the right of France and Great Britain to interfere at all. The Poles must, says Prince Gortschakoff, in reply to the English note, "throw down their arms and submit to the clemency of the Emperor. Every other arrangement would be incompatible with the dignity of our august master, and with the sentiments of the Russian nation." A series of "six points" had been presented by the Western Powers as their ultimatum. The reply to these was that the Emperor had undertaken to carry out the majority of these, but would not act under the constraint of foreign intervention. A further proposition for a Conference of the eight Powers which signed the treaty of Vienna, for the purpose of discussing the "six points," was rejected. Russia would confer only with Austria and Prussia, who alone had any immediate interest in the Polish question. The reply to the French note is similar in substance, though couched in still less courteous terms. The principal focus of the insurrection is declared to be in Paris, where a vast conspiracy had been organized to keep alive disorders by the terror of a secret committee, and by assurances of foreign intervention. The note to the French Government is almost equivalent to an actual defiance.—The note to Austria is more conciliatory. It professes a willingness to join with Austria and Prussia, the only Powers who have any right to interfere, in considering their common interests. Austria replied that she would act in concert with the other six Powers, and declined the suggestion of a joint conference with Russia and Prussia. The present aspect of affairs is thus summed up in the London *Spectator:* "The air is heavy with rumors of coming war. The Russian replies both to England and France are unexpectedly haughty, and there is a marked disposition in Paris to urge the Emperor on to war. The Austrian Government has expressed its decision to adhere to the Western Powers; the Swedish Government has called a council of war to deliberate on its position; the National Government of Poland has issued a secret circular promising the insurgents speedy assistance. There are accounts of new armaments in Russia, and of movements of fleets toward Cherbourg; exchanges have been depressed and the price of securities lowered. The balance of evidence inclines toward a catastrophe; but until the Emperor has spoken any opinion must partake more or less of conjecture."—The question of peace or war throughout Europe, and between Europe and America, thus rests upon the decision of one man, far past middle life and with health more infirm than belongs to his years. He can with a breath open a contest the close of which he can never expect to see.

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Literary Notices.

Romola, by GEORGE ELIOT. The Author of "Adam Bede" won her reputation by a series of tales in which the phases of English life and character with which she was familiar from childhood were depicted with pre-Raffaelitic minuteness and fidelity. As in the case of Charlotte Brontë, any one conversant with the varieties of English life might have told almost to a mile the home of the author. It was a bold venture for her to peril her reputation on an entirely new field, and to attempt to delineate scenes and characters to which she must necessarily be a stranger. Her subject was, to all appearance, unhappily chosen. Italian life in the fifteenth century was so different from English life in the nineteenth that the great public, to whom the novelist appeals, could not be expected to feel any warm sympathy with it. As the first chapters of Romola appeared there was a general feeling that the book would be a failure. But gradually it began to be perceived that the author was wiser than the critics; that she was working with perfect certainty toward a definite end, with an absolute command of all the means necessary for its attainment. She had undertaken a great historical picture, the separate parts of which were to be considered in their relations to and their effect upon the whole composition. As the work developed it was seen that the early chapters, in which Florentine life—the street scenes, the gossip of the barber's-shop, and the talk of scholars, peasants, signors, and soldiers—was presented, were but the back-ground of the scene in which Tito, Baldassarre, and Savonarola were to play their parts. Point by point every thing, even to the minutest touch, fell into its place; and now that the picture is completed, all see that it is a great work of art. Miss Evans (or rather, Mrs. Lewes) is certainly inferior to Scott in delineating the rapid march of events; but she excels him in clear delineation of character. Out of Shakspeare we know not where in all literature to find a character so thoroughly conceived and clearly defined as that of Tito, the very type and model of the Greek race, winning all hearts by the sweetness of his temper and the charm of his manner, loving most things, and hating nothing but pain, bodily or mental; never deliberately proposing to do any thing cruel or base, but descending step by step into cruelty and baseness, simply because he tried to step away from every thing unpleasant; betraying every trust reposed in him, simply because he cared only for his own safety and pleasure. Baldassarre also is a wonderful creation, reminding us, and at no long distance, of Shakspeare's Lear. Of Savonarola we need not speak. Here the author had to find, not create, but she has succeeded in producing a wonderful picture of the Italian Luther. Most of our readers, we trust, have kept up with the progress of the story as it has for so many months been presented before them in this Magazine; but to be fully appreciated it should be read as a whole. "Romola" will take its place as one of the three great historical novels in our language. If the first place is assigned to "Ivanhoe," we may perhaps hesitate whether the second shall be accorded to "Quentin Durward" or "Romola." (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

War Pictures from the South, by ESTVAN. (Published by D. Appleton and Company.) Colonel Estvàn is apparently a true soldier of fortune, the nearest representative which our century affords to the "free lances" of the Middle Ages. He would fight bravely and honestly on either side as long as his term of agreement lasted; but that expired, he would be just as ready to take up arms for the other side. We gather from an incidental notice that he served in the Russian forces at Sebastopol, then came to America, and finding himself in Virginia at the outbreak of the insurrection, accepted a commission in the Confederate army, took part in all the great operations down to the close of the Seven Days' battles before Richmond, then lost his health, resigned his commission, made his way North, and finally to Europe, where he undertook to write a history of the battles, in many of which he took an honorable part. His work is really a very valuable one—the best, on the whole, which has been written on this subject. He uses his pen as impartially as he would have done his sword. That he fought with the Confederates is no reason why he should write for them. He is as prompt to praise our doings as theirs; and his position with the enemy gave him opportunity of becoming acquainted with many things of which a Union writer could not be aware. His account of the careless, riotous manner in which the great rebellion was opened at Charleston reflects little honor upon the men who fired the train. They seemed to look upon the disruption of a great nation simply as a frolic. One of the most interesting chapters in the book describes the condition of Richmond after it had become the capital of the Confederacy. All the scoundrelism of the South seems to have swarmed thither. Gamblers and rowdies from New Orleans, Vicksburg, and Baltimore took up their quarters there. Men were attacked in the theatre, assaulted in their boarding-houses, and murdered in the streets. Paris during the massacres of September, '93, or New York during the brief reign of terror of July, '63, showed nothing worse than was seen in Richmond for months. The Confederates have asserted so often and loudly that they have conducted the war on civilized principles, while on our side it has been waged with savage barbarity, that their assertions have come to be accepted as true in Europe, and to a degree among us. To those who have given any faith to these assertions we commend a careful perusal of those portions of Colonel Estvàn's book in which are detailed instances of the treatment accorded to the wounded and prisoners on both sides. He tells simply what he saw; and if any thing can change the opinions of our open enemies abroad or our secret foes at home it will be these plain and direct statements. Colonel Estvàn speaks with perfect frankness of the military leaders on both sides, giving to each that share of blame or praise which he considers to belong to them. He praises M'Clellan as freely as he does Lee or Johnston, depreciates Anderson and Beauregard, extols Wise and Frémont. If at any time he departs from his studied impartiality, it is in speaking of Bragg and Floyd. The former appears in his pages as an empty braggart; the latter as a knave and a fool. The soldier of fortune can not conceive how any man could, as Floyd did, play falsely to the cause in which he was enlisted. These points are, however, rather incidental than essential. The main value of the work consists in its faithfulness as a military history. The author possessed the military knowledge necessary to warrant him in undertaking the task, had access to abundant means

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of information, and had no prepossessions which would prevent a faithful use of his qualifications and materials. We accept his book as a reliable one, none the less willingly because it shows that, upon the whole, our soldiers were in every respect superior to the enemy, and the capacity of our generals nowise inferior. The truth is that we had a far more difficult work to do than fell to the lot of our enemies, so that they could attain apparent success with less labor and skill than was demanded from us.

The Bivouac and the Battle-Field, by GEORGE F. NOYES, Captain U. S. Volunteers. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) The position of the author as staff-officer made him conversant with every phase of military life in camp, on the march, and in the field. Leaving to others elaborate discussions of strategy, he has sought, in a series of graphic campaign sketches, to present a picture of the every-day life of the American volunteer. They relate to the Army of the Potomac, from the time when it was ordered to co-operate with M'Clellan in his advance upon the Peninsula, down to the time when it took part in Burnside's disastrous attack upon the Confederate intrenchments at Fredericksburg, and the weary delay in winter-quarters which followed. They embrace the battles of Cedar Mountain, Gainesville, the second at Bull Run, South Mountain, Antietam, and Fredericksburg. The chapter in another part of this Magazine, describing the battle of Antietam, is a fair specimen of the author's battle-scenes. The descriptions of everyday life in camp and on the march are fully as interesting as those of battles and combats, and are quite as essential to an adequate idea of the duty of the soldier; for, after all, a battle is rather an episode than a common event in the history of a campaign; the camp and the march are its normal condition. Any true picture of military life must, therefore, be largely made up of these elements. Captain Noyes, writing long before the great day of Gettysburg, prophesies the brilliant achievements which the Army of the Potomac would yet accomplish. It has passed, he says, through a series of disappointments, "with a courage and determination more ennobling than any success, on its way to future victories. Its day of glory is sure to come. On many a battle-field it has illustrated a heroic valor which has won for it on the Peninsula, in Maryland, and in Eastern Virginia magnificent partial successes—the promise and prophecy of that substantial and decisive victory yet to come. Let me pay to it the homage of my admiration and gratitude for its past sacrifices, and attest my belief, founded upon the evidence of my own experiences, that it is yet to cover itself with patriotic glory. How splendidly this army can fight; how, when a forlorn hope was needed, the men have been always ready; how, after weeks of hard marching and fighting, they have moved with alacrity against the enemy, has been partially delineated in these pages. If the fault has been with its leaders, this is not the place to criticise them, nor do I feel in the mood. Let the dead Past bury its dead." On the field of Antietam Captain Noyes seems to have discerned the rare qualities of the man who has been chosen for the command of our army in Virginia. "General Meade," he says, "rode up to the crest where we were stationed, and reconnoitred the position of the enemy's batteries as coolly as if at a review. His almost nonchalant manner, and the quiet way in which, amidst the tornado of rebel wrath, he gave his orders to make ready for the storm, greatly impressed me."

A Treatise on Hygiene, by WILLIAM A. HAMMOND. The author is Surgeon-General of the Army of the United States. No man certainly could better know whether a book on Hygiene, "with special reference to military service," was needed; and, if needed, no one could be in a better position to supply the want. That Dr. Hammond has taken time from his laborious duties to prepare this copious volume is sufficient proof that it was needed. To the medical profession, who alone are capable of judging, we must leave the task of pronouncing judgment upon the manner in which he has performed the labor which he took upon himself. We can only say that the topics treated upon are of the highest importance in the present condition of the country, and the position of the author can not fail to insure for the work a careful consideration. (Published by J. B. Lippincott and Co.)

The Capital of the Tycoon, by Sir RUTHERFORD ALCOCK. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) This profusely illustrated work is a narrative, by the British Minister to the Court of Jeddo, of a three years' residence in Japan. It is by far the best work upon that country which has been written. Every previous work upon Japan, for the last two centuries, has been written either by Dutch residents, who were shut up within the walls of Decima as closely as though they were confined in a penitentiary, or by persons who merely touched at one or two ports for a few weeks. Some of the latter, by supplementing their own observations with information gleaned from the Dutch and Portuguese writers, produced works by no means destitute of value. This was done by those who collected the materials embodied in the account of Commodore Perry's Expedition, and by Mr. Oliphant, who wrote the Narrative of Lord Elgin's Mission. But Sir Rutherford Alcock is the first who has written from any great amount of personal knowledge. With the exception of our own Minister, Mr. Townsend Harris, he is probably the only man living who could have written a good book upon Japan. We do not doubt that Mr. Harris could have produced a better work; but as he has not seen fit to do so we must accept this with gratitude. With the aid of numerous illustrations, many of which are from native drawings, he has succeeded in giving a clear representation of the life and habits of the common people. But even yet we know really nothing of the domestic life of the governing classes. No European or American has ever been fairly within the interior of the dwelling of a Japanese noble. Their homes are as closely sealed from the observation of foreigners as is the seraglio of a Turkish pashaw. Especially valuable is Sir Rutherford's exposition of the intercourse between the Japanese officials and the foreign ministers. No sooner had the treaties been extorted from them than they set themselves at work to evade the execution of all their stipulations. Their pretexts were at first exceedingly amusing; but within a brief period their opposition took the form of open violence. The party opposed to foreign intercourse gained the upper hand. Their own rulers who had borne any prominent part in the negotiations lost their lives; members of the foreign embassies were assaulted, and some were murdered. The hostility of the dominant party toward all foreigners has at length reached such a height that the treaties have been practically annulled, and, according to the latest accounts, there is every probability of open war. Whether this takes place or not, it must be years before we shall have another book upon Japan equal in value to this of Sir Rutherford Alcock.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

WE were talking last month of the sages who declare that the democratic experiment has failed in the city of New York; and the words were not out of our mouths when this Easy Chair began to heave and toss upon the waves of the fiercest riot that has ever been known here. The pretense of the riot was opposition to the draft; its course was that of all riots, pillage, murder, arson, and anarchy, until, at last, by the combined efforts of the police and of the soldiers under National command, the outbreak was subdued, and order, under the protection of arms, was restored.

Such an event has, of course, set many heads shaking upon the very question we discussed last month. "Oh! if we only had a king!" sigh some very feeble and foolish souls. Foolish, for how can a king help it? How can a monarchy help it? How can an aristocracy help it? If your train runs off the track for a time, and cars are shivered and life is lost, is there no conceivable remedy but in betaking ourselves back again to stage-coaches? If the boiler bursts upon the steamer, must we look to sails and scows as the only resource? Because civilization and human development make their way through occasional mishap and disaster, is there no alternative but barbarism and despair?

And why, of all resources, should a monarchy be preferred? The most prolonged and savage riot in history was the French Revolution. But the French monarchy as surely produced the revolution as slavery caused our war. Injustice is no remedy for wrong.

Or is it John Bull whom you secretly envy? And Charles Mackay draws a terrible picture of the New York riot, does he?—and every child of Bull in this country sneers at a system which is threatened by a mob. Dear soul, and you wish we had only a good, wholesome King, Lords, and Commons to keep us in the straight path? Well then, know that the mob and riots are peculiarly and characteristically British institutions, and that the most fearful riot known to us, except that of the September days of '93 in Paris, is the Gordon riot of 1780 in London; while in April, 1848, a still more formidable disturbance was avoided only by putting the kingdom under arms. The reign of George the Fourth, and all the earlier part of this century bristle with mobs and panics; while in the earlier part of the last century mobs were kept in the pay of political leaders, and the threat and fear of riots were standing British political arguments.

There is no population in the world of equal numbers which has ever been so little disturbed by forcible obstructions of the law as that of the United States. The very substance of our system is the redress of grievances secured by the limited tenure of offices conferred by popular vote. The inconveniences and disadvantages of such a system are obvious; but its cardinal superiority over all others is that it makes lawful redress surer and speedier than unlawful. And this is so true, that the rebellion is not a revolution forcibly to redress a grievance, which is not even declared to exist, but an attempt at national dissolution upon the pretense of incompatibility in the parts. So likewise in the late riots. The wildest friend of national ruin could not call them an effort at forcible redress of grievances; for, granting that the draft were a grievance, how was it to be redressed by burning orphan asylums, massacring innocent and helpless people, and pillaging fine houses? It had not as much method in its madness as the Gordon riot in London. It was a simple orgy of rapine and crime, fomented and occasioned, indeed, by political demagogues, but transcending their guidance, and in its course and consequences threatening to engulf them equally with good citizens.

The later *emeutes* in Paris—that of 1830, which seated Louis Philippe upon the throne, and that of 1848, which unseated him, with the tumults during his reign—described by Victor Hugo in "Les Misérables," and by Louis Blanc, were carefully guarded from the precise character which the New York riot assumed. *Death to thieves* was the rallying cry of the movement. That of itself indicated an earnest purpose. In the Berlin rising of 1848 a man taken by the mob in the act of theft was put to death. For the object of the movement was not to destroy law or authority, but to resist, in the only way which their system offered, the perpetuity of actual grievances.

In Berlin the revolution in Paris excited the greatest interest and ferment. The King, admonished by events, agreed to call the Assembly to confer upon reforms. The people, in great multitudes, but in perfect peace and good humor, went to the palace to thank the King. He was summoned to the balcony, and, terrified as kings always are before great masses of people to whom they have made concessions, some hasty order was given which caused the soldiers to fire upon their fellow-subjects, who were congratulating their monarch. The firing was in the court-yard of the palace, and it seemed the sign of dreadful treachery. Fired with suspicion, rage, and horror, the crowd rushed from the palace into the city. It was two o'clock on a Saturday afternoon. The members of the royal family, the present King, brother of the reigning monarch, among them, fled from the city to the palace. This Easy Chair passed the palace of the present Queen just as she was hurrying in mortal fear into her carriage, while the great swarm of infuriated people poured through the spacious street, *Unter den Linden*, crying, "To arms!" tearing up posts and rails, the terrified shops closing as they came. By four o'clock barricades were built. "Death to thieves!" was proclaimed. Political dreamers, and visionaries, and schemers descended from attics and libraries. Brave youth, to whom popular liberty was the holiest cause, gathered around the barricades. The scoundrels were not absent. The base were with the brave. It is the ill-fortune of all such movements.

By nightfall the terrible battle of the streets had begun. The moon was full. The night perfectly calm. But the rattling fusillade and the deep bay of cannon, the fierce shouting that bubbled up and died away in the distance, the church-bells ringing alarms, like fog-bells in furious tempests, made the 18th of March one of the memorable days in the lives of all who were then in Berlin. But no innocent man feared that his house would be burned, no lonely woman dreaded the midnight marauder, except that at such times all the safeguards of society are loosened. Every soldier was in danger, because

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the soldiers were under the King's command—the King who had apparently betrayed his subjects. Under the rooms which I then occupied lived a Prussian general, whose daughter was engaged to a young officer in the Potsdam Guards, the body-guard of the King. The lover was in the house when the people returned raging from the palace. To have shown himself in the street would have been to be torn in pieces; and when in their indignation with the soldiers the crowd began to batter at the huge door of the house in which the general lived, the young officer presented himself to me upon the story above in the most piteous plight, and begged me to lend him some civilian clothes to conceal his own. I showed him into my room; he emerged a civilian, and so made his escape.

The battle raged all night, and the advantage remained with the soldiers. The populace were poorly armed, and the military attack was skillfully directed. Yet so alarmed was the King by the tumult, and so calmly did the leaders of the barricades announce their intention to continue the contest, that the King, without waiting for the Parliament, yielded, established a national guard, and armed the citizens from the arsenal. That ended the fight. But the same morning I saw an act of what was called popular justice executed upon the chief street, *Unter den Linden*.

At about eleven o'clock in the morning I saw a large crowd gathered at the door of a glove shop. It was orderly but destructive. While the mass of people staid outside, a few persons entered the shop, opened every box and destroyed it; took out every pair of gloves and destroyed them; and finally broke up the counter, the shelves, and all the furniture in the shop, leaving it an utterly naked room. Then they wrote upon a huge placard which they hung over the door: "So the people treats informers." It seems that the keeper of the shop was supposed to have directed the soldiers in their march and attack upon one of the barricades.

In the Paris disturbances at the same time the same spirit was manifest. Deplorable and dangerous to the public and private welfare as they were, and as all such outbreaks in great cities must be, they yet had a certain dignity of purpose and of conduct, and they showed salient instances of individual heroism which are entirely wanting in such a mad carnival of brutal hate and ignorance as our riots are, and always must be. The captains of the barricades, such as Louis Blanc depicts and Victor Hugo describes, the men who fight for what they suppose to be their rights obtainable in no other way, and who solemnly shoot thieves, are not such criminals as always privately instigate or publicly lead our mobs. An honest man can understand the King addressing such men, however mistaken he may think them, and however severely he may think they should be punished, as "my friends." But no man whose sense of moral responsibility is not entirely lost, could preserve his respect for a magistrate whom he should hear calling by the same name, men reeking with the blood of the most innocent and helpless of his fellow-citizens and insolently triumphing in anarchy. Charles the Ninth of France shot the flying Huguenots from the windows of his palace on the eve of St. Bartholomew. But he could at least plead religious rancor. If his only argument had been party necessity Charles IX. would have been even more infamous than he is.

THE story of the Gordon riots has a peculiar pertinence to the times. Bishop Hughes in his speech to the rioters said that it would pain him deeply if he were compelled to believe that the Romish Church must bear the responsibility of the crimes that the mob had committed. He might have told them that the same hatred they cherished for people of another color had been felt for them as a people of another faith; and that the Irish have been the victims of as bitter a prejudice as is now entertained for another race. The "insurmountable" antipathy of race and religion is always and necessarily surmounted. It is a hard truth for the unhappy sufferers to believe; but it is a truth.

In the winter of 1779–'80 the people of Scotland were so averse to the laws of toleration of Roman Catholics which had been ordained for England, that the British Parliament did not undertake to extend them to Scotland. The strong Protestant sentiment in England thereupon pricked up its ears. Why not do in England what was done in Scotland? Why not procure the repeal of the toleration laws? The agitation at once began. A Protestant Society was formed. It met, wrote, declaimed, thundered away, and no effects were visible. But as Mr. James T. Brady said, in his late admirable letter upon the New York mob, there are always plenty of "political sneaks" who lie in wait to use every movement and make the unsuspecting their tools. Lord George Gordon, the younger son of a noble family, weak, dissipated, and uncontrolled, was also fond of notoriety. A member of Parliament, he had achieved no reputation, and in the Protestant agitation he saw a high road open to distinction. He approached the society, and, with true British servility, it was glad to make a nobleman its president. He changed his dress to the Puritanical style, and affected the airs of a religious leader. Gradually inflaming the ignorant rabble of London, strong only in its prejudices, he called a meeting on the 29th of May.

At this meeting he made a violent speech declaring that Parliament must be firmly addressed, and moved that on the next Friday the whole Protestant Society should meet and march in solemn procession to the Parliament House and demand a repeal of the Catholic toleration laws. It was the 2d of June, and fifty thousand people assembled in St. George's Fields. They moved in four divisions to St. Stephens, where Parliament sat, and Lord George came from his place and harangued the crowd, calling them his friends. They in turn insulted members whom they knew to favor Catholic toleration, and presented the petition. The British Parliament was not to be intimidated by a mob, although it numbered fifty thousand, and after a short debate the petition was rejected by a majority of one hundred and ninety-two to six. In the evening the mob burned the chapels of two of the Catholic embassadors in London. On Saturday the city was more tranquil.

On Sunday the reign of the mob began. The rioters destroyed Catholic houses and churches; and on Monday the thieves and criminals of every kind that swarm in the slums of a great city joined them. They now began to burn the houses of Protestants as well as Catholics, and plundered and pillaged on every hand. The soldiers who escorted the arrested persons to jail were assailed by the mob. On Tuesday all the troops in London were associated with the police, but the force was entirely inadequate. The storm swelled and raged more furiously than ever. It burst upon Newgate, which the mob burned, releasing the prisoners, and acquiring leaders skilled

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in crime. With instinctive logic they attacked the houses of the officers of the law. The house of the famous and zealous police magistrate, Sir John Fielding, was sacked and destroyed—a fate from which the house of Judge M'Cunn is perfectly safe. And the crowd, yelling and frantic, threw itself upon the stately and splendid home of Lord Mansfield, who, with his wife, escaped to the King's palace, while his library, and all his choice collections in every kind of art, were utterly destroyed. On Wednesday all the prisons were opened by the mob, and burned. The shops of London were closed. Trade stopped. Fires were blazing in every part of the city. The yells of the rioters mingled with the rattle of musketry. The Pay Office and the Bank of England were attacked. An effort was made to cut the pipes of the new river aqueduct which supplied London with water. The mob was triumphant. Terror every where prevailed. From Friday evening until Wednesday night the mob was master of London. That night the troops arrived from every part of the kingdom, and the final fight began in which the military power prevailed. During Thursday the soldiers prevented any gathering of the mob. The riot was quelled, and on Friday, just a week after the outbreak began, Lord George Gordon was committed to the Tower.

THE 23d of April, 1864, is the three hundredth anniversary of the birth of Shakespeare. Our own interests are elsewhere just now, and must long remain so: but England is already moving in the matter. All kinds of societies and committees are cogitating; all sorts of ingenuity are devising; every body with a plan is proposing. Meanwhile jealousies are setting in, and the Shakespeare Fund Committee, and the Garrick Club Committee, and the Urban Club Committee are each hoping to direct the great celebration. In Stratford, which, as the famous birth-place of the poet, has a peculiar interest in the event, opinions are divided whether, with the fund which is to be raised in Shakespeare's name, to enlarge the town grammar-school, where, as a boy, he used to study and be birched, or, as the majority incline, to build a statue. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean gave a public dramatic reading in aid of the fund just before they sailed to Australia, a few weeks since, while a gentleman announces a dramatic performance for the same purpose at Drury Lane theatre, under the patronage of the Prince and Princess of Wales. It is proposed, still further, to form a national committee composed of the ministers, and all the most famous Englishmen, and ask the Prince of Wales to be president.

All this commotion will probably end in a banquet and a statue, with poems and speeches by the authors and statesmen. The dinners, Mr. Hawthorne would tell us, are inevitable. They are Englishmen—they must therefore dine. And all round the world the festival will go, following the sun, and all who speak the English tongue will on that day conspire to honor the greatest man who ever illustrated it.

Despite our sad engrossment, we in America will not forget the day nor fail to honor the man; and whether Mr. Halliwell's project be adopted in England of buying Shakespeare's estate in Warwickshire, including Anne Hathaway's cottage—or the Garrick Club succeed in more liberally endowing the Dramatic College—or the Urban Club of St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell, where periodical literature was originated by Cave and developed by Johnson, and where David Garrick made his first appearance as an actor, build the statue they design—or whatever other permanent monument of the day shall be decreed in the poet's native land, we shall draw near, as children of the same civilization, and claim our part in the homage to him whose native language is also ours.

THE excitement of the last two years in this country has quite concealed from us the great and increasing fame of an American sculptor, whose works were the chief ornament of the late Great Exhibition, and who was personally honored as a most distinguished guest in England. Mr. William W. Story is a son of the late Judge Story; and the versatility of his talent has been long known to his friends, while his Life of his Father, a volume of poems, a book upon the Law of Contracts, and very lately a delightful work upon Roman daily life, called *Roba di Roma*, have made him known in literary circles.

But his chief interest is sculpture, and after many years of devoted study and patient industry, during which he has had very little public recognition, he has at last ascended to the highest fame among American sculptors, by his Libyan Sybil and Cleopatra. The Sybil is a very grand and simple figure. A woman leaning her chin upon her hand, the elbow supported upon the crossed knee, the other hand hanging by her side, and her glance fixed steadily and solemnly forward. No figure that can be named in modern sculpture is finer. It is full of power, full of meaning, and, unlike most of the noted works of later sculpture, is something more than a graceful, expressive figure, exquisitely wrought. It is a great work of imagination. This is the genius of a race, obscurely strong, mysterious in history, confronting the future with a majestic resolution which compels reply. Most other modern sculptures want meaning. They always convey the idea that here was a clever mechanic in marble, who was to make a figure, and must give it some name. And one name would serve almost as well as another. Take the chains from Powers's beautiful statue of the Greek Slave, for instance, and it is an equally good Venus or nymph. But in Story's statue—and we know it in this country only by the photograph—there is an idea. It is not a Venus, nor a dancing-girl, nor Diana, nor Psyche, nor Flora, nor a Muse, nor a Grace; but it is a woman of an African race, so endowed that, as you see her sitting and solemnly pondering, she becomes to you in the marble, as she would become in life, the genius of that race, forecasting its destiny.

The admiration of this noble work was unqualified; and it is doubtful if any living sculptor has a higher fame than Story. He left England for Italy fully freighted with orders. He is just completing a Sappho. She sits carelessly upon the side of an antique chair, against which she leans. The left shoulder is bare, the drapery having fallen from it, and by her side is a harp. The folded hands and drooping aspect reveal her despair. He has also moulded a grand and colossal statue of Judith. It is the moment before she slays Holofernes. Her left hand and her face are lifted toward heaven in prayer, and she holds a sword in her right, from which the full loose sleeve has fallen back. There is also in his studio a Saul, at the moment when the evil spirit comes upon him. It is a colossal figure seated in an antique chair. The eyes are dilated with madness, and the right hand grasps his beard.

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Mr. Story has lived for many years in Europe, but he had not lost his love of his native land; and at the beginning of our troubles he wrote a series of letters to the London *Daily News*, in which he clearly and strongly set forth the truth of the war. They were afterward published in a pamphlet, but not republished in this country. Nor has his "Roba di Roma" yet been reprinted here, although as a picture of Italian life to-day, of the popular games and customs, it is unique and most valuable. Only a long resident and a very close observer could write such a book, and it is the highest praise to have made a new and original work upon Italy. That Mr. Story regrets to be less known in his own country than elsewhere is doubtless true. That he has some feeling of injured pride is possible. But it is to be said for us that we have had our hands, heads, and hearts full of self-defense, and that we have had no chance to see the statue, nor even photographs of it.

THE friends of the Easy Chair who sometimes write to him must neither think that their letters are not received, nor that they are disregarded because they are not at once answered. The Easy Chair suffers them to accumulate, and as he speaks but once a month his correspondents may naturally feel aggrieved if they hear no acknowledgment. Will his friends kindly bear this in mind? Here, for instance, is a letter dated S——, May 1, 1863, which is full of the kindest and most flattering discourse for the Easy Chair. It is the letter of a young man, ardent and affectionate. He deplores that he can not pour out his mind in "purple words," and yet every line of his letter shows a remarkable copiousness of language, and words precious for their rich association. The Easy Chair figures his correspondent to himself as a young lover of Keats and Tennyson and Mrs. Browning, loving luscious words,

"Like lucent sirops tinct with cinnamon."

Believe an Easy Chair to which you are too generous, O Septendecim! that your feelings in life and your preferences in literature are those of every susceptible, poetic youth. The "bitter tears" that fill your eyes do not, perhaps, spring from the heart. One day you will believe it. One day when a dear friend, a brother, a son, a mother dies, you will understand the difference between grief and its rhetoric. Then you will not "lie and puff the curling wreaths" when your "heart with passion boils and seethes." Grief is of another kind than that. Passion is a very superficial business when measured with sorrow. Every sensitive young soul buds and blossoms in the spring. The young man feels the sweet irritation of the year no less than the young tree. But the fruit ripens only in the calm and cooler autumn. The Easy Chair is not less glad of the letter and grateful to Septendecim because the verses do not seem to him quite good enough to publish.

"Lilian's" story is that of many a correspondent of the Chair's. That a young woman gently bred, and suddenly reduced, should think of betaking herself to literature is most natural. That she should send contributions to the neighboring papers is only a fair experiment upon her powers and upon the public. Such offerings are gratuitous. They are often sprightly and clever, and the editor very justly welcomes them, and says a kind word of the author. But she must not be deceived. It does not follow that she will, or ought to have, a hearing upon the larger stage. When she emerges from the village or town paper and demands entrance into the great magazines, she challenges comparisons with the tried and trained athletes of literature. She may be their peer, and certainly it is only by trying that she can ascertain; but what the Easy Chair would warn her against is the feeling that the larger success is certified by the smaller. To make a living by literature, or even to write what editors will wish to buy, is a very different thing from writing little pieces which are "accepted by the papers." The Easy Chair has read with pleasure what Lilian sends him; but if he were an editor of a magazine he would have to say, with the utmost sympathy and good feeling, No.

As the war goes on there is no doubt that the feeling between this country and England grows more and more embittered, and every thoughtful man must look with serious apprehension to the chances of the future. It is not unluckily so much a question of how we ought to feel as how we do feel; nor is there any subtle art by which international dislike can be conjured away.

Louis Napoleon's speculation in Mexico has been more successful than any one could foresee. The Polish difficulty is likely to be settled, and every man may now amuse himself by testing his sagacity as to the probable development of events just before us.

One thing is tolerably clear, and it is that the English Government very imperfectly understood the true state of public sentiment in this country toward England. The various causes of quarrel had disappeared. Long intercourse had promoted confidence, and the remembrance of old wars was softened. Moreover the political party, whose policy it was to cultivate a perpetual possibility of war with Great Britain, had lost its ascendency. The American leaders who had especially insulted England were put into the Opposition, and there was every reason to suppose that a more intelligent and closer amity was upon the point of establishing itself between America and Britain.

But whether national selfishness is so imperious that it blinds national common sense, or whether there was no sincere desire upon the part of England to remain our friend, or whatever plausible explanation may satisfy any mind, the fact is that John Bull grinned with increasing delight as our troubles multiplied, until at length the whole stress of British sympathy was manifestly against the United States, and the destruction of a great friendly power was not conceded with regret as a terrible necessity, but was hailed with savage and contemptuous exultation as the discomfiture of a rival.

The pretext of neutrality which Great Britain puts forth probably deceives no intelligent Englishman, as it certainly does not deceive any American. Indeed, Sir Bulwer Lytton's frank confession at the beginning of the British talk about the war, that we were too large and threatening a power, and that it was the interest of England that we should be reduced, is also the substance of Mr. Roebuck's speech two years later upon his motion for recognizing the rebels as independent; that what is for the interest of England is for the interest of the world; and it is the interest of England that all popular governments shall be destroyed, and all commercial rivalries overthrown.

To take a mean ground with a fine pretense in your mouth is doubly contemptible. If a man says that he is very anxious not to tell lies and forges his

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neighbor's name, he is despicable as well as criminal. But if he says, I want money and so I forge, he is at least a frank offender. Had Great Britain said—there is and can be no such thing as national friendship, and your ruin is our gain, and while we shall not declare war, we shall do all we safely can to hurt you, she would have plainly said what she has plainly done, while her mouth has been dripping the most oily pretenses of neutrality, and assertions of horror over a wicked war. Her indignation, truly interpreted, is not that we fight for our life, but that we did not suffer ourselves to be murdered without a struggle. "How they won't die!" is the shrill scream of Britannia on the rampage.

Whether with the mutual feeling engendered by our war difficulty with England can be avoided is a grave question. To the newspaper statesmanship which proposes a great foreign war as the natural sequence of a civil war, upon the ground that Rome always adopted that policy, it is a sufficient answer that the United States are a power which resembles the Roman Republic only in extent and vigor. To punish England because she does not like us is a thankless task to undertake. To call her to account for overt hostile acts against us is always legitimate. But no man who sincerely loves his country, and the cause which that country represents, can really wish to see it at war with England. For such a war must be universal, and it will begin in the quarrel of two nations, which ought always to strike together in the interests of the great principles which underlie their civilization. But it is with nations as with individuals. There come times when collision is inevitable. May that time be long averted between us! But should it come—God speed the right!

In this season of our College Commencements American college boys may like to see how they manage festivals at an English university. The Prince and Princess of Wales went after their marriage to Oxford. The ceremonies of welcome were performed in the theatre, or public hall, of the university. The young Englishmen cheered for Mr. Davis and Stonewall Jackson, and groaned for Mr. Lincoln. It is not reported, however, whether they also cheered for Nena Sahib and the King of Dahomey. This, at least, we all know. If in any college crowd in this country three groans were proposed for Queen Victoria, the proposer would find himself propelled very summarily and indignantly to the outside. We may not like England, nor think the English Government ideally perfect; but we do not, therefore, feel called upon to insult the Queen. We can leave that to the "first aristocracy in Europe."

Here are some extracts, rather long, but amusing and interesting, depicting the conduct of the young "gentlemen" of Oxford. The genial humor of their behavior is delightful:

"It was a comfort to leave the streets, ankle-deep in mud and soaked with rain, and turn toward the Sheldonian, where through the open windows the hoarse roar of the undergraduates came 'easing their minds,' as they called it, with bitter chaff of high officials, and giving vent to the pent-up animosities of the academic year in a series of groans and cheers for unpopular or popular Dons, as the case might be. The doors of the theatre were opened at half past one; for though nothing was to be done till three, yet, as twice as many tickets had been issued as the theatre would hold, it was advisable to open early, that the late comers, if they had prop'r feeling, might see at once they had no chance of getting in. Within ten minutes after it was opened it was filled with quite as many as it could comfortably hold, and the numbers who were afterward continually added made the place at last absolutely intolerable from its heat and stifling crowd. Of course, on such a day the badinage and chaffing of the undergraduates in the gallery were ten times more rampant and boisterous than ever. On these days the sight of a white hat appears to exercise much the same influence on the undergraduate mind that a red flag does on a bull, and the individuals who unwittingly strayed into the theatre with these obnoxious articles of wearing apparel led woeful lives, and in some cases were fairly badgered out of the place in a storm of yells. One unfortunate, a tall lanky young man, who to the indiscretion of white trowsers and huge blue stock superadded the aggravation of a brilliant white hat, was reduced to a condition of subserviency that was almost pitiable. In vain he deferentially removed the hat and tried to hide it; he could not do the same with the other portions of his dress to which we have alluded, and which appeared to excite even as much ire as the obnoxious hat itself. He had been brought to a proper state of despondency and dismay at the pitiless storm of chaff he invoked, and was slinking out, when, fortunately, a professor entered, even more unpopular than a white hat, and all the vials of undergraduate wrath were poured on his devoted head at once. Nothing could be heard amidst the astounding clamor which this divine excited—a clamor so hideous and so prolonged that the staid constables of the A division, to whom commemorations were things unknown, came into the building at once, thinking that nothing less than the murder of a Don could be going forward. This naïve appearance of the 'Bobbies,' as they were called, and the puzzled aspect with which they looked up at the ranks of yelling undergraduates, as if uncertain whether or no it was their duty to stop the noise and restore order, created shouts of laughter, and gave a new turn to the badinage. 'Why did you let in that man with his hair parted so?' 'Take out that chap with the two umbrellas;' 'Won't there be a row when the proctor sees that fellow with the white hat?' and so on, and so on; and as the police did look in the direction to which their attention was called such endless instructions flowed upon them that they too had nothing for it but to retreat ignominiously as they came. Then the undergraduates concentrated their attention on the strip of carpet which led to the upper end of the theatre, and displayed such an affectionate solicitude for its welfare that the visitor who unwarily trod on it had a bad time of it ever afterward. Then there were cheers for the Queen, Prince, and Princess—such shouts! hisses and cheers for Mr. Gladstone, tumultuous applause for Lord Derby, the married ladies, the unmarried ladies, the ladies who wish to be and will be married, the ladies in blue bonnets, the ladies in pink dresses, and, lastly, as embracing the whole scope of the fair sex, the ladies in crinolines. The clamor was deafening, the heat and densely-swaying crowd fearful; it was a perfect academic Pandemonium, above and below, every where save in the amphitheatre, where the ladies sat comfortably, though they could not coolly, and surveyed the uproarious scene around with keen relish of its unmatched humor and banter."

Here follows a little more of the same delicate and delightful "unmatched humor and banter" of the wits of an English university:

"Congratulatory poems were then delivered on the occasion of the royal visit by two undergraduates, and this was decidedly the heaviest and least satisfactory portion of the day's proceedings. As specimens of Oxford poetry they were very bad; as specimens of how the undergraduates committed their studies to memory they were worse; and as specimens of delivery they were worst of all. It was perhaps a trying thing to address such an assembly, and the confidence of the young men was by no means restored by the running comments of the undergraduates in the galleries—their cries of 'Speak up, Sir,' 'Oh, look at his gloves!' etc., and the open smiles with which what were meant to be pathetic portions of their recitals were received. But there was no excuse for these gentlemen not knowing the odes they came to recite. The first orator came to a dead stop, notwithstanding the continued and perpetually audible prompting of a friend at his elbow

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throughout the whole poem. The second was even more unsuccessful. He faltered and halted continually, and, apparently missing some parts of the poem, took it up again at the next line which came to memory, and turning toward the Princess, said, 'The loving trustfulness of those eyes,' and then stopped again. There was no resisting this—it was *apropos* to nothing which had gone before, and seemed so much a kind of confidential compliment to her royal highness that there was a shout of laughter, in which the Princess could not but join, though she blushed till her face quite glowed again. Nor did the next line mend matters, when, in a plaintive tone, the speaker, looking up to the undergraduates, added, 'Oh, bliss without alloy!" an appeal to which the undergraduates inhumanly responded by repeating, 'Oh!' and 'Ah!' and 'Ha!' in tones which could not have had much effect in restoring the speaker's self-possession. At length the odes were over, and with this the special congregation closed, and amidst the same cheers and shoutings the Prince and Princess left, and every one hurried out into the rain; for there were still a flower-show to be visited, a bazar to be opened, a banquet to be eaten, and a ball to be danced. Bad as the rain was, however, the Prince and Princess braved it in an open carriage as before, though from her repeated exposure to the rain the dress of her royal highness must by that time have been, to say the least, very damp indeed."

Editor's Drawer.

THE Drawer has its "army correspondents," and its naval corps also, but the irregularity with which the mails bring their letters forbids us to put them under one general head. They take their places as they come; but they do service, as good soldiers, wherever they stand. Here is one from a correspondent in Virginia:

The story of the Ohio volunteer related in a late number reminds me of an incident that transpired in our three months' campaign, the recital of which may interest your readers. It was soon after the first occupation by the Union forces of the country around Falls Church and Vienna, and the brigade of General Tyler was on picket in that vicinity. The Ohio boys under General Schenck had been fired upon from a masked battery at the last-named place, and some of the brave fellows were murdered. The remainder were anxious for a sight of the "gray-backs;" and when Lieutenant Upton, a brave officer on General Tyler's staff, called for a party for a scout, they were ready. Lieutenant U. went some distance into the country, and obtained much valuable information. At one place he visited the house of a well-known secessionist, and succeeded in making the inmates believe the party were all "secesh." He found out the whereabouts and strength of the enemy, and feasted on the best the gardens and cellars afforded. All went well till a cap-pouch, that had been very carefully placed over the letters O. V. M. on the waist-belt plates of the men, became misplaced, and one of the young ladies, who had been very forward in giving the desired information, became alarmed, and asked the meaning of the letters. The Lieutenant was as ready with a reply as he would have been if it had been an order to surrender. "They mean," said he, "Old Virginia Militia." The explanation was perfectly satisfactory, and the Lieutenant took his departure. But the household soon occupied apartments in Washington at the expense of the Government.

And here we have a letter from the navy:

Old numbers of *Harper* are ever a source of new pleasure. Yesterday I was pleased to learn that a thoughtful brother officer had secured the June and July issues. Believe me, they were read thoroughly.

The author of the article "Two Weeks at Port Royal," in the June number, is in error as to the exploit of Captain Rhind in capturing a picket-guard of rebels "last year." It was not "in one of the rivers of Florida," but near North Edisto River, in South Carolina. The act *was* "audacious"—such a one as only A. C. Rhind would dare perform.

I know him well, and can add another of his heroic deeds to those chronicled by your correspondent.

In April, 1862, Captain Rhind was in command of the *Crusader*, stationed in Edisto River aforesaid. He had been informed of the existence of a rebel battery on the Dawho River, twelve miles inland. On the morning of the 29th he came on board the gun-boat *E. B. Hale* (commanded by Lieutenant J. H. Gillis) and announced his intention to take the battery. Soon we were under way, and in a few moments were in sight of the rebels. I shall never forget his little speech to the men from the *Crusader* who accompanied us on the expedition: "Boys, that battery has bothered us long enough. We must have it, if we have to put the *Hale* square abreast of it. Stand ready, and if any of the *Hale's* men are knocked away from their guns you jump in and fill their places."

With a cheer the men responded, and in an hour we *had* the battery. On our return the rebels were in ambush at Pine Bluff, and opened with field-pieces and musketry. Ringing clear above the din was heard the voice of Rhind—"How much water have you there, leadsman?" "Two fathom, Sir." "All right," says Rhind; "fire, boys!" and in a very short time *that* ambush was "cleaned out."

A better man than A. C. Rhind never trod a deck. Brave, courteous, and manly in all things, he is an ornament to the service.

And this is from the farther South:

We sometimes see a stray copy of *Harper* down here in the wilderness. The jokes of the Drawer, though innocuous to mosquitoes and moccasins, are good for the blues, which do sometimes prevail even here, when the rebs let us alone for any length of time.

Some of the marines who were on shore from the Monitors the other day were telling sea-stories to a crowd of soldiers. Among others, one involving a popular superstition among sailors.

One of their comrades fell overboard from the topsail-yard while reefing in a gale of wind. He was supposed to be instantly killed; but the crew saw him standing erect in the water, and immediately lowered a boat, against the wishes of the captain. As their hands reached out to catch him he sunk suddenly away from them into the water, as the captain had told them he would. Observing a look of incredulity on the face of Sergeant B——, who has often "spliced the main brace," and is something of a wag withal, the narrator asked, suddenly,

"Do you not believe it?"

"Oh yes," said he, "I believe it, for I've been to sea, and in fact fell overboard myself once."

"How did that come about?"

"It was down in the Gulf, coming from the West Indies. The captain didn't like me very well, so he went on and left me. I swam a little—just enough to keep myself afloat—for a number of days."

"But didn't you ever see the vessel again?"

"Oh yes; but she went home and discharged

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her cargo, and was coming back again. I swam to her, climbed up the bobstays, and went on board."

The marines were suddenly impressed with a desire to go up and hear the band play.

At a term of the Genesee (New York) Circuit, Judge G——r, noted alike for his legal ability and petulance, remarked to Lawyer M——l (who had just called up a case of trivial character, which somewhat riled "his Honor") that such suits, instead of taking up the time of the Circuit, would be more properly disposed of by submitting the same to *a jury of old women*.

Lawyer M——l, somewhat hurt by the reproof, replied, very modestly and feelingly, that, without taking any exceptions to the opinion of the honorable Court, he thought his cause *could not have been before a more appropriate tribunal.*

Lying, like all other vices, is sure to grow upon a person, until, as we often hear it remarked, "he'd rather lie than tell the truth," "he can't tell the truth," etc., etc. "Old Uncle Dunn," as he was familiarly called by his neighbors, fairly ranked among the class termed "old liars;" and the habit also proved contagious to his wife, who, after a time, and no matter how incredible the story, always had *her* say in corroboration.

Upon a certain occasion he was asked by J. S. G—— (always full of fun, and for the purpose of a laugh at the reply) if he was not acquainted with Washington.

"Why, law, John, General Washington was one of the best friends I ever had, and would never let any one else do his baking for him. Many a time I have baked up eighteen and twenty barrels of flour for him before breakfast."

The old lady here arose, took her old black pipe from her mouth, and walking across the room, half bent down with age, added,

"Yes, yes, John; and don't my poor old bones remind me of it every day?"

An Eastern young lady writes:

We were riding one morning — S—— and I — through the corn-growing districts of New Hampshire, where the farmers are obliged to resort to various ingenious artifices and cunningly contrived imitations to rid their corn-fields of the crows. We had noticed several nondescript scarecrows standing sentry in the corn-fields lining the road, and we admired the ingenuity displayed by the inventors. Presently we came to one erected in a broad, open field. It stood with its back toward us, and was got up with the usual characteristics—torn, brimless hat, coat and pants of many colors, the whole plentifully festooned with rags, fluttering in the breeze. But instead of the straight, outstanding arms or loose, flopping sleeves peculiar to figures of this description, it was leaning over a hoe-handle, as if in meditative mood.

"There's a good scarecrow," said S——.

"Capital!" I rejoined — "so natural the crows will give that a wide berth, I'll wager."

And I turned for another look. But as I looked lo! the very natural scarecrow turned slowly on his heel *and went to hoeing!*

A young lady in Oregon writes to the Drawer:

I am trying to pay off my indebtedness to you by sending a few of the many little incidents which I see and hear in this distant land. When we are all gathered around the family fireside and receive the mail, *Harper* is hailed with joy. My quiet and grave father—a venerable minister—the first thing after reading the war news, will call for "something from the Drawer." And then, O Drawer! it would do your merry heart good to see how we enjoy your good things. But I must tell my stories:

Two young men from the "land of Paddies," one of whom possessed a tolerable education, were one day speaking about bad writing. Teddy thought he could read any writing that he ever saw. "Faith, an' I'll bet you a horse that I can write so that you can't read it," said Pat. Teddy gave him a pen and paper, and told him to write. "An' what shall I write?" asked Patrick. "Oh, any thing ye wish," answered Teddy. "Shure an' I wish ye'd tell me what to write," insisted Pat, scratching his head. "Well," says Teddy, seeing old Tiger walk before the door, "s'posin' ye write, 'The dog is walking in the yard;' and I'll give ye a horse if I can't read it." "Done! But I don't know whether it's meself that can spell it right at all, at all;" and Teddy spelled word after word while Pat wrote. When done, Pat, with a triumphant flourish, handed him the paper, saying, "Now, if you read that the pony's yours, for shure." Teddy took the paper and read it right off, much to the surprise of Patrick, who acknowledged that the bet was fairly won.

Mr. W—— said that while teaching the first school he took charge of in Oregon he was much puzzled with the meaning of some of the words he heard used. He was one day talking to a bright little fellow of five summers, and asked him whether he had any apples at home. "*Nowitka*, we have *hiyu* apples," answered the boy—meaning to tell him, "Yes, we have many apples." He was completely mystified, but durst not ask what was meant, for fear the children would think their teacher had no education. He also said that he had examined Webster's dictionary for the word "*cultus*," but all in vain. He heard many persons using it, and supposed that he would find it in the dictionary. It is an Indian word signifying "mean or worthless."

And it is true that, in this country, if one does not know the "lingo," he will often be troubled in conversing with the Oregonians.

From North Carolina come the following incidents of soldier life:

The following has been told me of the siege of Newberne. Just before the battle began a militia Captain was endeavoring to get a company of Home Guards organized to go down to meet the "invader." The men were on the ground, and the Captain, who had evidently never read Hardee's Tactics, wanted to form them into two ranks; but instead of the usual order, "In two ranks form company—march!" substituted one entirely original, and shouted at the top of his voice, "*In two lines right smart—go ahead!*"

That is almost as good as the following report of a sergeant of one of the colored regiments lately organized. Every one who has ever seen a dress parade knows that, just before the ranks are broken, the Adjutant gives the order, "First Sergeants to the front and centre!" when the representatives of all the companies form a line at the front and centre of the regiment, and each one, from Company A to K, after making the proper salute, says, "Company — all present, or accounted for." The usual routine had

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been performed in the colored regiment, and the sergeants ordered to the front, when the sable orderly of Company A, after coming to a *shoulder* and bringing his left hand to a salute, forgot what to say, and in that position looked right and left, greatly embarrassed. "How is your Company?" asked the Adjutant. With a chuckle of relief Sambo quickly replied, "*Company all well, tankee, Sir!*"

In Central Missouri a correspondent writes:

Though long entertained with reading the many good things in your Magazine, among which are the contents of the Drawer, I have seen but few contributions from this quarter of the world. Here is one, and authentic:

Bill Myers was one of the earliest and most notorious bushwhackers and horse thieves in Missouri; his stealing of horses, guns, and every thing else that came in the way, being all done in the name of the "Southern Confederacy." Soon after he commenced his patriotic career he stole from a Union man one of the finest horses in the neighborhood, and continued to use him as his war-horse through many hard chases, both in pursuit of plunder and in retreat from the pursuit of the avenging Union soldiers, until he was completely broken down and used up. In this condition Bill rode him into the neighborhood whence he stole him, and where he (Myers) had previously lived. Bill had a particular friend named M'Fadden, who owned a fine farm, plenty of fine horses, cattle, etc., and a few likely darkeys; and there Bill went by night, confident of a warm reception and good lodgings for himself and his broken-down horse. M'Fadden was like thousands in Missouri, who "took no sides—no part nor lot in the war" publicly, but would privately aid and encourage the bushwhackers in every way possible, when it could be done without detection. A watch being set to guard against any sudden surprise, Bill entertained his host with many an adventure and hairbreadth escape from capture and death, in which M'Fadden was greatly interested and deeply sympathized. M'Fadden noticed the wretched condition of Bill's horse, the property of a former intimate friend, but now abused as "a black Republican," who had contributed but a very small amount of what he ought to do in support of Southern rights; and urged Bill by all means to get a better horse—that one doing the service and running the risks he did in support of "our cause," ought to be well mounted all the time, and that not at his own expense—it being understood, of course, at the expense of "black Republicans." Bill admitted the justice of his friend's averments, but spoke of the risks of taking horses wherever he could find them, the exasperation of the community at that kind of war, and of the injury it had done to their cause, however proper in itself. M'Fadden thought all such qualms of conscience out of place, and urged, "Every thing for the cause; nothing for men." But it was growing late, and as Bill had to be up and off before daylight, as the "Feds" might be about, with many kind wishes and hopes of success each retired to bed, with the understanding that Bill, knowing where to find his poor broken-down horse, would wait on himself when he should leave before the light of dawn.

M'Fadden was too much exhilarated by the exciting scenes narrated by his friend Bill to sleep soundly. He was wakeful, and distinctly heard the soft footsteps of Bill as he retired quietly, in order not to awake his friend or his family, or to arouse the suspicion of any thing "wrong in Denmark." But M'Fadden was rejoiced to know that Bill was again safely "at sea" in the bush, and that nothing had occurred to betray him (M'F.) as the harborer of a bushwhacker. But alas for the sequel! Quite early in the morning the contraband whose business it was to feed the horses and prepare for the work of the day came thundering at his master's door. "Master, master! your fine bay hoss, Ned Buntline, is dun bin stole and gone, and dat old broke-down gray hoss what Mass Bill rode is thar in the stable whar your hoss was!" M'Fadden sprang from the bed as if an earthquake was just beginning to rumble, and cried out, "Oh surely, Jack, you are mistaken!" But quick as possible he hauled on his trowsers and ran to the stable; and, sure enough, there was old gray—once the elegant charger of his old friend and neighbor, but now a hated "black Republican," as all Union men are called by the rebels—and his own fine bay was out and gone, "and if forever," "then still forever," etc. If I don't quote right, your readers can hunt up the documents for themselves. But the facts of the case were too palpable to be misunderstood. Bill had taken his friend's advice, and merely exchanged old gray for a better charger. But the misfortune did not stop there. Had it been in a distant neighborhood from the old home of Bill, M'Fadden might have retained "old gray," as a stray waiting for the call of his proper owner, but being right at home old gray, though badly broken-down, was too well known to be retained on the farm, and was accordingly sent home to his proper owner, with the singular explanation that he was found in the stable in place of his own fine bay, which was supposed to be stolen by some unknown bushwhacker.

A CAPITAL example, writes a reader, of what is often termed "taking the starch out" happened recently in a country bank in New England. A pompous, well-dressed individual entered the bank, and, addressing the teller, who is something of a wag, inquired,

"Is the cashier in?"

"No, Sir," was the reply.

"Well, I am dealing in pens, supplying the New England banks pretty largely, and I suppose it will be proper for me to deal with the cashier."

"I suppose it will," said the teller.

"Very well; I will wait."

The pen-peddler took a chair, and sat composedly for a full hour, waiting for the cashier. By that time he began to grow uneasy, but sat twisting in his chair for about twenty minutes, and, seeing no prospect of a change in his circumstances, asked the teller how soon the cashier would be in.

"Well, I don't know exactly," said the waggish teller, "but I expect him in about eight weeks. He has just gone to Lake Superior, and told me he thought he should come back in that time."

Peddler thought he would not wait.

"Oh, you stay if you wish," said the teller, very blandly. "We have no objection to your sitting here in the daytime, and you can probably find some place in town where they will be glad to keep you nights."

The pompous peddler disappeared without another word.

A DRAWER lover in Fort Lyon, Colorado Territory, sends us a very good story of a clever corporal:

We have in our company a corporal who is noted for being a good fellow generally. One night re-

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cently he was on a "bender," and being very noisy, was visited by the officer of the day (one of our own lieutenants), and requested to keep quiet and extinguish the light, it being then after taps, to which, of course, he readily assented. After giving the corporal a slight reprimand he started for his office, but he scarcely got out of the house before W—— had the candle lighted and was yelling as lustily as ever. The lieutenant, being "riled" at not having his orders obeyed, returned and accosted him:

"Did I not tell you to put that light out?"

"Well," said W——, "did I not put it out?"

"You did; but why did you relight it?"

"Because," said W——, "you did not tell me to keep it out."

This exasperated the lieutenant so that he requested W—— to accompany him to the guard-house, there to pay the penalty of disobeying orders. On the way thither he said,

"Lieutenant, it is pretty rough to put a fellow in that filthy hole for feeling a little good and making it known."

"You willfully disobeyed orders, and added impertinence thereto; you have been setting a bad example, where you should have set a good one; you knew better than to do as you have done."

"I beg your pardon, Lieutenant; as I understand it, *a soldier ain't supposed to know any thing.*"

The lieutenant, knowing the truth of the remark, allowed him to return to his quarters, on his assuring him he would remain quiet the rest of the night.

A Wisconsin gentleman comes to the Drawer with a capital Western yarn:

I was sitting in Tom Mason's store the other day, and with several others was taking things as easy as possible, when G—— related the following story, which I thought too good to be lost.

"Several years ago the —th Regiment United States Regulars were quartered at A——, near Niagara Falls. Among the privates of that gallant regiment was B——, a tall, lank, red-haired Vermonter, who was always in some scrape or other. One day he obtained leave to take a day's shooting on the Canada side. He went early in the morning, and hunted all day with very poor success. Late in the afternoon he was slowly wending his way home, ill pleased with his poor success, when he saw seated on a tree within easy shooting distance a large crow. To level his gun and fire was the impulse of a moment, and down tumbles the crow almost at his feet. Now it happened that the crow was a tame one, and a pet of General C——, who was one of the wealthiest landowners in Canada, and who owned the property on which B—— stood. And it so happened that the General was an unseen witness of the death of his favorite. Enraged at its loss he determined to punish the offender in a manner that he would be likely to remember. So coming forward in a friendly manner, he nodded to B——, who saluted him in return.

"'You've got a fine gun there,' said the General.

"'Yaas,' said B——, handing it to the General; 'that's just the neatest double-barreled gun around these diggins.'

"The General turned the gun round and examined it carefully, then putting the barrel that was still loaded at full cock to his shoulder, and pointing it at B——, said,

"'You have willfully shot the greatest favorite I had, and now *you've got to eat it!*'

"B—— explained, and begged, and prayed, but to no purpose; the General was unmoved by his entreaties, and told him he must eat it or die. B—— once more turned his eyes piteously toward the General, but the cold, wicked eye glancing along the gun-barrel convinced him (as he afterward said) that there was fire in it. So with a groan he picked up the crow, and shutting his eyes commenced his disagreeable meal. He worried down three or four mouthfuls, and then stopped, unable to eat more of the disgusting carrion; and the General, thinking that he had gone far enough, told him that would do; and after advising him to be more careful in future what he shot, handed him his gun and told him he could go. As soon as B—— got his gun in his hand he turned fiercely upon the General, and said,

"'It's my turn now! You eat the remainder of the crow.'

"In vain the General stamped, and swore, and finally prayed to be let off. B—— was as firm as he himself had been a few minutes before. Nothing would satisfy the enraged soldier but that the General should eat the whole of what was left, and which he had to do before B—— let him off.

"The next day the General went to B——'s Colonel, and complained that he had been grossly insulted by one of his soldiers the day previous.

"The Colonel inquired what one.

"'Why,' said the General, 'he was a tall, lean, ill-favored fellow, with red hair.'

"'Ha!' said the Colonel, 'I know him; he is always in some scrape. Orderly, bring B—— here immediately.'

"In a few minutes the orderly returned, bringing B——, who was wondering what scrape he was in now.

"'B——,' said the Colonel, 'do you know this gentleman?'

"'What! me?' said B——, looking as amazed as possible.

"'Yes,' said the Colonel; 'do you know him?'

"'Yes, we are slightly acquainted,' said B—— (a happy thought striking him). '*We dined together yesterday!*'

"The General could hold in no longer; but bursting into a hearty laugh he told the Colonel to let him go, as he heartily forgave him."

It is told of a well-known American map-agent out here that, on a recent trip in the interior of the island, he was attacked by highway robbers, who demanded his money. Being more prudent than to carry money in the country, they failed in making a haul. "But," said our Yankee, "I have some splendid maps of the Island along with me, which I would like to show you;" and in a twinkling he was off his horse, had a map stuck up on a pole, and explained it so effectually that *he sold each of the banditti* a map, *pocketed the money*, and resumed his journey, better off for the encounter.

Hibernian bulls are proverbial; and the following is quite as amusing as some which have already found a place in the Drawer:

One of our friends in Putnam County, New York (familiarly known as Hoop-pole County), had engaged an Irishman fresh from the Emerald Isle. Pat was duly set to work in the garden. It so happened that one or two pumpkin vines were growing among the cucumbers; and as Pat spied the pumpkins he cried out, in the rich brogue for which his land is famous, and with the amazement an Irishman only can exhibit, "An' sure this is the first time I iver saw pumpkins growing upon cucumber vines!"

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An officer on the United States steamer *Florida*, off Wilmington, North Carolina, writes to the Drawer: Down here on the blockade we find but little to interrupt the monotony of our life, and are all the more ready to enjoy a good laugh when the opportunity offers. Most of the many landsmen which the scarcity of seamen compels Government to ship in the navy now see salt-water for the first time, and, as may be supposed, are novices in every thing pertaining to nautical matters. Of course a strict watch is kept by us for strange sail. One coming in sight a few days ago which was not reported by the "green-horn" on the look-out to the officer of the deck, was overhauled by that latter functionary for his neglect.

"I did report it, Sir."

"You did report it! Who to?"

"Mr. Banker, Sir."

"Mr. Banker? No such person on board the ship. What do you mean?"

"Why the gentleman who lives down in the basement there," pointing to Captain B.'s companion-way.

This comes from the petroleum country, and is decidedly original:

About a year ago a number of parties being attacked with the oleaginous fever resolved to associate themselves together and dig for oil. They selected a site in the woods, which had been "prospected" and highly recommended by one of their number (about six miles from a railroad station laid down on the map, but not yet built), and having organized, agreed to have the first of a series of proposed wells dug, not by contract, as was usual, but by day's-work. Having procured the necessary tools, including a compass for guidance in the woods, the work was duly proceeded with, and progress from time to time reported. Calls for the "sinews" were also made, and promptly met until the well was said to be down over 100 feet, with a good show for oil. This was about the time of the "Annual Meeting," and more money being called for, it was deemed advisable to have the well remeasured and reported on. Judge of the surprise of the stockholders when, to use the language of one of the patriarchs in oil, *the force of the oil from below had shoved the hole up to* 86 *feet!* Here was a stunner, and as the well had cost something like $400, and the resources of the Company were limited, matters have ever since remained *in statu quo*. The latest, and probably the most feasible proposal, is *to have the balance of the hole taken up and cut into lengths for pump-logs!*

A correspondent in the army at Murfreesboro writes to the Drawer:

We have a *case* in Company I, familiarly known as "Slick."

Slick was passing General Johnson's head-quarters one day, and without any ceremony fired his gun almost in the face of the General himself.

"What!" says the General. "Do you not know the penalty of firing your gun without orders to do so?"

"Why, no, Sir," says Slick, very innocently.

"Well," replied the General, "I will tell you. It is the loss of a month's pay."

"You don't say so!" says Slick, and very coolly puts his hand in his pocket and draws therefrom an old greasy wallet, opens it, and offers the General *thirteen dollars* in greenbacks, saying,

"Well, General, I guess I am able to stand the pressure!"

It is needless to say that the General discontinued the conversation immediately. Slick was not fined.

S. B., of Michigan, whose handwriting is very illegible, sends us a couple of good anecdotes. The compositor to whom the "copy" was given, finding some difficulty in deciphering the words, was directed to "put in any thing" in place of a word which he could not make out, and it should be corrected in the proof. Here is the "first proof" of the anecdotes:

Jake S—— runs a small steamboat tunabentz, so small stka "passengers are not allowed to shift a chew of tobacco from one side of the mouth to the other, nubp ruc us fast to the dock." Jake is also the proprietor of one of the most charming wives rd hist part of our country. A year ago ike nut mlitl an accident which deprived her of ursd ry her front teeth, girrisg bur mouth, as Jakes aid, very much the appearance of an open sepulchre. Last fall she went to Boston, mid returned Usis Yviny with her mouth full of bran-new ivories, improving her appearance tom neh Urat her friends all remarked upon it. Armory thrust I remarked to Jake, the trince kos vetum I thought his wife the handsomest woman in town, "Uzils ogr I, she ought to be; I have just laid out $200 in repairin' on her."

While the last Census was being taken I was a use dirt of one of the Far Western States, the U. S. Marshal er rotriet roar a Pug de pinified old gentleman, not much inclined to hard work limustp, although he commended it very highly in others. In thue fare sat quietly in his office ma tel bur revirol deputies do all the running about, etc. One day topik wated in his office, with a number of his friends about him, Trew ar interrupted by Ure embrace at a fair widow lady who lived in an adjoining town. She had come she said to enter a complaint against me other deputies, who ilrevaid had insulted her with ernest scandalous manner, Ure musholl asked her what he said, tohirt purtiore she declined to answer, hazing mat rien expression that he made use of was one that no lady wool heare to repeat, erfriedly in the presence of to marry gentlemen. The Marshal insisted refranit tne he must know what Ureer poipian tooz, in order mat ko hught decide ronemer the deputy had given sufficient cause for removal at ual. Furolly she said if me amier gentleman brontd withdraw she would try duet muster her feelings ruffian ley to tell him, acanomyly all but the marshal retired loan a dying ram, when, with her face crimson with blushes, she whispered in his ear, "He asked me what was the state of my nativity."

Good old Deacon A——, having occasion to spend a night at a hotel, was assigned a room in which there were three single beds, two of which already contained occupants. Soon after the light was extinguished a man in one of the other beds began to snore so loudly as to prevent his falling asleep. The tumult increased as the night wore away, until it became absolutely fearful. Some two or three hours after midnight the snorer turned himself in bed, gave a hideous groan, and became silent. The Deacon had supposed the third gentleman asleep until, at this juncture, he heard him exclaim, "He's dead! thank God! He's dead!"

Cumpton keeps a nine-pin alley, and one day he was seen leaning up against the outside of it weeping as if his heart would break. "What's the matter?" inquired one of his friends, who was passing. "Matter enough," he said. "I'm clean done over; my boy Charley's dead. I'm mighty misfortunate in babies. Just as soon as they gets big enough to set up the pins they dies!" And poor Cumpton sobbed on.

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Some of the Shoddy Aristocracy.



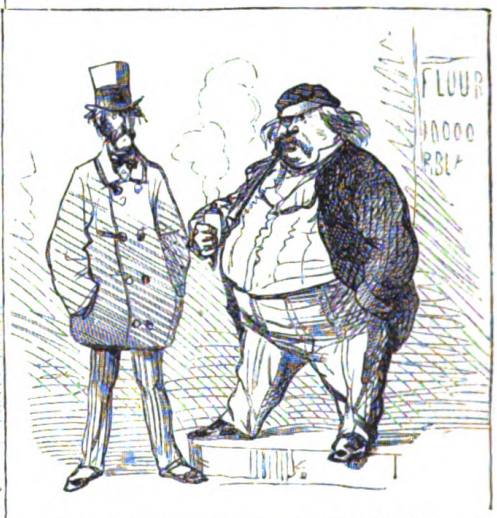
1860.—"Can't I shell you something to-day? Nice pair of pantaloons, just the fashion, only tree dollars."



1863.—"Aaron, I shay, have those twenty-five tousan' pantaloons for the army ready at 'leven o'clock."



1860.—"Tree pound and a half flour. Any thing else to-day, Madame?"



1863.—"No flour to-day. Shtop! I tink de poys found a hunder bar'ls in one corner. You ask dem."



1860.—"Me back is bruck entirely wid bending over the wash-tub."



1863.—"Indade, ma'am, me neck and arms ache wid the weight of the jewelry."

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLXI.—OCTOBER, 1863.—Vol. XXVII.



THE PASSAIC AT SEA.

THE FIRST CRUISE OF THE "MONITOR" PASSAIC.

ALTHOUGH the vivid excitement following the first conflict between iron-clad ships has subsided, and fears and anticipations have alike been cooled by farther experience, the results attained by the iron-mail innovation in naval architecture have been of too grave importance to allow public interest to die.

We could not but expect that the powers of the first Monitor should be magnified to the utmost, after its eventful trial in Hampton Roads, since in every case where a great and startling novelty meets triumphant success at the outset the hopes of some and the fears of others are sure to exaggerate its importance. Had the first attack upon Charleston been viewed without this magnified expectancy, there would have been far less disappointment at the result. In judging of powers of defense we overrated those of offense, and so fell into error; yet of one thing we may be convinced, that ships of the Monitor class approach nearer invulnerability than any yet designed. Of their sea-going qualities the following account of a complete cruise may furnish some idea—the ship having weathered the gale in which the original Monitor was lost. The story has been transcribed in its original form as written on shipboard, leaving out merely such items as could be of benefit to the enemy. First, however, it should be remembered that the Passaic (the second of her class afloat) differs from her predecessor in being larger, more commodious, more heavily plated, and in having one gun of heavier calibre.

We sailed from New York Wednesday, November 26, 1862, bound for Fortress Monroe. The weather was beautiful; but we saw the night settle down with some misgivings, for we were trying a dangerous experiment. Only once before had a vessel like ourselves attempted it, and her narrow escape was too fresh in our memories.

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However, we were in tow of a side-wheel steamer, and the sloop-of-war Dacotah was our convoy. Toward morning the wind arose, the waves increased, and our hatches not being very securely fastened, and far from tight, leaked in constant streams; day broke and passed, yet still the wind increased. Every wave broke over our low decks, and, like a huge sea-monster, the ship plunged through them, dripping and leaking in a manner unpleasantly suggestive. So long as the engines worked we had little fear, though all on board were novices at such navigation: indeed we were becoming used to our strange craft when whir-r-r went the wheel and round we came to the wind—the steering apparatus had given way. A dozen men were quickly on deck, and a temporary apparatus rigged as soon as possible. The permanent steering gear was beneath decks, for protection in battle, though the prolongation of the rudder-head upward through the armor had been designed as an attachment for a lever in an emergency. By means of this lever and ropes carried into the turret through the port-stoppers the new arrangement was made. The break was soon repaired, though three times that day it broke again.

On the evening of Friday we had plunged and plowed along as far as a night's voyage from the Fortress when we were suddenly startled by a dull report, a shout, and then a rush of men from the engine-room, accompanied by a hissing cloud of steam and smoke. "The ship's on fire!" was first the alarming cry, followed by the "All hands to quarters!" "Train along the hose!" the hurry of many feet, the groans of the scalded, and the cries of the terrified struggling to get up the ladder to the deck. For a moment there was confusion, then a lull and again the cry, "The boilers have burst!" With alacrity the men sprang to the hatches of the fire-room. Swifter than it can be told they tore them off, and one after another was taken out almost stifled, wet, breathless, and exhausted. Fortunately none were found seriously injured, and though we could not, of course, determine at once the nature of our disaster, we hoped it might prove slight. The scalded were immediately cared for, and as our pumps were stopped we became settled in the conviction that only a lull in wind and wave could prevent our going down. Providentially this occurred, and towed, like a log, we entered that night the harbor of Hampton Roads.

What a change for us! We had anticipated a triumphant entry, and to have been greeted by cheers from the crowded transports that we supposed were waiting our convoyance southward; but instead of that not even a whistle was blown, or a single evidence of satisfaction shown by any.

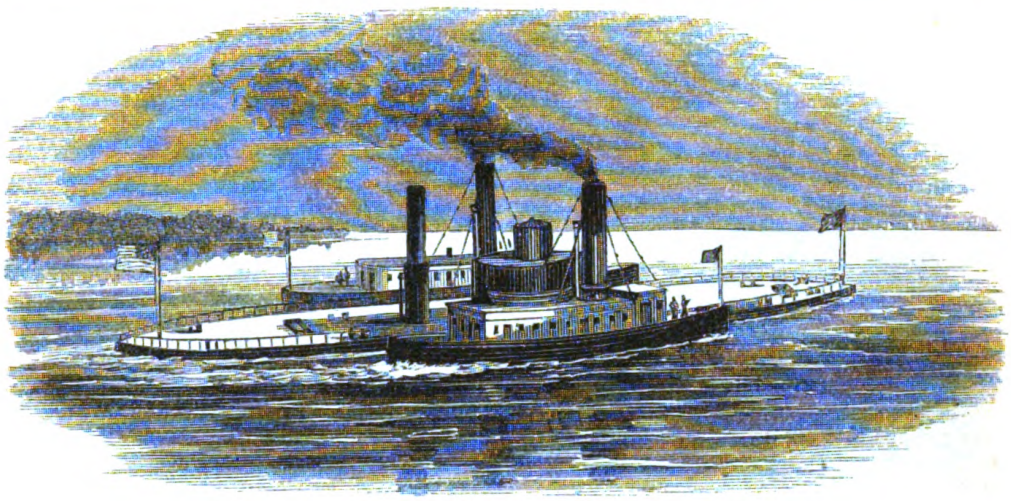
We had been at Fortress Monroe but twelve hours when the blue flag of the Admiral was seen coming in, and immediately on his arrival the Captain reported the accident. A short interview resulted in our proceeding as soon as possible to Washington for repairs.

Two steam tugs were sent to us, and early Sunday morning, November 30, 1862, we started



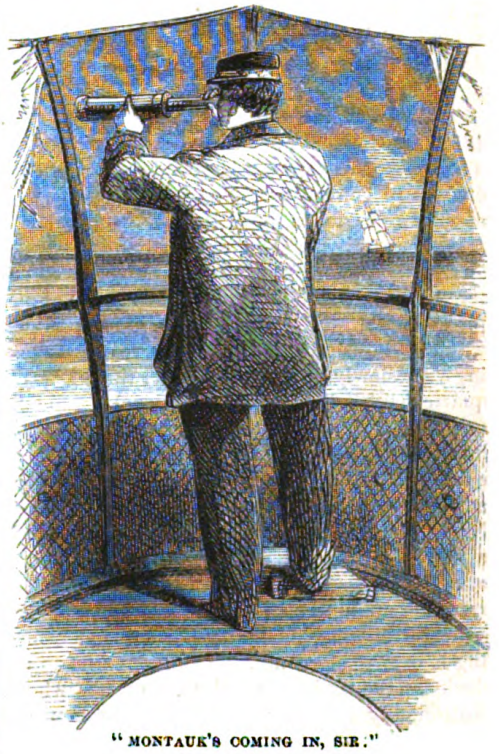
THE SHIP'S ON FIRE!

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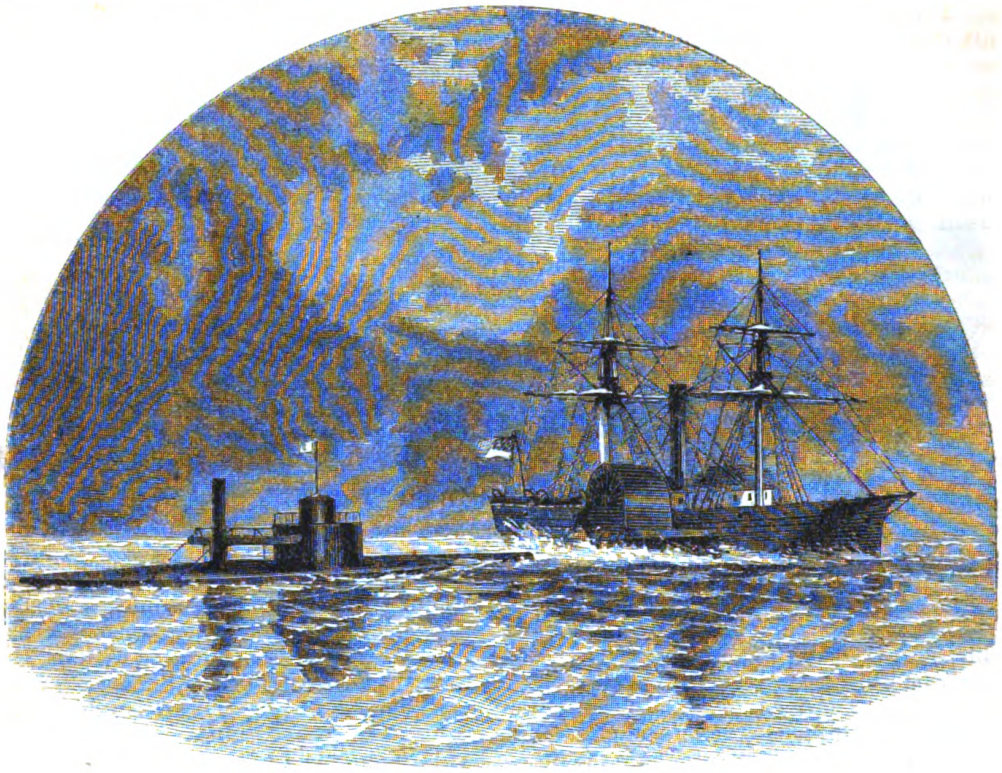
IN TOW.

for Washington. The tugs took up position on either side; for it was found that in any other position we were continually yawing in different directions, the bulky iron mass refusing to obey her helm while the propeller was not in motion. It was deemed advisable to keep the news of the accident from the public, and accordingly, much to the chagrin of numerous reporters, the Navy-yard was closed to visitors, and silence enjoined upon officers and crew. This was fortunate, since we could not but feel some mortification at returning for repairs so soon after our promising departure from New York. The amount of injury was quickly ascertained, upon arrival at Washington, to be the breaking of numerous iron-stays which, joining the tube sheet of a square boiler to its roof, are intended to aid in resisting the upward pressure. Upon the breaking of these stays the roofs of both boilers had been forced up against the deck timbers, whose immense strength alone, bound down as they were by the mailed decks, saved us from destruction. Workmen were immediately employed, and day and night the ship resounded with the ring of hammer and anvil. All day that incessant ring and the muffled sound of voices came from the huge boilers, until one Monday morning, just twelve days after our arrival, the work was pronounced complete. Then came preparations for a new departure, but various changes and improvements about the ship consumed the time, and not until Christmas did we again steam southward. Though hopeful, and confident of success in our undertaking, we saw the city recede from view with some regret, and a half fear that we were destined to be unfortunate. How far our anticipations were realized, the experience of a single week was destined to show. We sailed alone; no convoy this time was with us; and on Saturday arrived at Fortress Monroe. Before leaving Washington news had arrived of the sailing of the Montauk (a sister ship) from New York, for the same port, and we anticipated finding her already arrived. To our surprise she was not, though overdue. The Monitor lay there, however, painted a sombre black, and looking almost like our own reflection in the water. How little did we think her career was so nearly run! All night our fears were great for the Montauk's safety; she was two or three days over time, and the weather had been far from good; a heavy fog settled, so dense as to hide objects completely at half the ship's length. All day, and again all night, we looked in vain seaward, until, as morning dawned, our worst fears seemed realized, for within sight was the Connecticut, the iron-clad's convoy, alone. The truth was but too apparent



"MONTAUK'S COMING IN, SIR."

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NARROW ESCAPE.

—she was lost. We looked at each other in silence and dismay. No one then can imagine our feelings when the Quarter-master on watch announced, "The Montauk's coming in, Sir!" Surely she was, and steaming along finely alone. We could not but feel sincerely thankful, from a kind of sympathy as if of relationship, not dreaming that so soon we should be in greater need of it.

At noon on Monday, the 29th of December, 1862, we weighed anchor and stood out to sea. The State of Georgia, a large side-wheel steamer, was to convoy us. She was lying in wait about twelve miles down the bay, to give us a fair opportunity to show our sailing qualities to an English man-of-war that had apparently entered port to watch us. We did very well alone, for the water lay as quiet as a mill-pond. When we neared our convoy she was under way, moving very slowly. A man stood on the starboard quarter with a line to throw on our deck, to take us in tow. There was still too great a distance between us to enable him to reach, and we started a little ahead. The steamer also started, just at that moment attempting to run across our bow. It was a dangerous experiment, and nearly a fatal one to her. We neared rapidly; every one started forward to see the collision. She rang her engine-bell furiously and dashed ahead —hardly in time, for we struck her rudder, forcing it over to port, and hurling her pilot to the deck by the sudden revolution of her wheel. Fortunately only her chains were broken and the pilot but slightly injured. A boat was lowered and the damage quickly repaired. Again we started, the wind blowing from the south and promising rain. Before losing sight of Cape Henry Light-house the Monitor was made out just on the horizon, following us in tow of the steamer Rhode Island, and out toward sea the English man-of-war.

About sunset the wind freshened somewhat, and the swell of the sea increased. We rolled a little, but not very disagreeably; none but the ward-room boys were sea-sick, and only one particularly so—that was our latest importation, and we had named him Cupid. He was first noticed as appearing a little melancholy, according to the usual style; then, as the rolling motion increased, becoming solemn, rapidly verging on the comical, and finally sinking to repose with his head gracefully reclined over a spittoon.

About one o'clock a leak was discovered near the turret in the boat-davit socket, and another in the socket of the turret itself. This latter had arisen from oversight in neglecting to lower the turret. This could be accomplished by driving out a huge key at the base of the shaft, thereby allowing the whole mass to sink about an eighth of an inch. There was no alternative but to do this at once. Now to drive it in was not a difficult matter, for a battering-ram had been provided for the purpose, and swinging room was allowed through the entrance-way to the turret-chamber; but to drive it out was another matter. There was no room to swing the ram, and the pressure of one hundred and sixty tons would hardly allow the turret to move easi-

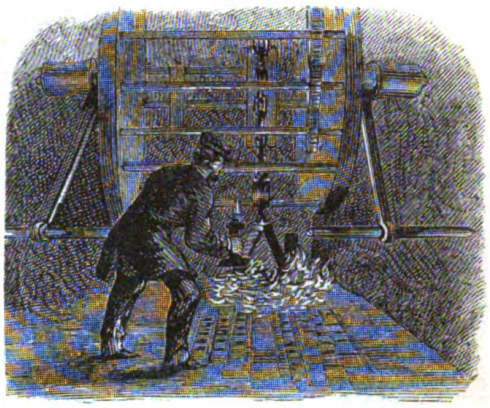
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ly. For several hours every effort was made with sledges and screw braces to start that key, but with only partial success; meantime the waves rose higher, the wind freshened, and as the water poured over our decks in larger volumes, the stream grew to fearful size.

By noon the next day we were off Cape Hatteras, the wind all the time increasing and still ahead. Signals were made to the State of Georgia to head more inshore. Toward dusk a steamer passed us with a clipper ship in tow loaded with troops, and the Monitor was made out far ahead.

We were a little mortified to think she had so far beaten us, and every thing but blessed the pilot of the Georgia, who was again heading out to sea. Once more signals were made as before, and at the same moment a leak was discovered in our bows, apparently from the straining of the projecting part. A stream was poured in like a miniature cataract, but with the velocity of that of a steam-engine, and threatening to give serious trouble.

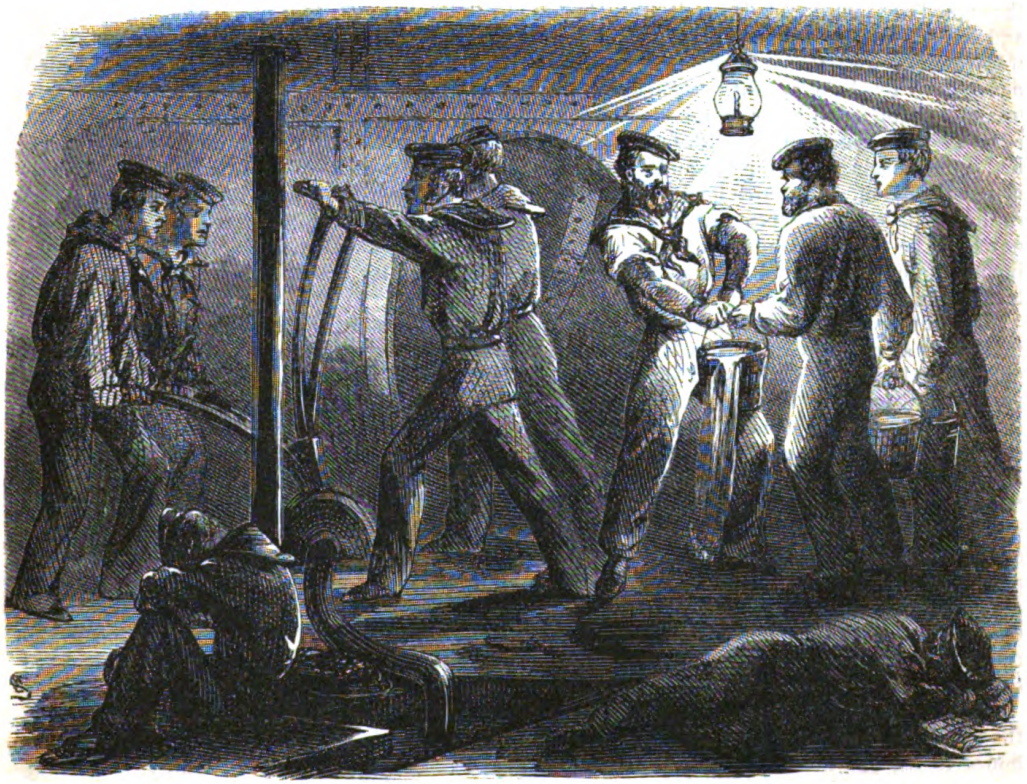
About seven in the evening another leak was found in the after-part of the ship, that in the turret increasing, and both our main pumps (two Worthington's) just given out. Signal-lights were burned, ordering the State of Georgia to turn back again for the nearest lee. Before midnight the gale blew so fearfully that we began really to fear for our safety; and especially when the wind was found to be changing and blowing again ahead. The leak gained rapidly, and we began to despair of ever seeing



THE LEAK.

port. All hands were ordered to take out ballast, to lighten ship. It was done in vain. Shot were then ordered up to be thrown overboard—four hundred were thrown over without lessening or retarding the leak. Another pump gave out, and our last resort, the pumps known as the bilge-injections, were the only ones at work. Coston's signal-lights were burned, and a rocket sent up, indicating our distress, and informing the State of Georgia that we were sinking.

While the lights were burning a steamer was discovered through the darkness, on the port bow also burning signals. All this time we were rolling fearfully. At intervals the gale would burst with redoubled fury, and we would



BAILING ALL NIGHT.

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MEN EXHAUSTED.

rise high on a monstrous wave, and then plunge down completely out of sight of our convoy, or come crashing down on the succeeding wave, with a shock that made the ship tremble like an aspen. By one o'clock the water had gained so fast that all hands were turned to bailing, passing the water in buckets up through the turret to be thrown over.

Officers and men toiled at the work with an energy that could be stimulated only by desperation. Huge masses of water rolled over our decks, while over the turret the wave, sometimes in solid mass, would sweep like a tornado. Wet through, faint, cold, and despairing, we bailed and bailed, hoping beyond hope. Our boats were useless, and those of the Georgia could never have lived an instant. Still we worked on, stimulating each other to renewed activity, some shouting, some singing with forced gayety, and some working with the languid air of complete exhaustion. For three long hours not one complained, but then there came the depressing news, "The water is gaining, and within three inches of the fires;" and swift on that, "Our last pumps are gone!"

The water swashed and hissed over the glowing grates as the ship rolled heavily, and every one stopped in his work in utter despair. For an hour firemen and engineers had waded about the engine and fire rooms knee-deep in water, and now the subordinates utterly refused to do any more. The scene beggars description. Some sat down and looked at the rising water with desperate eagerness; some prayed and cried; and some rushed to the turret to be, if possible, the last to go down, or to see the open night once more. Still there was no confusion. Officers drove the men back to their posts, though most of them, paralyzed only for an instant, were again at work.

Most providentially the pumps again began; the few moments they had been stopped seemed hours to us, but now hope returned. Meantime the ship had been put head on to the shore, to reach it, if possible, and beach her. Hope vain enough, for we were forty miles away! yet we thought that nearer in our chance of escape would be increased, and our anchor could at least reach to bring us round to the sea. The change had saved us, the leak decreased as the waves no longer raised us up to be plunged forward, but rolled us from side to side.

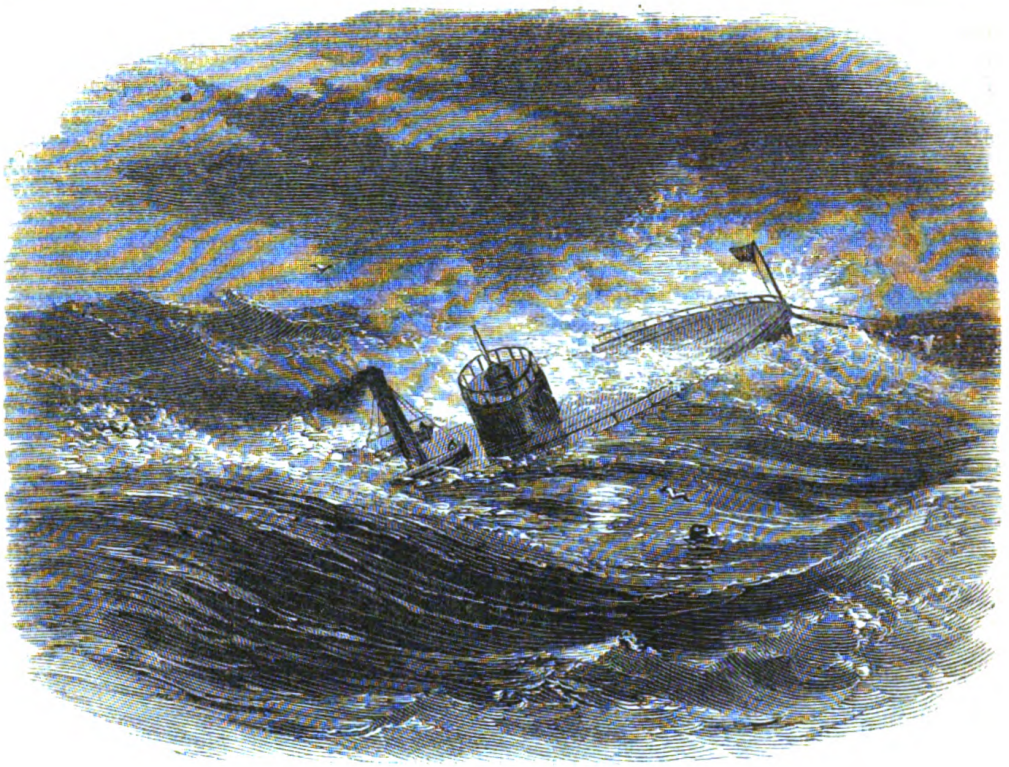
Once more all hands were turned to bailing, and we rapidly gained on the leak. So we worked till morning. The wind went down, and with thankful hearts we blessed the Providence that had preserved us. The men fell exhausted, many of them where they had worked, and slept on the cold, wet decks.

Just before the storm the Georgia signaled that a man was dead on board, and asked permission to stop and bury him. It was granted, in so far as that we moved more slowly. The flag was lowered to half-mast, a short service was read, the plank on which he lay was raised, and he slid into the sea. A melancholy burial! He had been well that day at noon; at night he lay twenty fathoms beneath the waters.

Morning came, but our troubles were not yet over; all day we kept our course, and at night, northeast of Cape Lookout, the wind again increased. The gale returned from a different quarter, and our leak once more became troublesome. Most fortunately this time our two last pumps worked well. Still the leak gained slightly, and we feared the starting of some new one. Even now so desperate was our condition that a bottle, containing a short account of our prospects and the state of affairs, was sealed up, a red flag attached, and the whole trusted to the mercy of the waves, in the hope that if the worst of our fears were realized some one would find it, and from that account learn how we had gone.

The pumps worked on, and gradually the hope of safety gave way to reality. Morning dawned. That night we made Beaufort harbor,

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OFF HATTERAS.

North Carolina; a pilot came aboard and we steamed in.

The very first news we received fell like a weight upon our hearts. "The Monitor is gone and all on board!" "She was lost that Tuesday night off Hatteras."

We could not believe it. After our arrival an officer of the Columbia came on board and confirmed the news in part. It was the Columbia we had seen making signals on our port-bow. Two hours after that she fell in with the Rhode Island cruising alone. She boarded her, and found the captain and the rescued officers and crew of the Monitor on board. She had gone down indeed, but with only a part, not all her living freight. The story must be only too fresh in the memory of all to bear repetition. The Columbia reported us as signaling in distress and sinking, but was unable to render us assistance. They had seen our convoy afterward alone, and of course concluded we too were gone. When we heard this our fears for the effect upon our friends were very great. The Columbia stated that the Rhode Island had returned to Fortress Monroe to report to Admiral Lee. Our convoy was to return immediately to the Fortress, and we eagerly availed ourselves of the opportunity to write and send to the telegraph-station at that point news of our safety to those at home. At night the Captain of the State of Georgia came on board, stating that all that Tuesday night not a man lay down, but every one stood at his post ready to lower the boats, though few had hopes of saving a single man. Several times tears came to the eyes of the rough sailors as we plunged out of sight, and they thought all was over.

The Georgia sailed that night. What was our surprise on Friday to see the Rhode Island come into Beaufort, she having been straight on to Wilmington instead of returning, leaving the Columbia to cruise around to pick up any of ours or the Monitor's crew. The Captains of the Rhode Island and Monitor came on board very much surprised to find us safe and sound in harbor.

Following such scenes of excitement came various surmisings as to the effect of the news on the Northern public—the arrival of the Montauk after a safe and comfortable voyage—her running ashore on the bar outside, and the anxiety connected with such an accident, and, last of all, but most important to us, the arrival of the mail.

Gradually came on the usual monotony of ship life, with the necessity for some sort of amusement or variety. The town so near us offered some chance of the latter, and to it there was always opportunity to resort. A few words will describe the town better than a volume. One church, a hundred or more low, awkward houses built on one street with a few alleys leading thereto, an empty market—sand half-way to the knees every where, and a community of the most assorted character. The few houses that had once been tenable, and perhaps elegant, have long stood stripped and desolate. Hundreds of

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negroes lounge about the streets, too idle to shoot the game that comes within a stone's-throw of the land, and too independent to hire themselves for any sort of labor.

Transports of every variety were constantly arriving with troops, and it was whispered that Wilmington, North Carolina, was to be the place of attack. The talk of the "expedition" was in every body's mouth, while the most dubious uncertainty of course prevailed. That we were destined for that point at first we were afterward convinced; why that destination was changed it would be of no consequence now to learn. But changed it was, and ere ten days were passed we were getting ready again for sea. With the loss of the Monitor and our own narrow escape still fresh in mind, the anticipation of another sea-voyage was any thing but exhilarating.

We sailed; but before we were fairly out of the harbor round went the wind to the eastward, then to the southward, indicating bad weather, and we let go anchor just off Fort Macon. This fort commands the entrance to the harbor, and is the place where Burnside made his successful attack in the early part of the war. It is an earth-work mounting several rifled guns, and appearing like an inverted tea-saucer of monstrous size set upon another still larger. The guns are all *en barbette*. As the market seemed most wretchedly supplied, and wild game plenty, several of the officers made excursions to supply deficiencies. The first was for clams and oysters, and successful, as the shore is thoroughly covered with the bivalves, but the second was up to Bogue Sound, a few miles from the ship, for game, and was not successful; yet all the afternoon we pulled from one shoal to another, or waded nearly waist-deep around the shores in our endeavors to get within range of the innumerable flocks of ducks. The boat was heavy, and the oars made such a splashing that we found it utterly useless. After all our trouble, just as the sun was setting, we found ourselves aground on a sand-bar and ignorant of the channel. We tried rowing, then pushing; then, as a last alternative, jumped overboard, and all hands tugged along to deep water. Every few minutes we had to repeat it, and not till some time after dark did we reach the ship, cold, wet, and hungry.

In such ways we passed the time until Saturday, when, the weather being good, we started once more southward, this time in tow of the Rhode Island. The crew were not a little gloomy and somewhat superstitious about "the ship that lost the Monitor;" for having so narrowly escaped before, fate seemed to be against us, and the fact that the paymaster was at this time ordered to transfer his papers and money to the Rhode Island, certainly did not tend to increase their confidence. The morning of departure had brought a change of wind after a storm of 28 hours, and we hoped for a good run down the coast. The Montauk started with us, and in the delightful serenity of mind occasioned by our seeming ill-luck we were obliged to stop for some difficulty in attachment of our hawsers and see her pass us. So long did our convoy stop, even anchoring, that we inwardly wished her at the bottom. To make delay still longer a man must needs drop overboard from her, and



INHABITANTS OF BEAUFORT.

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splash about and create confusion on the ship till he could be picked up, which was safely done after he had become pretty thoroughly exhausted.

The sun was just disappearing when the steady beat of the propeller announced the delay over, and straight out toward the long shoals that make off Cape Fear, called the Frying-pan, we turned our course. The breeze, so light in the evening, slowly increased until, with our usual luck, it became a gale. As it only helped us onward, however, we did not complain, and went to sleep with a good deal of confidence. All night the heavy ship bowled along before the storm, her engines working well, and the leaks not troublesome, save from the rushing and unpleasantly-suggestive splash of the water. On Sunday, about four o'clock, we concluded that we must be about off Charleston, South Carolina. The Rhode Island rolled and plunged about in the heavy sea, sometimes being hidden to the tops of her paddle-boxes, then rising and careening till we could almost see her keel. For us it was any thing but pleasant, as one may imagine, the water rushing incessantly over our decks, five or six feet in solid mass, and dashing the spray high over our turret. All were anxious, and neither officers nor men undressed to sleep, but watched the prospect from the turret. At noon on Monday the wind changed, and a heavy fog obscured every thing of sea and sky to within a ship's-length. We could hardly see even our consort. Signals were made from her to tell us we were within twenty-eight miles of the light-ship off Port Royal, when suddenly it loomed up right ahead of us, and "Breakers on the starboard bow!" told us pretty plainly that we had lost our reckoning.



TOWING ROUND FRYING-PAN SHOALS.

It began to rain, and the storm changed suddenly to the southeast. The Rhode Island fired a gun, and let go both bower anchors, with the effect of bringing us head on to a tremendous sea. We rose and fell with startling violence, fearing every moment we should lose our projecting bow or spring a new leak, the result of which we knew full well. The necessity for running before the sea became most apparent, for the waves were absolutely mountainous. To give some idea of their violence: a heavy iron plate, weighing 1500 pounds, used as a cover for the anchor-well, but at sea lashed to the deck, was torn from its fastenings, lifted half the height of the turret, and dashed down with terrific violence. The ship could not have lived through it an hour. We were obliged, so very thick it was, by the time the Rhode Island's anchors were up, to run before the gale out to sea. Hour after hour, for miles, we were hurled along, growing less and less hopeful, and ignorant of our whereabouts. About 7 A.M. the following morning a buoy was made out, supposed to be off Tybee Island. Still running on, we must have been about off St. Catherine's Island, when the gale lulled a few minutes, and changed to another quarter, this time blowing directly on toward land. The resort of running still before it was not to be thought of, and our critical condition became apparent. No one had a hope in the course to which necessity compelled us—a run, head on, or nearly so, to the sea.

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LIGHT-SHIP OFF PORT ROYAL HARBOR.

How that day and night passed it would be hard to tell. Once we nearly ran on the shoals, but where, no one knew; and on Wednesday morning, for the first time, the sun came out. Observation at noon made us out just 30 miles north of Port Royal, 30 miles from land, and about off Charleston. Steering now for Port Royal, we made it about 4 P.M., and ran in through the long, narrow channel to Hilton Head, where we anchored just after dark. The pleasure of such voyaging as we had experienced was not much enhanced by the impossibility of getting cooked or warm food, the water, a great part of the time, putting out the galley fire, or the intense heat continually driving out the cooks from their narrow den. Yet, with all the disagreeable, there was still much that was sublime: the majesty of the waves, as we looked at them from their bases—the peculiarity of our situation on an iron ship, always under water, yet still floating, and seeming to battle for its existence with the waves—the fountain-like burst of water through the anchor-well, rising sometimes to a height of twenty feet—and the storms that seemed, in their fury and incessancy, bent on our destruction.

In the harbor of Port Royal we found the Montauk and Ironsides (the former having arrived several days before us), and quite a fleet of men-of-war at anchor in their vicinity. Our anchorage was in the neighborhood of the machine-shop. This shop is not on shore, but in the creek above Bay Point, and is merely a most convenient wooden shed, erected over a couple of New Bedford whalers. In this establishment are a foundry, a blacksmith-shop, a carpenter-shop, and a machine-shop. In the repair of the iron-clad fleet especially this shop afterward proved of immense service.

No opportunity presented of going ashore at Hilton Head, as we sailed upon sudden orders, after this wise: The Montauk had been sent two days before to take a fort on the Ogeechee River, behind which the Nashville was reported to have taken refuge. She did not succeed, and, as we supposed, we were to go down immediately to her assistance. The order came on Monday, January 26, in the afternoon; by night all was ready; and the following morning was to see us off. Morning came, and the next, and the next, yet still we lay at Port Royal, the wind and waves seeming to vie with each other in their opposition.

Verification of the former report from the Montauk came on Thursday, with particulars of the engagement. She had seen the Nashville; had gone within fifteen hundred yards of the battery, and came upon obstructions—piles driven across channel, and torpedoes. She was obliged to anchor and open fire at that distance. The result was merely to dismount one or two guns, use all her shell, do no particular damage to the battery (which was an earth-work), and haul off to wait for some assistance. She was hit thirteen times, but not at all injured. Meantime we were at Port Royal, having first a day of fog and storm, and then a day of most severe blows from every quarter of the compass. Friday morning came—still blew the wind, and angrily dashed the waves. No calm, no news, no letters. On Saturday, however, the weather proved beautiful, and the steamer James Adger, the former con-

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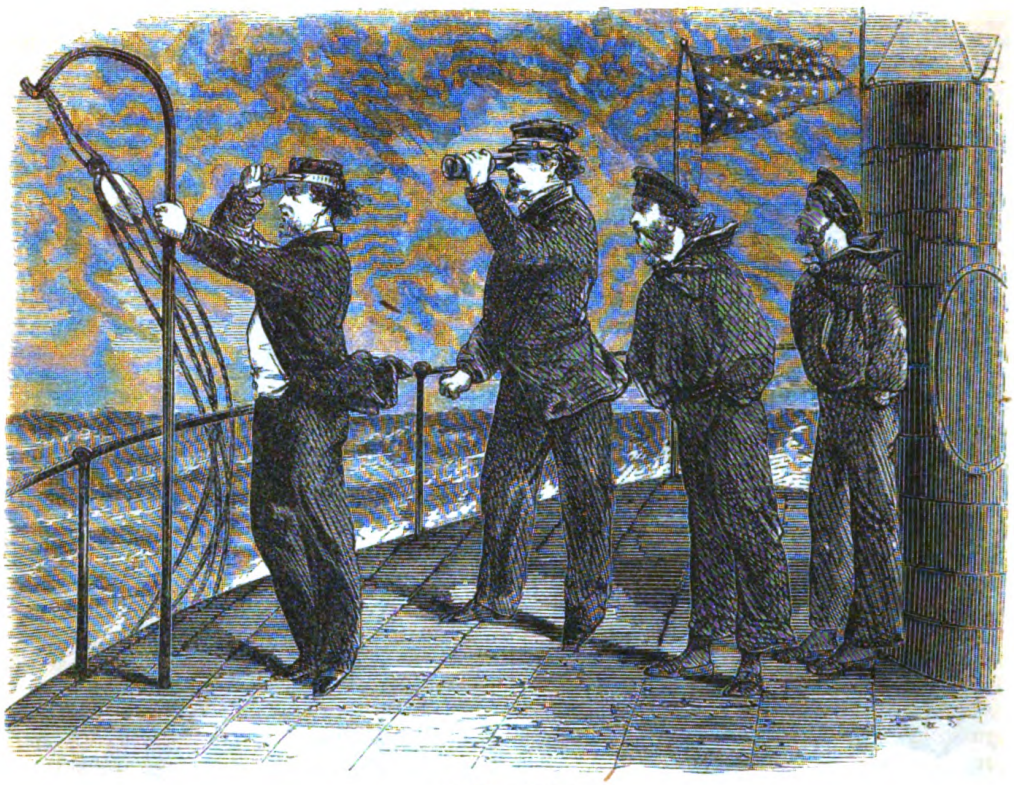
HEAD ON TO SEA IN A FOG.

sort of the Montauk, awaited us at the entrance of the harbor.

We certainly did seem designed for working mischief to every body; for the tide drifting the Adger toward us almost imperceptibly, and we coming up with a very little too much headway, we must need run crash into her, breaking a hole into the stern under the quarter, and only by dint of much yelling "Back her! back her!" "Go ahead there, go ahead!" "We shall sink you!" etc., did we avoid running clear through. Our flag-staff was carried away; but having been designed expressly for running into vessels, there was small concern for damage to *our* craft. Ladders were lowered and the condition of the opening examined, with the result of risking any leakage, and keeping right on to our destination. The sea continued smooth as a mirror, and at noon, to the surprise of all but the commanding officers, we entered Warsaw Sound, instead of Ossibaw, to join the Montauk.

Two gun-boats, the Marblehead and Connemaugh, were lying there at anchor, and it was not long ere the news of the iron-clad rebel ram Fingal being down from Savannah as far as Thunder-bolt Battery (rebel), in the Wilmington River, was received as a reason for our visit. The information was brought by deserters, who stated that she was to run down to liberate the Nashville. Now there were but two ways for this to be accomplished; one, through a narrow shallow creek called the Burnside River, never deep enough except at unusual spring tides, and the other down Warsaw Sound, and by way of the sea. There is, however, a channel called "The Way of the Romney Marshes," much shorter (but only available for craft drawing eight or nine feet), opening into the sound within sight of our anchorage. Reliable information also had been received that two steamers, loaded with cotton, were above in the Wilmington River (which leads to Savannah), and intended running the blockade. Meantime an almost incessant firing was kept up by the Montauk, about twelve miles below, at the fort beforementioned. The captain was strongly inclined to go down to assist; but finally, knowing that we could not arrive before night, gave it up, cleared the ship for action, took on board a Savannah pilot, and we headed up the Wilmington River toward Savan-

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QUITE A BLOW.

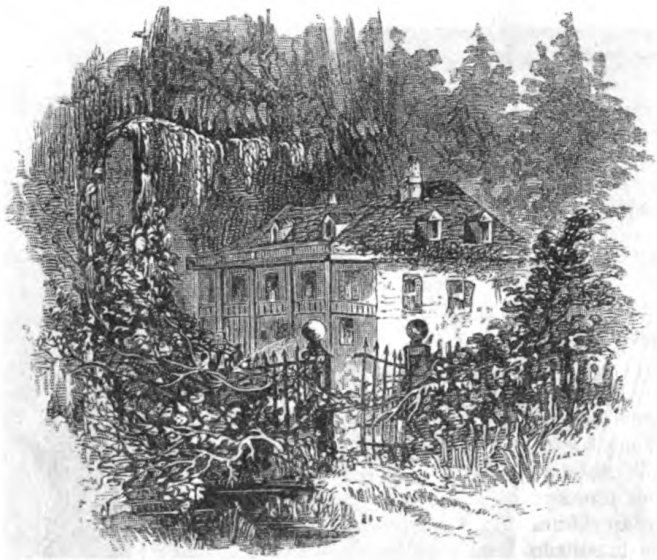
nah. Anticipations of a great battle and an easy victory were not the least ingredients in the emotions of those few hours. The Marblehead accompanied us, and together our strength seemed by no means despicable against *any* force.

At 12 o'clock all hands were called to quarters opposite a deserted fort called the Redhouse Battery, and some evidence of rebels being seen the Marblehead opened fire among the bushes, eliciting no reply. By half past two we came within sight of Savannah, and within range of "Thunder-bolt," and anchored. The fort, guns, and men were plainly visible, but no guns were fired. Two or three regiments of men were drawn up, and a steamer could be seen getting under way directly abreast the fort. She was low in the water and black, but it was impossible to judge of her size or strength. Not a gun was fired, and in silence we looked at each other, then turned and steamed down, the rebels giving three cheers as we departed. Only a reconnoissance after all. All the way down the river the shore was lined with most beautiful evergreens, and here and there luxuriant growths of fruit-trees and plantations of richest beauty; but every house was tenantless, and many falling to ruin. Over every thing the blight of war seemed to hang like a shadow; and though all was as bright in Nature as in a Northern summer, there was a melancholy sense of desolation in it most saddening.

The men were disappointed at the result of the reconnoissance, and especially so since all day the guns of the Montauk could be heard at intervals in her initiatory battle. Disappointment gave place to anxiety as to *her* success, and it was decided to send a boat with an armed crew down by way of the Romney Marshes. Before it started, however, a steamer of light draught was seen coming through, and we waited in great impatience her arrival. Several army officers were on board, and a huge negro was perched on the bows by way of figure-head. The news was not encouraging certainly. "Did she take the fort?" "No!" She was engaged for five hours and a half, and then obliged to retire with forty-six wounds, a smoke-stack completely riddled, bolts driven through the pilot-house into the chamber, and various injuries of a less serious character, though none were of material importance. No one was killed or wounded on board. This certainly was not good news; yet we were destined to hear worse by the same steamer on her return from Port Royal on the following evening.

We determined on Monday to try our luck at hunting again. At about 10 o'clock we procured a boat, and arming with revolvers as well as rifles lest we should meet an enemy, we pushed off for shore. Our sport was not destined to be very great; for the steamer from Port Royal might arrive at any moment, and we have to return suddenly to the ship, or the Fingal might appear, and we have suddenly to appear on board for battle. The shore was lined with oysters,

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TENANTLESS.

and the men went at once to collecting them while we struck out for game. The first unfortunate animal which appeared was a racoon, and I blazed away at him with only the effect of increasing his speed and losing him in the tall grass. In vain was search made for him to prove that at least the bullet had wounded him; and just as I had given it up the men came across and dispatched him with boat-hooks, lugging him off in triumph. Our party consisted, as at Bogue Sound, of four officers and a crew of seven men. With differences of taste, varied the amusement for all but two, a friend and myself preferred no higher game than oysters. We aspired to duck, and accordingly struck off into the woods. Not a duck was to be seen, and coming out of the thicket upon the shore I was sitting down to wait for the passing of our boat while my companion walked off in search of it. A few minutes had passed only when, rising to look about, I was startled by the sharp hiss of a bullet, the report of a rifle, and the thug of the ugly messenger as it struck into a tree against which I had been leaning. No rebel was in sight; but it was plainly time to move, as, whoever he was, he had the advantage of concealment. Just at this moment though the boat came in sight, and now for the first time the unpleasantness of my situation became apparent; for the receding tide had left the flats so slightly covered with water that, although enough was left to deceive one, it was impossible to get the boat within a quarter of a mile of the shore. The night was coming on, and the vicinity of my unseen friend of the rifle made a stay till morning not at all tempting.

The flats were rapidly bared, and the soft black mud offered no prospect of a safe journey across. However, there was no other way. I tried to wade, and sank at the first step above the knee; at the second deeper still. It was useless to proceed; yet it must be done: so finding a box among the drift-wood, I started once more with it in hand to keep me up. After laborious and painful work I had gotten about fifty yards from shore, when I had to give it up. Deeper and deeper I sank in the black oozy mud. Had the gun I carried been my own I should have thrown it away; but I clung to it, and the box really proved my safeguard. I was sinking rapidly nearly to my waist, and thoroughly exhausted. By strenuous exertion I got partly up and sat on the box to rest. How I got back I can not remember, but back I did get at last and threw myself on the sand. There was only one chance of avoiding a stay till midnight at least, and that was to trudge over about three miles of marsh to where my companion had gotten aboard. After my hard wading it was a terrible task. The boat met me there, and we returned to the ship satisfied with hunting.

That night the steamer returned bringing news of the raid of the rebel rams at Charleston, the account of which is now so well remembered. It was most discouraging.

For several days we lay at anchor in Warsaw Sound always ready for the Fingal. Hatches all down at sunset, and the ship ready for action at a moment's warning. The rattle was laid at hand on the top of the turret, and a box of hand-grenades exposed in their case ready to be seized at a word. On the 4th of February she was made out coming down, accompanied by a smaller steamer; yet we were again disappointed. They took a good view of us as we had of them and retired.

Every body relapsed into the old monotonous routine of blockade life, unbroken for days and weeks together. There was, however, one thing which did and always will excite commotion, and that is the arrival of the mail. Through many and many a weary hour we would look with hope toward the sea for the expected steamer, and find only the same panorama of jutting point, of breaking wave, of long lines of mist, and the wide ocean. But when at last it would come every one was awake, and the anticipation of a letter from home would make ample amends for waiting. Only those who have experienced it can have any idea of the pain that failure to receive a letter under such circumstances will cause. We learn to make it a sort of landmark—a goal that will well repay the reaching. Hopes and expectations of happiness find a sort of climax in the mail. Even the routine of ship-duties, which alone formerly varied the monotony of life, would, after a mail, become themselves monotonous. The boatswain called in the same hoarse voice for the relieving watch

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ARRIVAL OF THE MAIL.

(for half the crew were constantly at their posts, to guard against sudden attack by boarding); and the whistle for side-boys to receive a visitor was replaced only by the dull roar of some distant gun, reminding us that visitors could not disturb us there.

Game seemed to be abundant, but various captures by the rebels of officers on hunting expeditions rendered extreme caution necessary, and but few wild hogs or ducks found their way to our unfortunate table. Unfortunate, indeed, for a dearth of edibles was gradually coming on, and salt-horse and beans were being metamorphosed into luxuries. In vain were longing glances cast seaward. No steamer was in sight. There was no flour, no butter, no sugar, no potatoes in mere hope, and—but enough to say no one anticipated danger from gout or dyspepsia.

Something more than pleasure suggested a hunt, and several of the officers set off accordingly. Some idea of the character of the forests thereabout may be gathered from my share of that expedition. Not caring to hunt, I was tempted by the cool shade to saunter along at first; then to penetrate the thickets; then, before I was aware of it, to wade through marshes or crawl through underbrush, to find what was evidently lost—my way. At length, hearing a slight tapping not far off, and not caring longer for direction, I set off to follow the sound. The farther I advanced the less distinct became the sound, till suddenly directly before me appeared a monstrous snake dangling across a low crotched tree; lazily swinging back and forth in the sun. He did not see me evidently, for he took no notice, and a respectable distance was soon put between us. He was a most villainous-looking creature, and not by any means a desirable acquaintance. The afternoon's hunt resulted in the death of one duck and a wild boar, the toughness of whose flesh suggested the probability of his having been almost ready to die of old age.

On the 24th of February a schooner was discovered ashore a mile or so away, which proved to be a prize loaded with cotton and jewelry, and valued at about $30,000. This poor little craft was the only prize of the cruise. During our stay at this place various contrabands came down the river at night, some of them bringing useful information. They were sent immediately to Port Royal.

On the evening of the last of February we made a sail off the bar, which proved to be the steamer Locust Point, with dispatches. Her captain only knew that some movement or other was on foot, and that several iron-clads had already sailed from Port Royal. All was soon excitement and bustle, and as soon as tide would permit going over the bar we were off in tow of the Locust Point, and moving southward.

As the sun was setting we entered Ossibaw Sound, and found a powerful fleet already arrived. There were three Monitor iron-clads and four or five gun-boats, besides three mortar-schooners. The news was, however, startling. The Montauk had succeeded in destroying the Nashville, as well as having tested a torpedo in the river. The story of her running up in the early morning under the fire of the fort; of find-

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LOST IN A SWAMP.

ing the Nashville ashore, and there setting her on fire with shell, is already familiar. The splendid ship that had defied all competitors in point of speed, with 500 bales of cotton, and loaded with contraband articles of all kinds, was burned to the water's-edge. The fragments of half-burned cotton were for days seen floating down the river. The torpedo, as is well known, exploded under the starboard boiler, starting a serious leak, and necessitating running the ship on the shoals. She was consequently unable to take part in the attack meditated by the fleet.

A whole day was spent in stripping the ships for action, and the following morning saw us within sight of the enemy's guns, and within range again almost of the ruins of the Nashville. All night boats had been out dragging for torpedoes; and many were the expressions of hope or uncertainty as to our experiences of the eventful morrow.

With the earliest break of day all hands were roused and made ready for action. At 8 o'clock we swung to the flood, hoisted anchor, and started. The fort to be attacked was M'Allister. Only the iron-clads were to engage, while the others were to lie anchored about a mile below. Slowly we proceeded in Indian file till, at nine o'clock and twenty minutes, the first shot passed over us; then another, and another. Our 15-inch gun responded with a shell that went plump into an embrasure. The enemy soon proved themselves no mean marksmen, for every shot (and they came rapidly) struck or fell near us, now shaking the ship from stem to stern, now cutting into our decks, but never doing us any serious damage. Our fire was kept up with gratifying success; the turret moving with wonderful precision, and every shot and shell telling on the casemates of the battery. For an hour or two the work went on merrily, the firing grew more careful and effective on both sides, and the excitement less intense as the peculiar feeling of security in our iron armor became more confirmed. No correctness of description can approach the reality of such an engagement. The heavy crash of shot against the sides, the scream of passing shell, or the thunder of their explosion overhead; the quiver of the whole ship, and the jingling of lamps and crockery at the fire of our own monstrous gun; the suffocating smoke from the turret, and the novelty of our situation, combined to render the whole affair one of intensest interest.

After an hour or two several men were noticed skulking in the long meadow grass on the shore of the river near which we were anchored, evidently watching the movement of the turret, and firing at intervals at the ports and sight-holes in the pilot-house. Our pilot, a refugee from Savannah, sent down for a rifle. As it went up the chances of one of these men went down, for he was known as an unerring shot. A white face peered above the rushes; there was a flash and a sharp report, and it disappeared. The pleasant amusement of his companions was therefore varied by carrying off his dead body, and they troubled us no more. All day the fight lasted, but as yet the red white and red badge of rebellion floated from the fort. The change of tide and swinging of the ships obliged all to retire toward evening to our old anchorage below.

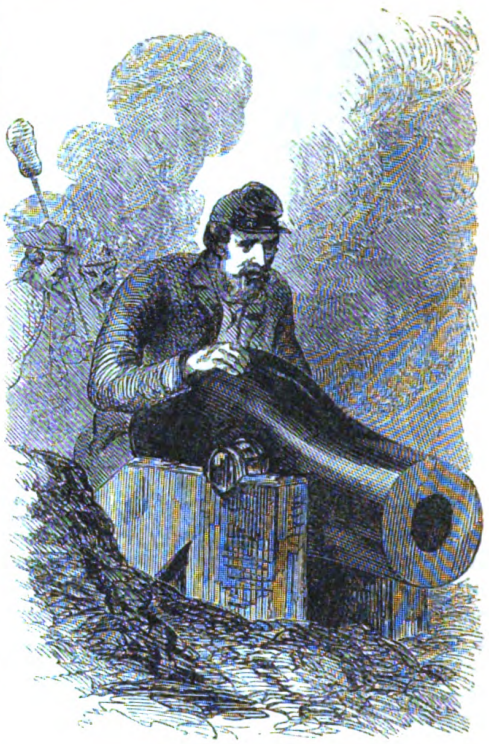
At evening a summary was taken of injuries. We had been hit about forty times; one boat smashed, the flag riddled, the pennant-staff shot away, our whistle also, several ragged tears in the deck-armor, and one by a mortar shell of rather an ugly character, a cross-beam of the turret broken, and a few bolts driven out of the pilot-house. Not another iron-clad was struck. No one on our side was either killed or wounded. When darkness came on the mortar schooners took up position and opened fire. It was a beautiful sight; the mortar would roar and belch forth a crown of flame, and the shell could be seen rising high and higher till almost out of sight, then to fall and burst in the fortifications. All night they kept up the bombardment, and even up to breakfast-time the next morning. With what effect, however, we could not ascertain, as we fought the battery no more the day following on account of wind and tide, and ere night received orders to return to Port Royal immediately.

Among the incidents of our battle with Fort M'Allister was one worth recording. A young man who had charge of the largest gun on the enemy's battery, seemed, after an hour or so hard fighting, to conclude that a shot might be got into our port-holes, and he was observed to lean over his gun careless of the incessant fire from the vessels and watch our turret. He seemed to be guided by the variation of light and shade only, for the whole ship was painted a sombre black. Just so soon then as our ports presented and our guns were being sighted, he would bend in the coolest manner, take deliberate aim and fire. The consequences of this coolness were afterward shown by five or six shot in a direct line of the ports, one only three inches below the opening.

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The voyage back to Port Royal was quick and pleasant, and upon arriving there the Catskill, an iron-clad also of the Monitor pattern, was found to have arrived. Our anchorage was again near the machine-shop, and various repairs were immediately commenced, as well as additions to strength.

It was supposed one or two weeks at most would suffice to finish the work, but so utterly devoid of energy were the workmen employed, that hardly any perceptible advance could be seen from day to day. They would come at 9 A.M. and go away at three, leaving off one hour from twelve to one for dinner. It is a fact that I never saw more than two working at a time, the rest looking on or gaping around decks, and one man I actually found asleep at only ten in the morning, and this while we were anxiously waited for by the Government in the great attack upon Charleston. The men, however, only received three dollars and a half per day, besides their food, and could not be expected to hurry! The whole harbor was filled with ships of every kind—gun-boats, transports, schooners, and men-of-war, all preparing in some way for the approaching battle. One after the other the iron-clads left the harbor each in tow of some large steamer, and we were left with the Montauk, which was at the time also undergoing repair. The annoyance of delay could not, of course, last forever, and eighteen days from the date of anchoring we started again, now for the final rendezvous at North Edisto, twelve miles from Charleston. Months of expectation and preparation had not failed to rouse the anxiety and impatience of every one, and all were eager to hasten the attack and decide our fate. Daily reports from every quarter of the perfect defenses, the impassable obstructions, the mon-



THE COOL GUNNER.



WORKMEN AT PORT ROYAL.

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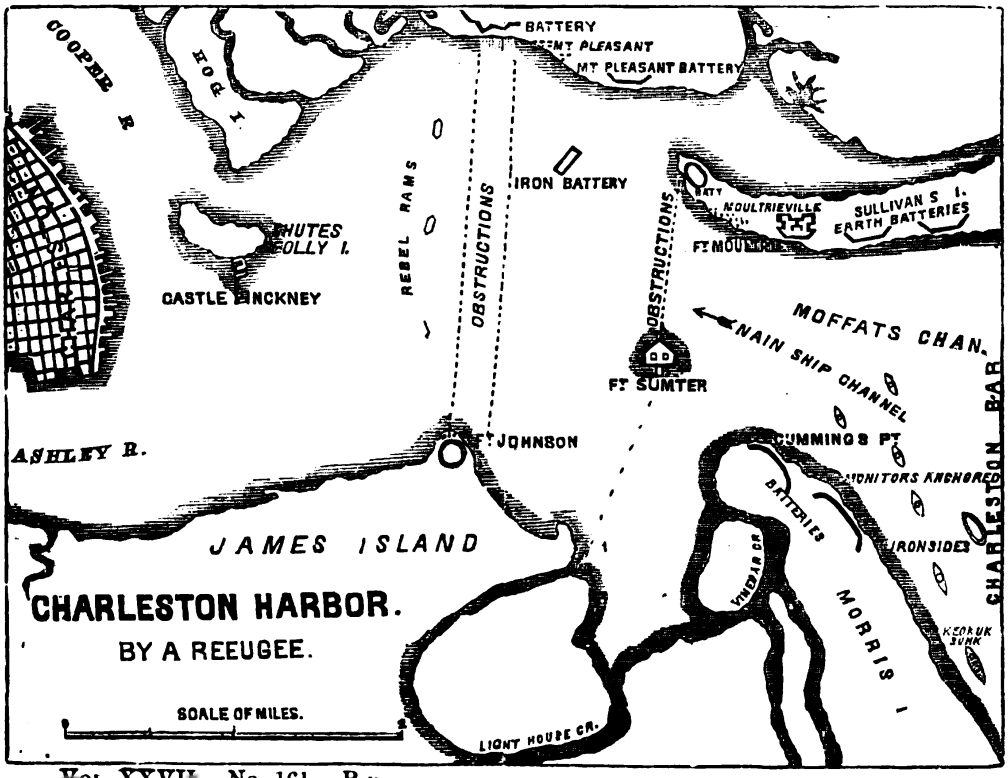
strous torpedoes, and the desperation of the enemy, were only additional fuel to the fire; so that it was without regret we started on our mission. The general outline of that memorable engagement is, perhaps, familiar to every one; yet an account of it, as those on the ironclads saw it, may not be uninteresting.

Certain inventions called "devils," for blowing up obstructions, being merely triangular rafts with torpedoes suspended underneath and designed to be pushed ahead of the ships, were towed up by the steamer "Ericsson." These affairs were christened "boot-jacks" from their peculiar shape, yet only one captain was found willing to risk his vessel by having such a dangerous instrument attached. It was, therefore, arranged that he should take the lead, not only to avoid getting entangled with the rest (for the infernal machine exploded by percussion), but to clear up any sunken obstructions that might be in the way. Life-rafts, capable of holding a ship's crew, had been provided for every ironclad, and after arriving at North Edisto they were rigged and tried. Imagine four enormous life-preservers, eighteen or twenty feet long by four in diameter, lashed firmly to each other, with two or three boards as seats and for attachment of mast and row-locks thrown across, the whole affair inflated by bellows, and you may realize some idea of the character of one of them. They sailed remarkably well.

A day or two was consumed in a few final arrangements at North Edisto, and on Sunday, the 5th of April, the iron-clad fleet steamed away for Charleston—nine all told, seven Monitors, the Ironsides, and the Keokuk. Immediately upon arriving off the bar the latter vessel, drawing only seven or eight feet of water, went in to sound out a channel, and lay buoys for the rest. Not a gun was fired at her, the enemy not seeming interested in the subject, or else willing to give that small advantage. Several hours were thus occupied, and rough weather coming on, the bar was not crossed until the following morning. In every direction there seemed to be nothing but batteries and guns, while Fort Sumter's walls were crowded with pieces of every description.

The moment had come. Every one looked anxiously toward the Ironsides, on which the Admiral had taken quarters, for the signal to start. Thirty guns against four hundred! How hopeless seemed the task! No wooden gunboats or men-of-war crossed the bar, and no mortar-schooners took up position to shell the batteries. The former would soon have been riddled with shot; the latter rendered inefficient by the roughness of the sea, even inside the bar. The iron ships were alone to undertake the work. They were each and all thoroughly smeared with grease to glance shot, and their smoke-stacks painted of various colors, as distinguishing marks. Shortly after noon, April 7, 1863, the signal was raised, and the battle so long anticipated was to begin.

No one looking from *this* side the battle can realize the feelings of the participants just on its eve. Slowly we steamed along in single file, and gradually there settled down a solemn hush almost death-like. The moments seemed lengthened to hours; and not a sound save the plash of the propeller broke the terrible silence.



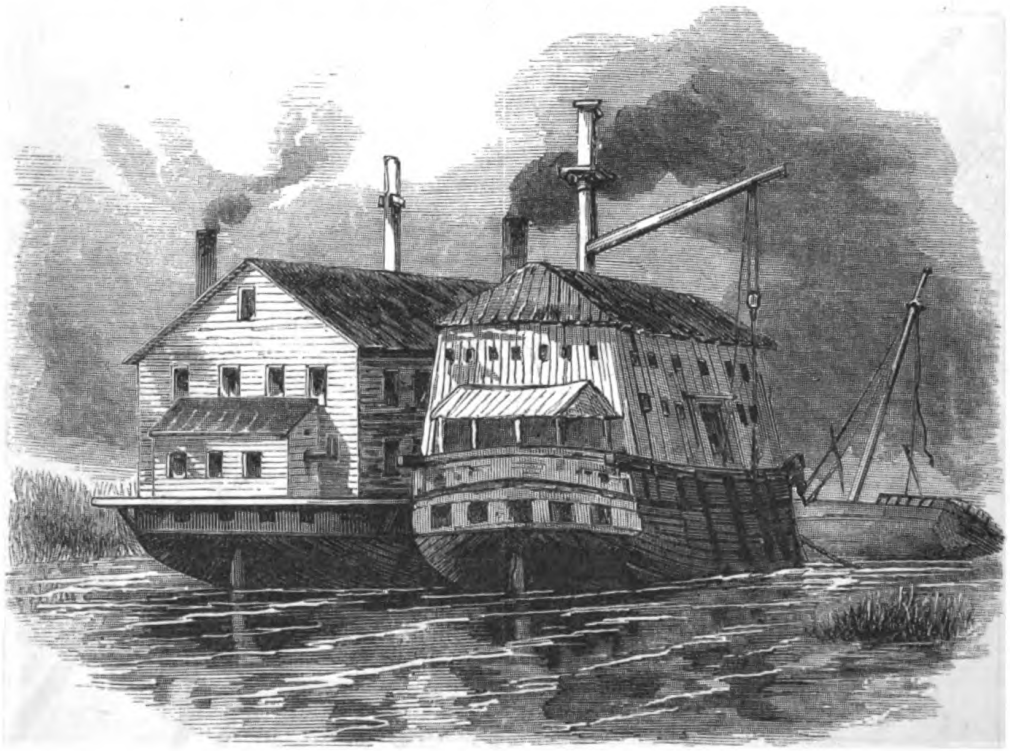
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Passed one battery after another, and not a gun was fired. A torpedo blowing the ship into the air would almost have been welcomed, when suddenly, like the crash of thunder, every battery opened, and for a few long moments the roar of guns, the hiss and scream of shells, the quivering of the ship, and the tremendous explosions from our own heavy pieces, drowned the loud voices of command and the painful feelings of suspense alike. Our first shot was at Moultrie, and then undivided attention was given to the northeast angle of Sumter, within 500 yards of which we already were. In a very few moments not a thing could be seen for the smoke, and both sides slackened their fire, only to recommence with redoubled fury.

Piles could be seen driven across the channel from Sumter to the end of Sullivan's Island; and in front of them a row of barrels, sustaining probably some sort of infernal machines, only a few hundred yards ahead; and farther in a triple row (behind which were the rebel rams), running from Fort Johnson to Mount Pleasant. The preceding diagram, drawn by our pilot, a Charleston man, may perhaps better explain the condition of the harbor than any description. In less than half an hour, so furious was the fire, our turret was temporarily disabled, the top of the pilot-house blown off, the 11-inch gun disabled, smoke-stack riddled, boat smashed, and various other lighter injuries inflicted. Signal was made to that effect, and it happening that four others made the same at the time, the whole fleet was ordered to retire. The effect of even what was believed a temporary retirement on the crews was most damaging, so thoroughly resigned had every one become to the belief that the forts must be taken or the ships sunk. There was, however, no help for what necessity required; and out again from under fire we all steamed to anchorage, opposite Cummings's Point Battery.

The Ironsides had grounded for a time off Cummings's Point, the Keokuk had been pierced in several places, the Nahant was injured in much the same way as the Passaic, and the whole fleet somewhat seriously battered. Not one of the Monitors, however, was permanently disabled. The Keokuk, about whose sinking no fears were then entertained, anchored near the channel by which we had entered. All the others lay still within range, although the enemy kept silence. The damage to Fort Sumter could be plainly seen, and numerous immense holes showed the power of 15-inch shell. By the morning the rebels were at work mounting new guns, and throwing up a new parapet of sand-bags on the northern wall of the fort.

Damages to the fleet were soon repaired, sufficiently to renew engagement. But that day passed, and the next, and next, yet no movement was again made. Murmurs, dissatisfaction, and hard names were frequently heard among the officers and crew, who naturally could not and would not see any reason for not going in again. For five days we lay thus, our discomfort growing almost unbearable. The turret was necessarily kept raised for action, and the sea constantly breaking over the decks, a constant stream of water was poured under-



WORK-SHOP AT PORT ROYAL.

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neath it upon the blower belts, thus almost stopping the blowers and our supply of air, added to this, the hatches were necessarily kept down, and the tracking of grease down below, the darkness, the intensely foul air from the congregation of eighty men into so narrow a space, and the rolling of the ship, could not fail to enervate and sicken the healthiest crew.

The Keokuk sank the day following the battle, although at low tide the tops of her turrets could be seen. She was so nearly inshore that the enemy erected a battery to prevent our raising her. Attempts were made to blow her up without success, the devils being considered too dangerous to employ for the purpose. She was left to bury herself in the sand, or be destroyed by time, and her iron-clad companions in the battle started for Port Royal. Before starting, however, the Nantucket accidentally took fire; but though some alarm was created, no serious damage resulted, beyond the burning of a few stores and bulk-heads below.

Thus ended, in this attack so briefly described, the incidents of the cruise; for after returning to Port Royal (though the ship was supposed to be destined for the Mississippi) orders were received ere long to proceed to New York. The voyage, so tedious when outward-bound, was fair and pleasant, and consumed only a few days.

As I close this record orders are received directing the Passaic to proceed again to the South, to take part in the renewed attack which is now being made upon Charleston, and in four-and-twenty hours we shall be on our way.

ABIDE IN FAITH.

O PORTALS of the Future, open unto me;
Unveil your hidden mysteries to my sight;
Let me with prophet eyes behold the dim To Be,
And read the signs of coming times aright.

Roll back your shrouding folds and let me enter in;
With flashing visions light those aisles of gloom,
Until from thence I rend the secret that shalt win
A nation's triumph or a nation's doom.

O let mine eyes prophetic read the scroll of fate,
Thou sacred guardian of the things to be:
Here at thy portals I, with feet impatient, wait;
Their mystic bolts and bars unlock to me.

For I would reach beyond the knowledge of to-day,
Would stand with thee upon the heights afar,
And forward glancing o'er the dark, uncertain way,
See where shall end the flaming trail of war.

And more: I fain would know if Freedom's flag unfurled
Answers triumphant every scorn and sneer
Flung on it from that haughty, proud Old World
Who thought to see it lying on her bier;

If holy benedictions rest their healing spell
Upon the land so late in travail sore;
If millions have exultant heard the knell
Proclaiming error's long dominion o'er.

O grim, relentless keeper of the things to be!
No welcome hast thou, and I plead in vain;
Thy black and frowning gates look coldly down on me.
I turn with restless heart and cry of pain.

But, hark! a voice:—serene and clear it speaks to me.
"O heart rebellious, let thy murmurings cease;
Know that within the shadow of the great To Be
Thy land lies smiling 'neath its crown of peace.

"In patience wait. Ye may not know the day or hour,
Whether it draweth near or yet is far.
Abide in this: beyond where storm-clouds lower
There rises, ne'er to set, fair Freedom's star."

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INTERIOR OF FORT NIAGARA.

SCENES IN THE WAR OF 1812.

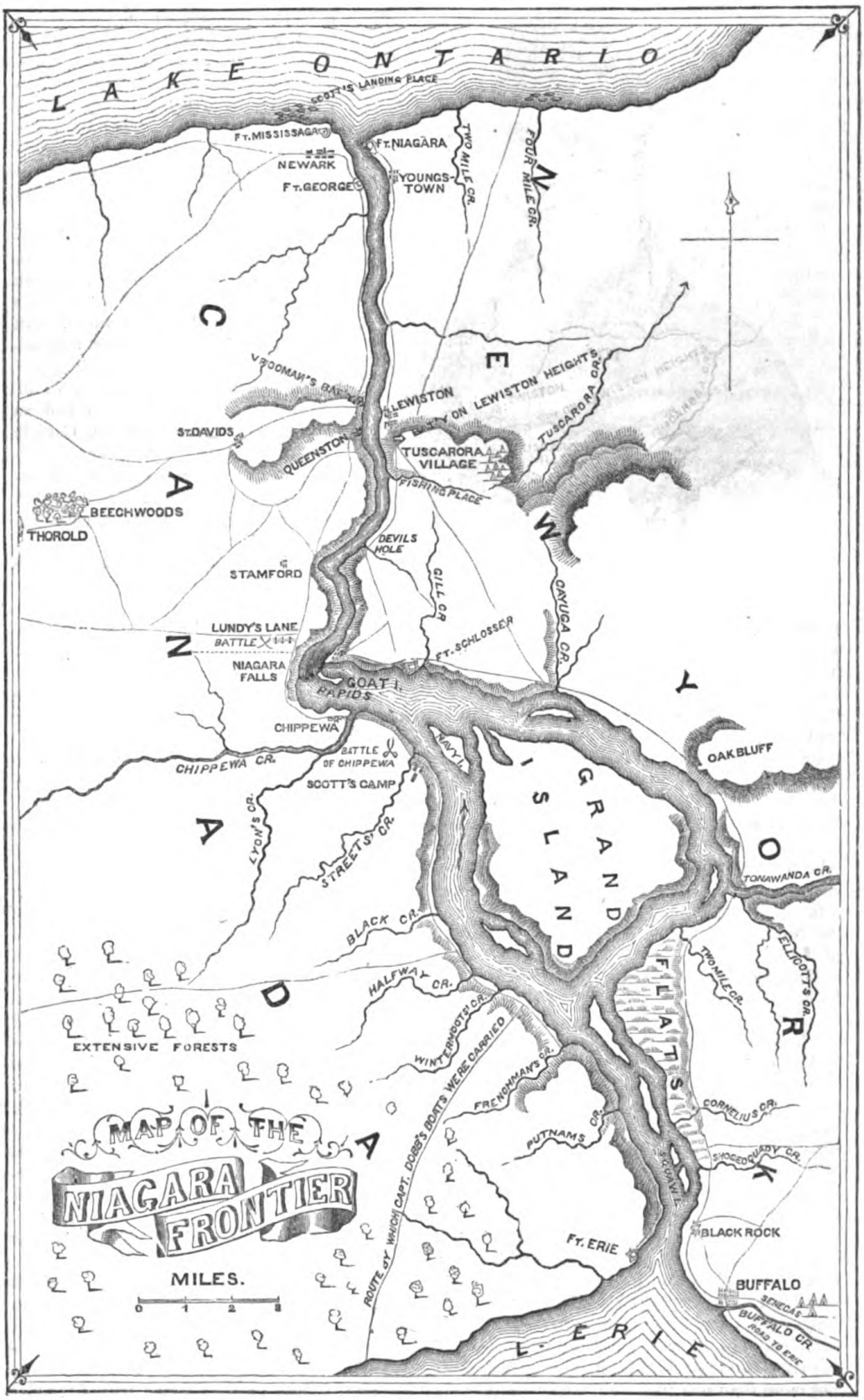
IV.—THE NIAGARA FRONTIER.

THE chief feature in the plan of the first campaign in 1812 was the invasion of Canada at three points simultaneously, namely, at Detroit, on the Niagara frontier, and on the St. Lawrence frontier. The invasions at Detroit and vicinity, by Hull and Harrison, have already been treated of in the first and third series of these papers; we will now consider the operations toward the same end on the Niagara River, from the attack on Queenston in the autumn of 1812 to the desolation of that frontier by the British at the close of 1813.

Immediately after war was declared the belligerents commenced active hostile movements at the eastern end of Lake Ontario and on the banks of the St. Lawrence River. While these operations were attracting much attention, and Northern New York was seriously threatened with invasion, important events were transpiring toward the western end of the lake and on the Niagara frontier. That frontier, extending along the Niagara River from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, a distance of thirty-five miles, was the theatre of many stirring scenes at almost every period of the war. The Niagara River is the grand outlet of the waters of the vast upper lakes into Ontario, and divides a portion of the State of New York from that of Canada. Halfway between the two lakes that immense body of water pours over a limestone precipice in two mighty cataracts, unequaled in sublimity by any other on the surface of the globe.

At the time we are considering that frontier was sparsely settled. Buffalo was a little scattered village of about a hundred houses, but was a military post of sufficient consequence to invite the invader during the second year of the war. Only fifty years ago the tiny seed was planted of that now immense mart of inland commerce containing eighty thousand inhabitants. Where now are long lines of wharves with forests of masts and stately warehouses was then seen a sinuous creek, navigable only for small vessels, winding its way through marshy ground into the lake, its low banks fringed with trees and tangled shrubbery. Two miles below Buffalo was Black Rock, a hamlet at the foot of Lake Erie and of powerful rapids, where there was a ferry; and almost opposite was Fort Erie, a British post of considerable strength. Nine miles below, at the falls of Elliott's Creek, was the village of Williamsville; and at the head of the rapids above Niagara Falls were the remains of old Fort Schlosser, about a mile below Schlosser Landing, near which is yet standing an immense chimney that belonged to the English "mess-house," or dining-hall, of the garrison stationed there several years before the Revolution. Opposite Schlosser, at the mouth of Chippewa Creek, on the Canada side, was the village of Chippewa, inhabited by Canadians and Indians. At the Falls, on the American side, was the hamlet of Manchester; and seven miles below was the village of Lewiston, with a convenient landing at the base of a bluff. Opposite Lewiston was Queenston, overlooked by lofty

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STEPHEN VAN RENSSELAER.

heights, sometimes called The Mountain. It was a point of active trade, it being the landing-place for goods brought over Lake Ontario for the inhabitants of the peninsula above. At the mouth of the Niagara River, on the American side, was (and still is) Fort Niagara, a strong post, erected by the combined skill of French and English engineers at different times. Just above the fort was the little village of Youngstown; and opposite this, on the Canada shore, was Fort George, between which and the lake was the village of Newark, now Niagara. Along both banks of the river, its whole length, a farming population was scattered. Such was the Niagara frontier at the opening of the war of 1812.

Stephen Van Rensselaer, the wealthy landholder of Albany, commonly known as *The Patroon*, had been appointed commander-in-chief of the militia of the State of New York. He had no military experience, so he chose Colonel Solomon Van Rensselaer, then Adjutant-General of the State, and a veteran soldier, to be his aid and confidential military adviser, and the accomplished John Lovett as his secretary. With these and a competent staff, General Van Rensselaer arrived at Fort Niagara on the 13th of August, 1812, and formally assumed command of the forces on that frontier. On the following day he made his head-quarters at Lewiston. General Amos Hall, commander of the militia of Western New York, was at Niagara Falls with a few troops; and there were small detachments scattered along the whole line of the river from lake to lake, in aggregate number not more than one thousand, who were scantily clothed, indifferently fed, and justly clamorous for pay. There was not a single piece of heavy ordnance along the entire frontier, nor artillerists to man the light field-pieces in their possession. There were not ten rounds of ammunition for each man. They had no tents. The medical department was in a wretched condition, and insubordination was the rule. This was at the moment when Hull was compelled to surrender at Detroit, chiefly because of the tardiness of the commander-in-chief of the Northern Department in carrying on an invasion of Canada on the Niagara frontier, and keeping the British forces employed there. An armistice, agreed to by that commander, kept these few troops inactive; and when it was ended, on the 29th of August, the victorious Brock had an overwhelming force on the Canada side of the river. Soon after this regular troops and militia began to arrive on the frontier; but October, with its inclement weather, came before General Van Rensselaer felt strong enough to venture into the territory of the enemy.

The regular troops were assembled at Buffalo under the command of Brigadier-General Smyth, a haughty and inefficient Virginian, whose foolish pride was touched by being placed under the orders of a Northern militia Major-General. He would not attend a council of officers called by Van Rensselaer; and as far as military discipline would allow, with safety to his epaulets, he avoided co-operation with the chief commander, and Van Rensselaer was left to his own resources in maturing a plan for the long-talked-of invasion. This was on the point of consummation when an event occurred which created a buoyant feeling among the troops on that frontier. It was a successful attempt to capture two British armed vessels (*Detroit* and *Caledonia*) that had come down the lake, and were lying under the guns of Fort Erie, opposite Buffalo. The expedition was under the command of Lieutenant (afterward Commodore) Elliott. The vessels were captured after a severe struggle; and their loss was so severely felt by the British that Brock wrote to his superiors, saying: "The event is particularly unfortunate, and may reduce us to incalculable distress. The enemy is making every exertion to gain a naval superiority on both lakes, which, if they accomplish, I do not see how we can retain the country."

Early in October General Van Rensselaer felt competent to undertake the invasion of Canada. The troops under his command numbered more than six thousand, of whom three thousand six hundred and fifty were regulars, under General Alexander Smyth at Buffalo, and Lieutenant-Colonels Fenwick and Mullany at Fort Niagara. The British force on the western side of the river was estimated at less than two thousand, in-

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cluding Indians under John Brant. They had the great advantage of facing a foe who must struggle with a deep, swift running, and powerful river before he could set foot on the soil he was about to invade.

Van Rensselaer decided to cross the river at three o'clock on the morning of the 11th of October, assail the enemy at Queenston, and endeavor to seize the Heights. Boats for transportation were placed in position at Lewiston under cover of darkness the previous evening, by Lieutenant Sims, who was considered "the man of the greatest skill for the service," and before midnight every thing was in readiness. Flying artillery and other regulars, under Lieutenant-Colonel Fenwick, were ordered up from Fort Niagara, and General Smyth was directed to send down detachments from his brigade at Buffalo to support the movement.

Clouds had been gathering in immense masses all the evening, and at one in the morning a fierce northeast storm of wind and rain set in. But the zeal of the troops was not cooled by the drenching rain, and at the appointed hour they were all at the place of embarkation with Van Rensselaer at their head. Lieutenant Sims entered the foremost boat, and soon disappeared in the gloom. The others could not follow, for Sims had taken nearly all the oars with him! They waited for him to discover his mistake and return, but in vain. He went far above the intended crossing-place, moored his boat on the shore, and fled as fast as the legs of a traitor or coward could carry him. This defection foiled the enterprise, and at almost the dawn the wearied and disappointed troops returned to their cantonments.

The attempt at invasion was made with better success forty-eight hours later. Valuable reinforcements had arrived at Four-Mile Creek, on the lake, eastward of Fort Niagara, consisting of a part of the Thirteenth Regular Infantry, under Lieutenant-Colonel Chrystie, the companies commanded respectively by Captains Wool, Ogilvie, Malcolm, Lawrence, and Armstrong; and when the storm abated preparations were made for crossing the river immediately. Chrystie, outranking Colonel Van Rensselaer, wished to take command of the expedition. The arrangements could not then be changed, and, while he would not waive his rank, Chrystie consented to take orders from Van Rensselaer. Meanwhile Lieutenant-Colonel Winfield Scott had arrived at Schlosser, at the head of his regiment. He was about to pitch his tents for the night, at sunset on the 12th, when the now venerable Colonel Collier, of Steubenville, Ohio, charged with orders from head-quarters, rode up and informed him of the preparations for invasion. Young, ardent, and eager for adventure and glory, Scott mounted his horse and dashed toward head-quarters as fast as the horrid condition of the road would allow, and, presenting himself to the commanding general, earnestly solicited the privilege of taking part in the expedition. "The arrangements are all completed, and Colonel Van Rensselaer is to take the command," said the general. "You may join the expedition as a volunteer, if you like, if you will waive your rank." Scott was unwilling to do so. He pressed his suit so earnestly that (fortunately for the service) it was agreed that he should bring on his regiment, take position on the heights above Lewiston with his cannon, and co-operate in the attack as circumstances might warrant. He hastened back to Schlosser, put his troops in motion, and at four o'clock in the morning they were resting on Lewiston Heights.

The night of the 12th was intensely dark. The storm had been renewed. Lovett, General Van Rensselaer's aid, had been placed in command of an eighteen-pound gun in battery on Lewiston Heights, to cover the landing of the Americans on the Canada shore; and six hundred men, under Colonels Van Rensselaer and Chrystie, were standing in the cold storm of wind and rain, at the place of embarkation, at three o'clock on the morning of the 13th. It had been arranged for them to cross over, and storm and take Queenston Heights, when the remainder of the troops were to follow in a body, and drive the British from the town. But there were only thirteen boats, and these were not sufficient to carry more than about one half of the troops intended for the storming. The regulars having reached the boats first, the companies of Wool, Malcolm, and Armstrong were immediately embarked, with forty picked men from Captain Leonard's company of artillery, at Fort Niagara, under Lieutenants Gansevoort and Rathbone, and about sixty militia. At a little past three Van Rensselaer leaped into the boat with the artillerists, and the little flotilla pushed from the shore in the gloom. Orders were left with Major Morrison to follow with the remainder of the troops on the return of the boats.

The struggle with the eddies was brief, and ten minutes after leaving Lewiston landing the boats struck the Canada shore "at the identical spot aimed at," immediately under the western terminus of the Suspension Bridge. The enemy were on the alert, and the military force at Queenston took position, with a three pound field-piece, on the sloping shore a little north of the Suspension Bridge, to resist the debarkation. Their presence was first made known by a broad flash, then a volley of musketry, that mortally wounded Lieutenant Rathbone by the side of Colonel Van Rensselaer in the boat, and random shots from the field-piece along the line of the ferry. These were answered by Lovett's battery on Lewiston Heights, when the enemy turned and fled up the hill toward the village, pursued by the regulars of the Thirteenth, under Captain Wool, the senior officer in the absence of Lieutenant-Colonel Chrystie, who was in one of the boats that did not succeed in landing.

On the margin of the plateau near the village Wool ceased pursuit, and was about to send to

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Van Rensselaer for orders, when the commander's aid (Lush) came hurrying up with directions to prepare to storm the Heights. "We are ready," promptly responded the gallant Wool. The aid went back, and soon returned with orders for Wool to advance. He was moving rapidly to the foot of the Heights, when the order was countermanded. The British, meanwhile, had been reinforced by the arrival of light infantry on the Heights, and with full force they fell heavily upon Wool's command in front, and from the slope on his flank. A severe fight ensued, in which Van Rensselaer and some of the militia participated. The enemy were driven into the village. Both parties suffered much. Of the ten officers of the Thirteenth present two were killed and five were severely wounded. Colonel Van Rensselaer was so badly wounded, in several places, that he was compelled to relinquish the command. A bullet passed through the fleshy part of both of Wool's thighs; and a number of the Americans were made prisoners. By direction of Van Rensselaer the whole detachment was ordered back to the beach.

It was now broad daylight. While the detachment was forming on the margin of the river for further action, a fourth company of regulars, under Captain Ogilvie, crossed and joined them. No time was to be lost. The Heights must be stormed and taken, or the expedition would be a failure. Chrystie had not made his appearance. Van Rensselaer was disabled. Who should lead? All the other officers were young men. Not a single commission was more than six months old, and Captain Wool, the senior of them all in rank, was only twenty-three years of age—too young, Van Rensselaer thought, to be intrusted with an undertaking so important. He had never been under fire before that morning, and was already badly wounded. True, in the fight in the early twilight, his metal had given out the ring of the true soldier. Notwithstanding his severe wounds he was eager to go forward and storm the enemy's strong-hold, and the alternative was a bold and immediate stroke for the possession of the Heights or an ignominious retreat. The commander ordered Wool forward, and directed his aid-de-camp to follow the little column and shoot the first man who should falter, for already symptoms of weak courage had appeared. Even the regulars were all new recruits, and had never been under fire before.



JOHN E. WOOL.

Young Wool almost forgot his bleeding wounds in the elation of the moment. Light and lithe in person, full of ambition and enthusiasm, and beloved by his companions in arms, his voice and actions were like inspiration, and all followed him cheerfully up the precipitous hill. The picked artillerists led the column. Ogilvie and his fresh troops were on the right; and, concealed by rocks and shrubbery, they made their way up a fisherman's path toward the summit of the hill unperceived by the enemy.

In the mean time Brock, who was at Fort George, had heard the firing, and was hastening toward Queenston for information. He had been perplexed by the movements of the Americans, and up to that time believed that they would cross from Fort Niagara, and, under cover of its guns, assail Fort George. Now, undeceived, he pushed toward Queenston with all possible speed, accompanied by his aids, Colonel M'Donnell and Major Glegg. Arriving at the scene of action, they rode up the hill at full gallop, exposed to an enfilading fire from Lewiston. On reaching a redan battery, half-way up the Heights, they dismounted, and were taking a general view of affairs, when they were suddenly startled by the sharp crack of musketry in their rear. Wool and his followers had scaled the Heights, and were close upon them. Brock and his aids had not time to remount. Leading their horses, at full gallop, they fled down the hill to the village, followed by the dozen men in charge of the redan. A few minutes afterward the American flag was waving over that captured redoubt. Wool's triumph for the moment was complete; and now, a major-general in the army, venerable in years and venerated for his distinguished services in that war and in Mexico, and in his patriotic efforts for the salvation of the Union during the Great Rebellion, he looks back with just pride to the achievements of that morning on the Heights of Queenston.

Brock sent a courier to General Sheaffe at Fort George, ordering him to push forward reinforcements, and at the same time to open a fire upon Fort Niagara. He then led one hundred men up the slope to retake the redan, behind which Wool and his little band were stationed; and almost simultaneously a movement was made by other British troops to flank the Americans. The vigilant Wool perceived this, and sent out fifty men to

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check the flanking party, and take possession of the mountain, or crown of the Heights, where Brock's monument now stands. They were too few for the task, and were pressed back by the enemy in some confusion. Inspirited by this, the foe dashed forward and pushed the Americans to the verge of the precipice which overlooks the deep chasm of the swift-flowing river, more than two hundred feet below. Wool's party was in a most perilous position. Death by ball, bayonet, or the flood, seemed inevitable, and Captain Ogilvie raised a white handkerchief on the point of a bayonet in token of submission. The incensed Wool sprang forward, snatched the insignia of defeat from the weapon, addressed a few inspiriting words to the officers and soldiers, and begged them to fight on so long as the ammunition should last, and then resort to the bayonet. Waving his sword, he led his comrades to a renewal of the conflict with so much impetuosity that the enemy broke and fled down the Heights in dismay and took shelter in the village. Brock was amazed and mortified; and to his favorite grenadiers in the flight he shouted, "This is the first time I have seen the Forty-ninth turn their backs!" His voice, and the stinging rebuke of his words, checked them. At the same time M'Donnell brought up two flank companies of the volunteers, and these and the rallied fugitives Brock led toward the Heights. His tall figure was a conspicuous object for the American sharp-shooters. First a bullet struck his wrist, making a slight wound. A moment afterward, as he shouted, "Push on the York volunteers!" another bullet entered his breast, passed out through his side, and left a death-wound. He fell from his horse at the foot of the slope, and on that spot a small monument was erected in the autumn of 1860, in full view of his more stately memorial on the Heights. He lived but a few minutes. "Revenge the General!" burst from the lips of his followers, who idolized him. M'Donnell assumed the command, and at the head of almost two hundred of the York militia he charged up the hill to dispute with Wool the mastery of the Heights and the redan. For a few minutes the struggle was desperate. The Americans spiked the cannon in the redan while doubtful of the issue. M'Donnell fell mortally wounded, and Williams and Dennis, two gallant British leaders, were badly hurt. Their troops were dispirited and fell back, and the young American commander and his little band of only two hundred and forty men remained masters of Queenston Heights, after three distinct and bloody battles fought within the space of five hours. Taking all things into consideration—the passage of the river, the nature of the ground, the rawness of the troops, the absence of cannon, and the youth and wounds of the American commander—the events of that morning were "indeed a display of intrepidity," as Wilkinson afterward wrote, "rarely exhibited, in which the conduct and the execution were equally conspicuous."

The dust raised by Sheaffe's advancing troops could be plainly seen from the Heights. Meanwhile reinforcements and supplies were slowly crossing the river, and these fresh troops were detached as flanking parties, while those who had been in the fight, now become veterans, were drawn up in battle order fronting the village. By noon a considerable body of Americans had reached the Canada shore, and Major-General Van Rensselaer, Brigadier-General Wadsworth, Lieutenant-Colonels Chrystie, Fenwick, and Stranahan, and Major Mullany, were on the Heights. There, also, was Lieutenant-Colonel Scott, the now venerable Lieutenant-General. He had planted his cannon on Lewiston Heights, under the direction of Captains Towson and Barker, and having received permission from Van Rensselaer to cross over and take chief command, he had hastened to the scene of strife. He met General Wadsworth on the Heights, and at once offered to restrict his authority to the regulars. The generous and patriotic Wadsworth said, "You, Sir, know professionally what ought to be done. I am here for the honor of my country and that of the New York militia. You shall command." Scott immediately assumed the functions of chief, and prepared the troops for action. He was at the redan directing how to unspike the cannon when a cloud of Indian warriors, under John Brant, swept along the brow of the mountain in portentous fury, with gleaming tomahawks and other savage weapons, and fell upon the American pickets, driving them in upon the main line. Their terrific war-whoop appalled the militia, and these were about to flee, when Scott appeared, inspired them with courage, and led them with such force upon the Indians that the savages fled in dismay to the woods after a short and sharp engagement. Brant rallied them, but Scott drove them from the Heights at the moment when Sheaffe's reinforcements were seen at Vrooman's, a mile distant, making the road all aglow with scarlet.

Sheaffe moved cautiously to the little village of St. David's, westward of Queenston, and by a circuitous route gained the rear of that portion of the mountain on which the Americans were posted. There he was joined by the Forty-first grenadiers; and the whole body, including Indians, full one thousand strong, moved forward to attack the Americans, who did not exceed six hundred in number. General Van Rensselaer, in the mean time, had returned to Lewiston, and was endeavoring to push forward the militia from the New York shore. The smell of gunpowder had taken away all their patriotism. Appeals to their honor, and remonstrances, and threats availed nothing; and under the plea that they were not compelled to leave their State, the most of them stood still at Lewiston, while their companions were exposed to death or capture almost within sound of their voices. All that Van Rensselaer could do was to send over some supplies, and order Wadsworth to retreat if necessary. A council of officers on the Heights decided to fight instead, and Scott addressed to

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the army a few stirring words, just as the enemy were advancing upon them. He concluded his harangue by shouting, "Who dare to stand?" "All! all!" was the patriotic response, and in that spirit they received the first heavy blow of the enemy on their right wing.

It was now four o'clock in the afternoon. The battle on the right was sharp. The British, after firing a single volley, charged with a tremendous tumult, the white men shouting, and the Indians ringing out the fearful war-whoop and hideous yells. The Americans were overpowered by the onslaught and gave way, when Sheaffe's whole line charged upon them, while two field-pieces were brought to bear upon the broken column. Some of the Americans fled down the slope by the redan toward the river, and others along the road leading from Queenston to the Falls. The latter were cut off by the savages and forced through the woods toward the precipices along the mountain banks of the river. Others who reached the water's edge could not cross for want of boats. Meanwhile Scott had sent several flags to offer a surrender. The Indians shot the bearers. At length the commander, accompanied by Captains Totten (now the chief engineer of the United States army) and Gibson, with a white cravat on the point of his sword, made his way to the British commander, in the midst of great peril. The Indians were called off from their bloody work. They had killed some of the Americans in the woods, some they had driven over the precipices into the river, where they were drowned, and some had saved their lives by letting themselves down from bush to bush, and swimming the flood. A capitulation was soon agreed to, by which all the Americans on the Canada side of the river became prisoners of war. These, to the utter astonishment of their commanders, amounted to about nine hundred, when not more than six hundred regulars and militia were known to be upon British soil. The mystery was soon explained by the fact, that a large number of the militia who had crossed in the morning had been captured on landing a mile below, to which point the river current had driven them, while many others were found skulking under the rocky banks, secure from danger. The entire loss of the Americans on that eventful day was about eleven hundred, of whom ninety were killed. The British loss, exclusive of Indians, in killed, wounded, and missing, was about one hundred and thirty. The captives were all marched in triumph to Newark. It was a funeral as well as triumphal procession; for they followed the body of Brock, which was buried with that of M'Donnell, with imposing military ceremonies, in a bastion of Fort George, very near the old magazine yet standing. Scott and the regulars were sent to Quebec, prisoners of war, and the militia, with General Wadsworth at their head, were released on parole. All were finally exchanged.

Disgusted with the jealousies of some of the regular officers, and especially of General Smyth, and convinced that he was not fitted for the military profession, General Van Rensselaer resigned his commission soon after the battle of Queenston. The chief command devolved on General Smyth, who presently made himself and the American soldiery appear ridiculous by his pompous proclamations, his boastfulness, and his failures.

For a month after the battle of Queenston no important military movements were seen on the Niagara frontier. The British erected batteries at different points; and on the morning of the 21st of November they opened a heavy cannonade and bombardment upon Fort Niagara, from Fort George and earth-works in the vicinity. These were answered promptly. The artillery conflict raged all day, but without serious damage. Night ended it, and it was not renewed. A few days afterward General Smyth, who had assembled a considerable force at Buffalo and Black Rock, prepared to invade Canada from the latter place. He had so fully announced his intentions in his proclamations, that the enemy, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Cecil Bisshopp, were prepared for his reception. As early as the 25th he had issued orders for "the whole army to be ready to march at a moment's warning." Boats had been provided by the active Colonel Winder; and the form of battle array on the Canada shore was prescribed. It was not until the evening of the 27th that final orders were given. Lieutenant-Colonel Boerstler was to cross at three o'clock the next morning and destroy a bridge five miles below Fort Erie, and the remainder of the expedition was to move at *réveille*.

Before the appointed time the boats were in readiness under the charge of Lieutenant Angus of the navy. The advance crossed at three o'clock, and met with a warm reception from the vigilant enemy. Their object was partly effected, but at the expense of the captivity of quite a large body of the men and some officers. Meanwhile the main body of the expedition remained immovable. Hour after hour passed away, and all things were not in readiness. The commanding general did not make his appearance. At length, late in the afternoon, when the wearied and anxious troops were about to push off from shore, an order came to them from head-quarters directing them to "disembark and dine!" The troops were so exasperated that nothing but a positive assurance that the undertaking would be immediately renewed kept them from open mutiny. General Porter, with his dispirited New York militia, marched back to Buffalo in disgust.

At a council of war Smyth disapproved of immediate invasion, and doubt and despondency brooded over the camp. Suddenly every body was astonished by a characteristic order for the army to be put in readiness for crossing the river at the Navy-yard near Black Rock on the morning of the 30th. "The general will be on board," he proclaimed. "The landing will be effected," he said, "in despite of cannon. The

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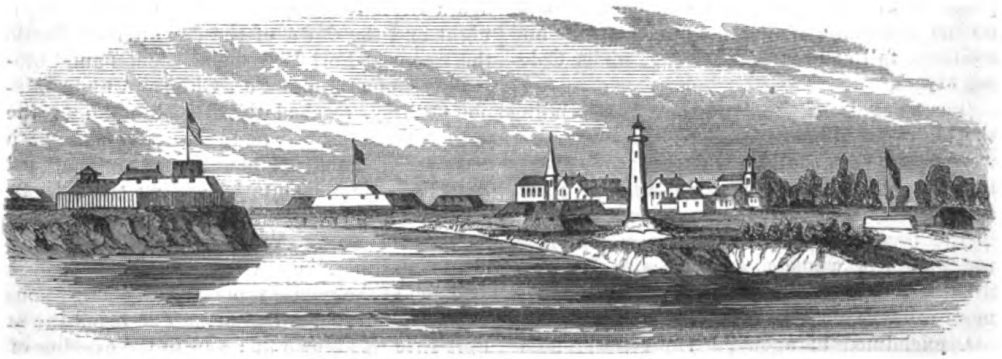
whole army has seen that cannon is to be little dreaded.....Hearts of War! to-morrow will be memorable in the annals of the United States!"

To-morrow came, but not the execution of the order. There was confusion in the camps. Confidence in the commanding general was destroyed; and in the course of a day or two it was authoritatively proclaimed that the invasion of Canada was at present abandoned. The volunteers were greatly disappointed, and they earnestly begged permission to be led across the river by General Porter, promising the commanding general the early possession of Fort Erie. Smyth disliked all troops but regulars, and would not listen. The volunteers were sent home and excitement ensued. Out of this grew a quarrel between Smyth and Porter, which resulted in a bloodless duel and a convivial night at table by the belligerents and their friends. Thus ended the melodrama of Smyth's invasion of Canada. Soon afterward he was dropped from the rolls of the army, and his friends in Virginia elected him to a seat in the National Congress.

The campaign of 1813 opened on the Niagara frontier at near the close of May, when a land and naval force under the respective commands of General Dearborn and Commodore Chauncey, who had just completed the capture of York (Toronto), crossed the lake and attacked Fort George and its dependencies at the mouth of the Niagara River. The expedition left the harbor of York on the 8th, and the land troops were encamped near the mouth of Four-Mile Creek, eastward of Fort Niagara. When the troops were debarked there, Chauncey sailed for Sackett's Harbor for more soldiers and supplies, and returned with both on the 25th. On the same evening Commander Perry (who soon became "The Hero of Lake Erie") joined him, and into Perry's hands was committed the important charge of managing the boats in the debarkation on the enemy's shore. Dearborn was ill, and was compelled to issue orders from his bed, but the necessity for attacking the enemy immediately appeared so urgent that arrangements were made for the movement on the morning of the 27th. A general order to that effect was put forth by Colonel Scott, who was acting as Dearborn's adjutant-general and chief of staff, and during the night of the 26th all the heavy artillery, and as many troops as possible, were placed on the *Madison*, *Oneida*, and *Lady of the Lake*, the first-named being Chauncey's flagship. Instructions were given for the remainder to follow in the smaller war vessels, and a flotilla of boats which had been constructed at Five-Miles Meadow, on the Niagara River. The departure of these boats down the river on the evening of the 26th had caused a heavy cannonade upon them from a battery opposite. This brought on a general cannonading between the two forts and their dependent batteries.

Including the troops at Fort Niagara, under the command of General Morgan Lewis, the American land-force, fit for duty, numbered over four thousand, and Dearborn was ably assisted by Generals Boyd, Lewis, Winder, and Chandler, and eminently so by Colonel Scott, the adjutant-general. The British force in the vicinity amounted to about twenty-two hundred, including Indians, eighteen hundred of whom were regulars. They were under the command of General John Vincent, and occupied strong Fort George and several batteries in its vicinity. Five of the 24-pounders taken from Hull had been brought to the frontier. Four of them had been mounted in Fort George, and the fifth placed *en barbette*, about half a mile from Newark, or near the site of the present Fort Mississauga. There was another battery at the mouth of the Two-Mile Creek, westward of Newark.

Between three and four o'clock in the morning of the 27th the squadron weighed anchor, followed by the entire flotilla, and with a gentle breeze moved toward the mouth of the Niagara, on one side of which was Fort Niagara, and on the other Fort George, Newark, and a tall lighthouse. The wind soon failed, and the smaller vessels were compelled to use their sweeps. A heavy fog hovered over the land and water from early dawn until the sun broke forth in splendor, when a magnificent spectacle was opened to view on the lake, to the great disturbance of the enemy on the land. The large vessels, filled with troops, were all under way, and the bosom of the water was covered with scores of boats laden with soldiers, light artillery, and horses, all grandly advancing to attack the post. The breeze had now freshened, and all the vessels took their places without difficulty, the *Julia* and *Growler*



ENTRANCE TO NIAGARA RIVER, 1813.

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anchoring within the mouth of the Niagara, to silence a battery near the light-house, in the vicinity of which it was intended to land. The *Ontario* took position north from the light-house, so as to enfilade the same, while the *Governor Tompkins* and *Conquest* took position near Two-Mile Creek, so as to command a battery there. For the purpose of covering the debarkation of most of the troops near there, the *Hamilton* and *Asp* took stations not far from the last two vessels named.

In compliance with his own request, Colonel Scott was permitted to command his own corps and make it the van-guard in landing. To these were added Forsyth's riflemen and detachments from infantry regiments. These were to be followed by General Lewis's division, and Colonel Moses Porter with his light artillery; these in turn by the commands of Generals Boyd, Winder, and Chandler. The reserve consisted of Colonel Alexander Macomb's regiment of artillery, in which the marines of the squadron had been incorporated. Four hundred seamen were also held in reserve to land, if necessary, under the immediate command of Commodore Chauncey.

Before the preparations for landing had been completed the wind had increased to a stiff breeze that cast quite a heavy sea on the shore, but under the skillful management of Perry the boats dashed safely through the surf, exposed to an unexpected shower of bullets from more than two hundred of the Glengarry and Newfoundland regiments, and about forty Indians, who were concealed in a ravine near the chosen landing-place, close by the battery, which had been effectually silenced by the guns of the *Tompkins*. Scott and Perry, at the head of the van-guard, leaped into the water and rushed ashore through the surf, followed in like manner by a greater part of the eager troops. Sheltered by an irregular bank from six to twelve feet in height, they formed, and very soon afterward the whole first brigade, under Boyd, and flanked by M'Clure's Baltimore and Albany volunteers, were safely landed beneath the same shelter. Meanwhile the vessels were not firing briskly enough upon the enemy, who were gathering in the edge of a wood to oppose the Americans when they should ascend the bank, to suit the demands of Perry, and in an open boat he hurried back to the *Hamilton* of nine guns, and opened a tremendous discharge of grape and canister shot on the advancing British column, infantry and artillery, full one thousand strong, under Colonel Myers.

The struggle of the Americans in ascending the bank was most severe. Three times they were compelled to fall back, hard pushed by the bayonets of the foe. In the first attempt, Scott, at the head of his men, was hurled backward to the beach. Dearborn, who was anxiously watching the whole movement with his glass from the deck of the *Madison*, and who placed more reliance on Scott than on any other officer, exclaimed in agony, "He is lost! he is killed!" Scott soon recovered himself, rallied his men, rushed up the bank, knocked up the bayonets of the enemy, and took and held a position at a ravine near by. He was well supported by Porter's field-train and a part of Boyd's brigade, in which the Sixth Regiment, under Colonel James Miller, bore a conspicuous part. A severe and gallant action ensued—equally gallant on both sides—which was chiefly sustained by Scott's corps and the Eighth (King's) British Regiment under Major Ogilvie. The contest lasted about twenty minutes, when the British broke and fled in much confusion. The whole body of the enemy, including the Forty-ninth Regiment, which had been brought forward by Colonel Harvey as a reinforcement, retreated toward Queenston, closely pursued by Colonel Scott. Colonel Myers, their commander, was wounded, and taken from the field; and the whole British corps, officers and men, who fought bravely, suffered severely. Satisfied that the victory of the Americans was complete, General Vincent ordered Fort George to be abandoned and blown up, and his whole force to retreat westward by Vrooman's and St. David's, to a strong position among the hills called The Beaver Dams, about eighteen miles distant.

While Scott was passing Fort George in pursuit some prisoners who came running out informed him of its impending destruction. He immediately ordered two companies to wheel to the left, and at their head he dashed toward the fort to save it if possible. When about eighty paces from the works one of the magazines exploded. A piece of flying timber threw the impetuous leader from his horse and hurt him severely. He soon recovered, and pressed forward. The gate was forced, the lighted trains were extinguished, and with his own hand he hoisted the American flag over the abandoned fortress. All was done in the space of a few minutes, when he resumed the chase of the fugitive army, and only relinquished it when called back by a peremptory order from Boyd to return. At noon Fort George and all its dependencies were in the hands of the Americans, the attack and conquest having occupied only about three hours. The Americans had lost about forty killed and one hundred wounded. The loss of the British in killed, wounded, and prisoners, regulars and militia, was eight hundred and sixty-three.

Vincent sent orders for the posts up the Niagara River to be evacuated; and between midnight and the dawn of the day after the battle the troops at Fort Erie under Lieutenant-Colonel Bisshopp, and at Fort Chippewa under Major Ormsby, reached the British camp at the Beaver Dams. Early on the morning of the 28th Vincent resumed his march westward toward the head of Lake Ontario, and on the 29th he took post on Burlington Heights, at the head of Burlington Bay. When the British troops abandoned the Niagara frontier they destroyed as much of the public property and fortifications as they could in their haste. The magazine at Fort Erie was blown up; and in the evening of the 28th Colonel James P. Preston (afterward

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Governor of Virginia), the commandant at Black Rock, crossed over with the Twelfth Regiment, took possession of the fort, and issued an admirable conciliatory proclamation to the inhabitants of Canada, by which he allayed much apprehension and disarmed resentment.

Rumor reached Dearborn that Proctor was advancing from the Detroit frontier to join Vincent in an attempt to recover that of Niagara. General Winder, at his own request, was sent with eight hundred men, on the 1st of June, to attack and pursue Vincent, who was supposed to be still at the Beaver Dams. This force included a corps of dragoons under Colonel Burn, and Archer and Towson's artillery. Winder marched rapidly to Twenty-Mile Creek, where he was informed of Vincent's position on Burlington Heights, and that he had been reinforced by troops from Kingston. He prudently halted and sent to Dearborn for more troops. General Chandler was at once detached with five hundred men, and being the senior officer took chief command when he reached Winder's camp on the 5th of June. The whole body moved forward to Forty-Mile Creek (now Grimsby's), where they rested, after driving off a patrol of mounted militia under the late Honorable William Hamilton Merritt, member of the Canadian



WILLIAM HAMILTON MERRITT.

Parliament. Toward evening they moved forward and encamped near Stony Creek, about eight miles eastward from Vincent's position. There they encountered a British picket, who were driven away and hotly pursued to the site of the present city of Hamilton, and within sight of Vincent's camp.

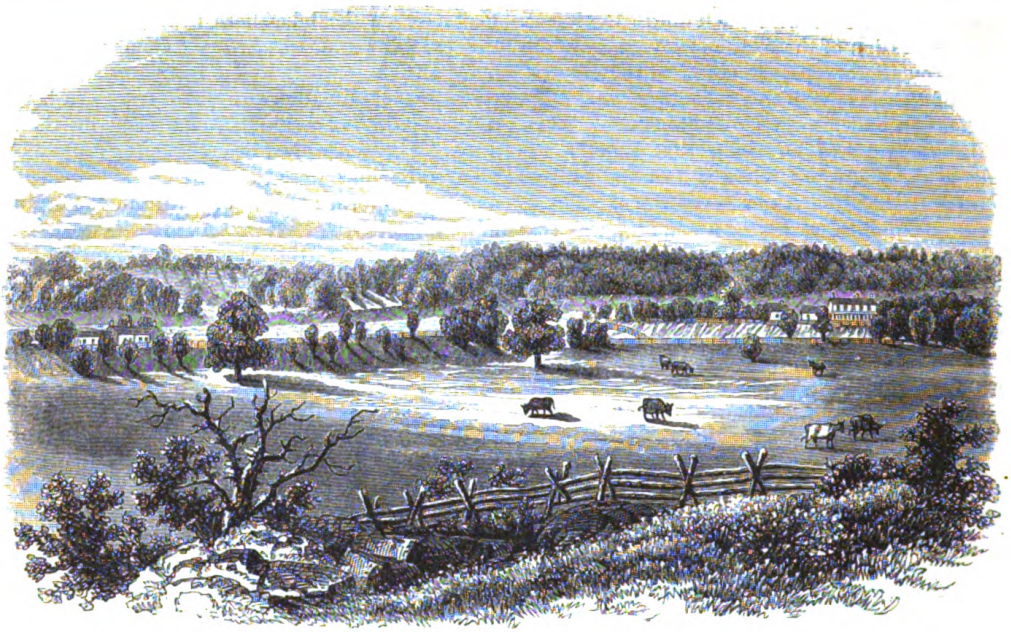
The main body of the army encamped upon ground slightly rising above a meadow through which flows a branch of Stony Creek, a little westward of the present Stony Creek village. The Thirteenth and Fourteenth Regiments, and a company of artillery under Captain Archer, took post on the lake-shore near the mouth of the creek, about three miles from the main body, and the cavalry under Burn was stationed some distance in the rear. The troops in both camps expecting a night attack slept on their arms. Cannon were properly planted, and explicit directions were given by Chandler where and how to form the line of battle in the event of an assault.

The audacity of the Americans alarmed Vincent, and he sent out a reconnoitring party under Lieutenant-Colonel Harvey, who succeeded, notwithstanding the darkness of the night, in discovering that the weakest point in Chandler's camp was at the centre of his line. With this information he returned, and advised an immediate attack upon the Americans. At midnight Vincent left his camp with about six hundred men. These were joined by Harvey's scouts, and at about two o'clock they halted within a mile of Stony Creek. From a treacherous dweller near, who, by false pretense, had procured the American countersign, Vincent obtained it, and by its means the sentinels were secured without giving any alarm. The little army was sleeping soundly, after a hard march. Clouds covering a moonless sky made the gloom deep but not impenetrable. Five hundred British regulars loaded their muskets, fixed their bayonets, and, led by General Vincent in person, rushed upon the American centre at double-quick with the appalling Indian war-whoop, and plied the bayonet so fearfully that Chandler's line was cut, and that portion of it scattered to the winds. This was followed by a charge upon the American artillery. The men were bayoneted and the guns were captured. These were turned upon the American camp with fearful effect, and the greatest confusion prevailed. The assailants became mixed in the dark, and each were unable to distinguish friends from foes. The American left was also assailed at this juncture, and both Chandler and Winder, while attempting to restore order, were made prisoners.

Towson's artillery had poured a destructive fire upon the assailants and broken their ranks, and Burn and his cavalry had cut their way through the British Forty-ninth, when the enemy discovered that their commander, General Vincent, was missing. The leadership devolved upon Harvey, who, finding it impossible to drive the Americans from their position, collected his scattered forces as quickly as possible, and while it was yet dark hastened back toward Burlington Heights. Vincent was found the next day in the woods, four miles from the battle-ground, without horse, hat, or sword, and half famished. His horse and accoutrements had fallen into the hands of the Americans, and for several hours both parties believed he was slain.

In this terrible night conflict the Americans lost seventeen men killed, thirty-eight wounded, and ninety-nine missing. The British lost twenty-three killed, one hundred wounded, and fifty-five missing. The Americans held the ground,

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BATTLE-GROUND AT STONY CREEK.

but the victory was substantially with the British. The former, fearing a renewal of the attack, retreated so precipitately that they left their dead unburied. Under the command of Colonel Burn they fled to Forty-Mile Creek, where they were reinforced by Colonel Miller; but they made their way back to Fort George as soon as possible, greatly annoyed on the way by British and Indians who hung on their rear and flank. The enemy advanced in considerable force to occupy the space thus abandoned by the Americans, and took strong positions at the Beaver Dams among the hills, and at Ten-Mile Creek (Homer village), nearer the lake shore.

Near the Beaver Dams was a strong dwelling-house of stone, two stories in height, inhabited by a farmer named De Cou. Of this the British made a sort of citadel, and there they collected supplies for the army from the surrounding country, especially from those of the inhabitants who favored the American cause, and these were not few. The character and position of the place had been ascertained by a scout of mounted riflemen under Major Cyrenius Chapin, of the New York volunteers, who had been engaged in the capture of the *Caledonia* at Fort Erie the previous year. It was an important post, and General Dearborn resolved to attempt its capture. For that purpose he detached five hundred and seventy men, including Chapin's corps, some artillerymen, and two field-pieces under Lieutenant Charles G. Boerstler, of the Fourteenth Infantry. They left Fort George on the evening of the 23d of June, halted at Queenston that night, and early the next morning pushed on toward St. David's, where they discovered some British officers hastily leaving houses and riding off westward. These soon sounded bugles and fired alarm-guns by which means the several British cantonments were aroused.

The Americans pressed steadily forward until they reached the "Ten Road," a little eastward of the present village of Thorold, and at an old German church, the first house of worship erected in that region, commenced the ascent of *The Mountain*, as the range of hills extending westward from Queenston is called. They passed through a forest of pine and beech trees to the more level country on the summit, where they halted for some time to rest. On resuming their march, and proceeding about a mile, they saw Indians in a cleared field and open wood running toward a more dense forest of beech-trees that skirted each side of the road near the present residence of Rev. Dr. Fuller, Rural Dean of the district. Chapin was immediately ordered forward with the mounted men, who were kept considerably in advance of the main body. These had passed the beech-woods, and a greater portion of the others had also gone by when a body of Mohawk and Caghnawaga Indians, four hundred and fifty in number, under John Brant and his brother-in-law, Captain William Johnson Kerr, who had been lying in ambush, fell upon Boerstler's rear, where about twenty light dragoons were posted. Boerstler immediately recalled Chapin, formed his troops, charged upon the half-concealed foe, and drove them almost a mile. The Indians might have been entirely routed had Boerstler followed up the advantage gained. He hesitated. The Indians rallied, hung upon his flank and rear, and kept up a most galling fire at every exposed situation. The Americans pressed onward over the Beaver Dams Creek, fighting the wily foe at immense disadvantage, and made conscious that they were almost, if not altogether, surrounded by

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OLD GERMAN CHURCH.

them. For about three hours this annoying contest was sustained. Boerstler's cannon had been posted on a rise of ground at the turn in the road near the present residence of Mr. Schriner, and the Indians fell slowly back before the American bayonets.

Boerstler found his situation was so critical that he determined to retire and abandon the undertaking; but while moving off he encountered a small body of militia under Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Clark in the beech woods. They had hastened to the field from all quarters. Boerstler halted, and sent a courier to Dearborn for reinforcements. Very soon afterward Lieutenant Fitzgibbon, who was in command at De Cou's, appeared with forty or fifty men of the British Forty-ninth. He had been warned of the expedition by Boerstler, and the danger to his post and command by Mrs. Laura Secord, then a resident of Queenston, and now dwelling at Chippewa, who had been privately informed of the plans of General Dearborn. Resolving to reveal them to her endangered friends, she made a circuit of nineteen miles on foot and gave the information which led to the Indian ambush and the check of Boerstler's march. For that patriotic service she has always been honored. When, in the summer of 1860, the Prince of Wales was making a tour through Canada, and was about to visit Queenston Heights, she went to Niagara to sign her name to an address to his Royal Highness by the "Veterans of 1812." "Wherefore?" was the natural question. She told her story, and it was agreed that she was one of the most eminently deserving of honor among the Canadian patriots of that war. That story was repeated to the Prince on his arrival at Queenston, and it made such an impression on his memory and kind heart, especially when it was said that the brave and patriotic woman was not "rich in this world's goods," that soon after his return home he caused the sum of one hundred pounds sterling to be presented to her.

I have said that Fitzgibbon suddenly appeared with about forty men. These he displayed on the edge of a wood to great advantage, and perceiving great disorder in the American ranks, he conceived the plan of boldly demanding the surrender in the name of Major De Haven, the commandant of the District. Fitzgibbon himself approached with a flag. He falsely assured Boerstler that his party was the advance of fifteen hundred British troops and seven hundred Indians then approaching under Lieutenant-Colonel Bisshopp, and that the savages were becoming so exasperated that it would be difficult to keep them from massacring the Americans. Boerstler believed and was alarmed. He agreed to surrender on the conditions that the officers should retain their arms, horses, and baggage, and that the militia and volunteers, with the commander, should be permitted to return to the United States on parole. By the time the capitulation was agreed to in final form, De Haven, who had been sent for by Fitzgibbon, came up with two hundred men and received the submission of the captives. The number of prisoners surrendered was five hundred and forty-two, and the spoils of victory were one 12 and one 6 pounder cannon, and a stand of colors.

The surrender was scarcely completed when the articles of capitulation were violated. The Indians immediately commenced plundering the prisoners of their arms and clothing; and the militia and volunteers, instead of being released on parole, were taken to Burlington Heights and confined as prisoners of war. Some of them escaped through the adroit management of Major Chapin, who was soon sent, with some fellow-captives, in two batteaux under the charge of Captain Showers, to Kingston, there to be held as prisoners. When within twelve miles of York they arose upon their guard, overpowered them, took possession of the two vessels, crossed the lake in the night, and arrived safely at Fort Niagara with their jailers as prisoners.

Colonel Boerstler's name does not appear in history after the unfortunate termination of the expedition to the Beaver Dams. He went out to catch Fitzgibbon, but through the instrumentality of a delicate young woman Fitzgibbon caught him. The Lieutenant rose to the rank of Colonel in the British army, and is now a Knight of Windsor Castle.

When Boerstler's courier, bearing a request for reinforcements, reached General Dearborn that commander sent Colonel Chrystie with three hundred men to his assistance. They pushed forward rapidly to Queenston, where they were informed of the surrender of the Americans. Chrystie hastened back to Fort George with the sad intelligence. It caused alarm there that was speedily justified by events; for, elated by recent successes, the British marched on Queenston, took possession of the post, occupied the

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country in the vicinity, and soon invested the Americans at Fort George with a formidable force. General Vincent occupied Burlington Heights, and General De Rottenburg was encamped with a respectable force at Ten-Mile Creek, ten miles west of Niagara. General Dearborn, whose career as chief commander had been singularly unsuccessful, was superseded in office by General Wilkinson, a more incompetent and less trust-worthy man, whose movements on the northern frontier a few months later presented a series of stupid blunders and unnecessary disasters.

On the retirement of General Dearborn General Boyd became the temporary acting chief commander on the Niagara frontier, and important and arduous duties devolved upon him. The British were continually endeavoring to narrow the circle of their investment of Fort George, and frequent picket skirmishing occurred. Bold raids into the American territory were also made with a success that alarmed the inhabitants, and made the enemy more and more aggressive. One of these raids occurred on the night of the 4th of July, 1813. A party composed of Canadian militia and Indians, and led by Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Clark, crossed the Niagara from Chippewa to Schlosser, captured the guard there, seized a large quantity of provisions, one 6-pound brass cannon, several stands of arms, and some ammunition. With these spoils they returned in triumph to the Canada shore.

Four days later a sad tragedy was performed about a mile and a half from Fort George. The gallant young leader, Merritt, already mentioned, then just twenty years of age, was sent with a small party to recover some medicines which the British had concealed when they retreated from the fort in May. A body of one hundred and fifty savages, just arrived from the Western wilderness, under Captain Elliott, and led by the bloody Blackbird, who was chief at the massacre at Chicago the previous year, were employed as a covering party. Merritt was successful, and while he was breakfasting at the house of James Ball, a skirmish with an American picket-guard took place not far off. Lieutenant Eldridge, with thirty-nine volunteers, went out to the relief of this picket; and a larger force, under Major Malcolm, was to follow. The impetuous Eldridge dashed forward into the thick wood, and fell into an ambush prepared by Blackbird. The dusky foe was repulsed at first, but with overwhelming numbers he crushed Eldridge and his little party. Only five escaped, and the prisoners and wounded were murdered and scalped by the savages with circumstances of great barbarity. This was so shocking and exasperating that General Boyd resolved to adopt Washington's plan of having "Indians fight Indians," and to accept the services of the Senecas and Tuscaroras on the Niagara frontier, who had proffered them, under certain conditions which humanity would impose. The humane Merritt declared that he would never be engaged again with Indians, if they were allowed to practice their cruel mode of warfare.

Clark's success at Schlosser suggested another and more important expedition into the American territory—namely, the surprise and capture of the naval station and depository for stores and munitions of war at Black Rock, near Buffalo. It was organized by the gallant young soldier, Lieutenant-Colonel Bisshopp. He left his head-quarters at Lundy's Lane, near the Great Cataract, on the afternoon of the 10th of July, with detachments from the Royal Artillery and some regular infantry regiments, with a body of Lincoln militia and volunteers, numbering in all between three and four hundred men. They embarked at Chippewa early in the evening, and at half an hour before the dawn landed unperceived on the American shore, a short distance below Black Rock. The Block-house, then called Fort Tompkins, was in charge of less than a dozen artillerists; and the only other available military force at the station was about two hundred militia, under Major Adams, with two or three heavy guns for field service. At Buffalo, two miles distant, were less than a hundred infantry and dragoon recruits, from the South, on their way to Fort George, and a small body of Indians, under Henry O'Bail, a son of Corn-planter, the great Seneca chief, who had been partially educated at Philadelphia, but who, true to the instincts of his race, yearned for the freedom of forest life, was restive under the restraints of civilization, and had resumed his blanket and feather head-dress. These forces were under the command of General Peter B. Porter, whose dwelling was near Black Rock.

Bisshopp surprised Major Adams's camp, and he and his alarmed militia fled in haste toward Buffalo, leaving the artillery behind. General Porter narrowly escaped capture in his own house; and when he heard of Adams's flight, with the garrison of the block-house, he followed them to Buffalo. On the way he met Captain Cummings with one hundred regulars. He had heard of the invasion, and was hastening down to confront it. In the mean time the enemy had fired the block-house and the barracks attached, the navy buildings, and a schooner lying there; and the principal officers had gone to the house of General Porter and ordered breakfast. Their followers and the reinforcements continually coming over from the Canada shore were employed, in the mean time, in plundering the inhabitants and public stores not destroyed by fire.

Porter halted Cummings, and hastened to Buffalo, where he rallied about one half of Adams's militia; and with these, and about fifty volunteer citizens, he soon rejoined the regulars. With the united forces and about fifty Indians he attacked the invaders at eight o'clock from three different points. The Indians, who were concealed in a ravine, arose from cover and gave the appalling war-whoop at the moment of the attack, and added much to

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the surprise and confusion of the British, who did not expect the return of the Americans. After a short spirited contest the foe were beaten, and driven in confusion toward their boats, now moored near the present ferry, where they were rallied. Porter now concentrated his own forces, and fell upon Bisshopp with so much power that, after a contest of not more than twenty minutes, he fled in precipitation to his boats, leaving nine men killed and sixteen or eighteen prisoners, among whom was Captain Saunders, of Bisshopp's regiment, who was badly wounded, a rifle-ball having passed through his chest and lungs. He was carried gently by Indians, in blankets, to Porter's house, where he was kindly treated (and attended by his wife, who was sent for), until he was able to be removed. But the enemy sustained a greater loss than this. Bisshopp was mortally wounded, and carried back to his quarters at Lundy's Lane, where, after lingering five days, he expired. He was buried in the bosom of a green slope in a small cemetery on the south side of Lundy's Lane, and over his grave his brother officers erected a monument. It fell into decay; and thirty-three years afterward the sisters of the young soldier replaced it by another and more elegant one, that may be seen there.



BISSHOPP'S MONUMENT.

During the remainder of the summer of 1813 there were frequent skirmishes in the neighborhood of Fort George, caused by attacks upon American foraging parties, but no enterprise of much importance was undertaken except an attempt to capture British stores at Burlington Heights, known to be in charge of a feeble guard, under Major Maule. This was attempted toward the end of July. Colonel Scott had just been promoted to the command of a double regiment (twenty companies), and had resigned the position of Adjutant-General. He was eager for distinction and useful service, and volunteered to lead any land-force that might be sent to the head of Ontario. Chauncey was then making gallant cruises about the lake. He had twelve vessels, and felt strong enough to cope with any force that might appear under Sir James Yeo, the British naval commander.

Chauncey, in charge of the expedition to Burlington Bay, sailed from the mouth of the Niagara River on the 27th of July, with three hundred land troops, under Colonel Scott. Meanwhile Colonel Harvey had taken measures for the security of the stores at Burlington Heights. Lieutenant-Colonel Battersby was ordered from York, with a part of the Glengarry corps, to reinforce the guard under Major Maule. By forced marches he reached his destination before Chauncey appeared in Burlington Bay. That officer and Scott soon perceived that their force was insufficient for the prescribed work. Convinced of this, and informed of the defenseless state of York, on account of the withdrawal of Battersby's detachment, Chauncey spread his sails, went across the lake, and entered that harbor on the 31st. Colonel Scott landed his troops, took possession, burned the barracks and public stores, with eleven transports, destroyed five pieces of cannon, and bore away to the *Niagara*, as spoils, one heavy gun and a considerable quantity of provisions, chiefly of flour. They also carried with them the sick and wounded prisoners of Boerstler's command found in York.

We have noticed the retirement of General Dearborn, and the appointment to the command of the Northern Department of General James Wilkinson, who had been his predecessor's companion-in-arms in the old War for Independence. He had been summoned to the Department by the Secretary of War, from the region of the Gulf of Mexico, and arrived at the National Capitol at the end of July, wearied by travel and weakened by sickness. In the course of a few days the Secretary of War laid before him a plan for the invasion of Canada which Wilkinson did not fully approve; and he left for the Northern frontier with discretionary powers as to the best point at which to make the invasion. On that frontier, stationed on Lake Champlain, was an old South Carolinian—General Wade Hampton—who had seen much partisan service in the low country of his State during the Revolutionary War. He despised Wilkinson. There was no love lost between them. The dislike was mutual. Armstrong, the Secretary of War, who had shared with Wilkinson in the confidence of General Gates during the Revolution, anticipated trouble from this mutual hatred, so he took Adjutant-General Walbach and posted off for Sackett's Harbor, where he established the War Department, *pro tempore*, and helped to plan a campaign against Kingston and Montreal, the anticipated fruits of which were to be the conquest of all Upper Canada at least, and a speedy termination of the war. In the glory of the latter event Armstrong was willing to appear as a prominent actor, and he remained on the Northern frontier of New York so long as there appeared any chance for success.

Hampton was in Wilkinson's department, and subject to his orders. The latter tested the former's temper when, on his arrival at Albany, he sent his first order to the commander on Lake Champlain. This aroused the ire of the old Oligarch, whose landed possessions in South Carolina and Louisiana were almost princely, and

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whose slaves, engaged in raising cotton and sugar, were numbered by thousands. His anger was intensified by his hatred of Wilkinson, and he immediately assured the Secretary of War that he considered his command a separate one, and that he should offer his resignation if he should be required to pay deference to the old Marylander. Wilkinson, at the same time, was distrustful of Armstrong's personal friendship, and the spectacle was soon witnessed of a secretary of war and two generals in one department, apparently more intent upon watching each other and grasping at personal honors than in carrying out the business of the campaign. Weeks and weeks of delay was caused by divided counsels, and when the expedition was prepared to move the storms of November had begun.

Wilkinson called a council of war at Sackett's Harbor on the 26th of August, when it was determined to concentrate at that point all the available troops in the Northern Department, except those on Lake Champlain, preparatory to striking "a deadly blow somewhere." Wilkinson accordingly hastened to Fort George, on the Niagara, leaving General Morgan Lewis in command at the Harbor. He arrived there on the 4th of September, extremely ill, after a fatiguing voyage, the whole distance in an open boat. As soon as his strength would allow he assumed active command there. On the 20th of September he held a council of officers, when it was determined to abandon and destroy Fort George, and transfer all the troops to the east end of Lake Ontario. But orders came from Washington to put Fort George in a condition to resist assault; to leave there an efficient garrison of at least six hundred regular troops; to remove Captain Nathaniel Leonard, of the First Regiment of Artillery, from the command of Fort Niagara, and assign it to Captain George Armistead of the same regiment; to accept the services of volunteer corps offered by General Peter B. Porter and others; and to commit the command of Fort George and the Niagara frontier to Brigadier-General Moses Porter. Wilkinson obeyed these instructions only in part. Leonard was retained in his position, and Colonel Scott, instead of General Porter, was placed in chief command. Wilkinson left him there with about eight hundred regulars and a part of Colonel Phineas Swift's regiment of militia, instructed, in the anticipated event of the British abandoning that frontier, to leave the fort in command of Brigadier-General M'Clure, of the New York militia, and with his regulars join the expedition on the St. Lawrence. Having completed his arrangements, Wilkinson embarked with the remainder of the Niagara army on Chauncey's fleet, and sailed eastward on the 2d of October.

Under the directions of Colonel Scott Captain (now General) Totten strengthened Fort George. At the end of a week intelligence came that the British had broken camp, and were hastening toward the head of the Lake. General Vincent had heard of the defeat of Proctor on the Thames, and he immediately directed the concentration of all the troops on the shores of Burlington Bay, either to meet Harrison, should he pursue his enemy, or to renew the attempt to repossess themselves of the whole peninsula.

Scott was delighted with this intelligence. He was restive under the shackles of garrison duty. The contemplated contingency had arrived. So, placing the garrison in command of General M'Clure, he crossed the Niagara to the American shore at Youngstown, with all the regulars, on the morning of the 13th of October, the anniversary of his crossing the same river in an opposite direction the year before. He marched to the mouth of the Genesee River, where he expected to find transportation for his troops. He was disappointed; and in drenching rain and through deep mud he made his way slowly with his little army, by way of the sites of Rochester and Syracuse, to Utica, where he met General Armstrong, and received permission to push on alone to the frontier and join Wilkinson. He did so at Ogdensburg.

When Scott left Fort George the impression was that the British troops had been withdrawn from the west end of Lake Ontario, and sent to reinforce Kingston at the eastern end, then menaced by the Americans. Orders for such movement had been sent by Sir George Prevost, but General Vincent, with the concurrence of a council of officers, chose to disobey them. It was also resolved, now that the great bulk of the American army had departed, to endeavor to regain possession of the Niagara frontier. In the mean time General M'Clure annoyed the inhabitants of the peninsula by sending out foraging parties. They appealed to General Vincent for protection, and he sent out about four hundred white troops under Colonel Murray, and about one hundred Indians under Captain Elliott, to drive the foragers back. This was soon accomplished, and the Americans found themselves hemmed within their own lines by the foe, who took position at Twelve-Mile Creek, now the village of St. Catharine's. At this juncture General Harrison arrived at Fort George, with the expectation of leading an expedition against Burlington Heights, but he was speedily ordered to embark with all his troops in Chauncey's squadron for Sackett's Harbor, and M'Clure was again alone with his volunteers and militia. The time of the latter was about to expire, and none could be induced to remain. Gloomy intelligence came from the St. Lawrence. Wilkinson's expedition had failed. Startling intelligence also came from the western end of the lake. Lieutenant-General Drummond, accompanied by Major-General Riall, had arrived with reinforcements from Kingston, and Colonel Murray had moved nearer to Fort George, whose garrison was reduced, by the departure of the troops whose time had expired, to sixty effective regulars of the Twenty-fourth United States Infantry.

M'Clure perceived the peril of his little gar-

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rison, and resolved to abandon the post and place his command in Fort Niagara. The weather had suddenly become extremely cold. The rigors of a Canadian winter had appeared with the advent of the first day of that season. Deep snow lay upon the ground, and biting north winds came sweeping over the lake. A question of deep import filled the mind of M'Clure, and he was perplexed by the conflicting demands of feeling and duty. Shall I humanely spare the village of Newark, and leave comfortable shelter for the British troops, or shall I destroy it? This was the question. The stern and cruel spirit and usage of war commanded him to destroy the town. He obeyed, having as a warrant the sanction of an order from the War Department. He sent his little band across the freezing river, and attempted to blow up the fort. While his troops were voyaging he applied the torch to the beautiful village, after giving the inhabitants a few hours' warning. One hundred and fifty houses were speedily laid in ashes. With little food and clothing a large number of helpless women and children were driven from their homes out into the wintry air, houseless wanderers. It was a cruel act. War is always cruel in its mildest conduct, but this was more cruel than necessity demanded. It excited hot indignation against the Americans, and a spirit of vengeance was aroused which soon caused the hand of retaliation to work fearfully. It provoked the commission of great injury to American property, and left a stain upon the American character.

Murray was at Twelve-Mile Creek when the smoke of burning Newark met his eye, and intelligence of the cause of the conflagration reached him. He pressed forward with the hope of capturing the garrison. He was a little too late; but his swift approach had caused M'Clure to fly so precipitately that he failed to blow up the fort or destroy the comfortable barracks on the bank of the river. Tents sufficient to shelter fifteen hundred men, several cannon, a large quantity of shot, and ten soldiers fell into the hands of the British. That night the red cross of St. George floated over the fortress, and Murray's troops slumbered within its walls.

"Let us retaliate with fire and sword," said Murray to Drummond, as they gazed with eyes flashing with indignation upon the ruins of Newark. "Do so," said the commander, "swiftly and thoroughly." And on the night of the 18th of December—a cold, black night—Murray crossed the river at Five-Mile Meadows, three miles above Fort Niagara, with about a thousand men, British and Indians. With five hundred and fifty regulars he pressed on toward the fort, carrying axes, scaling-ladders, and other implements for assault, and shielded from observation by the thick cover of darkness. They captured the advanced pickets, secured silence, and, while the garrison were soundly sleeping, hovered around the fort in proper order for a systematic and simultaneous attack at different points.

These preparations were unnecessary. Gross negligence or positive treachery (which can never be known) had exposed the fort to easy capture. M'Clure had established his headquarters at Buffalo; and when he left Niagara he charged Captain Leonard to be vigilant and active, for invasion might be expected. This vigilance and activity had been prepared for by the invaders; but when, at about three o'clock in the morning, the corps to whom was assigned the duty of assailing the main gate, moved forward for the purpose, it was found standing wide open and unguarded. Leonard had left the fort the evening before, at eleven o'clock, and spent the night with his family at his home three miles distant. He had given no hint to the garrison of an expected assault, and his departure was without their knowledge. They were almost four hundred strong in fairly effective men, and with a competent and loyal commander might have kept twice the number of Murray's men at bay. But they had neither. When the foe came suddenly in the darkness there was no one to lead. The sentinels were seized, and, in fear of the exasperated enemy, gave up the countersign. The fort was entered without much resistance. After a very slight conflict, in which Murray, a surgeon, and three soldiers were wounded, the invaders rushed in, and the fort was in possession of the British before many of the garrison were fairly awake. It might have been an almost bloodless victory had not the unhallowed spirit of revenge for the outrage at Newark demanded victims. Murray did not restrain that spirit, and a large number of the garrison, a number of them invalids, were bayoneted after all resistance had ceased. This horrid work was performed on Sunday morning, the 19th of December, 1813.

General Riall had taken part at Queenston with a detachment of British regulars and about five hundred Indians, with instructions to cross the river to Lewiston, and lay waste the entire Niagara frontier from that village to Buffalo, when he should hear of Murray's success at Niagara. The booming of a solitary big gun at that fortress was to be the signal of success. It was heard at four o'clock in the morning, and Riall immediately put his troops in motion. He crossed the Niagara to Lewiston at dawn, and took possession of the village without much serious opposition from Major Bennet and a detachment of Militia who were stationed at Fort Gray, on Lewiston Heights. At the same time Murray's corps plundered and destroyed the little village of Youngstown, near Fort Niagara.

Full license was given by Riall to his Indian allies, and Lewiston was sacked, plundered, and destroyed—made a perfect desolation. This accomplished, the merciless invaders pushed on toward the little hamlet of Manchester, at Niagara Falls, but when ascending Lewiston Heights they were met and temporarily checked and driven back by the gallant Major Mallory and forty Canadian Refugees, who had come down

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from Schlosser. For two days these brave men fought the foe, as they were pushed back steadily, by overwhelming numbers, toward Buffalo. They could not stop the desolater's march; and the whole Niagara frontier, from Youngstown to Tonawanda Creek, and far into the interior, was swept by the besom of destruction placed by British power in the hands of savages. In this foray many innocent persons suffered death and horrible deprivations, for all were compelled to fly from their houses to the snow-filled forests or remote cabins. "The Indians are retaliating the conflagration of Newark," wrote a British officer high in command (probably Drummond, from Queenston), "not a house within my sight but is in flames!" Buffalo would have perished at the same time but for the timely check of the invaders by the destruction of the bridge over Tonawanda Creek.

The respite for doomed Buffalo was short. Riall and his followers returned to Lewiston, crossed over to Queenston, and on the morning of the 28th of December appeared at Chippewa under the command of Lieutenant-General Drummond. In the mean time the alarm had spread over Western New York, and the inhabitants were thoroughly aroused. General M'Clure made a stirring appeal to them, begging them to "repair immediately to Lewiston, Schlosser, and Buffalo;" and General Amos Hall, with his usual alacrity and zeal, called out the militia and invited volunteers, making his head-quarters at Batavia, where the Government had an arsenal, thirty or forty miles eastward from Buffalo. There General M'Clure surrendered his command to General Hall, and performed the part of recruiting officer with great zeal. As fast as volunteers or militia came they were sent to Black Rock and Buffalo, where Hall arrived on the morning of the 26th, and immediately commenced the organization of the army, a little more than two thousand strong.

General Drummond moved up the river on the 29th, and at midnight General Riall crossed with regulars, Canadians, and Indians, in number about one thousand, and landed where Bisshopp did a few months before. Moving forward in the darkness toward Black Rock, he encountered and drove before him some American mounted pickets under Lieutenant Boughton. They fled across the Shogeoquady Creek, when the enemy took possession of the "Sailors' Battery" there, and the bridge, and then paused. Boughton hastened to Hall's quarters between Buffalo and Black Rock with the alarming intelligence. The night was very dark. The troops were paraded, and Lieutenant-Colonels Warner and Churchill were ordered to go forward with their corps and feel the position and strength of the enemy. They met the foe and at the first fire broke and fled, and were no more heard of that day. Hall then ordered Adams and Chapin, with their commands, to the same duty. The same result ensued; and at dawn on the 30th he found himself in command of eight hundred troops less than at the evening twilight of the 29th. They had actually deserted in large bodies.

Hall now advanced with his whole force, and ordered Lieutenant-Colonel Blakeslee with the Ontario exempts and volunteers to move forward and commence the attack on the enemy's left. They marched toward Black Rock on the "hill road," and in the dim light of early dawn saw a flotilla of British boats making for the shore near General Porter's residence. These bore the Royal Scots, eight hundred in number, who landed under cover of a five-gun battery on the Canada shore, in the face of severe opposition. Their plan of attack was soon revealed to the American general, and he made his dispositions accordingly. By quick and skillful movements he foiled Riall's attempt to flank the American right, by throwing Granger, the Indian agent, with the red warriors under his command, and Mallory and his Canadian Refugees, in the way of the enemy's advancing column. At the same time Blakeslee and his Ontario militia confronted the centre, and Lieutenant-Colonel M'Mahon with three hundred Chautauque militia were posted as a reserve at the battery of Fort Tompkins (on the site of the present stables of the Niagara Street Railway Company), whose six guns were commanded by Lieutenant John Seeley.

The batteries on the Canada shore, and the cannon of the Americans, opened fire almost simultaneously and very vigorously, while Blakeslee's men, cool as veterans, disputed the ground with the foe, inch by inch. But Granger's Indians and Mallory's Canadians, failing in moral strength at that moment, gave way almost before a struggle was begun, and M'Mahon and his reserves were ordered to the breach. They, too, gave way and fled, and could not be rallied by their officers. Hall's power was thus completely broken, and he was placed in great peril. Deserted by a large portion of his troops, opposed by veterans, vastly outnumbered and almost surrounded, he was compelled, for the safety of the remnant of his little army, to sound a retreat. He tried to rally his broken troops, but in vain. The brave Chapin and a few of the bolder men retired slowly before the foe along the present Niagara Street toward Buffalo, keeping the invaders partially in check, while Hall, with the remainder, who were alarmed and scattered, retired to Eleven-Mile Creek, where he rallied about three hundred men who remained true to the old flag. With these he was enabled to cover the flight of the inhabitants, and to check the advance of the enemy into the interior.

The British and their Indian allies now took possession of Buffalo, and proceeded to plunder, destroy, and murder. Only four buildings were left standing in the town, and only one of these a dwelling, the house of a resolute widow named St. John, who by adroit management saved her life and property. At Black Rock only a single building (in which women and children had taken refuge) escaped the fire. Four ves-

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sels that had performed service in the Battle of Lake Erie a few weeks before were committed to the flames.

Fearful was the retaliation for the destruction of half-inhabited Newark, *where not a life was sacrificed!* Six villages, many isolated country houses, and four vessels consumed; and the butchery of innocent persons at Fort Niagara, Lewiston, Schlosser, Tuscarora Village, Black Rock, and Buffalo, and in farm-houses, attested the fierceness of the enemy's revenge. Again the Christian heart of England remonstrated with the Government against alliance with savages; but that Government, seldom representing the Christian heart, would not listen.

THE FIERY COLLIERY OF FIENNES.

TWO bold capes wading far off into the tossing Atlantic, between them a curving coast up whose long line of sand the emerald surf creamed in and tumbled its broken foam, shallow wave melting out with golden gleams and floats of rosy purple till torn by the last horns and ledges of the capes to shafts of spray forever freely flying and falling, and led away then by the enticing horizon in long fields that the sunshine scaled with everlasting enamel of blue and silver. Careering over all, a wild wind sown with the salt breath—the ineffable fragrance of the sea.

Part of such scene every day became the dark and weary miners that issued from Deepdean Pit and dragged away to their huts and pipes; part of such scene, as if he had been dwarfed in the grand presence of Nature, was oftentimes the little starveling Johnny Pennefathen, as he stood alone upon the shingle and grew himself transmuted with all the glow and richness, the scarlet and gold of the sky, the silvery sheen of the sweltering sea. The children of the hamlet seldom stood as this boy stood, lost in the hour's miracle; it was their everyday, and they had too much to do to be thinking of such gauds; but Johnny Pennefathen had nothing at all to do, and it was an experience of freedom and light forever new to him. For aught I know this boy had been born underground; he had at all events been reared there, a pale and puny little contravention of the gnomes. At a period scarcely more than fifty years ago, when in England the miners were sold with the mine and mentioned in the deed by name and number like chattels, could not leave the place of labor, were not allowed to obtain wages elsewhere, and were as completely slaves as those of a Southern plantation, Johnny Pennefathen's father had changed owners, and the vein of coal having become involved in faults, and an inundation having taken place, the workings were deserted, and Pennefathen and his companions were transferred into other and distant property of the same master. Several years subsequently there had been felt a singular pulsating thrill of the solid earth for miles around, a long and smothered peal of subterranean thunder had shocked the ears, and then there had risen from the shaft's mouth, as from a volcano's crater, a dense cloud of gas, smoke, dust, stones, and timbers, and among them all this child—this child who had been dashed five hundred feet up the pit and thrown, a little senseless heap of crushed cartilage and broken bones, upon the trembling sod. Then Johnny Pennefathen was an orphan, without a shilling, without a parish, without any thing but the breath in him, and that, as the months crept away, the little wretch found to be worse than nothing. He was of no use to any one, correlatively no one was of any use to him. One day he bethought himself of his father's cousin, took to the tramp, and halting along the highway by day, and sleeping, as a bird might, in half a watchful terror, under the hedges by night, he reached the famous mine in the region known as the Forest of Fiennes.

Great Tom Towers looked down at his little cousin, a petitioner for his favor, as a Newfoundland looks on the mouthful of floss silk with pink eyes in a lady's lap. He didn't like to touch him, lest he should jam his bones together between his sturdy thumb and finger. He had a gruff way of his own with him, but he made the thing welcome to his bite and sup.

This was all Johnny could have hoped for; yet he had an untutored instinct that demanded something else: perhaps it was the yearning for affection; perhaps the querulous wants of ill-health; perhaps, for he was wearing into his sixteenth year, it was the sense of his stunted frame, his withered side, and useless limbs, and the futile, thwarted desire to do for himself. Whatever it was, Johnny was very unhappy; all were too busy to throw him a word; he wrapped himself in his grief and solitude, and had himself no words for them. Where other children never dreamed of themselves, he became painfully sensible of his shrunken limbs, his warped shoulders, his hollow eyes and sunken cheeks, and felt only like a thin white film in the sunshine, too insignificant to be ugly, too thin, too white to cast a shadow.

Yet Johnny had a certain conceit of himself—a pleasant, piquant conceit, shared by little men and all those of any physical peculiarity; but then, in common with most of the same, he shared, too, a reason for it, in the strength of a nature that needed only some basis of health, some initial of art, in order to blaze into genius. Beyond this, his misfortunes had generated in him a painful precocity, unnatural to his situation.

There may have been one other element in Johnny's misery: there lived in Tom Towers's cottage his handsome daughter Mausie—a buxom, blooming lassie, to whom every one tossed the good word, and who tossed her head at every one. A ruddy brunette, with flashing teeth and glowing eyes, and great firm outlines that radiated redundant health. Sometimes, when Johnny looked at her, he set his teeth. But Mausie had her own industries, which, at first,

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she pursued without even a glance at the urchin; and in her leisures she let the young miners and fishers and teamsters follow in her train, coquetted with them all, favored them all, outraged them all, so that no one could have predicated her least emotion. Her flinty conduct struck sparks of courage and desperation from her lovers, at which she only laughed, and felt herself well rewarded when her father laid a rousing slap of admiration on her shoulder, and declared that, "Drot him, they couldn't none of them see through his Mausie; and, fur his part, he couldn't nuther." Perhaps it was this general hard-heartedness, making some reaction necessary, that induced Mausie at last to look about her, and, pouncing upon Johnny, to exert a most singular and special kindness in his behalf, just as his awakening pride and constant discontent made him curse the spiritless day in which he sought her father's charity. Whatever gentle goodness Mausie had she suffered thereafter to bubble round that spot, and it was the easier to coquet sparklingly and cruelly every where else. She lowered all her tones, and unconsciously let a certain sweetness enter them, toward him; she took care that his bed should be a bit softer than the others; she stood between him and her mother's grudge; she made his pottage a trifle richer than the common mess; and because she suspected him to be dainty and fanciful about his food, she saved her pennies and bought him a white bowl for his own, all gayly painted with butterflies and daisies; then, too, she used to go out into the fields and gather herbs for strengthening teas, or for decoctions in which his limbs were to be steeped. It is true these rambles always began just before the day's work of the district was over, and led to late returns; and it is also true that somehow or other they were never undertaken unless a careless hint had told their direction to Matthew Boyne, or Gilbert Airey, or Tim Curlew, who, with Jane, or Sally, or some other bonnibel of the region, came by-and-by strolling home with the naughty Mausie, as she left the air echoing behind her. For these youths—fine fellows every one, brawny athletes, each a young Hercules—were at an age when the day's work did not weigh so heavily on bone or muscle that a sweetheart could not lead one a will-o'-the-wisp dance over meadow and dale till the evening stars came out.

But all this was no medicament to Johnny. It irked him that she spoke him sweetly; that she would give him white bread and take all the black herself. He could have chosen to do such things for her; he would not endure her being his slave. He might have liked the walks for her when tasks were done, if he could have gone along; as it was, he refused to touch the pretty bowl, and then was angry because she did not take it to heart; he would not glance up when she stroked his hair; when she softened her voice before him, as one does on entering a sick-room, Johnny kept a frowning silence—he ignored her existence, and would at other times look at her blindly, as if she were not in being, and he saw the blank wall through her on the other side; and when she essayed to make him merry he would lie on his face, looking into the black earth, telling her that was where he came from, and where he should soon return, and then end all by a passionate gust of scalding tears. The poor boy wore himself to a very wraith in his spleen, sat apart and alone, spoke with civility to no soul, and had a taunt for all who crossed him.

But on no one did Johnny lavish these marks of his disfavor so freely as on Gilbert Airey. In vain did Mausie represent to him that it was surely kind of Gilbert, tired with his teaming as he was, to follow her out in the fields and see her safely at home again, for he knew well enough the few open pastures were not the safest places in the world, since all the forest was full of its dens—for hard by the coal-pits lay great iron mines; and all about, under cover of wood and thicket, the charcoal works were carried on, and it was not the good spirits that these prisons let loose at nightfall. Then, too, round about in the forest lay the great castles and country seats of nobles and gentry, with their parks and their lawns, their hills and their fallows, thronged with guests wily enough to steal the heart out of any wandering maiden. But Johnny only replied with some sarcasm upon Gilbert, and hated him worse than ever. And Mausie, perhaps finding it her only cue, sharpened the sarcasm by one of her own, and laughed with him. For what tormenting little instinct of Johnny's was it that lighted upon Gilbert Airey rather than on Matthew Boyne, or Harry Carnes, or the whole crew of swarthy suitors besides—an instinct, at any rate, that it took all her wit to lead astray. Meanwhile, with the sharpest sentence that, to Johnny's delight, she tossed in Gilbert's teeth, there was a sparkle—a gay glint of a glance, a daring smile askance—that gave her mere words the lie, and were treasured in Gilbert's heart, while the words themselves were unheeded or forgotten. And after flinging the gauntlet at Gilbert she could, of course, afford to unbend to Tim Curlew a moment; and so round the ring, and throw dust in every body's eyes. Thus if, in some respects, Johnny proved himself to Mausie an unendurable nuisance, in others he became an invaluable coadjutor.

Nevertheless, of them all Gilbert was the most constant, being the most determined. Mat might consider if it were worth while courting a haughty hussy when pretty little Jane was to be had for the asking; Curlew might consider what kind of a life so changeable a mistress would lead him, even should he win her. Gilbert never considered he had long ago resolved that Mausie was to be his—Mausie or nothing; and he was one of the kind that conquer fate itself, because they will so desperately. One pretext or another brought him daily to great Tom Towers's cottage. He came, if Tom were not aboveground, to do the dame some turn—to bring the daughter some trinket, or invite her to some

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junket—for Gilbert might be said to have known Mausie since her babyhood; he had certainly carried her in his arms, sung her to sleep, made himself the early slave of all her pretty pettishness; and it was not perhaps prejudicial to his success that, while her other swains had scarcely attained their majority, he was already numbering his thirtieth summer; or, if the master of the house sat by his chimney-lug, he entered to have a talk about the relative merits of long-work or pillar-and-stall-work; about the great fire that was known to be raging far away in the Duncast Waste, and that was supposed, by some secret source of communication, continually to disengage the deathly gases in Deepdean Pit, where Tom worked, although the seam itself was so strongly impregnated as to need no help in that line. Gilbert, too, had often been employed with his great horses on the tram-ways underground since the time when, a boy, he had worked at holing and throwing, and made himself sufficiently beforehand with the world to abandon it; and with a keen eye had noted many things that escape the dull miner, and overhearing in the open air the conversation of inspector or master, not to mention a certain studious habit, had many a theory of his own that delighted Tom Towers to the point of the favorite oath, and the declaration that he'd be drotted if Bert Airey hadn't more ideas into his head than all Newgate Calendar.

"For," said Bert Airey, in the rough speech of the region—a *patois*, traces of which will always linger about him, and give a certain rude flavor to his words, though he rival Hugh Miller himself, but which loses nothing by a partial veil, a diaphaneity that suffers one to guess sufficiently well the brawny muscle of language beneath—"if the—what is this they call it, the scholards?—the carbonic acid gas, the choke damp, you know, 'll put out fire, why in [a very fiery place] don't they lay pipes and lead off all our choke into the Duncast Waste till that's done burning?"

"Ay, boy; why indeed?" said Tom Towers, between two whiffs.

"Except to do a mate a good turn, I'd never work below again with a pick," said Bert Airey, "no, not if I had to go to sea! Some single stroke of your steel, there's a blower broke like a bubble of hell; the next you know you're in eternity!"

"Faith, Bert Airey, it's you that swears like a trooper," said Mausie, threading away at the herring-nets, by whose manufacture she turned a penny.

"Then I thank you, Mausie, for remarking me. Maybe—Heaven sees—you'll be the making of me yet."

"Dear knows it's not my trade!" tossing her head at Johnny's chuckle.

"True for you, Mausie. One must do such work for himself. But it makes a man take the great name in vain when he sees the things done in the workings. Why, when I've been late a-teaming to Bury, I've found the town all bright, the windows aflare with great flames leaping out of bits of tubes, and it's the self-same stuff they light themselves with there in their houses—the very fire-damp that down in the colliery they let creep up the courses and drifts, and lie by in the goaves, till all of a sudden there's the devil to pay, and *plenty* of pitch hot, plenty of poor men's lives to be blown into the dust of the air. Since we must have light down in the black boards there to work by, why don't they lead the damp off in their little tubes, make danger useful, destroy death with his own blast, burn him up before he can burn them up?"

"Ay, boy, why indeed?" reiterated the admiring Tom. "Ye'd better be heeding what Bert says, Mausie girl, than to be jinking there with Johnny. He's the lad, is Bert, that knows what he says; he'll tell you how the little black imps sharpen their forks, or how the white angels sit and plume the feathers of their wings. Bert Airey's more general information," said Tom Towers, who had secured one or two heavy words from the heresies of the political tract read the night before at the public house, "than any man I know, except it's the lord leftenant of Parlyment."

"Sure ye know him well, Tom Towers," said his wife.

"I know Bert Airey well, and I know that whatever he knows he knows well."

"Yes," muttered Johnny, under his breath, in fear of the master of the house, "he knows which spoon the queen eats her parritch with."

"And more too," laughed Mausie.

"That he do. He'll tell a miner how to shoulder his pick, a carter how to whistle his wheeler, and Mausie Towers how to mesh her knots, all as easy as winking."

"Hold your tongue, Johnny Pennefathen," said Tom, suspiciously; "if you grow up to be half the man Bert Airey is—"

"Don't be hard on him, Towers; he's almost a man himself," said Gilbert, giving Johnny a laugh and a nod, for Johnny was a great source of amusement to the young man; "he is to grow as stout a fellow as may be. Ye'll find him and me swinging cudgels together some eve—for I was to see a doctor about him t'other night, a great man, and he says all he needs for to get well is me to plunge him head and heels in the salt brine out there twice a day."

"Faith, then, I'll never get well," said Johnny, grimly.

"As to that we'll see," answered Gilbert; and before Johnny knew it he found himself caught up in an iron arm with the coarse towel, for which Bert had tipped Mrs. Towers the wink, and, despite the ineffectual struggles and thrusts, borne off, and in a trice brought back all aglow, plunged, rubbed, and tucked away into bed. "Kick away, my little man," had said Bert, cheerily, "it's good for you!" after which Johnny had submitted like a log and been an easy prey.

"We'll have him well in no time, set up and

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driving a team of his own," said Gilbert to Mrs. Towers.

"'Twould be a blessing," she said. "I'd be loath to have the little pester, though he is that, condemned away underground. I'd never let Tom go down again," said she, with a thickening voice, "if there were aught besides he could turn his hand to. And he tells me there's not a yard of the coal where, should you put a pipe-stem down it, you couldn't light a flame at the hither end."

"He tells you true," said Bert, gloomily, for Tom had gone for his beer.

"'Twas ignorance or giddiness when I was young," said she, falteringly; "I didn't used to mind his going down, but now I watches him every day so long as I can see him, lest the broad back's turned from me the last time;" and here the good woman fairly broke down. "Mausie there can laugh," sobbed she; "her turn's to come. But as for me, I never hear the surf a smashing in from sea with its thunder, but I trembles as if the roar had come from underground."

"Perhaps there'll be no more," said Mausie, "at all. It's going on three months since the last. I'd be bound they're just used up."

"Don't fret now, dame," said Gilbert, "times is brightening. If Parlyment can but make the owners sink more shafts, three or even two to the one, there'll be no danger of the damp or the choke, and no need of safety-lamps and wit's devices. But 'twill be a long day."

"And a sad one. And then there's the floods, and the falling roofs, and the breaking ropes; and since they're trying to bring about those twisted wire cables, I don't feel as if Tom were safe above-ground when I see him."

"No danger there. They'll wear out two of hemp."

"So they say. So they say. But hemp parts thread by thread, and gives warning to save one's self; the wires part all at a stroke, and down you dash!"

"God!" said Gilbert, suddenly striking his hands on his knees, "all we've got to do is to remember that we're poor men, and somehow or other the creation didn't take the poor into so much account when its laws were set a-going, and if we're crushed it's no more than other atoms were before us—no more than the very plants and stems were thousands of years ago, as we find them down there in the seam to-day—"

"There's Matt Boyne at Sally's window, and there's Jane Evans," said Mausie, musing.

"In the Forest of Dean," resumed Gilbert, for he paused at Mausie's murmur, "there's none can get the coal out but bits of boys that creep on their faces; up away to the North there's women, and girls that high, works in the pits like colliers and see no daylight. We're better off than most you'd find, we've nothing but Nature to contend with, not men." For there were times when even in Gilbert the poor man's indignation rose like a lava stream burning through and destroying that acquiescent humility of the savant who sees God in all his work. "It's easier at all events," he said, "to die when Nature wills than at a man's command."

"Where are you going now, Mausie Towers?"

"The needle's always breaking. I'll be seeing if Sally Pringle's got one."

"It's nigh upon dark and bedtime—"

"Wait till I go with you, Mausie," said Gilbert, starting up as she flitted through the door.

"You're your headstrong father's own child!" cried the mother after her, and Johnny from his covert had the felicity of seeing Gilbert and Mausie stroll off together, and know that he'd be fast asleep himself before they came home, if he couldn't lie awake crying so long: know, too, that there'd be likely wrestling on the green and Gilbert as usual for victor, and thought of the wrestling gnawed Johnny's heart with envy; and perhaps he'd take the girls out to row on the cool quiet sea, and that put Johnny in mind of his late rout, and he hid his head beneath the bed-clothes, only to start up again and watch Gilbert standing there in the light, for moonrise and sunset contended with each other—a massive frame to match Tom Towers's own—a ruddy cheek over which shone a clear gray eye, dark hair, blowing in the gentle breeze, as it lay low across his brow, and a mouth that would have been melancholy if it were not stern, and that, while Johnny looked, broke into a curving, beaming smile that showed how full of tenderness was his nature, so seldom finding play. After his day's work was done, Gilbert Airey always made himself fresh and clean—indeed he said a man with the sea at his elbow had otherwise no excuse; he held his head perhaps as high as he had any right to, but it was through his innate manhood alone, and he had a genial word for all. He was more his own master than any of his compeers; for having no soul dependent upon him since his sturdy boyhood, he had amassed his earnings, bought his team, and transferred his labors from the dark hot hole beneath into the open air and light, going down only to take the place of some one of his friends and so give them a holiday, or when a particularly clever hand was needed at the dangerous work of throwing the coal after it had been holed out; he was with all this, as one day Tom Towers severely told his daughter, the likeliest lookout for any lass in all the region round. Active, unrivaled, well to do, happy, handsome, haughy, winning: if Mausie could not quite make up her mind, there were other damsels of less undecided temperament who had long ago made theirs. Johnny thought in his wicked little heart as he watched them, that he could suffer Mausie to marry Bert if he were only sure that Bert would misuse her, beat her, leave her lonely, make her hate him, and then turn to him, Johnny, as the only thing in the world that loved her enough to die for her! But never otherwise—so he shook his fist at Gilbert and crept back to bed.

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Meanwhile, Mausie had not the slightest intention of marrying any body; not now, at least; perhaps by-and-by; every body did; but to-day she was a butterfly, and this was her summer; she was not in fact disposed to relinquish an iota of her freedom. Should she give one a lover's right she must lose her pastime of teasing all the others; she may have had a preference, but you could hardly guess it, and, after all, her waywardness might have been only that of a willful girl who, in spite of herself and in her very love, needs to be compelled. She was not, moreover, endowed with any superfluity of self-consciousness, and, as in many another simple and healthy nature, it needed the hand of some strong circumstance to show her the truth about herself. So time was flying till the pleasant autumn months began to close the score—happily to Mausie, for her lovers proved her power and her queendom crowned her vanity—not unhappily to Gilbert, for, however uncertain he might be of success in his heart's desire, there is a pleasure in pursuit whose loss is scarcely compensated by attainment itself. Twice a day all summer long had Gilbert found time to snatch Johnny under the wave, and now in the October morning as Johnny stood tingling on the beach, not lusty as yet, but with here and there a rippling muscle to be found, a color in his face, some glisten in his eye, one side undistinguishable from the other, it was as if some strong merman had carried down a mummy and brought back a changeling. But Gilbert had wrought a greater miracle than that. Conquered by strength, struggles being vain, Johnny had proceeded to lose envy in admiration, not, however, without many qualms. Then half in hopes to emulate his hero had seconded the efforts to give himself strength. Furthermore, Gilbert did not treat him as if he were a little cripple for all eternity, he said, but as if he were growing up to be a man like the rest of them: he talked with him reasonably too. Gilbert's very cheeriness became infectious. Johnny and he had many a sea-side secret together, adventures, deposits of crabs and shells, curiously colored weeds, which, when dried, Johnny was to make into bracelets for Mausie—expeditions, things that at first the boy kept out of a sullen honor, then shared out of pleasure, and finally, in his satisfaction, he grew to watch for Gilbert's coming with an eagerness, the like of which if Mausie had ever felt she kept most valiantly to herself. In truth, Johnny Pennefathen's life was becoming a very pleasant affair to him; its bitterness was fast disappearing. When there was no Mausie there was Gilbert. Mausie always chiefest; he ended by being obliged to own to himself that he loved Gilbert with all his heart, and his neighbor as himself, but Mausie was his neighbor; and though Gilbert had become so dear at last, some little malicious sprite of Johnny's nature, something inbred, the contradicting touch of his changeable whims and moods, still forced him to thwart the other's happiness whenever he could; to throw every obstacle devisable between the two, and to take his jealous enjoyment of his friends only when they were far apart from each other. He would assure Mausie seven times a week that she cared nothing for Gilbert at all, and Gilbert that Mausie made a world of fun at mention of his name. All this was to be endured because it could not be helped; for Johnny, like most others of his class, was a selfish little wretch. If the child could only have found a good misunderstanding on foot between the two, his delight would have been complete; aggravating and exasperating, he would have inserted his ten meddlesome fingers and widened the rent to a life-long breach; but though Mausie gave Johnny plenty of chance to develop his destructiveness in this way, Gilbert's calm power never varied, and Mausie found herself that she could not pick a quarrel when she tried.

It was one morning at early daybreak, before the sun had reached the verge of the new hemisphere, when all was silvery-gray with the faintest infiltration and prophecy of approaching rose, the tide gently receding, and every thing full of shining dew and freshness, that Gilbert and Johnny sat on the furthest ledge of rocks after their morning's plunge, and waited a pleasant while before the day's work should fairly commence, for the smoke had not begun to curl above the hamlet.

Gilbert had been busy with a task that he had lately assumed, and through his means Johnny was finding the way to read—an accomplishment in which among all his compeers, with the single exception of Tom Towers, Gilbert stood alone, although Johnny surreptitiously transferred his gains to Mausie, who condescended to receive them, doubting a little if they were genuine, since Gilbert had taught himself. The lesson seeming to Gilbert as well as to Johnny an immense and important thing, an awful outskirt of philosophy itself, had led their thoughts this morning a long way through devious speculations, till they finally brought up in the very bowels of the earth. For Gilbert's reveries bent chiefly to such subjects, and it was in the natural sciences that, rising step by step through actual experience, he was one day destined to wear a brilliant name. The conversation went on in the dialect of the district, a lingo scarcely intelligible without that translation which interprets the spirit and coloring of the words, rather than renders the mere letter.

"My father and my mother died down there in the dark," said Johnny; "for aught I can tell mayhap their father and mother before them; when I get well and strong, it's like I shall follow—"

"Not ye, Johnny. They'll have to find some penship or other for our wee man, above in the counting-house."

"They belike! They'll find it for some other wee man that don't need it."

"Not so fast. It was I that saved the life to Mr. Penrose, the Queen's inspector, and he promised me any favor should I ask him. I've none to ask till that."

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There was certainly a tear in Johnny's eye.

"Why don't you ask it for yourself?" he said.

"I'll ask nothing for myself!" was the proud retort. "I shall win the more! win the whole!"

Johnny thought he dreamed of Mausie; the little bitter spirit, ever ready for a spring, leaped up, and biting his lips he turned abruptly back to the old topic.

"Well," said he, "whether *I* get to figgering or not, it's none the better for all the others of them, them poor wretches that delve down there in the dark."

"There's ways provided, lad, that no one need come to grief in his toil, be they followed; and let me tell you here, Johnny, for it's twice I've proved it, when a man's been suffocated in the mine, give him plenty of cold water and air, and slit quickly a little vein in his arm, and beat him about—'t may serve you; small things that a child can do."

"I'll mind, Gilbert."

"Ay, do."

"But where's the need of it now, after all? Sure the world's made crooked. Where's the need? Why couldn't it all be safe and easy? Why couldn't it have been ordered so's that men could dig without wasting their strength, and losing their lives, and starving their childer? Hey?"

"I can't just answer your questions, Johnny, but I imagine there's reason in all that is. The Lord who made every thing else so wisely—as any child may see he did—must have put just as much wisdom into this part as into all the rest. Eh, boy?"

"Well—maybe," said Johnny, deliberately, giving his judgment for what it was worth.

"As for me, I'm sure of it! Yet there's times when I forget my faith, for all that—I myself am fain to believe 'twould go hard with me in heart and hand if Mausie Towers should gainsay my will. Though I know well," added Gilbert, in undertone, "that I'd be freest to pursue my course without her. But I'll not think of it. I will have her. Love with its bonds is more strength than widest freedom. I will have her! Yes, yes, Johnny man, I said once, I remember, in at Mausie's, that poor men were forgotten in the creation; it twinged directly; but I was too proud to take back. Why, it seems to me, as I look, that almost the whole world was made for the poor man! We need none of us despise work. The Creator has shown us how he himself was a workman that labored well. You see I'm not so well posted in these matters as the gentlemen be that I've had speech with, or as a book or two I've read; but I've just got a glimmer of the way things is."

"Oh yes, Gilbert, I dare say ye can explain them all. Mausie Towers always says ye've a glib tongue of your own."

"It's a pity," said Gilbert, more than half to himself, "that Mausie Towers hasn't a mind of her own. But, however," waking with a start, "that's not the point, Pennefathen—that's not the point."

Johnny, in high glee at having caught Gilbert saying even so much as that in disparagement of Mausie—which the malicious sprite of his involuntary manicheism meant duly to report—and full of pride at being addressed by the dignified patronymic like a man, was quite willing to hear what the point was.

"Johnny Pennefathen, your parritch is cold as spring water!" cried a voice on the rocky sill behind and above them, so suddenly that they started, while it intercepted as well the projected point of Gilbert's further remarks. "Off with ye to your breakfast. What you idling about now, Bert?"

"True for you, Mistress Mausie."

"Be off with you, Johnny!" said Mausie, so imperiously that nothing was left to Johnny but flight. Yet climbing to her height, the manikin twitched her gown and drew her back a step, just out of hearing, "You'd like to know what Gilbert's been saying:" he murmured, in blunt haste.

"Leave go my gown now, Johnny!"

"Then I won't tell you. Yes but I will, too," as she would have moved off. "He said he'd be freest to pursue his course without you! That's what he said:" and Johnny ran for dear life.

She shivered, and then she reddened; and she half turned on her heel. But that would show that the shaft had gone home to the mark. Perhaps Gilbert hadn't heard—Mausie assumed the chance—perhaps Johnny lied.

"Where's your day's work, then, Gilbert?" she asked, stepping out of the shadow above into the light that lay lower down as the sun crept into his bank of sultry cloud.

"I've done my last day's work in this region, Mausie."

"What!"

"I'll go down again to-night after the pitmen comes up, but 'twill be for the last time."

"Turned a fine gentleman!"

"I look like it."

"You're going to drown yourself?"

"Would you think it?"

"What nonsense is this you're talking?"

"It's the gospel truth, Mausie Towers. I've saved my hire this many a long day. I've had none but myself. You wouldn't take my gifts."

Mausie fell to fingering her necklace.

"Well, barring the beads, for which I thank you," said Gilbert, with a lover's handsome humility, "and I've got, as I was saying, a pretty penny. What good'll it do me here, to toil and moil, and be blown into flinders for my pains? I'm yet young and strong—that's good capital—I'll waste no more years, but I'll just away over seas to America, where the education may be had for the asking, and where I'll find work to do that's waiting me. That land, made the first, finished the last, surely it's destined for the kingliest race! Please God, my children shall be a part of it. P'raps you'll call it late for me—late to seek study with my years upon me—but there was a stone-cutter in Scotland who swam against a stronger current!"

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Mausie's color went and came, but she tightened the muscles of her mouth, and answered him indifferently without a glance.

"And when'll ye be going?"

"The ship sails this day fortnight."

There was an instant of stillness, then Mausie's head tossed and her eyes flamed.

"I've been thinking for a long time, Gilbert Airey, that we're not fine enough company for you!" she cried.

"Truth to your side, Mausie. You're free to confess it never crossed your mind before."

But Mausie didn't take the liberty.

"There's no better workmen than these of the Forest in all Europe," said Gilbert then. "I never denied it. And I'll ever be faithful to the place. They don't take the lamp from the case to light their pipes with in the stentings, as others do; they don't get stupid sogging over their ale; they've a union that works well, sometimes lectures, lately a school; but that's all, they'll never have more. Where I go, every man has equal chance, many tower; but for each that rises his own height the whole nation rises with him a bit, and things are nearer the great first plan than they are any where else on earth. A man's a man there."

"One cheese after another. I suppose you'll be hunting up Will Keene, the ne'er-do-well?"

"I've heard from Will Keene."

"Did he write, then?"

"No; but I've heard."

"And what?" said Mausie, willing to coquet even with absence.

"The rarest luck—almost the rarest luck."

"Well? It's such a secret that no one's to know it? He's found a horse-shoe in the roads, I suppose. I did myself once—at least *you* did and gave it me, Gilbert."

"More nor that."

"Let them guess that may, then; I was never a hand at a riddle, ye know. Perhaps he's found—a wife." And Mausie looked up roguishly aside.

"If ye won't listen, how're ye going to hear?"

"Sure I'm all attention."

"It's three years ago he went to Pennsylvania—"

"I'd been thinking 'twas to America he sailed."

"'Tis all one. There he saw an idle field whose looks pleased him—he had always an eye to the countryside—he went to a rich man famous for helping others on; asked for the leave to refer to him, so's to show himself trust-worthy, ye see, and got it, and leased the field for a term of years. Then he went to the great cities with his ideas, interested men with idle capital, who put down certain sums to help the plans and were to have certain profits back again. Then Will sunk his shafts, there's no such seam in this country, and he's worth to-day—how much d'ye think, Mausie?"

"How can I tell? Fourpence ha'penny?"

"Five hundred thousand pounds sterling!"

"Enough to sink the ship!"

"Should he load it."

"You'll be renting a field immediate?"

"Not I. I'm not going for money, except it should come to me for want of a better."

"Well," said Mausie, as he still paused, "you'll be ill spared."

"But little."

"Johnny, there, 'll miss you sorely, for all his crooked spite."

"And nobody else?"

"Oh plenty, doubtless. Father swears by you, you know."

"He's a man in ten thousand!"

"And what'll Jane Evans do?"

"Mausie!"

"And as for me, I've had you dangling round so long I'll be fairly lost without ye."

She turned to leave him, throwing the sparkling glance of her sloe-like eye over her shoulder. Never had she been half so enticing as now in her cool carelessness.

"The commonest friend would say more," ran Gilbert's thought. "Either she loves me, or she's a heartless hussy; and I don't think she's a heartless hussy."

"You'll be calling in on us before you go?" she said, lightly.

"That depends—"

"Well, just as your Honor pleases. I must off to my task. I've not outgrown my day's works. I've got herring-nets to do."

"If I had my way you'd never make another," exclaimed Gilbert, stepping toward her as she moved.

"Thank you kindly, then; I'd not care to lose my little trade."

"I mean—"

"It's no odds what you mean, Gilbert Airey. You mean that if you married a poor girl you'd be climbing up out of her reach with your education and fallals, and leaving her alone and wretched down by herself. For my part, I'd rather my man'd be a sorry dunce than grow so far beyond me that we couldn't have speech. That I do. I!"

"Oh, Mausie, couldn't you climb with him?"

"I'd be too heavy, with my cares and burdens."

"Then he'd carry you."

Mausie gave a scornful laugh. Gilbert checked himself in some impetuous word.

"Good-day to you," said Mausie.

"Nay, then, why so soon?" said he. "Come away into the fields. You'll have many a day's work to do by yourself, Mausie. You'll have, perhaps, who knows, few strolls with me again. It's a dun, soft morning overhead, a rare one for the fall. Come away."

And he set his feet beside her in the path and walked so resolutely that Mausie's steps must needs trend in the same direction, for, as she afterward said, he took the will away from her. So they went along the shore, down which the tide had ebbed, till they reached the lane that led into the country-side; and after going the length of a field or two, saying little, stoop-

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ing now and then to break a flower off, Mausie sat upon the stile, while Gilbert leaned against the stem of the overshadowing tree and watched her. It was novel to her, this treatment; he was absolutely stooping to her—to her who so long had ruled. Hitherto, moreover, Gilbert had made merry with her. For quips and retorts she was equal to the next one, but in this silence her weapon's edge was blunted and she compelled. Nothing could have been more vexatious. She sat with her eyes cast down till her cheeks burned scarlet, then gave her shoulders a decided shake, and looked up with a laugh tinkling and cascading like some brook that breaks its bounds.

"I've been sitting for my picture," she said. "Let me see it. Where's it gone?"

"Your picture's in my heart, Mausie. It will go wherever I go," huskily.

"Sure 'twill go in good company."

"D'ye think so, Mausie?" said Gilbert, brightening with a sudden flash. "Will you go in the same?"

"How nonsensical you do be talking! Bert Airey, it's a likely story that I'd be playing the 'Black-eyed Susan,' or that—"

"Sure it's a pretty song, dear."

"Or that father'll be planting his pick to reap sorrow. Father'll go for an education, will he? He's passing young. Perhaps he'd rise in America—great Tom Towers; every one does, you say. Perhaps he'd get to be king of the land if he had fair play. Father!" And she laughed again. "Go 'long with you, Bert Airey; ye're full of your schemes. Ye'd much better be at work. What have you done with your horses?"

"Sold them. But—"

"How handy you are with your buts! If—"

"Without other buts, then, don't pretend to misconceive me any more. You know how dear you are to me. I want to ask you, Mausie, my own girl, to go with me to Pennsylvania—that's where I'm bound—to be my cherished wife—to share my life, my heart, my love—to abide with me forever."

This was exactly what Mausie had endeavored to avoid all summer. She liked to see her power, to sway her sceptre. Being only half conscious of herself, she thought she did not want the cage, never would end the free and happy season, never would bring things to such a point as this. Perchance, too, there was an atom of vexation to find him trembling on the verge of conquest.

"And I suppose 'twas the same thing you were saying to Jane Evans last evening," she answered, quickly, giving the kerchief that she had tied over her hair an extra knot. "And that you got the same answer as I'd be giving. Come now, have you fooled enough? Let's be going. Look about you, Bert Airey, look your last on your childhood's pleasant fields, on the forest, on the sea, on the soft gray sky; you'll see them all no more, remember; give them your kind farewell."

"I've no occasion to unless you do the same, dear. For if Mausie does not go with me, I do not go at all. I stay and delve with the holers and throwers. You've my fate in your hands, Mausie."

"Sure, it's more'n I want," said Mausie, petulishly, but letting her eyes belie her.

"And it's me that doesn't believe a word you say!" exclaimed Gilbert, stepping toward her. Mausie shrank—a movement that was to him like an assurance of strength, it made him bold—how beautiful she was now, erect and pliant, haughty as a duchess, with all her elastic curves and flexures, with her rich coloring full of soft, warm depths and accented with such sparkling lights; how quickly the breath went and came, like a little fervid flame between those proud lips of hers; how smiles and tremors and fiats coursed up and down all her naughty, willful, captivating ways; how her eyes didn't dare meet his own!—the blood stood still one moment in Gilbert's heart, then dashed on its way like an arrested cataract let loose, and he had caught Mausie Towers in his arms and had covered her face with kisses.

There was an instant of proudest, gladdest exultation for Gilbert in the midst of his terror at his deed. It seemed to him that that first warm, deep pulsing kiss on her lips, she, drawn against herself, had given back again, but in a moment afterward she had slipped through his arms to the ground, sprung up and faced him with flashing angry eyes and extended threatening hand.

It was Gilbert's turn to quail; at the very point of success he had let fortune fail him.

"Nay, ye needn't speak, lass," he murmured. "I was wrong. I know it. But I loved you so!"

Mausie, without a syllable, began to walk so rapidly homeward that Gilbert had some difficulty to reach her side. They went on in such swift silence for a time till Mausie suddenly stopped and waved to him a command.

"I'll not be troubling you to follow me. You can stay where you are!" she said, dryly.

"I'll but see you safe in sight of home again," he replied, quietly. "Don't think I'll be vexing ye ever again."

Ever again. That was completer abdication than Mausie could have wished. And the voice itself was a despair. And—and—a great many things overcame the maiden at once. She looked up again and held out her hand:

"Well, then, why'll ye speak of it? Let bygones be by-gones. P'raps I took offense too quick—"

"Not a bit of it, Mausie; I respect ye the more for it: I humbly beg your poor pardon."

"You have it."

So they went on again, Gilbert still holding her hand; but directly Mausie snatched that away, and in a few minutes they came to the place where their paths parted. Mausie had thrown a score of quick sidelong darts from her wary eyes at Gilbert, walking along by her side

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and looking straight before him, a thousand thoughts kept whirling in her head. Here both paused an instant.

"I'll see you again before I leave, shall I?" said he.

"I thought you'd not be going at all," said Mausie, archly.

"I'd best," he answered, in a quiet sadness. "I had high hopes when I spoke; they're over now; and so I'd best be off."

"The eyes of the fool are in the ends of the earth."

"True enough. While I was here my eyes were aye cast there, when I shall be there my eyes will be roving over here. They'll weep belike at being here alone."

"You'll truly go?" and, unawares, Mausie's voice betrayed regret.

"Yes, I'll go. It's a sorry exile. After all, lass, I think 'twould be less hard had I but some little keepsake of you for company—the kerchief from your hair, the ring upon your finger. Shame on me! I've not the spirit of a man!" and Gilbert abruptly moved away.

Mausie did not glance after him; but at the end of a moment's doubt she slowly drew the slender gold hoop that she had purchased of some wandering packman in her fancy for finery—slowly drew it off, and with her eyes upon the ground extended it toward him. He had turned, approached again; suddenly she felt that she was slipping it upon a finger, like a tacit act of betrothal—she drew back hastily and dropped it into his palm. Gilbert's hand closed over it in silence, and there was something still and solemn about the man as if it were the taking of an oath. Mausie would not feel it, neither would she meet his eye, she only looked up at the vine that mantled the tree-stem, and said, lightly,

"Surely I'd not be refusing ye the bauble ye requested."

"And no more, Mausie? Never any more?"

Mausie's lip pouted impatiently for all reply.

Gilbert, too, was silent for a breath, standing there with the ring yet shut up in his hand; but then in a voice low and distinct, and powerful as distant thunder on the horizon's edge, he said:

"Yet you love me, Mausie Towers! I know you love me! I felt it when our souls met there at our lips. What devil is it in your heart denies it? I'll never ask you after this; I'll plead no more; the door of happiness and peace stands open to you for the last time. Some day you'll be proud to think—his heart was mine. By God, girl, I love you! But even a workingman has some honor which he loses by perpetual abasement at a woman's feet. Eat, then, the bitter herb you pluck, or, Mausie lass, Mausie dear, take your honey. Come to the heart that beats for you, the arms that wait ye. See, I've gathered this little flower, I've put a chance upon it, as who would throw a die. Once for all. Life or death. Will ye take it, Mausie Towers, will ye keep it?"

He laid it on her folded arm; she neither accepted nor refused it.

He tossed the hair off his forehead and broke into a wild laugh—a jeering laugh. Then Mausie's eyes flashed, and suddenly she cast them down that he might not see them fill with tears. Her spirit almost cowered; she took up the little flower on her arm and began to twirl its stem—just one thought's time too late, for Gilbert ended his laugh in an imprecation. He looked about him from east to west, then looked at her again.

"You'll be missing me, you said?"

"Oh yes, Gilbert, I'll miss you," she answered, now bitterly enough. "Then I'd miss Matt too," she said, with a quick reverse, the spark in the half-dead coal, flirting her shoulder and laughing over it at him. Gilbert only eyed her fixedly. "Well, good-day to you," said she. "You'll be coming round to-night?" and, waiting for no answer, she was gone, looking back at a rod's distance to see him still standing there and watching her. She waved her hand toward him and laughed, and then, though for aught one can tell she would have died to keep it, she twirled the little flower about in her hand again as she went, and lightly threw it into the brook that sparkled careering down to sea.

It was toward evening that Gilbert Airey drove his horses to their new owner, holding the long reins in his hand and walking in the road beside them. Johnny Pennefathen, who crouched on a door-step, and who had not been able to find him before, now espied and hurried toward him.

"What's this they're saying with their idle tongues?" demanded Johnny, from a woeful countenance. "Where've ye been all day, Bert?"

"Been in the dark."

"Where are you going, Bert?" he whispered, shrilly.

"To America."

"And what'll ever become of me, Gilbert—what'll become of me?" cried Johnny.

"Ye'll go with me, Johnny, if ye list."

Johnny's face brightened like a ruddy sun at dawn.

"But no," added Gilbert; "some one must stay and take care of Mausie."

A cloud darkened the face for an instant. But what was there in America better than that? Any thing in which lay more honor, and service, and pride, and pleasure? *He* take care of Mausie! He felt himself a strong man already. He grew several inches. "Well, Gilbert, that's best; I will!" said he. But as he spoke Gilbert's fingers closed nervously over something that he yet held, and had never suffered to leave his palm since that daybreak—all the noon lying hidden away on the remote sand, face downward; feeling only his own despair, the loss of hope, the wretchedness of going; his heart seething with passion and with pain; his brain confused with anger, love, and longing; crying, with outstretched arms, "Oh, what'll

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come of her when I am gone? What man of them all will she give herself to? Whose fireside will she light, whose babies dandle, whose joy be? Oh, girl! why couldn't ye love me?" and burying his frantic face and wild agonized eyes again in the darkness.

"What is it ye have in your hand there?" said Johnny, whose lynx eyes nothing escaped.

Mechanically Gilbert opened his hand; it was, besides, ever so little of a relief. Johnny looked, and then quickly lifted the ring that lay there.

"It's warm as if it were smelting," said he. "Wonder wad it fit me?" and he slipped it up and down on his fingers. "Ye're going to give it to Mausie?" Suddenly some nick in it, some mark, smote his eye. Mausie had given it to him! This was the whole. All was over. His work in vain. She had promised herself to Gilbert. He was desolate forever. "It's Mausie's ring!" he cried, sharply, as if one struck him, flung the ring in Gilbert's face, and fled. And Gilbert stared after the crazed boy in such amaze as half to forget himself. But there was the ring; he picked it up, held it in his open hand, and looked at it while he walked along, searchingly, as if he might find therein a charm to conquer the world—this ring, this thing, that perhaps he could wear, and that once her life had made warm; then dreamily, tenderly, tried it on this finger and the other, till it slipped down one and rested there. That little slender line of gold glittering on his brawny hand had a significance to his sore heart that some visible talisman of immortality would have failed to give.

He was returning alone from his errand when he met Tom Towers, who, having finished the task usually allotted as a day's work, was up earlier than the rest of the pitmen, reeking with the warmth, every particle of him so caked with the coal-dust as to shine like an Ethiop.

"You look as if carved from the ore, Tom," said Gilbert.

"It's about as het down there," said the other, "as to be raked up in Tophet. It's a cursed time the throwers will have of it to-night. Blessed if I believe they'll ever see morning."

"What odds if they don't?" muttered Gilbert between his teeth.

"Eh? You'll be one of them, I hear."

"Yes, it's Matt's place; but, now he's sick with the fever, I promised him—"

"Ay, boy, it's like you; and there's nobody better for the work than yourself: it needs the cool eye, and the steady hand, and the quick ear. It's all ready for you, the holing. But there's nothing at all to breathe down there. And there'll be less soon, let alone that it's fouling up for a storm."

"Yes, I saw the glass was falling. But my lungs are made of whip-cord. There's no damp can choke me."

"Well, maybe there ain't. I mind how ye can stay by long after the lamps burn blue or red either, without a buzzing in your brain. But the old gob's just soaked in it, and I don't mind telling you that as I come round by the big goaves, I just took and run. Whew!" and Tom drew in a respiration as if he were laying up for future use. "I wouldn't want to stand in your shoes to-night though," added he. "If 'twor not for the doggy, blast him! there'd nobody be let go down till the mine had had a clearing. But there's the coal, and he must have it: much good may it do him, harrying men out of their lives for his profit. It's my opinion, Bert, our doggy's just learning his trade for the work he'll be having some day in—well, not such mighty different quarters."

Gilbert laughed grimly as he replied, "He is a tough one. So much the better; we'll be weeded out the sooner. See the sea shine, it's hotter than it was a while ago. So you think there's danger down there?"

"I don't know a thing worse than a fiery colliery when a storm's brooding, the weather rising warm, and a south wind blowing. If ye come to grief to-night, Bert boy, ye'll never know what hurt you."

"'Twon't matter. There's been no explosion for going on seven months. That's an age. Time there was. I've been the sport of two already. I've nobody in the wide world to care for; 'twill better fit me than another. I'm glad Matt's sick, am I? He's a mother, and maybe a sweet-heart."

"Work's over," said Tom. "There they come, the whole crew. They're right fagged—see them thrown on the grass as if they couldn't get enough to breathe; it's me that knows how they feels. Think twice, Bert, before ye go down."

"Pshaw! I wouldn't mind a good bolt of danger, as I find myself to-day. Nevertheless," said Gilbert, more slowly, "my life's not mine to fling away; it's but fool-hardiness to try at throwing the coal while there's other noises. Wait till it's quiet, and I'll be gone."

So saying, they drew near the lane of cottages and paused at Towers's door. Mausie sat on the sill before them, knotting her herring-nets, with her head obstinately down, but when she lifted it, one could see that her lips were tightly compressed, and her face so white that the eyes darkening and darkening seemed to transfigure it. Mistress Towers looked out with a welcoming word a moment, and Gilbert passed on, while Tom entering, still talked loud-voiced of the threatening perils. A score of strides, then a quick footfall behind him and Mausie's hand on his arm.

"You'll be going down to-night?" said she.

"I'll take a last look at the place, Mausie."

"After all father told you?"

"I'd not be the coward to shirk duty and my word passed."

"With the weather thickening, and death in every breath?" she persisted.

"What's death to me, Mausie?" Gilbert asked coldly, looking her through and through.

Mausie shrank, her eyes got wild in a kind of desperation.

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Gilbert held his hand to her: "Mausie," he said—she put both hers behind her and stamped her foot.

"You'll be going down to-night?"

"I'll be going down to-night!" and without another sound Gilbert passed on.

As Airey descended the shaft, shortly afterward, he found the atmosphere, at first, in its difference from that above, only a trifle sultrier and with a certain stifling quality in its warmth. A quality that turned breathing into labor. The man behind, however, fell upon him fainting, and the foreman ordered all back again till he should make some representation to the doggy—a kind of middle-man, who, having a commission on all the coal mined, proved inexorable. Whereupon, with a muttered oath or two the work proceeded, and, parceled off in separate gangs, they threaded the vast maze of galleries till one standing at the foot of the upcast shaft saw the faint red glimmer of their lamps, like a wide net-work of light, sparkling amidst the universal overpowering blackness that seemed like some awful and visible presence. Penetrating blackness, sweltering heat, prescience of horror, and now and then down-crashing masses of dull echo that disengaged new gases till the air clogged the lungs and made each respiration the lifting of a mountain's load. They wrought with a will, desperately, hastening before destruction that followed fast behind, yet every once in a while there was a moment of horrid silence when each thrower—stripped to the waist, under the immense weights impending close above imminent, needing only a breath to loosen and fall and crush him to nothing—waited an instant, poised his long weapon, and listened with a strained, intent, startled ear if peradventure that whisper might be abroad and creeping up the deadly drifts. It would have been a fearful sight if one could but have seen another, half swallowed in the caves, their wild fierce eyes, their swollen veins, the swarthy rondure of some tense muscle that caught the single beam of that terrible chiaro-oscuro. It would not have diminished the burden of the moment. Then they sprang at their tasks again and dextrously hurled down the huge cliffs about them.

Gilbert's heart was turbulent within him, it beat like a trip-hammer, great and ponderous; he wreaked its vehemence in the blows that brought away such mighty masses. He paused neither to rest nor to listen, the work was to be done, and already the lamps had a sepulchral light; in distant parts of the great excavation they had gone out entirely beneath the unadulterated carbonic acid. He stooped, the least degree possible, knowing that that stifling agent lay below, creeping along the ground as its deadly wont was—the choking azote above—and only between the two the stratum of pure air, if in this noisome place there were such thing at all. The current that should circulate between the intake drift and the return seemed stagnant, only now and then there came a little puff hot as some simoom blast, this way or that, as if the great air-courses were all confused: latterly even these had ceased, for the choke had deadened the flames of the ventilating furnace; heavy dumb poisonous suffocation every where, the oppression had become fearful—it was impossible to breathe, it was impossible not to breathe. The quick pants were groans. The heat exhaled the very soul. The eyes seemed bursting, burning from their sockets, the throats were dry as rough and rasping metal, the pulses had the twinkling celerity of feet shod with the lightning, but they were loaded with the blows of a forge, and boomed in their ears. The awful genius, the fiend of the place, of the low roof, the monstrous pillar, the interlacing labyrinth, the desert mystery behind, the demon of blackness and heat and smother, seemed to be feeling his mute way along the midnight galleries, to be brooding and waiting with subtle patience for his tremendous instant.

All this Gilbert dizzily felt rather than recognized. There were far-away faint voices whispering at his side; there fell upon him, as it were, touches from strange finger tips; he had no single thought, all perceptions seemed swimming loosely in his sensorium; blind horror filled his pores; he saw the flame of the lamp, ghastly blue, stretch up and lick all within its hollow gauze; he had some vague idea that the danger was upon them; he went to extinguish his light and find the way out by instinct, stopped, remembering that some one had given him a ring, full of fire-damp, that would catch at the blaze; turned, because he saw bodily Mausie Towers swinging down the great shaft with a lighted torch in her hand and the trumpet of the last day at her lips; listened, in a kind of dull amaze and stupor, to a rushing sibilant sound where some workman had opened a blower and sent the broad stream of gas swaling forth; leaped for his life and ran as the fearful pressure instantly told that it hurried through the disordered currents, driving them before it to the upcast pit where the furnace lay. A dozen bounds, a tremor, a shock, the whole vast volume of foulness had touched and fired; a light that stamped every pillar, every fern-tracing, on his eye and brain; a sound of heaven and earth coming together; a mighty scorching wind that caught him and whirled him no man knew whither.

Up in the dim soft sky above the sultry night swooned on, calmly delaying its stress, and here and there letting through upon the earth a haze of stars. The tide had flowed placidly again, unwrinkled as yet by the breath of the south wind that distantly bore the storm skimming along on its wings.

Suddenly a great wave surged down the shingle, leaving the sand bare, poised backward-bent an instant and swooped in again brimming the beach, breaking its barriers, flooding the main land, and swirling a thousand dying eddies among the pebbles of the highway. With the thunder of that wave a trembling pulsed along

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the soil, the sickly shivering of an earthquake, and then the land rocked with a long vibration, and a huge roar broke in the ears of the startled sleepers. The huddled groups that swarmed from doorways and windows had no need to seek the terrific cause of their gigantic nightmare; beams were in the air, rocks were falling, lumps of coal of a ton's weight lay half coked and scattered on the ground; a horrible odor filled the heavens, and the shaft's mouth was closed, hermetically sealed from light and air. A universal cry rent the heaven; a shriek as agonized above as the great silence was below. They stood petrified. In the midst of all a figure fully dressed, with coarse cloths in her girdle, a bucket of water in one hand, pick and shovel in the other, issued from Tom Towers's door. "To work," she cried, hoarsely, and fled forward. That scattered them. It was only a moment, though it seemed an age to Mausie, ere they joined her with torches and lanterns, and men, women, and children, alike fell furiously at their task. Whether by instinct, by fatality, or by some word she had heard escape Gilbert in his oral instruction of Johnny, she had happened on the very spot to which the most experienced miners directed themselves, making allowance both for dip and strata, the force of the explosion, and the subsequent concussion. Perhaps it could have been that the heart was the best divining-rod, and when she struck the first spade into the ground, she knew well what lay below it. Those of the women who could do no good tended on the breathless workers, children lay still in frightened groups, here and there some wife crouched wailing on the ground with her arms about a babe, now and then some woman fell from the ranks and sank with a shuddering cry. It was the flower of their youth and strength that lay buried beneath them. Mausie wrought on, scarcely any man more effectively, none with more dry and panting pertinacity; she was conscious of but one thing, a long sighing sound, a stertorous rustle, deep in the hollow ground. Others, too, began to hear it; at the same moment old Carnes and his son Harry cried out, "Hark! D'ye note the smothered roar? God! the mine's afire! They'll be burned alive!"

"Hold your tongue, ye gaping ninny ye! Ye'll be spreading that among the women, will ye?" exclaimed great Tom Towers. "The mine's no more afire than you. For the coal-dust that fills the air down there to be fired and wrap 'em in breathing flames there must needs be fresh air, ye know well, and there isn't a drop of fresh air. It's only the natural noises of the place—as if you put your ear upon a shell. Open your ugly mug again and I'll smash it to a jam!" But Tom threw a giant's strength into his arms as he spoke. It was careful work; for supposing that the blast had thrown them hitherward, and any should be yet alive, it was necessary not to crush them anew; the place was to gauge and stake out with science, and the toil cautiously to be proceeded with.

Sunrise stole over the sea; all the waves tossed up their blushing snow to catch the first long ray that crept above them; the tiny waves that lay at ebb, curling crisply and plashing among themselves, calm and sweet as if no agonized horror were darkly heaped and hid away there from searching eyes. The very gathering storm hung in heaven and held its breath, and to-day, as yesterday, a mantling cloud took the sun into its arms; solely there blew up with imperceptible breath a breeze that fanned the brows of the workmen—workmen who were now relieved hourly by relays. Mausie herself was obliged to rest at length, for Tom Towers's mere word was compulsion, and she lay down a little removed, with her ear to the sod. In this hour of mortal dread another girl would have forgotten herself; but to Mausie there came one brief relapse of pride. Feeling she was not needed she touched the tools no more; she had suspected the passing of a look among the women as if they flouted her; others were near her; she lay still and feigned to sleep. But one would have had hard work to sleep with the heart beating such a devil's-tattoo in the side; and though her countenance was impassible as any mask, there was a whirl of emotions beneath it that dazed her.

They had brought the excavators their breakfast; it was deepening into noon; still the women waited, still the men delved, still Mausie lay there, in the cluster of other girls, with her calmly-closed eyes and her whole soul swinging like a pendulum over an abyss of madness. One could have seen no tremble of lash, no play of color there, no stir of life; but instead, with every breath, the nostrils dilated and beat and collapsed, a tiny throb full of fiery fever.

There came a moment when the men paused in their determined silence; a murmur ran among them, and the spades and picks were thrown down. They had made a breach in one of the old passages long fallen to ruin, nearer the surface than others, since it had followed an outcropping vein. It was but the duration of a score of pulsations that they paused, but to Mausie, who dragged herself half-upright on her hands and stared down among them with starting eyes, the laggard delay seemed endless. Then they flew at the work again with an infuriate haste, as if fresh powers fed the veins, and stretched the chords, and beat great floods through the hearts. Suddenly a joyful cry, "The stoppings!"—joyful as aught could be so pointed with suspense, so underlain with terror. It was the brick wall once built to force the air to the point required, now a barrier of ruins—whether made so by the long creep of the sinking strata, or lately blown to fragments, one could hardly tell. Scarcely had the first brick been removed to make a passage through ere Mausie was as nearly down among them as she dared to be; for the inspectors, the owners, the surgeons, the lord of the neighboring country seat, and several of the gentry, formed a group around the pitmen to the exclusion of the women. But it was

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no easy task this last effort of theirs, for fast as entrance was half effected it fell together, and the wreck left them double work. At length it became necessary to make the tunnel arched; and in the absence of any capable engineer a narrow, sinuous passage was completed — so fearfully narrow that neither man nor woman of them all could penetrate it, and so fragile that the removal of an extra brick might occasion the downfall of the whole. A child must go. Whose child? Scarcely a mother there could dream of sparing hers. What child, slender enough for that, would have the wit, the skill to perform the necessary offices?

Where was Johnny Pennefathen?

Truly — where was Johnny Pennefathen? Dame Towers was not so tender of him but that he could be suffered to make the trial.

But Johnny Pennefathen no soul had seen since the preceding nightfall; all day long he had been away, had not entered nor made a part of the harrowing hour. The inquiry, turning every glance on Mausie, gave her excuse to run down among them, they made way for her, and she knelt and questioned the cavity with eye and ear. It was a dreadful moment that she thus sought speech as it seemed with the vast void, the hollow deeps of death, old fires burned out in its space; her face was white with their ashes when she rose. Speeding to the cottages Mausie sought Johnny, but vainly. Then she remembered how he had gone out among the rocks the night before, and half-feeling it to be hopeless, in sore agitation she swiftly followed the path calling his name aloud. But all with no reply. There entered her wild cry at last an awful intonation that, if Johnny were drowned full fathom five, his spirit, it seemed, must needs answer. And in truth, ere the sound had died, there crept out from a crevice of the cliffs a little figure, hatless, shoeless, bedraggled, and stood before her.

"What do you want with me, Mausie?" he said, hoarsely; and his very voice told the whole story of his rage, his flight, his self-consuming passion; of his watch among the rocks, wet with the flowing and receding tide, submerged for a second in that one great billow; his bare feet all day in the cold salt pools, told that he had felt the fearful shock and heard the tremendous roar; told that he knew of Gilbert's extremity, that he was glad of it, that he meant to leave him to it; told, too, of the struggle yet at its height within him between the two loves, the hot wickedness, the stout conscience—poor little man! It was in brief words that Mausie summoned him. He half turned about to re-enter his hiding-place.

"That's all?" said he, sardonically. "I'm not going."

"Johnny!"

"Johnny me no Johnnies."

"Oh, Johnny!"

"I'm not going."

"For the love of Heaven, child!"

"Neither for Heaven's love, nor yet for yours."

"Oh, Johnny, for me, for me!" cried Mausie with a dry and choking convulsion of a sob. "Won't you serve me, Johnny?"

"I'd die to serve you, Mausie."

"Then hasten," with a forward step as she spoke.

"Never!" said the boy, striking his bare foot on the rock. "What are they all to you?" And then after a grating laugh: "It's Gilbert, is it? Let him die. I'll never help him. Oh, it's I that love you, Mausie. *I* love you truer nor him. D'ye think there's no heart in this rack of bones? Try it, try it. Laugh now, do! But your cruel laughing won't put out the heat that burns here, here! here!" with a blow for every word.

"Johnny, child, ye're just gone mad to talk to me so at this hour, and you but a boy!"

"Boy, am I!" cried Johnny, almost soaring in wrath, and looking level in her eyes. And Mausie, forced to measure him, saw indeed that he was no more a child—long stress of passion—this single night—had wrought rare change; he had traveled far into the fires and forces of manhood.

"Johnny," said Mausie, hurriedly, "I took ye to my heart long ago because I had no brother. Don't ask more! And now there's not a word to waste; Gilbert's down there dying, dying, when you might save him. Love you? Come quick, Johnny Pennefathen, or I shall hate you!"

"Why should I save him?" said Johnny, sullenly.

"You said you'd die to serve me."

"So I would."

"There's no other way in which you can."

"Why does it concern you whether I carry help or not to Gilbert Airey?"

Mausie faced round upon him, and her eyes blazed in the pallor of her countenance.

"Because I love him!" she cried.

"Hot irons wouldn't have torn it from you yesterday," said Johnny, gazing boldly in the eyes.

"You'll come now!"

"Yes—I'll come."

It was not five minutes ere Johnny's preparations were made, the long pole with the lamp at one end, like that of the *penitent* of European mines, to probe the dangers of the place and to direct the way, Mausie's towels in his hand fresh dipped in icy water, other restoratives about his person, a rope round his waist by which, should he pull it, they were to draw him out. And Johnny, giving Mausie a last silent, bitter look, fell on his face and entered the darkness.

What an age, a breathless age, passed then without!—hair had time to grow g[illegible]y. Had he found them? were they alive? had he given them the wet cloths to breathe through and purify the inhalation? had not enough fresh air entered at the abortive openings and at this one to change the deadly atmosphere within, to lighten the torpid slumber? had he tried the restoratives? did he know enough to open veins? what

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word would he bring back—who lived, who died? Silent, intent, they waited, and time passed. Soon a feeble sound, the falling of a brick, the stirring of rubbish on the other side, then the regular recurrence of the noise, showed that hands wrought within to widen the aperture. This it had been found impossible to do from one side alone and preserve the arch of its roof, owing to the crushing weight above; but proceeding at both extremities it was easy. Once or twice before, at intervals, they had heard the feeble sound, dulled through all the space, and at a different point, as if some stronger one of those inhumed had half revived and sought not to die without a struggle, but they fancied themselves—so faint and broken was the sound—to be deceived by their own hopes. But now, decided, Tom Towers and his mates were at the work again, almost as soon as the first stir reached their ears.

Silence laid her finger and sealed their lips, these waiting effigies; those within had perhaps not the strength to halloo, those without had not the courage; no one dared to ask, every one dreaded to know—as much afraid, it seemed, of joy as of sorrow. Perhaps it might be only Johnny. At length a pause. The light carried within had ceased to be visible. Had Johnny gone on, or was the air so foul as to quench it? What! there was some one in the passage painfully dragging himself along; a moment more and he stood among them, haggard, sooty, bruised, and with a broken arm. It was Weatherbee. As he stood there in the first reeling instinct of dazzling daylight, his mother ran and fell about his knees; his little son standing far off began to cry with a sturdy voice.

They led the man aside where the surgeons might attend to him, for something else was in the passage — something that came feet first, pushed from within. Others took hold and drew him out: it was Tim Curlew, perhaps not dead, who could tell? There were arteries to open in the neck and feet, false respiration to produce, a hundred things to do ere one should dare say. Mausie's breath seemed to have forsaken her; she had gone down with Johnny, and stood now among them all—stood as if she were made of stone. Again the passage grew opaque and darkened; a man thoroughly blackened had partly issued from it, and paused, overcome. They dashed water about his head till the eyes unclosed; a surgeon sponged his face with vinegar, and forced a cordial between his teeth. He emerged slowly, and stood up against the pile behind. Even through the cinder, dust, and smoke that plastered it—except where, about the temples, the sponge had passed—it was plain to see that the man's hair was gray, the hair that lay low across the brow in dark masses when he went down the night before.

"Tim 'll live," said he; "but—I've—old Evans—behind. I doubt if he stirs again: he may. There's—no more!"

"Gilbert! Gilbert, boy! is't thou?" cried Tom Towers, clasping him in his arms an instant. But there was not a moment to spare, and Tom sprang back, his heart like a great bulb beating in his throat, and they hastened to bring out the stiffened form of the man whom Gilbert had drawn through. Gilbert looked about him a moment—though it was drawing on toward sombre nightfall the light lay, a rosy flame before him—he staggered away a step or two, and fell. The men let him alone, for some one had already reached him—a form had knelt beside him—a face had hidden itself in his breast—and it was Mausie Towers.

"You'll go home to my house, Bert," said Tom Towers, forsaking the labor for a breath; "and ye'll never leave it till ye go to America."

"I'll not be going to America now," murmured Gilbert, in whom only the faculties sharpened to his escape as yet awoke.

"Oh, Gilbert!" said Mausie, raising her head before them all and pushing back the fallen raven lock, seeking in vain for some delicate euphemism of assurance, "I'll—I'll be *glad* to go with you now."

"We'll all go together," said Tom. "I've been turning of it over. Come Christmas we'll all go together. The land's wide enough to hold us. What say, dame?"

An hour's labor had brought out all the buried miners that were to be found. They were none of them living. The three who survived owed their preservation to the fact of having been thrown upon several of the others, which raised them above the noxious afterdamp that creeps along the floor, and left them more amenable to resuscitation. Gilbert himself had heard the first spade struck into the ground, but had been unable to move until the earlier and unsuccessful openings had blown over him, and then but feebly. Now he remained upon the scene that by word of mouth he might assist the search. Little search was possible; a great wall falling inward had shut them off from the workings, and the mine was in a roaring blaze, whose stench and heat grew insupportable.

And meanwhile where was Johnny? Nobody had seen him come back again; nobody had thought to pull the rope. It was Gilbert asked the question, and, rising, went wavering to the spot. There was the rope, swept unobserved into the corner of the passage-way. He caught it with main force, and tugged and fetched through the insensible child; for Johnny, when Gilbert, refreshed with all he brought and with the cool current of air fanning through, bade him hasten back, had tripped and fallen, putting out his light, and had lain down there, where yet the gases lurked, till they far more than undid the work of all Gilbert's healing summer. But life was not extinct; the little heart yet fluttered under Mausie's hand; and he was carried home and laid upon the bed.

Johnny never left the bed. So severely shocked, he had no reserved force to rally; moreover, he was one of those whose thoughts and emotions, suffered to deepen their vivid power, eat with corrosive mordacity into the

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vitality. When the autumn had flared out and fallen his white face lay upon the pillow like a faded flower.

Mausie sat at his bedside one night alone. Gilbert, who watched with her, had stepped out under the stars, and she could see him standing on the doorstep with uncovered head. A strange and beautiful humbleness filled Mausie's heart. All she loved was under her hand. Gilbert had been saved that terrible day; had slept that night beneath the same roof with herself; she had crept from her room to see that all went well with him; and she had thought with grateful storming tears how poorly she deserved it, when good little Jane Evans was at the same moment crying over the father's face that would never smile back at her again.

As she sat there now, looking at Gilbert through the pane, Johnny opened his eyes in turn, and gazed a wistful gaze at her. Soon she felt his thin hand lying chill on hers.

"I was a fool, Mausie," he said. "Oh what a fool I was! I see it all—and I'm content. Sometime Mausie 'll be telling her little children of poor Johnny: ye'll not mention that wicked day when I'd have let Gilbert die. Perhaps he'll forgive it. Maybe he'll never know it himself. He's been a good fellow to me, Gilbert has. I'm sore to think that ye've kept away the thought of your wedding-day lest you'd grieve me, lass. You needn't have been so tenderful. I'm going to put on wedding-robes myself, you know. I could see Gilbert through the pane a while ago; he was saying some prayer for me—I'll be bound he was. It's grown dimmer—darker like; I don't see him now. Mausie, dear, if you'd stoop and kiss me once upon the mouth—"

Mausie stooped. And with his last breath cold upon her lips Johnny's little flickering flame went out.

THE ARMY CORRESPONDENT.

WHEN the Great Rebellion was inaugurated, the calls for men for the defense of the nation were not more quickly responded to than was the call of the public for the earliest intelligence and minutest particulars of every manifestation of force on the part of the insurgents, by that lesser army of "army correspondents." Sticking to Charleston until Sumter was screened by the smoky shroud of the final bombardment; coolly eating dinners and picking teeth at the St. Charles in New Orleans until hustled from the steps by the Provost Guard, and hooted at by the populace as an "Abolitionist;" looking upon, and noting with deliberation, the defiant and reckless proceedings of the secession inquisition at Richmond, until the last spark of Unionism was extinguished; entering Alexandria with Ellsworth, and writing his obituary almost before his assassin had ceased to breathe; rushing to the front, and as quickly to the rear, of the great Bull Run of July '61; from that day to this the "army correspondent" has not ceased to be a concomitant of the army, and to share its perils and fatigues, and to enjoy its adventures and experiences. He has figured in the casualties and been numbered among the captives; he has been killed and frequently wounded; and the walls of the loathsome "Libby" yet confine several of these indomitable spirits: their position being rendered doubly hazardous because they are not considered prisoners of war, and their release from bondage being dependent entirely upon the whims of their captors. But if, upon their release, there remains a cruelty of the enemy yet untold these men will be false to their calling.

The experiences and incidents in such lives of such men can not be other than strange, oftentimes amusing, and always interesting. Two years in the saddle, or under the frail but welcome canvas of the camp, have been full of adventure and incident, the most of which remain untold, and yet can scarce grow old even with age. And to dissipate the *ennui* of these hot days, and to vary the monotony of the camp, I am jotting these notes.

You sip your coffee at breakfast, and must always have your morning paper, with its column of "war news," to make the coffee relish. We sip ours, strong enough to bear an egg, always without cream, and need nothing to make it relish; though a sharp skirmish or a galloping raid, if taken just before the coffee, adds zest to your relish of a cup of Government Rio—rendered, by a peculiar process of camp distillation, "as black as the ace of spades." You never think, as you leisurely sandwich your dainty breakfast between our telegrams and letters, of the difference between that breakfast and ours; you haven't any idea that the correspondent rode fifty miles the night before to give you that item at breakfast this morning; nor, even with your war news at your elbow, or staring at you from every bulletin, have you any idea of the number, class, and experiences of the indomitable "army correspondents."

The energy, enterprise, and lavish expenditure of money by the representatives of the press with the army, for the furtherance of the single object of getting news, and *getting it first*, too, would astonish people, were even only the half told. Probably in no business in existence is the competition so sharp as between the leading newspapers of New York and their representatives in the field. When I say that cases have occurred where five hundred dollars would be a very small price for half an hour's time, I state a common fact.

When M'Clellan moved on empty Manassas we had freshly nibbed our pens, and scarce an individual foraging party by the troops but stood in peril of being instantly chronicled by the rapacious news-seekers, whose appetite for items had been greatly sharpened by the winter of lethargy on the south bank of the Potomac. And when the head of the column filed through the abandoned works we were all there, and had to assuage our disappointment with "quakers," and empty barracks, and piles of rubbish. There

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being no news to write, we sought for trophies, and not a pile of *débris* any where that escaped the inspection of the curiosity hunters. The enemy had been very circumspect in his departure, and the only ornaments we found were broken frying-pans, leaky kettles, and dilapidated clothing. The disgust at the result of our early efforts for "making history" was supreme.

When the major part of the Army of the Potomac, under M'Clellan, turned its head toward Alexandria for debarkation for the Peninsula, I tarried a while with M'Dowell, and marching through the mud of Manassas, which was an ever-present subject, finally bivouacked in the front yard of old Mrs. Catlett, at Catlett's Station, on the Orange and Alexandria Railroad, a spot which every man in King's old division of the First Army Corps could sketch from the memory of frequent visits, and the spot rendered more historical than ever in August of last year by the capture of General John Pope's baggage-train by Stuart. Jeb Stuart always stopped with Mrs. Catlett when he visited that section, and profited thereby, for this woman knew constantly all about our movements through her graciousness to many of our officers, whose tongues were less discreet than they should have been. But this advance soon promised to be fruitless; and though a part of the force did afterward shoot off and take the hills of Falmouth, yet I returned to Alexandria, and with Franklin's division set sail for Ship Point, then the base of the army before Yorktown.

When riding back from Catlett's to Alexandria, by way of Manassas, darkness overtook us, and we spread our blankets that night on the hard floors of the mansion of William J. Weir, a large brick house, the only one left standing at Manassas, and in which Beauregard had his head-quarters before and after the battle of Bull Run. There is a very interesting personal history connected with this estate, almost legendary in its character. Weir was an aristocratic slaveholder of liberal views, whose possessions in the immediate vicinity of the house were twenty-four hundred acres in extent, while another plantation of six hundred acres was located on the bank of Broad Run, about three miles distant. Many years since Weir married a foreign lady, who brought him a large fortune and a family of eleven active sons and daughters. The old man's broad acres were enough for all; but while some were prudent and sagacious, others wasted their substance in riotous living, and three sons betrayed their country and joined in the rebellion. The old mansion was still standing in tolerable repair; but it was only spared because of its occupancy by the rebel General; for Weir was strongly suspected of Unionism, did vote against secession when the question came up at the polls, and was actually shut up in the guard-house for saying, as he witnessed his fruit trees being made into fire-wood, that he "didn't know as he would be used any worse by the Yankees than he had been by those who professed to be his friends."

His "property in man" had consisted of about one hundred pieces, nearly all highly valuable field-hands. Many of these had escaped, some were driven South, while about twenty remained on the two farms. When the rebels retreated the old man, then over seventy, went with them. In company with a friend I conversed for an hour with an aged "uncle," who "dandled Massa Weir on his knee when a child," and was still more vigorous than his owner. He gave us much information. "Massa Weir," he said, "war parsuaded to go off by young massars, who wore de sho'der-straps, and swar de Yankees kill him." My friend asked if Massa Weir's return would be looked upon with favor. "Dunno," was the sober reply: "spec' he neber cum back 'cept in a pine box."

The farm on Broad Run was the residence of the overseer and quite a number of likely chattels. A small race turned a mill, which ground the corn, and furnished the remaining negroes with meal—all they had to subsist upon. The Run had been forded by the troops at this place a few days before, and, the movement being slow, some of the men entered the mill and inflicted some injury. The next day old uncle hobbled up to the head-quarters of General Cutler, to ask him to protect the mill, "and keep de cullud folks from starvin'." After giving him the assurance desired he was asked some questions about his "massa," and was just turning on his heel when my poetical friend, Adjutant Haskell, struck up a strain from one of Whittier's latest, slightly varied for the occasion, thus:

> "Me massa on his trabbels gone;
> He leab de mill behind;
> De Lord's bref blow him furder on,
> Like corn-shuck in de wind."

The son of Afric stopped, listened, turned, and with a broad grin and a face illuminated as with the light of youth, he bowed himself out, and limped down the road as briskly as though he had seen but the half of his fourscore years. A few days after we heard from the old man. "De Lord's bref had blown him furder on"—to his last Eternal Home. He died at Culpepper, deserted by his sons, who had followed the retreating army on its march to Richmond.

Arriving at Fortress Monroe I found that, in consequence of some indiscretions of overzealous correspondents, the most severe as well as absurd regulations had been prescribed with reference to their government. The extent to which the censorship was used here has never been fully known. Correspondents were not allowed to state it at the time. It extended to the mails, so far as they were concerned, and no letter for publication, nor even private letter to the editor, could pass through the Post-Office without the approving initials of a young aid-de-camp on General Wool's staff. Soon after this extreme was modified by the adoption of a *parole*, really more precise and rigorous in its requirements than any ever administered to an enemy. This parole will be a great curiosity when the final history of the war is written. But all

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the correspondents eagerly swallowed it, and the magic initials of "*E. S. S., Military Supervisor of Army Intelligence*" obtained them free ingress and egress to the military lines for several months. I am not sure but some of them are traveling on it yet. The document covered two printed pages of letter-paper, and many guards, terrified at its length, readily passed all who presented it rather than read it.

It is said that the correspondents with the Army of the Potomac have not fraternized socially in the field to the same extent as in the Western armies. This is probably true. The majority of the correspondents were for the New York papers, who were so sharply in competition that neither one chose to have another a spectator of or a participant in his movements. But there were several instances of fraternization when it couldn't be helped, and they were frequently ludicrous in the extreme. When Yorktown was evacuated there might have been seen at least one correspondent to every embrasure, with a gun-carriage for a seat, writing up the evacuation. But the pursuit was rapid; and after digging around among the wrecks for trophies, and carefully picking our way through the torpedoes, we joined the advance and rendezvoused that night at the house of one Whittaker, two miles east of Williamsburg. Generals Keyes, Sumner, and Heintzelman all had their head-quarters at that house. The correspondents, nine in number, engaged supper, and made arrangements for sleeping on the floor. During the evening more officers arrived. The approaching supper was long in making its appearance; at length one of the party made a reconnoissance to the basement and discovered a table, around which were seated a dozen officers with a fair and amiable lady at the head. To all appearance they had concluded their meal, and so screwing up his courage, and in his politest tone, the newspaper man ventured to suggest that "there were nine hungry reporters up stairs who hadn't had a mouthful since morning." "Nor we either," blandly responded Captain M.; whereupon the missionary departed and reported the state of affairs to his discomfited companions in the story above. But we slept that night on a carpet, and, compared with what followed, we were very fortunate.

Next day came the battle of Williamsburg, and with it a dreary, dreadful rain-storm which soon rendered the roads next to impassable. I had ridden to Cheeseman's Creek early in the morning with dispatches, and got back to Whittaker's house just as Hancock started to make his famous charge on the right. My horse being nearly exhausted, I dismounted and followed the moving column on foot. It was then nearly four o'clock. I got to the battle-field, but the mud was so deep that, though traveling until ten o'clock at night, I made but four miles, just the distance to the captured redoubts and back. Returning to Whittaker's house, I found that General M'Clellan had located his head-quarters there, and that the head-quarters of the newspaper corps had been precipitated into the cellar. I was the last man in, save two who had gone to the rear in great disgust. Nobody knew any thing about the battle, yet all were busy writing. Though in a terribly desolate plight as regarded my personal condition, yet I was the only man in the room who had not lost his temper. The day had been horrible, and every body was morose and sullen. Some of us wrote until two A.M.; thus occupying a large table, which afterward was the only spot in the cellar not covered by some sleeping human form. On this the *Times* and the *World* disposed themselves; the *Tribune* sat bolt upright on the stone-floor against the wall; the Philadelphia *Inquirer* snored lustily from a bench near the fire. During the night some surly surgeon kicked my boots into the fire-place, and in the morning I found them cinders. But not to be nonplused, I extracted a pair of fine calf-skins from my saddle-bags, and grew defiant as well as desperate. The next night I had wet feet.

When daylight came I found the *Tribune* out in the yard rubbing the aches out of his bones, and searching for his horse, which could not be found. He innocently asked a darkey standing near to assist in the search, and endeavored to propitiate him by shaking a five-dollar bill in his face. "Dunno 'bout findin' *dat ar* horse," responded John; "'spec likely could find you *a* horse." "Very well; *a* horse will do," said W.; and in about an hour I saw him mounted on a steed of Gothic style of architecture, which I am sure was the very one abandoned by the trooper who had stolen his.

Leaving an assistant to pick up the *débris* of the battle I started for Cheeseman's Creek with letters, and breakfastless (as we had been supperless and dinnerless the day before); I plashed back through the deep mud, which has never been equaled any where save in the pine lands at Falmouth. Arriving at the camp of Porter's Division below Yorktown, I found a fortunate chance to forward my letters by a gentleman going direct to New York; and then going to my tent horrified my servant by my appearance, who declared, with uplifted hands, that I "was de dirtiest-looking man he eber did see." But next day found me in good condition again, and on my way by steamer to West Point, with Sedgwick's Division, where Franklin had already gone, and where he was engaged in a handsome little fight when we arrived.

The propensity of correspondents to rush to the front frequently got them into trouble. There was a very general desire to accompany the cavalry advance, and after the battle of Williamsburg not less than half a dozen could always be found literally leading the advance squadron. This induced an order prohibiting them from pushing farther to the front than the head-quarters of the commanding general. The day this order was issued the cavalry advance had been full of "specials." At night they retired a short distance to the rear, and sought a comfortable house for quarters. It happened

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to be in this instance the residence of a venerable and stanch Union man, who has since represented the loyal portion of Virginia in the United States Senate. They were hospitably received, and very handsomely entertained by the ladies with excellent music up to a late hour in the evening. It was not far from midnight when a loud rap startled them, and upon opening the door the tall form of the general commanding the cavalry advance darkened it. What he wanted he didn't say; but when he found the house full of the ubiquitous newspaper men then his temper, never the most amiable, got the better of him, and he summarily ordered them under arrest. It happened that one of the correspondents was done up in the uniform of a captain of cavalry, and when this was perceived he became the special object of reprimand. Expostulations were of no avail; back to the rear, through seven miles of mud and darkness, they went. The next morning they were brought up before General M'Clellan, whose good nature dismissed them with a slight reproof.

The order was at first partly observed, but soon fell into disuse, though the Provost Guard of the advance kept a sharp look-out for the violators of it. When riding one day up beyond White House, I met two of the fraternity returning from the front rapidly on foot. A sergeant with a cavalry patrol was not far behind, they said, and they had been dodging him for two days. The previous night they had slept in a meadow by the side of a hedge-fence, with a couple of friendly boards for a covering.

The pleasantest experiences of the Peninsula campaign, and indeed of any campaign through which I have passed, were those in the vicinity of "White House," on the Pamunky River, so long the base of supplies for the army on the Chickahominy. Communication was regular with Fortress Monroe each day by water, and by railroad to the Chickahominy front. The country was laid out in large plantations, and therefore sparsely settled. Guerrilla fighting had not been inaugurated, the roads were usually good, and the ride of twenty miles, from Gaines's Mill to White House, in the cool of the morning of a hot day in June was quite agreeable. The historical associations of this spot are very interesting, and its later associations will blend the memories of the Rebellion with those of the Revolution. The estates of the Lee family seem to have been doomed to desolation. "Arlington" has been a military post ever since the war began, and "White House," fresh, fragrant, and beautiful when our cavalry first encamped in its broad fields last summer, is now a wide plain trampled into flinty hardness, the "White House" itself a blackened ruin, and the hundred-year locusts and elms which lined the avenues all laid low and withered, that the gun-boats in the Pamunky might have better range.

I made my advent to the spot on the 14th day of May, with Colonel Farnsworth and his gallant Eighth Illinois Cavalry. We camped in a clover field, and were literally "in clover" up to our knees. To the left of our camp was a field of green and luxuriant wheat, one thousand acres broad. In front of us was the "White House," or rather the successor to the original "White House" which had been burned thirty years before, and on whose ruins was erected the present building—*not* a "White House," but a neat cottage building of a light neutral tint, with a handsome lawn in front and garden on the side and rear toward the river. Here we picked, on the 15th of May, the first handful of strawberries and the first bouquet of the season. The name of Washington is intimately associated with this spot. 'Twas here, while on a journey from Fredericksburg to Williamsburg (then the seat of State Government), that he stopped for a meal only, but meeting the charming widow, Martha Custis, staid all night, the next day; came again, wooed, won, and was wed in the little church of St. Peter, scarce two miles distant. The church was visited by thousands of our troops, and reverently respected for its associations. I passed it one day, and found it in a good state of repair, with its memories and ivies still clinging around it. It had been a plain yet attractive structure; and as I viewed the vacant altar and auditorium, I could not repress the ardent wish that the chronicle of peace might once more issue from the forsaken pulpit.

When our forces took possession of the estate it was the residence of William Henry Fitzhugh Lee, a son of General Robert E. Lee. He was then a Colonel of cavalry in the rebel service, was afterward made Brigadier-General, and is now a prisoner of war and hostage in our hands. The title of the property is vested, through a family bequest, in Mrs. Charlotte Wickham Lee, wife of William Henry. Up to the time of our arrival Mrs. Robert E. Lee had been residing there with her daughter-in-law, but the house was shut up and abandoned, the greater portion of the furniture remaining in it. Not long after Mrs. General Lee was captured near Old Church, and General M'Clellan courteously passed her through our lines under a flag of truce. It is suggestive to add, that three days after this occurrence Jeb Stuart and the young Lees made their great raid around our army as it lay on the Chickahominy.

There were (or had been) three hundred slaves on the estate. Most of them remained. By the provisions of the will of their former owner, George Washington Parke Custis, they were to be free in October, 1862. Doubtless they have not realized a freeman's estate, save such as availed themselves of the opportunity offered by the presence of our army. Upon the arrival of our cavalry the negroes at once quit work and commenced a traffic with the troops. A large business was done in shad, thousands being caught by the slaves in the Pamunky, and for a week while we lay there elegant fresh shad were our staple food. "Jedo," the overseer, threatened the negroes if they did not resume work; the soldiers heard of it, and they

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threatened Jedo; and the slaves were their own masters for the time being.

One of the oldest among them, a sincere veteran of eighty years, conducted me about the house, pointed out the window sills that were made from pieces of the old house, and showed me a small and plain table which Washington had used to write upon. The fate of the spot is well known. Its occupancy as a military post changed its aspect from that of a quiet and lovely country residence, to that of a busy, bustling commercial port, with a very strong martial appearance. The final abandonment brought with it destruction to every remaining thing, including the house itself, which was burned, it is believed, through some misconception of orders on the part of the officer charged with the final withdrawal of our forces.

The experiences of what is known as the "Seven Days' Retreat" were the most exciting, the most exhausting, as well as the most amusing, and they can scarcely be alluded to at sufficient length to give them in all their interesting detail. As soon as railroad communication with the White House had been destroyed, many of the correspondents, with more discretion than valor, be it said, eagerly sought out the advance cavalry guard which was to open communication with our gun-boats on James River. And to these men, imbued with not a little panic feeling, were the people at the North indebted for the early and egregiously absurd stories of total demolition and capture, which preceded the receipt of more truthful as well as official accounts. The writer had the pleasure of doing the whole retreat on foot. The morning after the battle of Gaines's Mill I placed my horses in charge of the quarter-master of the Fifth Wisconsin regiment, while I walked down to Savage Station, only a short distance from their camp, to ascertain what the prospect was for getting off an account of the battle which I had consumed all night in preparing amidst the horrid din and rattle of the retreating columns, as they crowded and crushed over the two remaining bridges. On my return to the camp I not only found the regiment gone, but the spot it occupied exceedingly uncomfortable from the shells which the enemy's guns on Garnett's farm were then throwing into those woods. I made a hasty retreat, and owing to the mutations of circumstances saw no more of my horses until they landed at Alexandria, two months afterward.

We started from Savage Station toward evening and spread our blankets that night with Colonel Roberts, of the Second Maine regiment, on a hill just south of White Oak Swamp. Before morning an incident occurred which was only one of many of a like character that happened during the retreat, and fully illustrates the rapidity with which the troops became imbued with a sense of their position, especially when it is extra hazardous. A squadron of the Eighth Pennsylvania Cavalry had been sent out on a reconnoissance toward Charles City, and on their return they were mistaken for the enemy by our pickets, who came rushing back into camp, which was soon in a grand state of uproar and confusion, the effect being fearfully increased by the pitchy darkness which prevailed. For a few moments only a panic existed, when the cause of the alarm was ascertained, and quiet restored. But those few moments were terrible, and were repeated every night following. The next night a single mule stampeded the whole of M'Call's Division. A frightened horse which came rushing through the woods threw into panic two of the best regiments of Morell's Division.

The march made during Sunday, June 29th, by the Fifth Corps is known to this day in that corps as the "blind march." It commenced early in the morning, and was kept up with frequent halts all day and all night following. It was not toward James River, nor toward Richmond, but a sort of semicircular movement, which, if continued, would take us into Richmond, and many of the officers really believed we were marching on that city by the flank. Rations had been replenished, and word was passed to conduct the march with the greatest secrecy. There was something singularly impressive and mysterious about that Sunday night's march. We pursued a narrow road, mostly through a dense forest. The darkness was so thick that you could barely discern the forms of the men walking by your side; the men were kept in close order, and every straggler by the road-side was picked up and put under guard at the head of each regiment; halts were frequent, and there prevailed a death-like stillness; at one time I had just raised a canteen of cold coffee to my lips, the first refreshment of the day, when the column was thrown into a momentary panic, the men rushing in disorder into the roads; the officers, with subdued yet firm voices, soon restored order, when it was found that the cause of the panic was a frightened horse which had rushed into one of the regiments ahead, from out of the dark and dense woods. Not much damage was done; the greatest loss, perhaps, was the canteen of coffee, of which I had scarcely tasted, and which had been knocked out of my hands and was now nowhere to be found. It was a sore affliction to Major B——, who had kindly offered it to me, and there was no opportunity for making more until next day. The march continued, and I kept with the column until near midnight, when fatigue overcame me, and in company with one of my messengers, who was as horseless and useless as I, we selected a soft spot by the side of a fence, and spreading our blankets, of which we carried a good supply on our backs, we were soon asleep. We awoke at daylight, having slept very soundly, and to our surprise found the very regiment which we had left the night before marching toward Newmarket, now just passing us on the countermarch. We congratulated ourselves upon having saved five hours weary travel.

The column was in better spirits; the day before every body knew we were not marching

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toward James River, which was the one great desire of all. But this morning the direction of the march induced stronger hopes, and soon striking a road which our compasses told us led directly south, hearts became lighter, and the troops moved with great rapidity. By nine A.M. we marched through a corn-field on the top of Malvern Hill, and the cheering shapes of our gun-boats came fully in view.

This was the day of the battle of White Oak Swamp, fought by Smith, Sumner, and Heintzelman, and which was the most important as well as the most successful battle of the seven days, for it saved our entire transportation, which was hotly pressed. I spent several hours that afternoon on the top of Malvern Hill, and the escapade of our wagons from the clutches of the enemy, and the long, interminable, rushing lines of teams as they poured down the steep sides of the hill upon the river flat below, and then hurried down the river road amidst blinding clouds of dust, was a scene worth a year of life to see. General M'Clellan had his head-quarters that night at Haxall's house at Hardin's Landing, seven miles above Harrison's. We pitched ours under a tree not far off, and sought a bath in the muddy, blackish waters of the James River; and then paid a lucky soldier a dollar in gold for a canteen of pure cold water from the "head-quarters" well; and would have paid three times as much for a good round meal, a thing we had not seen for at least four days. But fortune did not desert us, for soon my companion came in, and as the result of a foraging expedition showed four fine spring chickens, he having propitiated a rebel widow to the extent of one dollar in gold. She parted with her chickens reluctantly, but afterward philosophically reasoned that if she "didn't sell 'em the soldiers would steal 'em." My friend knowing the modest propensities of the soldiers in that respect coincided with her, and triumphantly brought the chickens into camp. We begged some "hard tack" from M'Clellan's orderlies, and building a fire roasted our chickens on forked sticks, and no epicure ever enjoyed a meal of rare game with greater relish than we did those chickens that night. We slept under the shelter of a tree, without the least thought or concern of the morrow, though it proved an eventful day.

In the morning we fell in with our excellent friend P., of the *Tribune*, fortunate enough to be mounted. The last I had seen of him he was poking among a pile of burning knapsacks near Savage Station, and, being an insatiable trophy-hunter, finally extracted a photograph album, containing the likenesses of four handsome young ladies, with their names and addresses in the index. With each of these the modest P. opened a correspondence, under plea of returning their photographs, which he kept up several months. But P. carried our baggage for us on his horse, seven miles, to Harrison's Landing, and we owe him a debt of gratitude. "H. D. B.," of the Cincinnati *Commercial*, joined us during the day at Hardin's Landing, but declined the proffer to foot it to Harrison's. There was but one solitary vessel at Hardin's, a schooner laden with hay. B. went to the captain of this vessel, and made a private arrangement with him, for the consideration of ten dollars, that when the rebels got *there*—for he was sure they would—he should have the privilege of being on board when the vessel dropped down the river. B. stuck by the schooner; the rest of us tramped to Harrison's Landing during the day, and found the hospital transport *Daniel Webster* just about to leave with a load of wounded. To our consternation, strict orders had been issued to allow no one to leave, save surgeons, nurses, and wounded. But, having got thus far, our resources did not fail us here. The captain of the guard politely managed to mistake us for "a surgeon and two nurses," and by dark we were in sight of Fortress Monroe. That ended my Peninsular experience.

The sharp competition constantly being waged between the different correspondents in the field is frequently the cause of many amusing scenes, and many occasions of professional sharp practice occur, sometimes legitimate and sometimes otherwise. One or two instances will aptly illustrate. While the army lay on the Chickahominy there was a great desire among the newspaper men to obtain Richmond papers, and they succeeded in getting nearly all that came through the pickets by the aid of their friends in the various divisions. Finally an order was issued requiring all Richmond papers to be sent as soon as obtained to head-quarters. A few days after, when Richmond papers were especially looked for, an enterprising reporter succeeding in obtaining one by inducing a negro to go through the lines and return, when he personally hastened to White House with it, sure of being ahead that time. One of his competitors heard of it, lodged a complaint at the Provost Marshal's office, and a cavalry guard immediately proceeded to White House, arrested the correspondent before he succeeded in getting the paper off, and put him in the guard-house for forty-eight hours.

Again, when our army occupied Frederick in September a year ago, one or two of the most enterprising were early on hand, and railroad communication with Baltimore being suspended they were obliged to send their dispatches through to Baltimore on horseback. At that time a strong picket was thrown out from Baltimore to Ellicott's Mills, and Burnside's corps lay on the pike near Lisbon. Late one evening a reporter entered what he supposed to be the Provost Marshal's office in Lisbon, and addressing a gentleman in semi-military costume sitting at a table, introduced himself, stated his business, and asked for a pass which would enable him to get through the pickets at Ellicott's Mills after the countersign was out. The reply was that he could not obtain a pass which would take him through the pickets, but he

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could have a note to the Provost Marshal at Ellicott's Mills which would probably procure for him the pass required. He was "very much obliged," and received the following note:

HEAD-QUARTERS, LISBON, MARYLAND, *Sep.* 18.
Provost Marshal, Ellicott's Mills:

The bearer represents himself as a reporter and messenger for the New York ——. From certain suspicious circumstances I am strongly of the opinion that he is nothing but a Baltimore secessionist and spy. He wants a pass, and I have referred him to you; but I think it would be well enough to detain him until he can satisfactorily identify himself. Yours, etc.,

TIMOTHY JONES,
Captain and Provost Marshal.

The correspondent went on his way rejoicing. Upon being challenged by the pickets at Ellicott's Mills, he presented his letter, whereupon he was taken into custody, and detained some twenty hours before he could satisfy the officers that a cruel "sell" had been practiced upon him. Of course "Timothy Jones" was nobody less than a lazy correspondent who had got behind in his duties; and he at once improved his chance, went up to Frederick, and got in his account as soon as his poor competitor whom he had practiced this serious joke upon.

The nature of the intercourse a correspondent may have with the officers of the army depends in a great measure upon his conduct while among them. He can make all the friends he desires—not through propitiation by the use of his pen indiscriminately, but by a course just the reverse—a uniform silence whenever approached by unworthy motives.

The restrictions imposed upon correspondents have frequently been very absurd, and have always appeared as though based upon the ground that correspondents must necessarily *not* be men of sense and discretion. Every Commanding General, unless it be Burnside, has had "issues" with them, and in every case it has ended by the correspondents remaining in the field. M'Clellan permitted them to remain under restrictions from the War Department. Pope summarily ordered them all from his lines, though two remained to chronicle his defeat at Bull Run; and one of them was arrested *nine* times before he got out of Pope's lines, being released the last time in a very summary manner by the gruff but brave Sumner. Hooker disciplined the correspondents as severely as he disciplined his troops, but did at least one good thing in compelling each one to father his own productions.

Burnside treated them very respectfully, and on his expedition to North Carolina granted them many valuable favors. I joined his fleet at Annapolis, and can bear testimony to the excellent accommodations furnished for the Press on board the steamer *Cossack*, and the facilities which he placed within their reach afterward. One of the best anecdotes of Burnside is the reply he made to certain dissatisfied correspondents, who complained to him that certain papers had published contraband particulars of the Expedition. "The newspapers can't make me succeed, nor make me fail," said the General; "I am going to sink or swim with this Expedition." The significance of the last remark was peculiar; for we had been nearly three weeks on the sand-bars of Hatteras, and through the prevalence of almost constant storms a large portion of the expedition had already sunk. But its final and complete success is a matter of history.

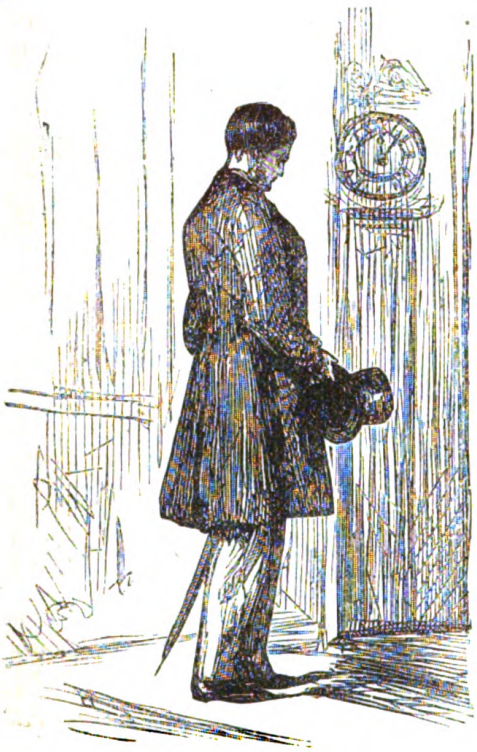
Hooker always treated every correspondent who visited him with great politeness, but he cared very little for their opinion, and was as lenient toward the journals whose language was inimical to him as to those professing to be his friends. The representative of a radical journal once asked him why he allowed a certain "Copperhead" journal to circulate in his army. "Well, I'll see about it," said Hooker. Sometime afterward, when asked by the same party why he did not suppress it, he replied that he "had read it carefully every day for two weeks, and was still looking for the *overt act* which would justify him in doing it." Nothing more was said about the suppression of newspapers by that party.

The policy of our present Commanding General toward the newspaper fraternity, as far as it has been developed, seems to be the "let alone" policy, which I take it will be most heartily appreciated by the profession. Doubtless he will be equally grateful if the policy on their part is reciprocal.

There has not yet been in this war a just and systematic course pursued toward the newspaper representatives in the field. Had the Government organized a regular system and extended proper facilities to the Press, many leading men of the profession would have been found in the field, and the abuses of which the Government has complained would never have arisen. But owing to short-sightedness in some of the departments, the course of the Government toward the Press, in the matter of news, has been one of persecution; and the class of correspondents in the field has been far below what it ought to be, for it has really required some sacrifice of self-respect for an honorable and just man to enter the field and submit to the imposed restrictions as well as reflections. For this reason, if for no other, may be ascribed the fact that, among all the war correspondents in the field, there has not yet one appeared of sufficient prominence and distinguished ability to designate him as the "Historian of the War."

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THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.



CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE COMBAT.

I HAVE said that John Eames was at his office punctually at twelve; but an incident had happened before his arrival there very important in the annals which are now being told —so important that it is essentially necessary that it should be described with some minuteness of detail.

Lord De Guest, in the various conversations which he had had with Eames as to Lily Dale and her present position, had always spoken of Crosbie with the most vehement abhorrence. "He is a damned blackguard," said the earl, and the fire had come out of his round eyes as he spoke. Now the earl was by no means given to cursing and swearing, in the sense which is ordinarily applied to these words. When he made use of such a phrase as that quoted above, it was to be presumed that he in some sort meant what he said; and so he did, and had intended to signify that Crosbie by his conduct had merited all such condemnation as was the fitting punishment for blackguardism of the worst description.

"He ought to have his neck broken," said Johnny.

"I don't know about that," said the earl. "The present times have become so pretty behaved that corporal punishment seems to have gone out of fashion. I shouldn't care so much about that, if any other punishment had taken its place. But it seems to me that a blackguard such as Crosbie can escape now altogether unscathed."

"He hasn't escaped yet," said Johnny.

"Don't you go and put your finger in the pie and make a fool of yourself," said the earl. If it had behooved any one to resent in any violent fashion the evil done by Crosbie, Bernard Dale, the earl's nephew, should have been the avenger. This the earl felt, but under these circumstances he was disposed to think that there should be no such violent vengeance. "Things were different when I was young," he said to himself. But Eames gathered from the earl's tone that the earl's words were not strictly in accordance with his thoughts, and he declared to himself over and over again that Crosbie had not yet escaped.

He got into the train at Guestwick, taking a first-class ticket, because the earl's groom in livery was in attendance upon him. Had he been alone he would have gone in a cheaper carriage. Very weak in him, was it not? little also, and mean? My friend, can you say that you would not have done the same at his age? Are you quite sure that you would not do the same now that you are double his age? Be that as it may, Johnny Eames did that foolish thing, and gave the groom in livery half a crown into the bargain.

"We shall have you down again soon, Mr. John," said the groom, who seemed to understand that Mr. Eames was to be made quite at home at the manor.

He went fast to sleep in the carriage, and did not awake till the train was stopped at the Barchester Junction.

"Waiting for the up-train from Barchester, Sir," said the guard. "They're always late." Then he went to sleep again, and was aroused in a few minutes by some one entering the carriage in a great hurry. The branch train had come in just as the guardians of the line then present had made up their minds that the passengers on the main line should not be kept waiting any longer. The transfer of men, women, and luggage was therefore made in great haste, and they who were now taking their new seats had hardly time to look about them. An old gentleman, very red about the gills, first came into Johnny's carriage, which up to that moment he had shared with an old lady. The old gentleman was abusing every body because he was hurried, and would not take himself well into the compartment, but stuck in the doorway, standing on the step.

"Now, Sir, when you're quite at leisure," said a voice behind the old man, which instantly made Eames start up in his seat.

"I'm not at all at leisure," said the old man; "and I'm not going to break my legs if I know it."

"Take your time, Sir," said the guard.

"So I mean," said the old man, seating him-

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self in the corner nearest to the open door, opposite to the old lady. Then Eames saw plainly that it was Crosbie who had first spoken, and that he was getting into the carriage.

Crosbie at the first glance saw no one but the old gentleman and the old lady, and he immediately made for the unoccupied corner seat. He was busy with his umbrella and his dressing-bag, and a little flustered by the pushing and hurrying. The carriage was actually in motion before he perceived that John Eames was opposite to him: Eames had, instinctively, drawn up his legs so as not to touch him. He felt that he had become very red in the face, and, to tell the truth, the perspiration had broken out upon his brow. It was a great occasion—great in its imminent trouble, and great in its opportunity for action. How was he to carry himself at the first moment of his recognition by his enemy, and what was he to do afterward?

It need hardly be explained that Crosbie had also been spending his Christmas with a certain earl of his acquaintance, and that he too was returning to his office. In one respect he had been much more fortunate than poor Eames, for he had been made happy with the smiles of his lady love. Alexandrina and the countess had fluttered about him softly, treating him as a tame chattel, now belonging to the noble house of De Courcy, and in this way he had been initiated into the inner domesticities of that illustrious family. The two extra men-servants, hired to wait upon Lady Dumbello, had vanished. The Champagne had ceased to flow in a perennial stream. Lady Rosina had come out from her solitude, and had preached at him constantly. Lady Margaretta had given him some lessons in economy. The Honorable John, in spite of a late quarrel, had borrowed five pounds from him. The Honorable George had engaged to come and stay with his sister during the next May. The earl had used a father-in-law's privilege, and had called him a fool. Lady Alexandrina had told him more than once, in rather a tart voice, that this must be done, and that that must be done; and the countess had given him her orders as though it was his duty, in the course of nature, to obey every word that fell from her. Such had been his Christmas delights; and now, as he returned back from the enjoyment of them, he found himself confronted in the railway carriage with Johnny Eames!

The eyes of the two met, and Crosbie made a slight inclination of his head To this Eames gave no acknowledgment whatever, but looked straight into the other's face. Crosbie immediately saw that they were not to know each other, and was well contented that it should be so. Among all his many troubles the enmity of John Eames did not go for much. He showed no appearance of being disconcerted, though our friend had shown much. He opened his bag, and taking out a book was soon deeply engaged in it, pursuing his studies as though the man opposite was quite unknown to him. I will not say that his mind did not run away from his book, for indeed there were many things of which he found it impossible not to think; but it did not revert to John Eames. Indeed, when the carriages reached Paddington, he had in truth all but forgotten him; and as he stepped out of the carriage, with his bag in his hand, was quite free from any remotest trouble on his account.

But it had not been so with Eames himself. Every moment of the journey had for him been crowded with thought as to what he would do now that chance had brought his enemy within his reach. He had been made quite wretched by the intensity of his thinking; and yet, when the carriages stopped, he had not made up his mind. His face had been covered with perspiration ever since Crosbie had come across him, and his limbs had hardly been under his own command. Here had come to him a great opportunity, and he felt so little confidence in himself that he almost knew that he would not use it properly. Twice and thrice he had almost flown at Crosbie's throat in the carriage, but he was restrained by an idea that the world and the police would be against him if he did such a thing in the presence of that old lady.

But when Crosbie turned his back upon him, and walked out, it was absolutely necessary that he should do something. He was not going to let the man escape, after all that he had said as to the expediency of thrashing him. Any other disgrace would be preferable to that. Fearing, therefore, lest his enemy should be too quick for him, he hurried out after him, and only just gave Crosbie time to turn round and face the carriages before he was upon him. "You confounded scoundrel!" he screamed out. "You confounded scoundrel!" and seized him by the throat, throwing himself upon him, and almost devouring him by the fury of his eyes.

The crowd upon the platform was not very dense, but there were quite enough of people to make a very respectable audience for this little play. Crosbie, in his dismay, retreated a step or two, and his retreat was much accelerated by the weight of Eames's attack. He endeavored to free his throat from his foe's grasp; but in that he failed entirely. For the minute, however, he did manage to escape any positive blow, owing his safety in that respect rather to Eames's awkwardness than to his own efforts. Something about the police he was just able to utter, and there was, as a matter of course, an immediate call for a supply of those functionaries. In about three minutes three policemen, assisted by six porters, had captured our poor friend Johnny; but this had not been done quick enough for Crosbie's purposes. The by-standers, taken by surprise, had allowed the combatants to fall back upon Mr. Smith's book-stall, and there Eames laid his foe prostrate among the newspapers, falling himself into the yellow shilling-novel dépôt by the over-fury of his own energy; but as he fell he contrived to lodge one blow with his fist in Crosbie's right eye—one

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telling blow; and Crosbie had, to all intents and purposes, been thrashed.

"Con—founded scoundrel, rascal, blackguard!" shouted Johnny, with what remnants of voice were left to him, as the police dragged him off. "If you only knew—what he's—done." But in the mean time the policemen held him fast.

As a matter of course the first burst of public sympathy went with Crosbie. He had been assaulted, and the assault had come from Eames. In the British bosom there is so firm a love of well-constituted order that these facts alone were sufficient to bring twenty knights to the assistance of the three policemen and the six porters; so that for Eames, even had he desired it, there was no possible chance of escape. But he did not desire it. One only sorrow consumed him at present. He had, as he felt, attacked Crosbie, but had attacked him in vain. He had had his opportunity, and had misused it. He was perfectly unconscious of that happy blow, and was in absolute ignorance of the great fact that his enemy's eye was already swollen and closed, and that in another hour it would be as black as his hat.

"He is a con—founded rascal!" ejaculated Eames, as the policemen and porters hauled him about. "You don't know what he's done."

"No, we don't," said the senior constable; "but we know what you have done. I say, Bushers, where's that gentleman? He'd better come along with us."

Crosbie had been picked up from among the newspapers by another policeman and two or three other porters, and was attended also by the guard of the train, who knew him, and knew that he had come up from Courcy Castle. Three or four hangers-on were standing also around him, together with a benevolent medical man, who was proposing to him an immediate application of leeches. If he could have done as he wished he would have gone his way quietly, allowing Eames to do the same. A great evil had befallen him, but he could in no way mitigate that evil by taking the law of the man who had attacked him. To have the thing as little talked about as possible should be his endeavor. What though he should have Eames locked up and fined, and scolded by a police magistrate? That would not in any degree lessen his calamity. If he could have parried the attack and got the better of his foe; if he could have administered the black eye instead of receiving it, then, indeed, he could have laughed the matter off at his club, and his original crime would have been somewhat glozed over by his success in arms. But such good fortune had not been his. He was forced, however, on the moment to decide as to what he would do.

"We've got him here in custody, Sir," said Bushers, touching his hat. It had become known from the guard that Crosbie was somewhat of a big man, a frequent guest at Courcy Castle, and of repute and station in the higher regions of the Metropolitan world. "The magistrates will be sitting at Paddington now, Sir—or will be by the time we get there."

By this time some mighty railway authority had come upon the scene and made himself cognizant of the facts of the row—a stern official, who seemed to carry the weight of many engines on his brow; one at the very sight of whom smokers would drop their cigars, and porters close their fists against sixpences; a great man, with an erect chin, a quick step, and a well-brushed hat powerful with an elaborately upturned brim. This was the platform-superintendent, dominant even over the policemen.

"Step into my room, Mr. Crosbie," he said. "Stubbs, bring that man in with you." And then, before Crosbie had been able to make up his mind as to any other line of conduct, he found himself in the superintendent's room, accompanied by the guard and by the two policemen who conducted Johnny Eames between them.

"What's all this?" said the superintendent, still keeping on his hat; for he was aware how much of the excellence of his personal dignity was owing to the arrangement of that article; and as he spoke he frowned upon the culprit with his utmost severity. "Mr. Crosbie, I am very sorry that you should have been exposed to such brutality on our platform."

"You don't know what he has done," said Johnny. "He is the most confounded scoundrel living. He has broken—" But then he stopped himself. He was going to tell the superintendent that the confounded scoundrel had broken a beautiful young lady's heart; but he bethought himself that he would not allude more specially to Lily Dale in that hearing.

"Do you know who he is, Mr. Crosbie?" said the superintendent.

"Oh yes," said Crosbie, whose eye was already becoming blue. "He is a clerk in the Income-tax Office, and his name is Eames. I believe you had better leave him to me."

But the superintendent at once wrote down the words "Income-tax Office—Eames," on his tablet. "We can't allow a row like that to take place on our platform and not notice it. I shall bring it before the directors. It's a most disgraceful affair, Mr. Eames—most disgraceful."

But Johnny by this time had perceived that Crosbie's eye was in a state which proved satisfactorily that his morning's work had not been thrown away, and his spirits were rising accordingly. He did not care two straws for the superintendent, or even for the policeman, if only the story could be made to tell well for himself hereafter. It was his object to have thrashed Crosbie, and now, as he looked at his enemy's face, he acknowledged that Providence had been good to him.

"That's your opinion," said Johnny.

"Yes, Sir, it is," said the superintendent; "and I shall know how to represent the matter to your superiors, young man."

"You don't know all about it," said Eames;

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"and I don't suppose you ever will. I had made up my mind what I'd do the first time I saw that scoundrel there; and now I've done it. He'd have got much worse in the railway carriage, only there was a lady there."

"Mr. Crosbie, I really think we had better take him before the magistrates."

To this, however, Crosbie objected. He assured the superintendent that he would himself know how to deal with the matter—which, however, was exactly what he did not know. Would the superintendent allow one of the railway servants to get a cab for him and to find his luggage? He was very anxious to get home without being subjected to any more of Mr. Eames's insolence.

"You haven't done with Mr. Eames's insolence yet, I can tell you. All London shall hear of it, and shall know why. If you have any shame in you, you shall be ashamed to show your face."

Unfortunate man! Who can say that punishment—adequate punishment—had not overtaken him? For the present he had to sneak home with a black eye, with the knowledge inside him that he had been whipped by a clerk in the Income-tax Office; and for the future—he was bound over to marry Lady Alexandrina De Courcy.

He got himself smuggled off in a cab, without being forced to go again upon the platform, his luggage being brought to him by two assiduous porters. But in all this there was very little balm for his hurt pride. As he ordered the cabman to drive to Mount Street he felt that he had ruined himself by that step in life which he had taken at Courcy Castle. Whichever way he looked he had no comfort. "D—the fellow!" he said, almost out loud, in the cab; but though he did with his outward voice allude to Eames, the curse in his inner thoughts was uttered against himself.

Johnny was allowed to make his way down to the platform, and there find his own carpet-bag. One young porter, however, came up and fraternized with him.

"You gave it him tidy just at that last moment, Sir. But laws, Sir, you should have let out at him at fust. What's the use of clawing a man's neck-collar?"

It was then a quarter past eleven, but, nevertheless, Eames appeared at his office precisely at twelve.

CHAPTER XXXV.

VÆ VICTIS.

Crosbie had two engagements for that day; one being his natural engagement to do his work at his office, and the other an engagement, which was now very often becoming as natural, to dine at St. John's Wood with Lady Amelia Gazebee. It was manifest to him when he looked at himself in the glass that he could keep neither of these engagements. "Oh, laws, Mr. Crosbie!" the woman of the house exclaimed when she saw him.

"Yes, I know," said he. "I've had an accident and got a black eye. What's a good thing for it?"

"Oh, an accident!" said the woman, who knew well that that mark had been made by another man's fist. "They do say that a bit of raw beef is about the best thing. But then it must be held on constant all the morning."

Any thing would be better than leeches, which tell long-enduring tales, and therefore Crosbie sat through the greater part of the morning holding the raw beef to his eye.

But it was necessary that he should write two notes as he held it, one to Mr. Butterwell at his office, and the other to his future sister-in-law. He felt that it would hardly be wise to attempt any entire concealment of the nature of his catastrophe, as some of the circumstances would assuredly become known. If he said that he had fallen over the coal-scuttle or on to the fender, thereby cutting his face, people would learn that he had fibbed, and would learn also that he had had some reason for fibbing. Therefore he constructed his notes with a phrascology that bound him to no details. To Butterwell he said that he had had an accident—or rather a row—and that he had come out of it with considerable damage to his frontispiece. He intended to be at the office on the next day, whether able to appear decently there or not. But for the sake of decency he thought it well to give himself that one half-day's chance. Then to the Lady Amelia he also said that he had had an accident, and had been a little hurt. "It is nothing at all serious, and affects only my appearance, so that I had better remain in for a day. I shall certainly be with you on Sunday. Don't let Gazebee trouble himself to come to me, as I sha'n't be at home after to-day." Gazebee did trouble himself to come to Mount Street so often, and South Audley Street, in which was Mr. Gazebee's office, was so disagreeably near to Mount Street, that Crosbie inserted this in order to protect himself if possible. Then he gave special orders that he was to be at home to no one, fearing that Gazebee would call for him after the hours of business—to make him safe and carry him off bodily to St. John's Wood.

The beef-steak and the dose of physic and the cold-water application which was kept upon it all night was not efficacious in dispelling that horrid black-blue color by ten o'clock on the following morning.

"It certainly have gone down, Mr. Crosbie; it certainly have," said the mistress of the lodgings, touching the part affected with her finger. "But the black won't go out of them all in a minute; it won't indeed. Couldn't you just stay in one more day?"

"But will one day do it, Mrs. Phillips?"

Mrs. Phillips couldn't take upon herself to say that it would. "They mostly come with little red streaks across the black before they goes

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away," said Mrs. Phillips, who would seem to have been the wife of a prize-fighter, so well was she acquainted with black eyes.

"And that won't be till to-morrow," said Crosbie, affecting to be mirthful in his agony.

"Not till the third day; and then they wears themselves out, gradual. I never knew leeches do any good."

He staid at home the second day, and then resolved that he would go to his office, black eye and all. In that morning's newspaper he saw an account of the whole transaction, saying how Mr. C——, of the office of General Committees, who was soon about to lead to the hymeneal altar the beautiful daughter of the Earl de C——, had been made the subject of a brutal personal attack on the platform of the Great Western Railway Station, and how he was confined to his room from the injuries which he had received. The paragraph went on to state that the delinquent had, as it was believed, dared to raise his eyes to the same lady, and that his audacity had been treated with scorn by every member of the noble family in question. "It was, however, satisfactory to know," so said the newspaper, "that Mr. C—— had amply avenged himself, and had so flogged the young man in question that he had been unable to stir from his bed since the occurrence."

On reading this Crosbie felt that it would be better that he should show himself at once, and tell as much of the truth as the world would be likely to ascertain at last without his telling. So on that third morning he put on his hat and gloves, and had himself taken to his office, though the red-streaky period of his misfortune had hardly even yet come upon him. The task of walking along the office passage, through the messengers' lobby, and into his room, was very disagreeable. Of course every body looked at him, and of course he failed in his attempt to appear as though he did not mind it. "Boggs," he said to one of the men as he passed by, "just see if Mr. Butterwell is in his room," and then, as he expected, Mr. Butterwell came to him after the expiration of a few minutes.

"Upon my word, that is serious," said Mr. Butterwell, looking into the secretary's damaged face. "I don't think I would have come out if I had been you."

"Of course it's disagreeable," said Crosbie; "but it's better to put up with it. Fellows do tell such horrid lies if a man isn't seen for a day or two. I believe it's best to put a good face upon it."

"That's more than you can do just at present, eh, Crosbie?" And then Mr. Butterwell tittered. "But how on earth did it happen? The paper says that you pretty well killed the fellow who did it."

"The paper lies, as papers always do. I didn't touch him at all."

"Didn't you, though? I should like to have had a poke at him after getting such a tap in the face as that."

"The policemen came, and all that sort of thing. One isn't allowed to fight it out in a row of that kind as one would have to do on Salisbury heath. Not that I mean to say that I could lick the fellow. How's a man to know whether he can or not?"

"How, indeed, unless he gets a licking—or gives it? But who was he, and what's this about his having been scorned by the noble family?"

"Trash and lies, of course. He had never seen any of the De Courcy people."

"I suppose the truth is, it was about that other—eh, Crosbie? I knew you'd find yourself in some trouble before you'd done."

"I don't know what it was about, or why he should have made such a brute of himself. You have heard about those people at Allington?"

"Oh, yes; I have heard about them."

"God knows, I didn't mean to say any thing against them. They knew nothing about it."

"But the young fellow knew them? Ah, yes, I see all about it. He wants to step into your shoes. I can't say that he sets about it in a bad way. But what do you mean to do?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing! Won't that look queer? I think I should have him before the magistrates."

"You see, Butterwell, I am bound to spare that girl's name. I know I have behaved badly."

"Well, yes; I fear you have."

Mr. Butterwell said this with some considerable amount of decision in his voice, as though he did not intend to mince matters, or in any way to hide his opinion. Crosbie had got into a way of condemning himself in this matter of his marriage, but was very anxious that others, on hearing such condemnation from him, should say something in the way of palliating his fault. It would be so easy for a friend to remark that such little peccadilloes were not altogether uncommon, and that it would sometimes happen in life that people did not know their own minds. He had hoped for some such benevolence from Fowler Pratt, but had hoped in vain. Butterwell was a good-natured, easy man, anxious to stand well with all about him, never pretending to any very high tone of feeling or of morals; and yet Butterwell would say no word of comfort to him. He could get no one to slur over his sin for him, as though it were no sin—only an unfortunate mistake; no one but the De Courcys, who had, as it were, taken possession of him and swallowed him alive.

"It can't be helped now," said Crosbie. "But as for that fellow who made such a brutal attack on me the other morning, he knows that he is safe behind her petticoats. I can do nothing which would not make some mention of her name necessary."

"Ah, yes; I see," said Butterwell. "It's very unfortunate; very. I don't know that I can do any thing for you. Will you come before the Board to-day?"

"Yes; of course I shall," said Crosbie, who

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was becoming very sore. His sharp ear had told him that all Butterwell's respect and cordiality were gone—at any rate for the time. Butterwell, though holding the higher official rank, had always been accustomed to treat him as though he, the inferior, were to be courted. He had possessed, and had known himself to possess, in his office as well as in the outside world, a sort of rank much higher than that which from his position he could claim legitimately. Now he was being deposed. There could be no better touch-stone in such a matter than Butterwell. He would go as the world went, but he would perceive almost intuitively how the world intended to go. "Tact, tact, tact," as he was in the habit of saying to himself when walking along the paths of his Putney villa. Crosbie was now secretary, whereas a few months before he had been simply a clerk; but, nevertheless, Mr. Butterwell's instinct told him that Crosbie had fallen. Therefore he declined to offer any sympathy to the man in his misfortune, and felt aware, as he left the secretary's room, that it might probably be some time before he visited it again.

Crosbie resolved in his soreness that henceforth he would brazen it out. He would go to the Board, with as much indifference as to his black eye as he was able to assume, and if any one said aught to him he would be ready with his answer. He would go to his club, and let him who intended to show him any slight beware of him in his wrath. He could not turn upon John Eames, but he could turn upon others if it were necessary. He had not gained for himself a position before the world, and held it now for some years, to allow himself to be crushed at once because he had made a mistake. If the world, his world, chose to go to war with him, he would be ready for the fight. As for Butterwell—Butterwell the incompetent, Butterwell the vapid—for Butterwell, who in every little official difficulty had for years past come to him, he would let Butterwell know what it was to be thus disloyal to one who had condescended to be his friend. He would show them all at the Board that he scorned them, and could be their master. Then, too, as he was making some other resolves as to his future conduct, he made one or two resolutions respecting the De Courcy people. He would make it known to them that he was not going to be their very humble servant. He would speak out his mind with considerable plainness; and if upon that they should choose to break off this "alliance," they might do so; he would not break his heart. And as he leaned back in his arm-chair, thinking of all this, an idea made its way into his brain—a floating castle in the air, rather than the image of a thing that might by possibility be realized; and in this castle in the air he saw himself kneeling again at Lily's feet, asking her pardon, and begging that he might once more be taken to her heart.

"Mr. Crosbie is here to-day," said Mr. Butterwell to Mr. Optimist.

"Oh, indeed," said Mr. Optimist, very gravely; for he had heard all about the row at the railway-station.

"They've made a monstrous show of him."

"I am very sorry to hear it. It's so—so—so— If it were one of the younger clerks, you know, we should tell him that it was discreditable to the department."

"If a man gets a blow in the eye he can't help it, you know. He didn't do it himself, I suppose," said Major Fiasco.

"I am well aware that he didn't do it himself," continued Mr. Optimist; "but I really think that, in his position, he should have kept himself out of any such encounter."

"He would have done so if he could, with all his heart," said the major. "I don't suppose he liked being thrashed any better than I should."

"Nobody gives me a black eye," said Mr. Optimist.

"Nobody has as yet," said the major.

"I hope they never will," said Mr. Butterwell. Then, the hour for their meeting having come round, Mr. Crosbie came into the Board-room.

"We have been very sorry to hear of this misfortune," said Mr. Optimist, very gravely.

"Not half so sorry as I have been," said Crosbie, with a laugh. "It's an uncommon nuisance to have a black eye, and to go about looking like a prize-fighter."

"And like a prize-fighter that didn't win his battle, too," said Fiasco.

"I don't know that there's much difference as to that," said Crosbie. "But the whole thing is a nuisance, and, if you please, we won't say any thing more about it."

Mr. Optimist almost entertained an opinion that it was his duty to say something more about it. Was not he the chief Commissioner, and was not Mr. Crosbie secretary to the Board? Ought he, looking at their respective positions, to pass over without a word of notice such a manifest impropriety as this? Would not Sir Raffle Buffle have said something had Mr. Butterwell, when secretary, come to the office with a black eye? He wished to exercise all the full rights of a chairman; but, nevertheless, as he looked at the secretary he felt embarrassed, and was unable to find the proper words. "H—m, ha, well; we'll go to business now, if you please," he said, as though reserving to himself the right of returning to the secretary's black eye, when the more usual business of the Board should be completed. But when the more usual business of the Board had been completed, the secretary left the room without any further reference to his eye.

Crosbie, when he got back to his own apartment, found Mortimer Gazebee waiting there for him.

"My dear fellow," said Gazebee, "this is a very nasty affair."

"Uncommonly nasty," said Crosbie; "so nasty that I don't mean to talk about it to any body."

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"Lady Amelia is quite unhappy." He always called her Lady Amelia, even when speaking of her to his own brothers and sisters. He was too well-behaved to take the liberty of calling an earl's daughter by her plain Christian name, even though that earl's daughter was his own wife. "She fears that you have been a good deal hurt."

"Not at all hurt; but disfigured, as you see."

"And so you beat the fellow well that did it?"

"No, I didn't," said Crosbie, very angrily. "I didn't beat him at all. You don't believe every thing you read in the newspapers, do you?"

"No, I don't believe every thing. Of course I didn't believe about his having aspired to an alliance with Lady Alexandrina. That was untrue, of course." Mr. Gazebee showed by the tone of his voice that imprudence so unparalleled as that was quite incredible.

"You shouldn't believe any thing; except this—that I have got a black eye."

"You certainly have got that. Lady Amelia thinks you would be more comfortable if you would come up to us this evening. You can't go out, of course; but Lady Amelia said, very good-naturedly, that you need not mind with her."

"Thank you, no; I'll come on Sunday."

"Of course Lady Alexandrina will be very anxious to hear from her sister; and Lady Amelia begged me very particularly to press you to come."

"Thank you, no; not to-day."

"Why not?"

"Oh, simply because I shall be better at home."

"How can you be better at home? You can have any thing that you want. Lady Amelia won't mind, you know."

Another beef-steak to his eye, as he sat in the drawing-room, a cold water bandage, or any little medical appliance of that sort; these were the things which Lady Amelia would, in her domestic good nature, condescend not to mind!

"I won't trouble her this evening," said Crosbie.

"Well, upon my word, I think you're wrong. All manner of stories will get down to Courcy Castle, and to the countess's ears; and you don't know what harm may come of it. Lady Amelia thinks she had better write and explain it; but she can't do so till she has heard something about it from you."

"Look here, Gazebee. I don't care one straw what story finds its way down to Courcy Castle."

"But if the earl were to hear any thing, and be offended?"

"He may recover from his offense as he best likes."

"My dear fellow—that's talking wildly, you know."

"What on earth do you suppose the earl can do to me? Do you think I'm going to live in fear of Lord De Courcy all my life, because I'm going to marry his daughter? I shall write to Alexandrina myself to-day, and you can tell her sister so. I'll be up to dinner on Sunday, unless my face makes it altogether out of the question."

"And you won't come in time for church?"

"Would you have me go to church with such a face as this?"

Then Mr. Mortimer Gazebee went, and when he got home he told his wife that Crosbie was taking things with a high hand. "The fact is, my dear, that he's ashamed of himself, and therefore tries to put a bold face upon it."

"It was very foolish of him throwing himself in the way of that young man—very; and so I shall tell him on Sunday. If he chooses to give himself airs to me, I shall make him understand that he is very wrong. He should remember now that the way in which he conducts himself is a matter of moment to all our family."

"Of course he should," said Mr. Gazebee.

When the Sunday came the red-streaky period had arrived, but had by no means as yet passed away. The men at the office had almost become used to it; but Crosbie, in spite of his determination to go down to the club, had not yet shown himself elsewhere. Of course he did not go to church, but at five he made his appearance at the house in St. John's Wood. They always dined at five on Sundays, having some idea that by doing so they kept the Sabbath better than they would have done had they dined at seven. If keeping the Sabbath consists in going to bed early, or is in any way assisted by such a practice, they were right. To the cook that semi-early dinner might perhaps be convenient, as it gave her an excuse for not going to church in the afternoon, as the servants' and children's dinner gave her a similar excuse in the morning. Such little attempts at goodness—proceeding half the way, or perhaps, as in this instance, one quarter of the way, on the disagreeable path toward goodness — are very common with respectable people, such as Lady Amelia. If she would have dined at one o'clock, and have eaten cold meat, one, perhaps, might have felt that she was entitled to some praise.

"Dear, dear, dear; this is very sad, isn't it, Adolphus?" she said on first seeing him.

"Well, it is sad, Amelia," he said. He always called her Amelia, because she called him Adolphus; but Gazebee himself was never quite pleased when he heard it. Lady Amelia was older than Crosbie, and entitled to call him any thing she liked; but he should have remembered the great difference in their rank. "It is sad, Amelia," he said. "But will you oblige me in one thing?"

"What thing, Adolphus?"

"Not to say a word more about it. The black eye is a bad thing no doubt, and has troubled me much; but the sympathy of my

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friends has troubled me a great deal more. I had all the family commiseration from Gazebee on Friday, and if it is repeated again, I shall lay down and die."

"Shall 'oo die, uncle Dolphus, 'cause 'oo've got a bad eye?" asked De Courcy Gazebee, the eldest hope of the family, looking up into his face.

"No, my hero," said Crosbie, taking the boy up into his arms, "not because I've got a black eye. There isn't very much harm in that, and you'll have a great many before you leave school. But because the people will go on talking about it."

"But aunt Dina on't like 'oo, if 'oo've got an ugly bad eye."

"But, Adolphus," said Lady Amelia, settling herself for an argument, "that's all very well, you know—and I'm sure I'm very sorry to cause you any annoyance—but really one doesn't know how to pass over such a thing without speaking of it. I have had a letter from mamma."

"I hope Lady De Courcy is quite well."

"Quite well, thank you. But as a matter of course she is very anxious about this affair. She had read what has been said in the newspapers, and it may be necessary that Mortimer should take it up as the family solicitor."

"Quite out of the question," said Adolphus.

"I don't think I should advise any such step as that," said Gazebee.

"Perhaps not; very likely not. But you can not be surprised, Mortimer, that my mother under such circumstances should wish to know what are the facts of the case."

"Not at all surprised," said Gazebee.

"Then once for all, I'll tell you the facts. As I got out of the train a man I'd seen once before in my life made an attack upon me, and before the police came up I got a blow in the face. Now you know all about it."

At that moment dinner was announced. "Will you give Lady Amelia your arm?" said the husband.

"It's a very sad occurrence," said Lady Amelia with a slight toss of her head, "and, I'm afraid, will cost my sister a great deal of vexation."

"You agree with De Courcy, do you, that aunt Dina won't like me with an ugly black eye?"

"I really don't think it's a joking matter," said the Lady Amelia. And then there was nothing more said about it during the dinner.

There was nothing more said about it during the dinner, but it was plain enough from Lady Amelia's countenance that she was not very well pleased with her future brother-in-law's conduct. She was very hospitable to him, pressing him to eat; but even in doing that she made repeated little references to his present unfortunate state. She told him that she did not think fried plum-pudding would be bad for him, but that she would recommend him not to drink port-wine after dinner. "By-the-by, Mortimer, you'd better have some claret up," she remarked. "Adolphus shouldn't take any thing that is heating."

"Thank you," said Crosbie. "I'll have some brandy-and-water, if Gazebee will give it me."

"Brandy-and-water!" said Lady Amelia. Crosbie in truth was not given to the drinking of brandy-and-water; but he was prepared to call for raw gin, if he were driven much further by Lady Amelia's solicitude.

At these Sunday dinners the mistress of the house never went away into the drawing-room, and the tea was always brought into them at the table on which they had dined. It was another little step toward keeping holy the first day of the week. When Lady Rosina was there, she was indulged with the sight of six or seven solid good books which were laid upon the mahogany as soon as the bottles were taken off it. At her first prolonged visit she had obtained for herself the privilege of reading a sermon; but as on such occasions both Lady Amelia and Mr. Gazebee would go to sleep—and as the footman had also once shown a tendency that way—the sermon had been abandoned. But the master of the house, on these evenings, when his sister-in-law was present, was doomed to sit in idleness, or else to find solace in one of the solid good books. But Lady Rosina just now was in the country, and therefore the table was left unfurnished.

"And what am I to say to my mother?" said Lady Amelia, when they were alone.

"Give her my kindest regards," said Crosbie. It was quite clear, both to the husband and to the wife, that he was preparing himself for rebellion against authority.

For some ten minutes there was nothing said. Crosbie amused himself by playing with the boy whom he called Dicksey, by way of a nickname for De Courcy.

"Mamma, he calls me Dicksey. Am I Dicksey? I'll call 'oo old Cross, and then aunt Dina on't like 'oo."

"I wish you would not call the child nicknames, Adolphus. It seems as though you would wish to cast a slur upon the one which he bears."

"I should hardly think that he would feel disposed to do that," said Mr. Gazebee.

"Hardly, indeed," said Crosbie.

"It has never yet been disgraced in the annals of our country by being made into a nickname," said the proud daughter of the house. She was probably unaware that among many of his associates her father had been called Lord De Curse'ye, from the occasional energy of his language. "And any such attempt is painful in my ears. I think something of my family, I can assure you, Adolphus, and so does my husband."

"A very great deal," said Mr. Gazebee.

"So do I of mine," said Crosbie. "That's natural to all of us. One of my ancestors came over with William the Conqueror. I think he was one of the assistant cooks in the king's tent."

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"A cook!" said young De Courcy.

"Yes, my boy, a cook. That was the way most of our old families were made noble. They were cooks or butlers to the kings, or sometimes something worse."

"But your family isn't noble?"

"No; I'll tell you how that was. The king wanted this cook to poison half a dozen of his officers who wished to have a way of their own. But the cook said, 'No, my Lord King; I am a cook, not an executioner.' So they sent him into the scullery; and when they called all the other servants barons and lords, they only called him Cookey. They've changed the name to Crosbie since that by degrees."

Mr. Gazebee was awe-struck, and the face of the Lady Amelia became very dark. Was it not evident that this snake, when taken into their innermost bosoms that they might there warm him, was becoming an adder, and preparing to sting them? There was very little more conversation that evening, and soon after the story of the cook Crosbie got up and went away to his own home.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

"SEE, THE CONQUERING HERO COMES."

JOHN EAMES had reached his office precisely at twelve o'clock, but when he did so he hardly knew whether he was standing on his heels or his head. The whole morning had been to him one of intense excitement, and latterly, to a certain extent, one of triumph. But he did not at all know what might be the results. Would he be taken before a magistrate and locked up? Would there be a row at the office? Would Crosbie call him out, and, if so, would it be incumbent on him to fight a duel with pistols? What would Lord De Guest say — Lord De Guest, who had specially warned him not to take upon himself the duty of avenging Lily's wrongs? What would all the Dale family say of his conduct? And, above all, what would Lily say and think? Nevertheless, the feeling of triumph was predominant; and now, at this interval of time, he was beginning to remember with pleasure the sensation of his fist as it went into Crosbie's eye.

During his first day at the office he heard nothing about the affair, nor did he say a word of it to any one. It was known in his room that he had gone down to spend his Christmas holiday with Lord De Guest, and he was treated with some increased consideration accordingly. And, moreover, I must explain, in order that to give Johnny Eames his due, he was gradually acquiring for himself a good footing among the income-tax officials. He knew his work, and did it with some manly confidence in his own powers, and also with some manly indifference to the occasional frowns of the mighty men of the department. He was, moreover, popular—being somewhat of a radical in his official demeanor, and holding by his own rights, even though mighty men should frown. In truth, he was emerging from his hobbledehoyhood and entering upon his young-manhood, having probably to go through much folly and some false sentiment in that period of his existence, but still with fair promise of true manliness beyond, to those who were able to read the signs of his character.

Many questions on that first day were asked him about the glories of his Christmas, but he had very little to say on the subject. Indeed, nothing could have been much more commonplace than his Christmas visit, had it not been for the one great object which had taken him down to that part of the country, and for the circumstance with which his holiday had been ended. On neither of these subjects was he disposed to speak openly; but as he walked home to Burton Crescent with Cradell he did tell him of the affair with Crosbie.

"And you went in at him on the station?" asked Cradell, with admiring doubt.

"Yes, I did. If I didn't do it there, where was I to do it? I'd said I would, and therefore when I saw him I did it." Then the whole affair was told as to the black eye, the police, and the superintendent. "And what's to come next?" asked our hero.

"Well, he'll put it in the hands of a friend, of course, as I did with Fisher in that affair with Lupex. And, upon my word, Johnny, I shall have to do something of the kind again. His conduct last night was outrageous. Would you believe it—"

"Oh, he's a fool."

"He's a fool you wouldn't like to meet when he's in one of his mad fits, I can tell you that. I absolutely had to sit up in my own bedroom all last night. Mother Roper told me that if I remained in the drawing-room she would feel herself obliged to have a policeman in the house. What could I do, you know? I made her have a fire for me, of course."

"And then you went to bed."

"I waited ever so long, because I thought that Maria would want to see me. At last she sent me a note. Maria is so imprudent, you know. If he had found any thing in her writing it would have been terrible, you know—quite terrible. And who can say whether Jemima mayn't tell?"

"And what did she say?"

"Come, that's tellings, Master Johnny. I took very good care to take it with me to the office this morning, for fear of accidents."

But Eames was not so widely awake to the importance of his friend's adventures as he might have been had he not been weighted with adventures of his own.

"I shouldn't care so much," said he, "about that fellow, Crosbie, going to a friend as I should about his going to a police magistrate."

"He'll put it in a friend's hands, of course," said Cradell, with the air of a man who from experience was well up in such matters. "And

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"AND YOU WENT IN AT HIM ON THE STATION?"

I suppose you'll naturally come to me. It's a deuced bore to a man in a public office, and all that kind of thing, of course. But I'm not the man to desert my friend. I'll stand by you, Johnny, my boy."

"Oh, thank you," said Eames; "I don't think that I shall want that."

"You must be ready with a friend, you know."

"I should write down to a man I know in the country, and ask his advice," said Eames; "an older sort of friend, you know."

"By Jove, old fellow, take care what you're about. Don't let them say of you that you show the white feather. Upon my honor, I'd sooner have any thing said of me than that. I would, indeed—any thing."

"I'm not afraid of that," said Eames, with a touch of scorn in his voice. "There isn't much thought about white feathers nowadays—not in the way of fighting duels."

After that Cradell managed to carry back the conversation to Mrs. Lupex and his own pecul-

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iar position; and as Eames did not care to ask from his companion further advice in his own matters he listened nearly in silence till they reached Burton Crescent.

"I hope you found the noble earl well," said Mrs. Roper to him, as soon as they were all seated at dinner.

"I found the noble earl pretty well, thank you," said Johnny.

It had become plainly understood by all the Roperites that Eames's position was quite altered since he had been honored with the friendship of Lord De Guest. Mrs. Lupex, next to whom he always sat at dinner, with a view to protecting her as it were from the dangerous neighborhood of Cradell, treated him with a marked courtesy. Miss Spruce always called him "Sir." Mrs. Roper helped him the first of the gentlemen, and was mindful about his fat and gravy; and Amelia felt less able than she was before to insist upon the possession of his heart and affections. It must not be supposed that Amelia intended to abandon the fight, and allow the enemy to walk off with his forces; but she felt herself constrained to treat him with a deference that was hardly compatible with the perfect equality which should attend any union of hearts.

"It is such a privilege to be on visiting terms with the nobility," said Mrs. Lupex. "When I was a girl I used to be very intimate—"

"You ain't a girl any longer, and so you'd better not talk about it," said Lupex. Mr. Lupex had been at that little shop in Drury Lane after he came down from his scene-painting.

"My dear, you needn't be a brute to me before all Mrs. Roper's company. If, led away by feelings which I will not now describe, I left my proper circles in marrying you, you need not before all the world teach me how much I have to regret." And Mrs. Lupex, putting down her knife and fork, applied her handkerchief to her eyes.

"That's pleasant for a man over his meals; isn't it?" said Lupex, appealing to Miss Spruce. "I have plenty of that kind of thing, and you can't think how I like it."

"Them whom God has joined together let no man put asunder," said Miss Spruce. "As for me myself, I'm only an old woman."

This little ebullition threw a gloom over the dinner-table, and nothing more was said on the occasion as to the glories of Eames's career. But, in the course of the evening, Amelia heard of the encounter which had taken place at the railway station, and at once perceived that she might use the occasion for her own purposes.

"John," she whispered to her victim, finding an opportunity for coming upon him when almost alone, "what is this I hear? I insist upon knowing. Are you going to fight a duel?"

"Nonsense," said Johnny.

"But it is not nonsense. You don't know what my feelings will be if I think that such a thing is going to happen. But then you are so hard-hearted!"

"I ain't hard-hearted a bit, and I'm not going to fight a duel."

"But is it true that you beat Mr. Crosbie at the station?"

"It is true. I did beat him."

"Oh, John! not that I mean to say you were wrong, and indeed I honor you for the feeling. There can be nothing so dreadful as a young man's deceiving a young woman and leaving her after he has won her heart—particularly when she has had his promise in plain words, or, perhaps, even in black and white." John thought of that horrid, foolish, wretched note which he had written. "And a poor girl, if she can't right herself by a breach of promise, doesn't know what to do. Does she, John?"

"A girl who'd right herself that way wouldn't be worth having."

"I don't know about that. When a poor girl is in such a position she has to be served by her friends. I suppose, then, Miss Lily Dale won't bring a breach of promise against him."

This mention of Lily's name in such a place was sacrilege in the ears of poor Eames. "I can not tell," said he, "what may be the intention of the lady of whom you speak. But from what I know of her friends, I should not think that she will be disgraced by such a proceeding."

"That may be all very well for Miss Lily Dale—" Amelia said, and then she hesitated. It would not be well, she thought, absolutely to threaten him as yet—not as long as there was any possibility that he might be won without a threat. "Of course I know all about it," she continued. "She was your L. D., you know. Not that I was ever jealous of her. To you she was no more than one of childhood's friends. Was she, Johnny?"

He stamped his foot upon the floor, and then jumped up from his seat. "I hate all that sort of twaddle about childhood's friends, and you know I do. You'll make me swear that I'll never come into this room again."

"Johnny!"

"So I will. The whole thing makes me sick. And as for that Mrs. Lupex—"

"If this is what you learn, John, by going to a lord's house, I think you had better stay at home with your own friends."

"Of course I had—much better stay at home with my own friends. Here's Mrs. Lupex, and at any rate I can't stand her." So he went off, and walked round the Crescent, and down to the New Road, and almost into the Regent's Park, thinking of Lily Dale and of his own cowardice with Amelia Roper.

On the following morning he received a message, at about one o'clock, by the mouth of the Board-room messenger, informing him that his presence was required in the Board-room. "Sir Raffle Buffle has desired your presence, Mr. Eames."

"My presence, Tupper! what for?" said Johnny, turning upon the messenger almost with dismay.

"Indeed I can't say, Mr. Eames; but Sir

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Raffle Buffle has desired your presence in the Board-room."

Such a message as that in official life always strikes awe into the heart of a young man. And yet young men generally come forth from such interviews without having received any serious damage, and generally talk about the old gentleman whom they have encountered with a good deal of light-spirited sarcasm—or chaff, as it is called in the slang phraseology of the day. It is that same "majesty which doth hedge a king" that does it. The turkey-cock in his own farmyard is master of the occasion, and the thought of him creates fear. A bishop in his lawn, a judge on the bench, a chairman in a big room at the end of a long table, or a policeman with his bull's-eye lamp upon his beat, can all make themselves terrible by means of those appanages of majesty which have been vouchsafed to them. But how mean is the policeman in his own home, and how few thought much of Sir Raffle Buffle as he sat asleep after dinner in his old slippers! How well can I remember the terror created within me by the air of outraged dignity with which a certain fine old gentleman, now long since gone, could rub his hands slowly, one on the other, and look up to the ceiling, slightly shaking his head, as though lost in the contemplation of my iniquities! I would become sick in my stomach, and feel as though my ankles had been broken. That upward turn of the eye unmanned me so completely that I was speechless as regarded any defense. I think that that old man could hardly have known the extent of his own power.

Once upon a time a careless lad, having the charge of a bundle of letters addressed to the King —petitions and such like, which in the course of business would not get beyond the hands of some lord-in-waiting's deputy assistant — sent the bag which contained them to the wrong place; to Windsor, perhaps, if the Court were in London; or to St. James's, if it were at Windsor. He was summoned; and the great man of the occasion contented himself with holding his hands up to the heavens as he stood up from his chair, and exclaiming twice, "Mis-sent the Monarch's pouch! Mis-sent the Monarch's pouch!" That young man never knew how he escaped from the Board-room; but for a time he was deprived of all power of exertion, and could not resume his work till he had had six months' leave of absence, and been brought round upon rum and asses' milk. In that instance the peculiar use of the word Monarch had a power which the official magnate had never contemplated. The story is traditional; but I believe that the circumstance happened as lately as in the days of George the Third.

John Eames could laugh at the present chairman of the Income-tax Office with great freedom, and call him old Huffle Scuffle, and the like; but, now that he was sent for, he also, in spite of his radical propensities, felt a little weak about his ankle-joints. He knew from the first hearing of the message that he was wanted with reference to that affair at the railway station. Perhaps there might be a rule that any clerk should be dismissed who used his fists in any public place. There were many rules entailing the punishment of dismissal for many offenses —and he began to think that he did remember something of such a regulation. However, he got up, looked once around him upon his friends, and then followed Tupper into the Board-room.

"There's Johnny been sent for by old Scuffles," said one clerk.

"That's about his row with Crosbie," said another. "The Board can't do any thing to him for that."

"Can't it?" said the first. "Didn't young Outonites have to resign because of that row at the Cider Cellars, though his cousin, Sir Constant Outonites, did all that he could for him?"

"But he was regularly up the spout with accommodation bills."

"I tell you that I wouldn't be in Eames's shoes for a trifle. Crosbie is secretary at the Committee Office, where Scuffles was chairman before he came here; and of course they're as thick as thieves. I shouldn't wonder if they didn't make him go down and apologize."

"Johnny won't do that," said the other.

In the mean time John Eames was standing in the august presence. Sir Raffle Buffle was throned in his great oak arm-chair at the head of a long table in a very large room; and by him, at the corner of the table, was seated one of the assistant secretaries of the office. Another member of the Board was also at work upon the long table; but he was reading and signing papers at some distance from Sir Raffle, and paid no heed whatever to the scene. The assistant secretary, looking on, could see that Sir Raffle was annoyed by this want of attention on the part of his colleague, but all this was lost upon Eames.

"Mr. Eames?" said Sir Raffle, speaking with a peculiarly harsh voice, and looking at the culprit through a pair of gold-rimmed glasses, which he perched for the occasion upon his big nose. "Isn't that Mr. Eames?"

"Yes," said the assistant secretary, "this is Eames."

"Ah!"—and then there was a pause. "Come a little nearer, Mr. Eames, will you?" and Johnny drew nearer, advancing noiselessly over the Turkey carpet.

"Let me see; in the second class, isn't he? Ah! Do you know, Mr. Eames, that I have received a letter from the secretary to the Directors of the Great Western Railway Company, detailing circumstances which—if truly stated in that letter—redound very much to your discredit?"

"I did get into a row there yesterday, Sir."

"Got into a row! It seems to me that you have got into a very serious row, and that I must tell the Directors of the Great Western Railway Company that the law must be allowed to take its course."

"I sha'n't mind that, Sir, in the least," said

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Eames, brightening up a little under this view of the case.

"Not mind that, Sir!" said Sir Raffle—or rather, he shouted out the words at the offender before him. I am inclined to think that he overdid it, missing the effect which a milder tone might have attained. Perhaps there was lacking to him some of that majesty of demeanor and dramatic propriety of voice which had been so efficacious in the little story as to the King's bag of letters. As it was, Johnny gave a slight jump, but after his jump he felt better than he had been before. "Not mind, Sir, being dragged before the criminal tribunals of your country, and being punished as a felon—or rather, as a misdemeanor—for an outrage committed on a public platform! Not mind it! What do you mean, Sir?"

"I mean, that I don't think the magistrate would say very much about it, Sir. And I don't think Mr. Crosbie would come forward."

"But Mr. Crosbie must come forward, young man. Do you suppose that an outrage against the peace of the Metropolis is to go unpunished because he may not wish to pursue the matter? I'm afraid you must be very ignorant, young man."

"Perhaps I am," said Johnny.

"Very ignorant indeed—very ignorant indeed. And are you aware, Sir, that it would become a question with the Commissioners of this Board whether you could be retained in the service of this department if you were publicly punished by a police magistrate for such a disgraceful outrage as that?"

Johnny looked round at the other Commissioner, but that gentleman did not raise his face from his papers.

"Mr. Eames is a very good clerk," whispered the assistant secretary, but in a voice which made his words audible to Eames; "one of the best young men we have," he added, in a voice which was not audible.

"Oh—ah; very well. Now, I'll tell you what, Mr Eames, I hope this will be a lesson to you—a very serious lesson."

The assistant secretary, leaning back in his chair so as to be a little behind the head of Sir Raffle, did manage to catch the eye of the other Commissioner. The other Commissioner, barely looking round, smiled a little, and then the assistant secretary smiled also. Eames saw this, and he smiled too.

"Whether any ulterior consequences may still await the breach of the peace of which you have been guilty, I am not yet prepared to say," continued Sir Raffle. "You may go now."

And Johnny returned to his own place, with no increased reverence for the dignity of the chairman.

On the following morning one of his colleagues showed him with great glee the passage in the newspaper which informed the world that he had been so desperately beaten by Crosbie that he was obliged to keep his bed at this present time in consequence of the flogging that he had received. Then his anger was aroused, and he bounced about the big room of the Income-tax Office, regardless of assistant secretaries, head clerks, and all other official grandees whatsoever, denouncing the iniquities of the public press, and declaring his opinion that it would be better to live in Russia than in a country which allowed such audacious falsehoods to be propagated.

"He never touched me, Fisher; I don't think he ever tried; but, upon my honor, he never touched me."

"But, Johnny, it was bold in you to make up to Lord De Courcy's daughter," said Fisher.

"I never saw one of them in my life."

"He's going it altogether among the aristocracy now," said another; "I suppose you wouldn't look at any body under a viscount?"

"Can I help what that thief of an editor puts into his paper? Flogged! Huffle Scuffle told me I was a felon, but that wasn't half so bad as this fellow;" and Johnny kicked the newspaper across the room.

"Indict him for a libel," said Fisher.

"Particularly for saying you wanted to marry a countess's daughter," said another clerk.

"I never heard such a scandal in my life," declared a third; "and then to say that the girl wouldn't look at you."

But not the less was it felt by all in the office that Johnny Eames was becoming a leading man among them, and that he was one with whom each of them would be pleased to be intimate. And even among the grandees this affair of the railway station did him no real harm. It was known that Crosbie had deserved to be thrashed, and known that Eames had thrashed him. It was all very well for Sir Raffle Buffle to talk of police magistrates and misdemeanors, but all the world at the Income-tax Office knew very well that Eames had come out from that affair with his head upright, and his right foot foremost.

"Never mind about the newspaper," a thoughtful old senior clerk said to him. "As he did get the licking and you didn't, you can afford to laugh at the newspaper."

"And you wouldn't write to the editor?"

"No, no; certainly not. No one thinks of defending himself to a newspaper except an ass; unless it be some fellow who wants to have his name puffed. You may write what's as true as the gospel, but they'll know how to make fun of it."

Johnny therefore gave up his idea of an indignant letter to the editor, but he felt that he was bound to give some explanation of the whole matter to Lord De Guest. The affair had happened as he was coming from the earl's house, and all his own concerns had now been made so much a matter of interest to his kind friend, that he thought that he could not with propriety leave the earl to learn from the newspapers either the facts or the falsehoods. And, therefore, before he left his office he wrote the following letter:

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INCOME-TAX OFFICE, *December* 29, 186–.

MY LORD,—

He thought a good deal about the style in which he ought to address the peer, never having hitherto written to him. He began, "My dear Lord," on one sheet of paper, and then put it aside, thinking that it looked over-bold.

MY LORD,—As you have been so very kind to me, I feel that I ought to tell you what happened the other morning at the railway station as I was coming back from Guestwick. That scoundrel Crosbie got into the same carriage with me at the Barchester Junction, and sat opposite to me all the way up to London. I did not speak a word to him, or he to me; but when he got out at the Paddington Station, I thought I ought not to let him go away, so I— I can't say that I thrashed him as I wished to do; but I made an attempt, and I did give him a black eye. A whole quantity of policemen got round us, and I hadn't a fair chance. I know you will think that I was wrong, and perhaps I was; but what could I do when he sat opposite to me there for two hours, looking as though he thought himself the finest fellow in all London?

They've put a horrible paragraph into one of the newspapers, saying that I got so "flogged" that I haven't been able to stir since. It is an atrocious falsehood, as is all the rest of the newspaper account. I was not touched. He was not nearly so bad a customer as the bull, and seemed to take it all very quietly. I must acknowledge, though, that he didn't get such a beating as he deserved.

Your friend Sir R. B. sent for me this morning, and told me I was a felon. I didn't seem to care much for that, for he might as well have called me a murderer or a burglar; but I shall care very much indeed if I have made you angry with me. But what I most fear is the anger of some one else—at Allington.

Believe me to be, my Lord,

Yours very much obliged and most sincerely,

JOHN EAMES.

"I knew he'd do it if ever he got the opportunity," said the earl when he had read his letter; and he walked about his room striking his hands together, and then thrusting his thumbs into his waistcoat-pockets. "I knew he was made of the right stuff," and the earl rejoiced greatly in the prowess of his favorite. "I'd have done it myself if I'd seen him. I do believe I would." Then he went back to the breakfast-room and told Lady Julia. "What do you think?" said he; "Johnny Eames has come across Crosbie, and given him a desperate beating."

"No!" said Lady Julia, putting down her newspaper and spectacles, and expressing by the light of her eyes any thing but Christian horror at the wickedness of the deed.

"But he has, though. I knew he would if he saw him."

"Beaten him! Actually beaten him!"

"Sent him home to Lady Alexandrina with two black eyes."

"Two black eyes! What a young pickle! But did he get hurt himself?"

"Not a scratch, he says."

"And what'll they do to him?"

"Nothing. Crosbie won't be fool enough to do any thing. A man becomes an outlaw when he plays such a game as he has played. Any body's hand may be raised against him with impunity. He can't show his face, you know. He can't come forward and answer questions as to what he has done. There are offenses which the law can't touch, but which outrage public feeling so strongly that any one may take upon himself the duty of punishing them. He has been thrashed, and that will stick to him till he dies."

"Do tell Johnny from me that I hope he didn't get hurt," said Lady Julia. The old lady could not absolutely congratulate him on his feat of arms, but she did the next thing to it.

But the earl did congratulate him, with a full open assurance of his approval.

"I hope," he said, "I should have done the same at your age, under similar circumstances, and I'm very glad that he proved less difficult than the bull. I'm quite sure you didn't want any one to help you with Master Crosbie. As for that other person at Allington, if I understand such matters at all, I think she will forgive you." It may, however, be a question whether the earl did understand such matters at all. And then he added, in a postscript: "When you write to me again—and don't be long first, begin your letter, 'My dear Lord De Guest'—that is the proper way."

ROMOLA.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE."

CHAPTER LXVIII.

ROMOLA'S WAKING.

ROMOLA in her boat passed from dreaming into long deep sleep, and then again from deep sleep into busy dreaming, till at last she felt herself stretching out her arms in the court of the Bargello, where the flickering flames of the tapers seemed to get stronger and stronger till the dark scene was blotted out with light. Her eyes opened, and she saw it was the light of morning. Her boat was lying still in a little creek; on her right hand lay the speckless sapphire-blue of the Mediterranean; on her left one of those scenes which were and still are repeated again and again, like a sweet rhythm, on the shores of that loveliest sea.

In a deep curve of the mountains lay a breadth of green land, curtained by gentle tree-shadowed slopes leaning toward the rocky heights. Up these slopes might be seen here and there, gleaming between the tree-tops, a pathway leading to a little irregular mass of building that seemed to have clambered in a hasty way up the mountain-side, and taken a difficult stand there for the sake of showing the tall belfry as a sight of beauty to the scattered and clustered houses of the village below. The rays of the newly-risen sun fell obliquely on the westward horn of this crescent-shaped nook: all else lay in dewy shad-

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ow. No sound came across the stillness; the very waters seemed to have curved themselves there for rest.

The delicious sun-rays fell on Romola and thrilled her gently like a caress. She lay motionless, hardly watching the scene; rather, feeling simply the presence of peace and beauty. While we are still in our youth there can always come, in our early waking, moments when mere passive existence is itself a Lethe, when the exquisiteness of subtle indefinite sensation creates a bliss which is without memory and without desire. As the soft warmth penetrated Romola's young limbs, as her eyes rested on this sequestered luxuriance, it seemed that the agitating past had glided away like that dark scene in the Bargello, and that the afternoon dreams of her girlhood had really come back to her. For a minute or two the oblivion was untroubled; she did not even think that she could rest here forever—she only felt that she rested. Then she became distinctly conscious that she was lying in the boat which had been bearing her over the waters all through the night. Instead of bringing her to death it had been the gently-lulling cradle of a new life. And in spite of her evening despair she was glad that the morning had come to her again: glad to think that she was resting in the familiar sunlight rather than in the unknown regions of death. *Could* she not rest here? No sound from Florence would reach her. Already oblivion was troubled; from behind the golden haze were piercing domes and towers and walls, parted by a river and inclosed by the green hills.

She rose from her reclining posture and sat up in the boat, willing, if she could, to resist the rush of thoughts that urged themselves along with the conjecture how far the boat had carried her. Why need she mind? This was a sheltered nook where there were simple villagers who would not harm her. For a little while, at least, she might rest and resolve on nothing. Presently she would go and get some bread and milk, and then she would nestle in the green quiet, and feel that there was a pause in her life. She turned to watch the crescent-shaped valley, that she might get back the soothing sense of peace and beauty which she had felt in her first waking.

She had not been in this attitude of contemplation more than a few minutes when across the stillness there came a piercing cry; not a brief cry, but continuous, and more and more intense. Romola felt sure it was the cry of a little child in distress that no one came to help. She started up and put one foot on the side of the boat ready to leap on to the beach; but she paused there and listened: the mother of the child must be near, the cry must soon cease. But it went on, and drew Romola so irresistibly, seeming the more piteous to her for the sense of peace which had preceded it, that she jumped on to the beach and walked many paces before she knew what direction she would take. The cry, she thought, came from some rough garden growth many yards on her right hand, where she saw a half-ruined hovel. She climbed over a low broken stone fence, and made her way across patches of weedy green crops and ripe but neglected corn. The cry grew plainer, and, convinced that she was right, she hastened toward the hovel; but even in that hurried walk she felt an oppressive change in the air as she left the sea behind. Was there some taint lurking among the green luxuriance that had seemed such an inviting shelter from the heat of the coming day? She could see the opening into the hovel now, and the cry was darting through her like a pain. The next moment her foot was within the doorway, but the sight she beheld in the sombre light arrested her with a shock of awe and horror. On the straw with which the floor was scattered lay three dead bodies, one of a tall man, one of a girl about eight years old, and one of a young woman whose long black hair was being clutched and pulled by a living child—the child that was sending forth the piercing cry. Romola's experience in the haunts of death and disease made thought and action prompt: she lifted the little living child, and in trying to soothe it on her bosom, still bent to look at the bodies and see if they were really dead. The strongly marked type of race in their features and their peculiar garb made her conjecture that they were Spanish or Portuguese Jews, who had perhaps been put ashore and abandoned there by rapacious sailors, to whom their property remained as a prey. Such things were happening continually to Jews compelled to abandon their homes by the Inquisition: the cruelty of greed thrust them from the sea, and the cruelty of superstition thrust them back to it.

"But, surely," thought Romola, "I shall find some woman in the village whose mother's heart will not let her refuse to tend this

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helpless child — if the real mother is indeed dead."

This doubt remained, because while the man and girl looked emaciated and also showed signs of having been long dead, the woman seemed to have been hardier, and had not quite lost the robustness of her form. Romola, kneeling, was about to lay her hand on the heart; but as she lifted the piece of yellow woolen drapery that lay across the bosom, she saw the purple spots which marked the familiar pestilence. Then it struck her that if the villagers knew of this she might have more difficulty than she had expected in getting help from them; they would perhaps shrink from her with that child in her arms. But she had money to offer them, and they would not refuse to give her some goats' milk in exchange for it.

She set out at once toward the village, her mind filled now with the effort to soothe the little dark creature, and with wondering how she should win some woman to be good to it. She could not help hoping a little in a certain awe she had observed herself to inspire, when she appeared, unknown and unexpected, in her religious dress. As she passed across a breadth of cultivated ground she noticed, with wonder, that little patches of corn mingled with the other crops had been left to overripeness untouched by the sickle, and that golden apples and dark figs lay rotting on the weedy ground. There were grassy spaces within sight, but no cow, or sheep, or goat. The stillness began to have something fearful in it to Romola; she hurried along toward the thickest cluster of houses, where there would be the most life to appeal to on behalf of the helpless life she carried in her arms. But she had picked up two figs, and bit little pieces from the sweet pulp to still the child with.

She entered between two lines of dwellings. It was time that villagers should have been stirring long ago, but not a soul was in sight. The air was becoming more and more oppressive, laden, it seemed, with some horrible impurity. There was a door open; she looked in, and saw grim emptiness. Another open door; and through that she saw a man lying dead with all his garments on, his head lying athwart a spade-handle, and an earthen-ware cruse in his hand as if he had fallen suddenly.

Romola felt horror taking possession of her. Was she in a village of the unburied dead? She wanted to listen if there were any faint sound, but the child cried out afresh when she ceased to feed it, and the cry filled her ears. At last she saw a figure crawling slowly out of a house, and soon sinking back in a sitting posture against the wall. She hastened toward the figure; it was a young woman in fevered anguish, and she, too, held a pitcher in her hand. As Romola approached her she did not start; the one need was too absorbing for any other idea to impress itself on her.

"Water! get me water!" she said, with a moaning utterance.

Romola stooped to take the pitcher, and said gently in her ear, "You shall have water; can you point toward the well?"

The hand was lifted toward the more distant end of the little street, and Romola set off at once with as much speed as she could use under the difficulty of carrying the pitcher as well as feeding the child. But the little one was getting more content as the morsels of sweet pulp were repeated, and ceased to distress her with its cry, so that she could give a less distracted attention to the objects around her.

The well lay twenty yards or more beyond the end of the street, and as Romola was approaching it her eyes were directed to the opposite green slope immediately below the church. High up, on a patch of grass between the trees, she had descried a cow and a couple of goats, and she tried to trace a line of path that would lead her close to that cheering sight, when once she had done her errand to the well. Occupied in this way, she was not aware that she was very near the well, and that some one approaching it on the other side had fixed a pair of astonished eyes upon her.

Romola certainly presented a sight which, at that moment and in that place, could hardly have been seen without some pausing and palpitation. With her gaze fixed intently on the distant slope, the long lines of her thick gray garment giving a gliding character to her rapid walk, her hair rolling backward and illuminated on the left side by the sun-rays, the little olive baby on her right arm now looking out with jet black eyes, she might well startle that youth of fifteen, accustomed to swing the censer in the presence of a Madonna less fair and marvelous than this.

"She carries a pitcher in her hand—to fetch water for the sick. It is the Holy Mother, come to take care of the people who have the pestilence."

It was a sight of awe: she would, perhaps, be angry with those who fetched water for themselves only. The youth flung down his vessel in terror, and Romola, aware now of some one near her, saw the black and white figure fly as if for dear life toward the slope she had just been contemplating. But remembering the parched sufferer she half filled her pitcher quickly and hastened back.

Entering the house to look for a small cup, she saw salt meat and meal: there were no signs of want in the dwelling. With nimble movement she seated baby on the ground, and lifted a cup of water to the sufferer, who drank eagerly, and then closed her eyes and leaned her head backward, seeming to give herself up to the sense of relief. Presently she opened her eyes, and, looking at Romola, said, languidly,

"Who are you?"

"I came over the sea," said Romola. "I only came this morning. Are all the people dead in these houses?"

"I think they are all ill now—all that are not dead. My father and my sister lie dead up

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AT THE WELL.

stairs, and there is no one to bury them: and soon I shall die."

"Not so, I hope," said Romola. "I am come to take care of you. I am used to the pestilence; I am not afraid. But there must be some left who are not ill. I saw a youth running toward the mountain when I went to the well."

"I can not tell. When the pestilence came a great many people went away, and drove off the cows and goats. Give me more water!"

Romola, suspecting that if she followed the direction of the youth's flight she should find some men and women who were still healthy and able, determined to seek them out at once, that she might at least win them to take care of the child, and leave her free to come back and see how many living needed help, and how many dead needed burial. She trusted to her powers of persuasion to conquer the aid of the timorous, when once she knew what was to be done.

Promising the sick woman to come back to her, she lifted the dark bantling again, and set off toward the slope. She felt no burden of choice on her now, no longing for death. She

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was thinking how she would go to the other sufferers as she had gone to that fevered woman.

But, with the child on her arm, it was not so easy to her as usual to walk up a slope, and it seemed a long while before the winding path took her near the cow and the goats. She was beginning herself to feel faint from heat, hunger, and thirst, and as she reached a double turning she paused to consider whether she would not wait near the cow, which some one was likely to come and milk soon, rather than toil up to the church before she had taken any rest. Raising her eyes to measure the steep distance, she saw peeping between the boughs, not more than five yards off, a broad round face, watching her attentively, and lower down the black skirt of a priest's garment, and a hand grasping a bucket. She stood mutely observing; and the face, too, remained motionless. Romola had often witnessed the overpowering force of dread in cases of pestilence, and she was cautious.

Raising her voice in a tone of gentle pleading, she said, "I came over the sea. I am hungry, and so is the child. Will you not give us some milk?"

Romola had divined part of the truth, but she had not divined that preoccupation of the priest's mind which charged her words with a strange significance. Only a little while ago the young acolyte had brought word to the Padre that he had seen the Holy Mother with the Babe, fetching water for the sick: she was as tall as the cypresses, and had a light about her head, and she looked up at the church. The pievano* had not listened with entire belief: he had been more than fifty years in the world without having any vision of the Madonna, and he thought the boy might have misinterpreted the unexpected appearance of a villager. But he had been made uneasy, and before venturing to come down and milk his cow he had repeated many aves. The pievano's conscience tormented him a little: he trembled at the pestilence; but he also trembled at the thought of the mild-faced Mother, conscious that that Invisible Mercy might demand something more of him than prayers and "Hails." In this state of mind—unable to banish the image the boy had raised of the Mother with the glory about her tending the sick—the pievano had come down to milk his cow, and had suddenly caught sight of Romola pausing at the parted way. Her pleading words, with their strange refinement of tone and accent, instead of being explanatory, had a preternatural sound for him. Yet he did not quite believe he saw the Holy Mother: he was in a state of alarmed hesitation. If any thing miraculous were happening, he felt there was no strong presumption that the miracle would be in his favor. He dared not run away; he dared not advance.

"Come down," said Romola, after a pause. "Do not fear. Fear rather to deny food to the hungry when they ask you."

* Parish priest.

A moment after the boughs were parted, and the complete figure of a thick-set priest, with a broad, harmless face, his black frock much worn and soiled, stood, bucket in hand, looking at her timidly, and still keeping aloof as he took the path toward the cow in silence.

Romola followed him and watched him without speaking again, as he seated himself against the tethered cow; and, when he had nervously drawn some milk, gave it to her in a brass cup he carried with him in the bucket. As Romola put the cup to the lips of the eager child, and afterward drank some milk herself, the Padre observed her from his wooden stool with a timidity that changed its character a little. He recognized the Hebrew baby; he was certain that he had a substantial woman before him; but there was still something strange and unaccountable in Romola's presence in this spot, and the Padre had a presentiment that things were going to change with him. Moreover, that Hebrew baby was terribly associated with the dread of pestilence.

Nevertheless, when Romola smiled at the little one sucking its own milky lips, and stretched out the brass cup again, saying, "Give us more, good father," he obeyed less nervously than before.

Romola, on her side, was not unobservant; and when the second supply of milk had been drunk, she looked down at the round-headed man, and said, with mild decision,

"And now tell me, father, how this pestilence came, and why you let your people die without the sacraments, and lie unburied. For I am come over the sea to help those who are left alive—and you, too, will help them now."

He told her the story of the pestilence; and while he was telling it, the youth who had fled before had come peeping and advancing gradually till at last he stood and watched the scene from behind a neighboring bush.

Three families of Jews, twenty souls in all, had been put ashore many weeks ago, some of them already ill of the pestilence. The villagers, said the priest, had of course refused to give shelter to the miscreants, otherwise than in a distant hovel, and under heaps of straw. But when the strangers had died of the plague, and some of the people had thrown the bodies into the sea, the sea had brought them back again in a great storm, and every body was smitten with terror. A grave was dug, and the bodies were buried; but then the pestilence attacked the Christians, and the greater number of the villagers went away over the mountain, driving away their few cattle, and carrying provisions. The priest had not fled; he had staid and prayed for the people, and he had prevailed on the youth Jacopo to stay with him; but he confessed that a mortal terror of the plague had taken hold of him, and he had not dared to go down into the valley.

"You will fear no longer, father," said Romola, in a tone of encouraging authority; "you will come down with me, and we will see who

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is living, and we will look for the dead to bury them. I have walked about for months where the pestilence was, and see, I am strong. Jacopo will come with us," she added, motioning to the peeping lad, who came slowly from behind his defensive bush, as if invisible threads were dragging him.

"Come, Jacopo," said Romola again, smiling at him, "you will carry the child for me. See! your arms are strong, and I am tired."

That was a dreadful proposal to Jacopo, and to the priest also; but they were both under a peculiar influence forcing them to obey. The suspicion that Romola was a supernatural form was dissipated, but their minds were filled instead with the more effective sense that she was a human being whom God had sent over the sea to command them.

"Now we will carry down the milk," said Romola, "and see if any one wants it."

So they went all together down the slope, and that morning the sufferers saw help come to them in their despair. There were hardly more than a score alive in the whole valley; but all of these were comforted, most were saved, and the dead were buried.

In this way days, weeks, and months passed with Romola till the men were digging and sowing again, till the women smiled at her as they carried their great vases on their heads to the well, and the Hebrew baby was a tottering tumbling Christian, Benedetto by name, having been baptized in the church on the mountain side. But by that time she herself was suffering from the fatigue and languor that must come after a continuous strain on mind and body. She had taken for her dwelling one of the houses abandoned by their owners, standing a little aloof from the village street; and here on a thick heap of clean straw—a delicious bed for those who do not dream of down—she felt glad to lie still through most of the daylight hours, taken care of along with the little Benedetto by a woman whom the pestilence had widowed.

Every day the Padre and Jacopo and the small flock of surviving villagers paid their visit to this cottage to see the blessed Lady, and to bring her of their best as an offering—honey, fresh cakes, eggs, and polenta. It was a sight they could none of them forget, a sight they all told of in their old age—how the sweet and sainted lady with her fair face, her golden hair, and her brown eyes that had a blessing in them, lay weary with her labors after she had been sent over the sea to help them in their extremity, and how the queer little black Benedetto used to crawl about the straw by her side and want every thing that was brought to her, and she always gave him a bit of what she took, and told them if they loved her they must be good to Benedetto.

Many legends were afterward told in that valley about the blessed Lady who came over the sea, but they were legends by which all who heard might know that in times gone by a woman had done beautiful loving deeds there, rescuing those who were ready to perish.

CHAPTER LXIX.

HOMEWARD.

In those silent wintry hours when Romola lay resting from her weariness, her mind, traveling back over the past, and gazing across the undefined distance of the future, saw all objects from a new position. Her experience since the moment of her waking in the boat had come to her with as strong an effect as that of the fresh seal on the dissolving wax. She had felt herself without bonds, without motive; sinking in mere egoistic complaining that life could bring her no content; feeling a right to say, "I am tired of life; I want to die." That thought had sobbed within her as she fell asleep, but from the moment after her waking when the cry had drawn her, she had not even reflected, as she used to do in Florence, that she was glad to live because she could lighten sorrow—she had simply lived, with so energetic an impulse to share the life around her, to answer the call of need, and do the work which cried aloud to be done, that the reasons for living, enduring, laboring, never took the form of argument.

The experience was like a new baptism to Romola. In Florence the simpler relations of the human being to his fellow-men had been complicated for her with all the special ties of marriage, the State, and religious discipleship, and when these had disappointed her trust the shock seemed to have shaken her aloof from life and stunned her sympathy. But now she said, "It was mere baseness in me to desire death. If every thing else is doubtful, this suffering that I can help is certain; if the glory of the cross is an illusion, the sorrow is only the truer. While the strength is in my arm I will stretch it out to the fainting; while the light visits my eyes they shall seek the forsaken."

And then the past arose with a fresh appeal to her. Her work in this green valley was done, and the emotions that were disengaged from the people immediately around her rushed back into the old deep channels of use and affection. That rare possibility of self-contemplation which comes in any complete severance from our wonted life made her judge herself as she had never done before: the compunction which is inseparable from a sympathetic nature keenly alive to the possible experience of others began to stir in her with growing force. She questioned the justness of her own conclusions, of her own deeds: she had been rash, arrogant, always dissatisfied that others were not good enough, while she herself had not been true to what her soul had once recognized as the best. She began to condemn her flight: after all, it had been cowardly self-care; the grounds on which Savonarola had once taken her back were truer, deeper than the grounds she had had for her second flight. How could she feel the needs of others and not feel above all the needs of the nearest?

But then came reaction against such self-reproach. The memory of her life with Tito, of

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the conditions which made their real union impossible, while their external union imposed a set of false duties on her which were essentially the concealment and sanctioning of what her mind revolted from, told her that flight had been her only resource. All minds, except such as are delivered from doubt by dullness of sensibility, must be subject to this recurring conflict where the many-twisted conditions of life have forbidden the fulfillment of a bond. For in strictness there is no replacing of relations: the presence of the new does not nullify the failure and breach of the old. Life has lost its perfection: it has been maimed; and until the wounds are quite scarred conscience continually casts backward doubting glances.

Romola shrank with dread from the renewal of her proximity to Tito, and yet she was uneasy that she had put herself out of reach of knowing what was his fate—uneasy that the moment might yet come when he would be in misery and need her. There was still a thread of pain within her, testifying to those words of Fra Girolamo, that she could not cease to be a wife. Could any thing utterly cease for her that had once mingled itself with the current of her heart's-blood?

Florence, and all her life there, had come back to her like hunger; her feelings could not go wandering after the possible and the vague: their living fibre was fed with the memory of familiar things. And the thought that she had divided herself from them forever became more and more importunate in these hours that were unfilled with action. What if Fra Girolamo had been wrong? What if the life of Florence was a web of inconsistencies? Was she, then, something higher, that she should shake the dust from off her feet and say, "This world is not good enough for me?" If she had been really higher, she would not so easily have lost all her trust.

Her indignant grief for her godfather had no longer complete possession of her, and her sense of debt to Savonarola was recovering predominance. Nothing that had come, or was to come, could do away with the fact that there had been a great inspiration in him which had waked a new life in her. Who, in all her experience, could demand the same gratitude from her as he? His errors—might they not bring calamities?

She could not rest. She hardly knew whether it was her strength returning with the budding leaves that made her active again, or whether it was her eager longing to get nearer Florence. She did not imagine herself daring to enter Florence, but the desire to be near enough to learn what was happening there urged itself with a strength that excluded all other purposes.

And one March morning the people in the valley were gathered together to see the blessed Lady depart. Jacopo had fetched a mule for her, and was going with her over the mountains. The Padre, too, was going with her to the nearest town, that he might help her in learning the safest way by which she might get to Pistoja. Her store of trinkets and money, untouched in this valley, was abundant for her needs.

If Romola had been less drawn by the longing that was taking her away, it would have been a hard moment for her when she walked along the village street for the last time, while the Padre and Jacopo, with the mule, were awaiting her near the well. Her steps were hindered by the wailing people, who knelt and kissed her hands, then clung to her skirts and kissed the gray folds, crying, "Ah, why will you go, when the good season is beginning and the crops will be plentiful? Why will you go?"

"Do not be sorry," said Romola; "you are well now, and I shall remember you. I must go and see if my own people want me."

"Ah, yes, if they have the pestilence!"

"Look at us again, Madonna!"

"Yes, yes, we will be good to the little Benedetto!"

At last Romola mounted her mule, but a vigorous screaming from Benedetto as he saw her turn from him in this new position, was an excuse for all the people to follow her and insist that he must ride on the mule's neck to the foot of the slope.

The parting must come at last, but as Romola turned continually before she passed out of sight, she saw the little flock lingering to catch the last waving of her hand.

CHAPTER LXX.

MEETING AGAIN.

On the fourteenth of April Romola was once more within the walls of Florence. Unable to rest at Pistoja, where contradictory reports reached her about the Trial by Fire, she had gone on to Prato; and was beginning to think that she should be drawn on to Florence in spite of dread, when she encountered that monk of San Spirito who had been her godfather's confessor. From him she learned the full story of Savonarola's arrest and of her husband's death. This Augustinian monk had been in the stream of people who had followed the wagon with its awful burden into the Piazza, and he could tell her what was generally known in Florence—that Tito had escaped from an assaulting mob by leaping into the Arno, but had been murdered on the bank by an old man who had long had an enmity against him. But Romola understood the catastrophe as no one else did. Of Savonarola the monk told her, in that tone of unfavorable prejudice which was usual in the Black Brethren (Frati Neri) toward the brother who showed white under his black, that he had confessed himself a deceiver of the people.

Romola paused no longer. That evening she was in Florence, sitting in agitated silence under the exclamations of joy and wailing, mingled with exuberant narrative, which were poured

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into her ears by Monna Brigida, who had retrograded to false hair in Romola's absence, but now drew it off again and declared she would not mind being gray, if her dear child would stay with her.

Romola was too deeply moved by the main events which she had known before coming to Florence to be wrought upon by the doubtful gossiping details added in Brigida's narrative. The tragedy of her husband's death, of Fra Girolamo's confession of duplicity under the coercion of torture, left her hardly any power of apprehending minor circumstances. All the mental activity she could exert under that load of awe-stricken grief was absorbed by two purposes which must supersede every other; to try and see Savonarola, and to learn what had become of Tessa and the children.

"Tell me, cousin," she said abruptly, when Monna Brigida's tongue had run quite away from troubles into projects of Romola's living with her, "has any thing been seen or said since Tito's death of a young woman with two little children?"

Brigida started, rounded her eyes, and lifted up her hands.

"Cristo! no. What! was he so bad as that, my poor child? Ah, then, that was why you went away, and left me word only that you went of your own free-will. Well, well; if I'd known that I shouldn't have thought you so strange and flighty. For I did say to myself, though I didn't tell any body else, 'What was she to go away from her husband for, leaving him to mischief, only because they cut poor Bernardo's head off? She's got her father's temper,' I said, 'that's what it is.' Well, well; never scold me, child: Bardo *was* fierce, you can't deny it. But if you had only told me the truth, that there was a young hussy and children, I should have understood it all. Any thing seen or said of her? No; and the less the better. They say enough of ill about him without that. But since that was the reason you went—"

"No, dear cousin," said Romola, interrupting her earnestly, "pray do not talk so. I wish above all things to find that young woman and her children, and to take care of them. They are quite helpless. Say nothing against it; that is the thing I shall do first of all."

"Well," said Monna Brigida, shrugging her shoulders and lowering her voice with an air of puzzled discomfiture, "if that's being a Piagnone, I've been taking peas for paternosters. Why, Fra Girolamo said as good as that widows ought not to marry again. Step in at the door and it's a sin and a shame, it seems; but come down the chimney and you're welcome. *Two* children—Santiddio!"

"Cousin, the poor thing has done no conscious wrong: she is ignorant of every thing. I will tell you—but not now."

Early the next morning Romola's steps were directed to the house beyond San Ambrogio where she had once found Tessa; but it was as she had feared: Tessa was gone. Romola conjectured that Tito had sent her away beforehand to some spot where he had intended to join her, for she did not believe that he would willingly part with those children. It was a painful conjecture, because if Tessa were out of Florence, there was hardly a chance of finding her, and Romola pictured the childish creature waiting and waiting at some way-side spot in wondering helpless misery. Those who lived near could tell her nothing except that old deaf Lisa had gone away a week ago with her goods, but no one knew where Tessa had gone. Romola saw no further active search open to her; for she had no knowledge that could serve as a starting-point for inquiry, and not only her innate reserve but a more noble sensitiveness made her shrink from assuming an attitude of generosity in the eyes of others by publishing Tessa's relation to Tito along with her own desire to find her. Many days passed in anxious inaction. Even under strong solicitation from other thoughts Romola found her heart palpitating if she caught sight of a pair of round brown legs, or of a short woman in the contadina dress.

She never for a moment told herself that it was heroism or exalted charity in her to seek these beings; she needed something that she was bound specially to care for; she yearned to clasp the children and to make them love her. This at least would be some sweet result, for others as well as herself, from all her past sorrow. It appeared there was much property of Tito's to which she had a claim; but she distrusted the cleanness of that money, and she had determined to make it all over to the State, except so much as was equal to the price of her father's library. This would be enough for the modest support of Tessa and the children. But Monna Brigida threw such planning into the back-ground by clamorously insisting that Romola must live with her and never forsake her till she had seen her safe in paradise—else why had she persuaded her to turn Piagnone? and if Romola wanted to rear other people's children, she, Monna Brigida, must rear them too. Only they must be found first.

Romola felt the full force of that innuendo. But strong feeling unsatisfied is never without its superstition, either of hope or despair. Romola's was the superstition of hope: *somehow* she was to find that mother and the children. And at last another direction for active inquiry suggested itself. She learned that Tito had provided horses and mules to await him in San Gallo; he was therefore going to leave Florence by the gate of San Gallo, and she determined, though without much confidence in the issue, to try and ascertain from the gate-keepers if they had observed any one corresponding to the description of Tessa, with her children, to have passed the gates before the morning of the ninth of April. Walking along the Via San Gallo, and looking watchfully about her through her long widow's veil, lest she should miss any object that might aid her, she descried Bratti chaffering with a customer. That roaming man, she

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thought, might aid her: she would not mind talking of Tessa to *him*. But as she put aside her veil and crossed the street toward him, she saw something hanging from the corner of his basket which made her heart leap with a much stronger hope.

"Bratti, my friend," she said, abruptly, "where did you get that necklace?"

"Your servant, madonna," said Bratti, looking round at her very deliberately, his mind not being subject to surprise. "It's a necklace worth money, but I shall get little by it, for my heart's too tender for a trader's; I have promised to keep it in pledge."

"Pray tell me where you got it: from a little woman named Tessa, is it not true?"

"Ah! if you know her," said Bratti, "and would redeem it of me at a small profit, and give it her again, you'd be doing a charity, for she cried at parting with it—you'd have thought she was running into a brook. It's a small profit I'll charge you. You shall have it for a florin, for I don't like to be hard-hearted."

"Where is she?" said Romola, giving him the money, and unclasping the necklace from the basket in joyful agitation.

"Outside the gate there, at the other end of the Borgo, at old Sibilla Manetti's. Any body will tell you which is the house."

Romola went along with winged feet, blessing that incident of the Carnival which had made her learn by heart the appearance of this necklace. Soon she was at the house she sought. The young woman and the children were in the inner room—were to have been fetched away a fortnight ago and more—had no money, only their clothes, to pay a poor widow with for their food and lodging. But since madonna knew them—Romola waited to hear no more, but opened the door.

Tessa was seated on the low bed. Her crying had passed into tearless sobs, and she was looking with sad blank eyes at the two children, who were playing in an opposite corner—Lillo covering his head with his skirt, and roaring at Ninna to frighten her, then peeping out again to see how she bore it. The door was a little behind Tessa, and she did not turn round when it opened, thinking it was only the old woman: expectation was no longer alive. Romola had thrown aside her veil and paused a moment, holding the necklace in sight. Then she said, in that pure voice that used to cheer her father:

"Tessa!"

Tessa started to her feet and looked round.

"See," said Romola, clasping the beads on Tessa's neck, "God has sent me to you again."

The poor thing screamed and sobbed, and clung to the arms that fastened the necklace. She could not speak. The two children came from their corner, laid hold of their mother's skirts, and looked up with wide eyes at Romola.

That day they all went home to Monna Brigida's, in the Borgo degli Albizzi. Romola had made known to Tessa by gentle degrees that Naldo could never come to her again; not because he was cruel, but because he was dead.

"But be comforted, my Tessa," said Romola. "I am come to take care of you always. And we have got Lillo and Ninna."

Monna Brigida's mouth twitched in the struggle between her awe of Romola and the desire to speak unseasonably.

"Let be for the present," she thought; "but it seems to me a thousand years till I tell this little contadina, who seems not to know how many fingers she's got on her hand, who Romola is. And I *will* tell her some day, else she'll never know her place. It's all very well for Romola; nobody will call their souls their own when she's by; but if I'm to have this puss-faced minx living in my house she must be humble to me."

However, Monna Brigida wanted to give the children too many sweets for their supper, and confessed to Romola, the last thing before going to bed, that it would be a shame not to take care of such cherubs.

"But you must give up to me a little, Romola, about their eating and those things. For you have never had a baby, and I had twins, only they died as soon as they were born."

CHAPTER LXXI.

THE CONFESSION.

When Romola brought home Tessa and the children April was already near its close, and the other great anxiety on her mind had been wrought to its highest pitch by the publication in print of Fra Girolamo's Trial, or rather of the confessions drawn from him by the sixteen Florentine citizens commissioned to interrogate him. The appearance of this document, issued by order of the Signoria, had called forth such strong expressions of public suspicion and discontent that severe measures were immediately taken for recalling it. Of course there were copies accidentally mislaid, and a second edition, *not* by order of the Signoria, was soon in the hands of eager readers.

Romola, who began to despair of ever speaking with Fra Girolamo, read this evidence again and again, desiring to judge it by some clearer light than the contradictory impressions that were taking the form of assertions in the mouths of both partisans and enemies.

In the more devout followers of Savonarola his want of constancy under torture, and his retractation of prophetic claims, had produced a consternation too profound to be at once displaced as it ultimately was by the suspicion, which soon grew into a positive datum, that any reported words of his which were in inexplicable contradiction to their faith in him, had not come from the lips of the prophet, but from the falsifying pen of Ser Ceccone, that notary of evil repute, who had made the digest of the examination. But there were obvious facts that

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at once threw discredit on the printed document. Was not the list of sixteen examiners half made up of the prophet's bitterest enemies? Was not the notorious Dolpho Spini one of the new Eight prematurely elected, in order to load the dice against a man whose ruin had been determined on by the party in power? It was but a murder with slow formalities that was being transacted in the Old Palace. The Signoria had resolved to drive a good bargain with the Pope and the Duke of Milan, by extinguishing the man who was as great a molestation to vicious citizens and greedy foreign tyrants as to a corrupt clergy. The Frate had been doomed beforehand, and the only question that was pretended to exist now was, whether the Republic, in return for a permission to lay a tax on ecclesiastical property, should deliver him alive into the hands of the Pope, or whether the Pope should further concede to the Republic what its dignity demanded—the privilege of hanging and burning its own prophet on its own piazza.

Who, under such circumstances, would give full credit to this so-called confession? If the Frate had denied his prophetic gift, the denial had only been wrenched from him by the agony of torture—agony that, in his sensitive frame, must quickly produce raving. What if these wicked examiners declared that he had only had the torture of the rope and pulley thrice, and only on one day, and that his confessions had been made when he was under no bodily coercion—was that to be believed? He had been tortured much more; he had been tortured in proportion to the distress his confessions had created in the hearts of those who loved him.

Other friends of Savonarola, who were less ardent partisans, did not doubt the substantial genuineness of the confession, however it might have been colored by the transpositions and additions of the notary; but they argued indignantly that there was nothing which could warrant a condemnation to death, or even to grave punishment. It must be clear to all impartial men that if this examination represented the only evidence against the Frate, he would die, not for any crime, but because he had made himself inconvenient to the Pope, to the rapacious Italian States that wanted to dismember their Tuscan neighbor, and to those unworthy citizens who sought to gratify their private ambition in opposition to the common weal.

Not a shadow of political crime had been proved against him. Not one stain had been detected on his private conduct: his fellow-monks, including one who had formerly been his secretary for several years, and who, with more than the average culture of his companions, had a disposition to criticise Fra Girolamo's rule as Prior, bore testimony, even after the shock of his retractation, to an unimpeachable purity and consistency in his life, which had commanded their unsuspecting veneration. The Pope himself had not been able to raise a charge of heresy against the Frate, except on the ground of disobedience to a mandate, and disregard of the sentence of excommunication. It was difficult to justify that breach of discipline by argument, but there was a moral insurgence in the minds of grave men against the Court of Rome, which tended to confound the theoretic distinction between the Church and churchmen, and to lighten the scandal of disobedience.

Men of ordinary morality and public spirit felt that the triumph of the Frate's enemies was really the triumph of gross license. And keen Florentines like Soderini and Piero Guicciardini, may well have had an angry smile on their lips at a severity which dispensed with all law and order to hang and burn a man in whom the seductions of a public career had warped the strictness of his veracity; may well have remarked that if the Frate had mixed a much deeper fraud with a zeal and ability less inconvenient to high personages, the fraud would have been regarded as an excellent oil for ecclesiastical and political wheels.

Nevertheless such shrewd men were forced to admit that, however poor a figure the Florentine government made in its clumsy pretense of a judicial warrant for what had in fact been predetermined as an act of policy, the measures of the Pope against Savonarola were necessary measures of self-defense. Not to try and rid himself of a man who wanted to stir up the Powers of Europe to summon a General Council and depose him, would have been adding ineptitude to iniquity. There was no denying that toward Alexander the Sixth Savonarola was a rebel, and, what was much more, a dangerous rebel. Florence had heard him say, and had well understood what he meant, that he would not *obey the devil.* It was inevitably a life and death struggle between the Frate and the Pope; but it was less inevitable that Florence should make itself the Pope's executioner.

Romola's ears were filled in this way with the suggestions of a faith still ardent under its wounds, and the suggestions of worldly discernment, judging things according to a very moderate standard of what is possible to human nature. She could be satisfied with neither. She brought to her long meditations over that printed document many painful observations, registered more or less consciously through the years of her discipleship, which whispered a presentiment that Savonarola's retractation of his prophetic claims was not merely a spasmodic effort to escape from torture. But, on the other hand, her soul cried out for some explanation of his lapses which would make it still possible for her to believe that the main striving of his life had been pure and grand. The recent memory of the selfish discontent which had come over her like a blighting wind along with the loss of her trust in the man who had been for her an incarnation of the highest motives, had produced a reaction which is known to many as a sort of faith that has sprung up to them out of the very depths of their despair. It was impossible, she said now, that the negative disbelieving thoughts which had made her soul arid of all good could be

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founded in the truth of things: impossible that it had not been a living spirit, and no hollow pretense, which had once breathed in the Frate's words, and kindled a new life in her. Whatever falsehood there had been in him had been a fall and not a purpose; a gradual entanglement in which he struggled, not a contrivance encouraged by success.

Looking at the printed confessions she saw many sentences which bore the stamp of bungling fabrication: they had that emphasis and repetition in self-accusation which none but very low hypocrites use to their fellow-men. But the fact that these sentences were in striking opposition, not only to the character of Savonarola, but also to the general tone of the confessions, strengthened the impression that the rest of the text represented in the main what had really fallen from his lips. Hardly a word was dishonorable to him except what turned on his prophetic annunciations. He was unvarying in his statement of the ends he had pursued for Florence, the Church, and the world; and, apart from the mixture of falsity in that claim to special inspiration by which he sought to gain hold of men's minds, there was no admission of having used unworthy means. Even in this confession, and without expurgation of the notary's malign phrases, Fra Girolamo shone forth as a man who had sought his own glory indeed, but sought it by laboring for the very highest end—the moral welfare of men—not by vague exhortations, but by striving to turn beliefs into energies that would work in all the details of life.

"Every thing that I have done," said one memorable passage, which may perhaps have had its erasures and interpolations, "I have done with the design of being forever famous in the present and in future ages; and that I might win credit in Florence; and that nothing of great import should be done without my sanction. And when I had thus established my position in Florence, I had it in my mind to do great things in Italy and beyond Italy, by means of those chief personages with whom I had contracted friendship and consulted on high matters, such as this of the General Council. And in proportion as my first efforts succeeded I should have adopted further measures. Above all, when the General Council had once been brought about, I intended to rouse the princes of Christendom, and especially those beyond the borders of Italy, to subdue the infidels. It was not much in my thoughts to get myself made a Cardinal or Pope; for when I should have achieved the work I had in view, I should, without being Pope, have been the first man in the world in the authority I should have possessed, and the reverence that would have been paid me. If I had been made Pope, I would not have refused the office: but it seemed to me that to be the head of that work was a greater thing than to be Pope, because a man without virtue may be Pope; but *such a work as I contemplated demanded a man of excellent virtues.*"

That blending of ambition with belief in the supremacy of goodness made no new tone to Romola, who had been used to hear it in the voice that rang through the Duomo. It was the habit of Savonarola's mind to conceive great things, and to feel that he was the man to do them. Iniquity should be brought low; the cause of justice, purity, and love should triumph; and it should triumph by his voice, by his work, by his blood. In moments of ecstatic contemplation, doubtless, the sense of self melted in the sense of the unspeakable, and in that part of his experience lay the elements of genuine self-abasement; but in the presence of his fellow-men for whom he was to act, pre-eminence seemed a necessary condition of his life.

And perhaps this confession, even when it described a doubleness that was conscious and deliberate, really implied no more than that wavering of belief concerning his own impressions and motives which most human beings who have not a stupid inflexibility of self-confidence must be liable to under a marked change of external conditions? In a life where the experience was so tumultuously mixed as it must have been in the Frate's, what a possibility was opened for a change of self-judgment, when, instead of eyes that venerated and knees that knelt, instead of a great work on its way to accomplishment, and in its prosperity stamping the agent as a chosen instrument, there came the hooting, and the spitting, and the curses of the crowd; and then the hard faces of enemies made judges; and then the horrible torture, and with the torture the irrepressible cry, "It is true, what you would have me say: let me go: do not torture me again: yes, yes, I am guilty. O God! Thy stroke has reached me!"

As Romola thought of the anguish that must have followed the confession—whether, in the subsequent solitude of the prison, conscience retracted or confirmed the self-taxing words—that anguish seemed to be pressing on her own heart and urging the slow bitter tears. Every vulgar self-ignorant person in Florence was glibly pronouncing on this man's demerits, and he was knowing a depth of sorrow which can only be known to the soul that has loved and sought the most perfect thing, and beholds itself fallen.

She had not then seen—what she saw afterward—the evidence of the Frate's mental state after he had had thus to lay his mouth in the dust. As the days went by, the reports of new unpublished examinations, eliciting no change of confessions, ceased; Savonarola was left alone in his prison and allowed pen and ink for a while, that, if he liked, he might use his poor bruised and strained right arm to write with. He wrote; but what he wrote was no vindication of his innocence, no protest against the proceedings used toward him: it was a continued colloquy with that divine purity with which he sought complete reunion; it was the outpouring of self-abasement; it was one long cry for inward renovation. No lingering echoes

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of the old vehement self-assertion, "Look at my work, for it is good, and those who set their faces against it are the children of the devil!" The voice of Sadness tells him, "God placed thee in the midst of the people even as if thou hadst been one of the excellent. In this way thou hast taught others, and hast failed to learn thyself. Thou hast cured others: and thou thyself hast been still diseased. Thy heart was lifted up at the beauty of thy own deeds, and through this thou hast lost thy wisdom and art become, and shalt be to all eternity, nothing..... After so many benefits with which God has honored thee, thou art fallen into the depths of the sea; and after so many gifts bestowed on thee, thou, by thy pride and vain-glory, hast scandalized all the world." And when Hope speaks and argues that the divine love has not forsaken him, it says nothing now of a great work to be done, but only says, "Thou art not forsaken, else why is thy heart bowed in penitence? That too is a gift."

There is no jot of worthy evidence that from the time of his imprisonment to the supreme moment Savonarola thought or spoke of himself as a martyr. The idea of martyrdom had been to him a passion dividing the dream of the future with the triumph of beholding his work achieved. And now, in place of both, had come a resignation which he called by no glorifying name.

But therefore he may the more fitly be called a martyr by his fellow-men to all time. For power rose against him not because of his sins, but because of his greatness—not because he sought to deceive the world, but because he sought to make it noble. And through that greatness of his he endured a double agony: not only the reviling, and the torture, and the death-throe, but the agony of sinking from the vision of glorious achievement into that deep shadow where he could only say, "I count as nothing: darkness encompasses me: yet the light I saw was the true light."

CHAPTER LXXII.

THE LAST SILENCE.

Romola had seemed to hear, as if they had been a cry, the words repeated to her by many lips—the words uttered by Savonarola when he took leave of those brethren of San Marco who had come to witness his signature of the confession: "Pray for me, for God has withdrawn from me the spirit of prophecy."

Those words had shaken her with new doubts as to the mode in which he looked back at the past in moments of complete self-possession. And the doubts were strengthened by more piteous things still, which soon reached her ears.

The nineteenth of May had come, and by that day's sunshine there had entered into Florence the two Papal Commissaries, charged with the completion of Savonarola's trial. They entered amidst the acclamations of the people, calling for the death of the Frate. For now the popular cry was, "It is the Frate's deception that has brought on all our misfortunes; let him be burned, and all things right will be done, and our evils will cease."

The next day it is well certified that there was fresh and fresh torture of the shattered sensitive frame; and now, at the first threat and first sight of the horrible implements, Savonarola, in convulsed agitation, fell on his knees, and in brief, passionate words, *retracted his confession*, declared that he had spoken falsely in denying his prophetic gift, and that if he suffered he would suffer for the truth—"The things that I have spoken I had them from God."

But not the less the torture was laid upon him, and when he was under it he was asked why he had uttered those retracting words. Men were not demons in those days, and yet nothing but confessions of guilt were held a reason for release from torture. The answer came: "I said it that I might seem good; tear me no more, I will tell you the truth."

There were Florentine assessors at this new trial, and those words of twofold retractation had soon spread. They filled Romola with dismayed uncertainty.

"But"—it flashed across her—"there will come a moment when he may speak. When there is no dread hanging over him but the dread of falsehood, when they have brought him into the presence of death, when he is lifted above the people, and looks on them for the last time, they can not hinder him from speaking a last decisive word. I will be there."

Three days after, on the 23d of May, 1498, there was again a long narrow platform stretching across the great piazza, from the Palazzo Vecchio toward the Tetta de' Pisani. But there was no grove of fuel as before: instead of that, there was one great heap of fuel placed on the circular area which made the termination of the long narrow platform. And above this heap of fuel rose a gibbet with three halters on it—a gibbet which, having two arms, still looked so much like a cross as to make some beholders uncomfortable, though one arm had been truncated to avoid the resemblance.

On the marble terrace of the Palazzo were three tribunals: one near the door for the Bishop, who was to perform the ceremony of degradation of Fra Girolamo and the two brethren who were to suffer as his followers and accomplices; another for the Papal Commissaries, who were to pronounce them heretics and schismatics, and deliver them over to the secular arm; and a third, close to Marzocco, at the corner of the terrace where the platform began, for the Gonfaloniere, and the Eight who were to pronounce the sentence of death.

Again the piazza was thronged with expectant faces: again there was to be a great fire kindled. In the majority of the crowd that pressed around the gibbet the expectation was that of ferocious

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hatred, or of mere hard curiosity to behold a barbarous sight. But there were still many spectators on the wide pavement, on the roofs, and at the windows, who, in the midst of their bitter grief and their own endurance of insult as hypocritical Piagnoni, were not without a lingering hope, even at this eleventh hour, that God would interpose, by some sign, to manifest their beloved prophet as His servant. And there were yet more who looked forward with trembling eagerness, as Romola did, to that final moment when Savonarola might say, "Oh people, I was innocent of deceit."

Romola was at a window on the north side of the piazza, far away from the marble terrace where the tribunals stood; and near her, also looking on in painful doubt concerning the man who had won his early reverence, was a young Florentine of two-and-twenty, named Jacopo Nardi, afterward to deserve honor as one of the very few who, feeling Fra Girolamo's eminence, have written about him with the simple desire to be veracious. He had said to Romola, with respectful gentleness, when he saw the struggle in her between her shuddering horror of the scene and her yearning to witness what might happen in the last moment,

"Madonna, there is no need for you to look at these cruel things. I will tell you when he comes out of the Palazzo. Trust to me; I know what you would see."

Romola covered her face, but the hootings that seemed to make the hideous scene still visible could not be shut out. At last her arm was touched, and she heard the words, "He comes." She looked toward the Palace, and could see Savonarola led out in his Dominican garb; could see him standing before the Bishop, and being stripped of the black mantle, the white scapulary and long white tunic, till he stood in a close woolen under-tunic, that told of no sacred office, no rank. He had been degraded, and cut off from the Church Militant.

The baser part of the multitude delight in degradations, apart from any hatred; it is the satire they best understand. There was a fresh hoot of triumph as the three degraded Brethren passed on to the tribunal of the Papal Commissaries, who were to pronounce them schismatics and heretics. Did not the prophet look like a schismatic and heretic now? It is easy to believe in the damnable state of a man who stands stripped and degraded.

Then the third tribunal was passed—that of the Florentine officials who were to pronounce sentence, and among whom, even at her distance, Romola could discern the odious figure of Dolfo Spini, indued in the grave black lucco, as one of the Eight.

Then the three figures, in their close white raiment, trod their way along the platform, amidst yells and grating tones of insult.

"Cover your eyes, madonna," said Jacopo Nardi; "Fra Girolamo will be the last."

It was not long before she had to uncover them again. Savonarola was there. He was not far off her now. He had mounted the steps; she could see him look round on the multitude.

But in the same moment expectation died, and she only saw what he was seeing—torches waving to kindle the fuel beneath his dead body, faces glaring with a yet worse light; she only heard what *he* was hearing—gross jests, taunts, and curses.

The moment was past. Her face was covered again, and she only knew that Savonarola's voice had passed into eternal silence.

EPILOGUE.

On the evening of the twenty-second of May, 1509, five persons, of whose history we have known something, were seated in a handsome upper room opening on to a loggia which, at its right-hand corner, looked all along the Borgo Pinti, and over the city gate toward Fiesole, and the solemn heights beyond it.

At one end of the room was an arch-way opening into a narrow inner room, hardly more than a recess, where the light fell from above on a small altar covered with fair white linen. Over the altar was a picture, discernible at the distance where the little party sat only as the small full-length portrait of a Dominican Brother. For it was shaded from the light above by overhanging branches and wreaths of flowers, and the fresh tapers below it were unlit. But it seemed that the decoration of the altar and its recess was not complete. For part of the floor was strewn with a confusion of flowers and green boughs, and among them sat a delicate blue-eyed girl of thirteen, tossing her long light-brown hair out of her eyes, as she made selections for the wreaths she was weaving, or looked up at her mother's work in the same kind, and told her how to do it with a little air of instruction.

For that mother was not very clever at weaving flowers or at any other work. Tessa's fingers had not become more adroit with the years—only very much fatter. She got on slowly, and turned her head about a good deal, and asked Ninna's opinion with much deference; for Tessa never ceased to be astonished at the wisdom of her children. She still wore her contadina gown: it was only broader than the old one; and there was the silver pin in her rough curly brown hair, and round her neck the memorable necklace, with a red cord under it, that ended mysteriously in her bosom. Her rounded face wore even a more perfect look of childish content than in her younger days: every body was so good in the world, Tessa thought; even Monna Brigida never found fault with her now, and did little else than sleep, which was an amiable practice in every body, and one that Tessa liked for herself.

Monna Brigida was asleep at this moment, in a straight-backed arm-chair, a couple of yards off. Her hair, parting backward under her

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black hood, had that soft whiteness which is not like snow or any thing else, but is simply the lovely whiteness of aged hair. Her chin had sunk on her bosom, and her hands rested on the elbow of her chair. She had not been weaving flowers or doing any thing else: she had only been looking on as usual, and as usual had fallen asleep.

The other two figures were seated farther off, at the wide doorway that opened on to the loggia. Lillo sat on the ground, with his back against the angle of the door-post, and his long legs stretched out, while he held a large book open on his knee, and occasionally made a dash with his hand at an inquisitive fly, with an air of interest stronger than that excited by the finely-printed copy of Petrarch which he kept open at one place, as if he were learning something by heart.

Romola sat nearly opposite Lillo, but she was not observing him. Her hands were crossed on her lap, and her eyes were fixed absently on the distant mountains: she was evidently unconscious of any thing around her. An eager life had left its marks upon her: the finely-moulded cheek had sunk a little; the golden crown was less massive; but there was a placidity in Romola's face which had never belonged to it in youth. It is but once that we can know our worst sorrows, and Romola had known them while life was new.

Absorbed in this way, she was not at first aware that Lillo had ceased to look at his book, and was watching her with a slightly impatient air, which meant that he wanted to talk to her, but was not quite sure whether she would like that entertainment just now. But persevering looks make themselves felt at last. Romola did presently turn away her eyes from the distance and meet Lillo's impatient dark gaze with a brighter and brighter smile. He shuffled along the floor, still keeping the book on his lap, till he got close to her and lodged his chin on her knee.

"What is it, Lillo?" said Romola, pulling his hair back from his brow. Lillo was a handsome lad, but his features were turning out to be more massive and less regular than his father's. The blood of the Tuscan peasant was in his veins.

"Mamma Romola, what am I to be?" he said, well contented that there was a prospect of talking till it would be too late to con "Spirto gentil" any longer.

"What should you like to be, Lillo? You might be a scholar. My father was a scholar, you know, and taught me a great deal. That is the reason why I can teach you."

"Yes," said Lillo, rather hesitatingly. "But he is old and blind in the picture. Did he get a great deal of glory?"

"Not much, Lillo. The world was not always very kind to him, and he saw meaner men than himself put into higher places because they could flatter and say what was false. And then his dear son thought it right to leave him and become a monk; and after that my father, being blind and lonely, felt unable to do the things that would have made his learning of greater use to men, so that he might still have lived in his works after he was in his grave."

"I should not like that sort of life," said Lillo. "I should like to be something that would make me a great man, and very happy besides—something that would not hinder me from having a good deal of pleasure."

"That is not easy, my Lillo. It is only a poor sort of happiness that could ever come by caring very much about our own narrow pleasures. We can only have the highest happiness, such as goes along with being a great man, by having wide thoughts, and much feeling for the rest of the world as well as ourselves; and this sort of happiness often brings so much pain with it that we can only tell it from pain by its being what we would choose before every thing else, because our souls see it is good. There are so many things wrong and difficult in the world that no man can be great—he can hardly keep himself from wickedness—unless he gives up thinking much about pleasures or rewards, and gets strength to endure what is hard and painful. My father had the greatness that belongs to integrity; he chose poverty and obscurity rather than falsehood. And there was Fra Girolamo—you know why I keep to-morrow sacred: *he* had the greatness which belongs to a life spent in struggling against powerful wrong, and in trying to raise men to the highest deeds they are capable of. And so, my Lillo, if you mean to act nobly and seek to know the best things God has put within reach of men, you must learn to fix your mind on that end, and not on what will happen to you because of it. And remember, if you were to choose something lower, and make it the rule of your life to seek your own pleasure and escape from what is disagreeable, calamity might come just the same; and it would be calamity falling on a base mind, which is the one form of sorrow that has no balm in it, and that may well make a man say 'It would have been better for me if I had never been born.' I will tell you something, Lillo."

Romola paused a moment. She had taken Lillo's cheeks between her hands, and his young eyes were meeting hers.

"There was a man to whom I was very near, so that I could see a great deal of his life, who made almost every one fond of him, for he was young, and clever, and beautiful, and his manners to all were gentle and kind. I believe, when I first knew him, he never thought of doing any thing cruel or base. But because he tried to slip away from every thing that was unpleasant, and cared for nothing else so much as his own safety, he came at last to commit some of the basest deeds—such as make men infamous. He denied his father, and left him to misery; he betrayed every trust that was reposed in him, that he might keep himself safe and get rich and prosperous. Yet calamity overtook him."

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Again Romola paused. Her voice was unsteady, and Lillo was looking up at her with awed wonder.

"Another time, my Lillo—I will tell you another time. See, there are our old Piero di Cosimo and Nello coming up the Borgo Pinti, bringing us their flowers. Let us go and wave our hands to them, that they may know we see them."

"How queer old Piero is!" said Lillo, as they stood at the corner of the loggia, watching the advancing figures. "He abuses you for dressing the altar, and thinking so much of Fra Girolamo, and yet he brings you the flowers."

"Never mind," said Romola. "There are many good people who did not love Fra Girolamo. Perhaps I should never have learned to love him if he had not helped me when I was in great need."

ANTI-HERODISM.

WHENEVER a fit of pious gratitude overtakes me, among all my other manifold blessings I never fail to first enumerate the one of being "grown up." My well-authenticated maturity may not especially interest the public, but it is a subject of unceasing thankfulness to myself that I am no longer a child. The horribly false doctrine of "Childhood, happiest days of life; free from care and free from strife," is beginning to be exploded since it has been the fashion to dare to call things by their right names, and speak of them as they really are, divested of all the moonshine and nonsense with which writers of an earlier time thought necessary to invest every subject they honored with a pen-touch.

"*Free from strife!*" Oh, good old poet, where were your eyes and ears? Where did you ever see such desperate fights as among small boys? such bitter heart-burnings and jealous rivalry as among little girls? Clearly you must have been the youngest of a large family, who all left home young; you alone remained to the indulgent care of grandma, who brought you up on raspberry jam and cocoa-nut candy! But, even then, did you never go to school? never wear an old-fashioned jacket? never play truant and feel the ferule? never get called ugly names? never be imposed on by big boys? never get scared out of all your small wits by the hideous tales of Bugaboo and the Black Man in the Cellar, who would devour you if you did not go instantly to sleep? Never be refused permission to attend the juvenile party, the circus, the "muster," or the picnic, by a cruel parent or aunt? Never lie awake, quaking like a tertian ague, thinking that the frogs in yonder marsh were hideous demons, or robbers and murderers at the very least?

Pleasant, merry, happy time of life indeed! At every body's beck and call, with no more will of your own than a bound 'prentice!

Of all people under the light of the sun I pity children most. We have had reforms of all sorts. Every "ism," "ology," and "pathy," has had its orators, its rostrum, and a fair chance for its life. But the dear children—the little, precious, troublesome, good-for-nothing darlings—have no advocates! Legally they are classed with the insane, the married women, the idiots, and negroes. If that isn't enough to make a baby sorry and ashamed to think he started at all, I don't know what is. Socially, in a general way, they are quietly voted nuisances by the majority of people.

By-the-by, isn't it odd, with all the pleasant nonsense that is printed upon the subject, how few true mother-hearts one finds, even among pretty good sort of women? I mean the grand, yearning love of the antique woman—like Hannah, with her agonizing prayer, "Give me children, O Lord, or I die!" of Sarah, of Rachel, of others, down to poor Katharine of Aragon of modern times. The women who welcome languor, suffering, torture, every thing which insures the joyful promise that "the shadow of things hoped for, the substance of things not seen," is to be fulfilled in the soft, sweet reality, whose frail existence is as yet but a hope and a possibility. How many, out of the millions of mothers, love and pray for this dear unknown, with a genuine mother-love, before faith is lost in sight? If you have seen a dozen such glorified women among your hundreds of friends you have been blessed. I have known six. But to only two was the precious boon granted in its perfection, and one was a posthumous child.

"Was it not sad," I asked of the poor widow, in her shabby, second-hand mourning, as she, weeping bitterly, told of her great sorrow; "was it not terrible to you that your baby should be born while your husband lay dying?"

"Oh no!" said she, while her faded eyes brightened for a moment. "Oh no! It was the last thing he gave me; and it seems like as if I had my husband back again."

Simple creature! there was no thought of poverty, toil, care, or privation; just the pure delight in the child, that it was the last gift of the dear, lost husband, and the unadulterated love of the baby itself.

"Mamma," said a four-year-old curly head, creeping up into his widowed mother's lap, "what is a keepsake?"

"Something which one who is going away gives to friends. Something to remember one by."

"Well, mamma, I'm papa's keepsake to you, ain't I?"

And the straining clasp and showering tears rendered other assurance needless.

But all women do not feel like this, nor most women even. I say so confidently, for I know. To most it is a shock, a surprise, an inconvenience, a hindrance to plans of comfort or pleasure, an upsetting of one's notions generally, which is any thing but welcome. The quacks know this; old women and nurses know it; physicians know it; every body knows it who has no business knowing it—and most of such

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make and meddle, and do mischief, which causes the dreadful Shade of Herod to rejoice from the Outer Darkness where he groans undyingly.

It is all wrong, of course; but it is true, for all that, and Herod was merciful and wise compared to these women; for he only aimed at destroying an enemy and a rival, while they destroy the heirs of their own body—the hopes of their own race.

"You don't believe it?"

Look into the first newspaper. Do people advertise wares for which there is no demand?

"But," exclaims some disciple of Malthus, "you are glorifying a mere animal instinct at the expense of reason and judgment."

Yes; and thank God there is no animal but man who so persists in misunderstanding himself. We can learn much wisdom from a brooding dove if we will but watch.

It is no wonder babies are cross and troublesome when this is their welcome. Do you suppose they can lie so near one's heart and not be troubled by its rebellious murmurs? This is no poetic figure of speech either, as any physician will tell you, but a fact of physiology which is now well established.

"How in the world do you make your children so good?" asked a gentleman of a friend of mine and a relative of his own.

"I do not try to make them good," was the gentle answer. "I only make them welcome."

Oh, wise young mother! thus to soften and line the nest with such love and tenderness; plucking the down of thine own breast that they may sleep sweetly.

If the helpless, shivering, unwelcome guest persists in making good his right to existence, what a struggle begins! Every thing is against it. There are wet-nurses who get drunk; and dry-nurses who "Daffy" and "Winslow" and "Bateman" the poor little wretch into its grave. There are swill-fed cows; there are bare shoulders, cold feet, blue arms, teething, fits, green fruit, cruel experiments with strange food, secret tumbles, rides backward, clandestine spankings, overturned baby carriages, ugly boys, runaway horses, mad dogs, unmerciful trottings; all the array of infantile diseases, to say nothing of the drugs used in their treatment by awful allopaths, hideous homeopaths, and horrid hydropaths.

There, that will do. I think I have made it clear that with so many ways for a poor child to get out of the world on short notice, the least we can do is to welcome him into it at the beginning and at least give him a fair start.

There are families neither fashionable nor frivolous over whose nursery doors might be written, "Who enters here leaves hope behind;" whose gloomy portals creak dismally when opened for one after another of its little inmates. The children are noisy: Paterfamilias wants to read his paper or his review. They require constant attention: and mamma wants her nap, and the house must be still as death. They romp in and out of the parlor when Bridget has a beau; and she mentally, if not audibly, consigns them to the antipodes. Not that the antipodes would be greatly benefited. By all accounts the Celestial Empire is tolerably stocked with juveniles. But any where, any where, "out of the way." Adolphus anathematizes the "brats" who tease him for brotherly pennies and paternal visits to the circus, and stand in a row, like a pair of stairs, with a dirty fist in each eye, uplifting their voices and bewailing their fate as he drives past in his trotting wagon with his fast hired horse.

There is literally no place in the house for the children; so they go into the street, that grave of childish innocence, and acquire Adolphus's valuable accomplishments of slang, tobacco, and profanity, while mamma and sister groan over "the worst children in the world." It is hard enough to keep children well, and good, and happy in a city with the best of care and the most vigilant of attention; but it is utterly hopeless if one is indolent or indifferent, and the prisons and the gambling hells will tell of you in years to come if you do not use your best endeavors to hallow your own hearth-stone to your own children rather than the occasional guest. Evil *may* come in spite of your best endeavor, but it is certain without it.

But babies are tough, some of them, thanks to Dame Nature, who has one grand idea of preservation and multiplication always in mind; and with an instinct of self-defense baby exerts his lungs. In spite of father's reading, mother's nap or novel, Bridget's beau, or Adolphus's oaths the uproar goes on, until somebody's patience gives way, and baby gets what he wants; that is, to be taken up and cuddled. He may thank his stars if his maternal relative wears front laced gaiters on these occasions, for in case of slippers domestic discipline is inevitable. But he has obtained what he wanted, and sits serenely on his mother's or nurse's lap staring at the light, and curling up his pink toes luxuriously before the fire, a living illustration of the value of pluck even in little people and small matters. "Small successes give a habit of victory," said a wise general.

Herod was an angel of mercy compared to those who, sparing the lives of children, rob them of their childhood, making it a period to which, in after-years, one looks back with pain and sadness. Especially is this true of solitary children, those brought up with no companions of their own age. Sometimes they are petted and spoiled—"Grandma's babies;" but often, by association with minds so much older and more developed than their own, are forced on to a dismal precocity from which healthy maturity recoils. Such children are younger at twenty than at ten; at twenty-five than at fifteen. Nature will not be wholly thwarted. One must be young once, and if she can not have youth at the right time she will have it at the wrong, and revenge herself by making one's middle life ridiculous. Old boys and girls of this sort are distressing to every body, but to none so much

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as themselves. They do not know how to be children. "Be a woman," has been drilled into their heads till it has broken their childish hearts; and cold, silent, and reticent, perhaps deceitful, they sit by while other children, easy, happy, and graceful, bear off the honors which they could so easily have won if they could have had fair play.

This is almost the worst thing in the world for a child. Children need each other. They pine and wither away without each other. Twins very often die at nearly the same time. The magnetic influence of children on each other is wonderful. They are thoroughly democratic and gregarious. Rupert's purple and fine linen don't hinder him in the least from playing with barefooted Bob round in the alley. Bob may be a good companion for Rupert, but the chances are against him; but if you do not find Rupert suitable companions he will find those for himself that are not so, and yours will be the responsibility and regret.

Some "don't see the sense of children wasting their time playin' round all day," and work them till all the child is erased, and a dull, old, weary, pinched look takes the place of childish grace. Not that the work amounts to any thing; for every body knows that "bairns' work is aye more plague than profit." You have lost all and gained nothing when you do thus. It is just as bad to dress them like fashion-plates, and force them through a fashionable school, till they emerge creatures of monstrosity at which Dundreary might take heart of grace.

I don't want children to be idle. They will not and can not be idle; but they like to work for themselves, and in their own way. Boys must build (oh, those beautiful castles in Spain!) with blocks, either from the toy-bazar or carpenter's-shop, it don't matter. Girls must have dolls. Oh the earnest passion with which waxen Lily or cloth-and-cotton Molly is regarded! and the dear rag-baby suffers violence every hour in the day from the affection of her "ittle mamma." That was real human nature in Cossette, her fierce love for her stolen puppet. And if little girls must sew (alas for Eve's unfortunate luncheon and all our woe!), they will learn as well and quickly again making Dolly's clothes, and cloaks, and bedding, than on long sheet-seams or distracting patch-work. Take an interest in their attempts; cut the frocks, show them how to do it, and admire the work when done. I have a great respect for sewing in general, and especially for a child who can dress dolls well.

Children—real live, plump, jolly, roly-poly children—are as scarce as sensible grown-up people. Little, thin, narrow-shouldered, angular, pale intellectualities are common enough. It is your healthy tom-boy that is the rarity. What woman ever was less delicate in soul and pure in heart because she tore her frocks and climbed trees when she was a child? Real wild, childish romping, with ringing laughter and twinkling feet, merry dances and family frolics—this is the stuff out of which wholesome manhood and womanhood is made. Children who are under conviction of sin at five years of age die of brain disease, or live with hypochondria to torment the life out of all around them. Sad is the family that has one or more of such. I don't doubt the mother of the Gracchi was a sad romp, and I more than suspect Portia of immense tom-boyhood. Such healthy natures could not have developed otherwise.

Pity and love the little children. Tolerate these pets. Comfort Nellie over her dead bird, and don't call Molly's "little white kitty" a "cat." It is enough to break a juvenile heart to have one's darlings snubbed. How would you like to hear your own Frederick Augustus called a "dirty young one?" The little ones have their tragedies and comedies, and laugh and weep more sincerely than you do at Falstaff or Lear. They love, marry, keep house, have children, have weddings and funerals, and dig little graves for dead mice in the garden, and mourn into small white handkerchiefs, and get brother Jim to write an appropriate inscription for its tiny head-board. Is not this human nature in little, and in its small way, as deserving of a certain respect? You do not despise your own reflection in a concave mirror, you know.

Cherish the children; mend the frocks; don't scold them for broken toys—for man is not more inevitably mortal than playthings. Don't strip their fat shoulders in winter, nor roast them in flannels in dog-days, because somebody told you to. Don't drug them; don't "yarb" them; don't stuff them with pastry, or starve them on chippy bread; don't send them to infant schools at three, or to fancy balls at ten, nor teach them the commandments earlier than they can remember Mother Goose. Let them have Christmas and Fairy Stories; grandpa's horse-cane rather than Mr. Birch's ferule; Little Bo-Peep, not English Reader; Mary Howitt, not Jamieson's Rhetoric. Give them Willson's Readers when they want them, not before.

Children remember those who made them happy. You know you remember yet the lady who brought you Red Riding-Hood when you had the measles, and the oranges when you had the fever; and told you what the chickens, cats, cows, dogs, and bull-frogs said; and the bright-eyed big boy who swung you over the foaming gutter ten years ago when you were a little trotter going to school.

I remember well seeing a "long exiled from home" Scotch woman open a box of keepsakes from over the sea. All were pretty and well-chosen; some of them valuable; but when all were emptied out of the box there lay, I know not whether by accident or design, a little dried "gowan." You should have seen the power of childish association as the lady spied the tiny dry morsel that had once had life in dear old Scotland, and the raining tears as she pressed her lips, trembling with home-sick longings, to her new-found treasure.

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"The gowan! the bonnie wee gowan! Oh sae mony's the time when, with brithers an' sisters, we pu'ed you far away in old Scotland!" she exclaimed, in the words and tones of her childhood, which long absence and fine culture had for years made strangers to her lips. And she kissed the withered plant over and over again, crooning over it, as if it were a long-lost child who had been reclaimed from an Indian camp. It was no dry and worthless weed she held, but the priceless key of sweet childish memories of the Hieland and moorland, the loch and the mountain, and the dearer brothers and sisters now parted by the salt sea foam. They were all at home in a moment, and the ingleside blazed for all alike once more.

Don't expect too much of the little people. Original sin don't have as much to do with their ill-temper as physical causes. Bread-and-butter, well sugared, is a powerful moral agent. A warm salt bath of a warm afternoon is a great regenerator, and the moral power of a walk with papa, holding his immense red forefinger with four tiny white ones, is astonishing. Pins and tight frocks are an invention of Herod and his emissaries; use buttons, and don't spare button-holes. It don't take so long to make them as to hunt up pricking pins in the long-run. Don't fasten babies' frocks so tight, for fear they will hurt themselves crying. They won't cry if they are loose and easy; unless they are tired or in pain, and then crying is their way of telling you.

If you have a sweet, good, fat, loving baby, never mind who wears satins and pearls. You have better than satin in its soft skin, and its pearls will come through great tribulation: wherewith be loving and patient, for great is your reward.

You may talk all the soft nursery jargon to it that you want to. It is good for both of you; and if Hypercriticus objects, when you get time read him a six hours' stretch of Johnson's Dictionary. He deserves it.

In fact, if we were transplanted, bodily and helplessly, to a strange country, neither understanding its language nor manners, and every body thumped us about, and never let us do what we wanted to, and made us do what we didn't want to, I don't think we should do very differently from what the babies do. I think that, in their case, I should roar as loudly as I could for help.

Mother-sense is what is needed. A foregone love for the little ones before they come, and undying love when they do—a cherishing care of one'sself for their sakes, that we may be brave and strong, wise and beautiful, when they need us to be—an undying love for them, in aggregate and in detail, in quantity and quality that does, dares, and braves all things for them.

In a word: Don't kill the little children, either bodily, as wicked old Herod did long ago, or mentally and morally, as so many mothers and nurses now do, who are less wicked than Herod only in the proportion that they are more foolish.

THE LITTLE HEIRESS.

IT was in the middle of summer, and in a season of remarkable beauty, when Edward Courtney—a young and intelligent, though not yet a distinguished member of the Bar—determined to disenthrall himself for a short time from the cares and duties of a profession, which is apt at his time of life to be more arduous than remunerative, and to set out upon an unaccustomed trip of health and pleasure seeking. Having no definite object but relaxation and enjoyment in view, he did not purpose to fetter himself by any presupposed plan or route, but meant to take with him no determination more precise than that of "floating upon the current of events;" of wandering and tarrying just whenever and wherever the whim of the moment should invite, until the limited time and funds which he had devoted to the purpose should be expended.

But at this particular crisis, by one of those fortunate chances which do sometimes occur, though rarely, in this untoward world which we presume to call ours, he received the offer of an agency, the object of which was, so far as he was concerned, to collect statistics for an agricultural commission.

It was easy to see that this appointment, if accepted, while it would in no degree interfere with his own plans of enjoyment, would give to his purposeless wanderings the dignity and the zest of an object; and while it would enable him to extend their circuit, would at the same time give him a pleasant introduction to the homes of a class of men at once intelligent and communicative (the better educated farming class), from whose conversation he felt he might, while faithfully following up the interests of his employers, derive much personal pleasure and profit.

The appointment was gladly accepted. A few brief interviews with his principal made known to him the duties and requirements of his office, the particular points of detail upon which information was most desirable, and, armed with note-books and credentials, he set out upon his tour of observation and inquiry.

It is not our intention to weary the reader by dwelling upon the various stages of a journey so devious and erratic—or how he loitered in out-of-the-way places and sketched, and fished, and questioned, and answered, and traveled on foot or by rail, as inclination or convenience prompted; but merely say that one fine, bright morning in June was devoted by him in visiting the farm of Mr. Livingstone.

This farm was one which he had been particularly recommended to investigate; he had heard much of it on every hand, for its fame was widely spread. He knew that its owner, Mr. Livingstone, was a man of great wealth; that the place was what is termed a model or experimental farm; that the stock was of the choicest and rarest breeds; the agricultural operations all conducted upon scientific principles, and the

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whole machinery of the farm carried forward upon a system of liberality almost lavish, which sought for its results in useful experience for the farming interest in general, rather than in pecuniary remuneration to the owner. He had heard casually of so many acres of tillage, so many acres of mowing-land; so many miles of drainage, so many rods of stone-wall, so many rods of live hedging; he had heard of model barns, and cow-stables, and cattle-sheds; of sleek Alderneys, and fat Durhams; of "Chinese pigs," and "hairless pigs," and "Mackey breeds;" until he fully realized that the estate was the favorite hobby of the wealthy proprietor; but not until he reached it did he realize that it was the proprietor's residence. He had fancied it a farm *per se*, but he found to his surprise that the farm was but a dependency—a tributary to the country-seat which Mr. Livingstone made his home, and that the same lavish hand which had made the farm celebrated had not spared taste and ornament to make the pleasure-grounds beautiful. He had expected a well-kept farm—he found an ornamented paradise, where the naturally picturesque features of the landscape had been heightened by art, and skill, and labor to a perfection rarely seen in our new country, where landscape gardening has only of late years been recognized as among the fine arts.

We have said it was in the perfection of summer; but I fancy few of our readers, probably none who have not from choice made the country their permanent home, and watched closely and lovingly, year after year, the beautiful and mysterious changes of Nature, fully realize how brief a period that season actually is.

People talk of their engagements and arrangements for the summer; of spending a summer in the country, a summer at the sea-side, or a summer in traveling; as if it was a period of weeks and months. And by the calendar it is so. We know there certainly are three summer months. We are accustomed to call all the warm weather, from May-day until October, "summer," in common parlance. But this is not what we mean now: we mean the heart of summer; its paradise glory; its zenith of perfection; and that is but a term of days—a brief, bright week at the uttermost—a turning point between growth and decay.

Will any accurate and candid observer of Nature watch curiously, and minute carefully, the exact length of the period from the time when expectation and preparation are all fulfilled, till the work of demolition begins, and tell us just how many days and hours it actually was?

Last week was beautiful with bud and blossom, hope, promise, and expectation. It was beautiful, but the heart was not satisfied, for there was more to come; and as we stood amidst the fresh beauty of the new creation we were still looking forward, still reaching out our hands after the fulfillment and the perfection. This week it is realized; the promise is fulfilled; the buds have expanded into perfect bloom; no trace of decay has marred the Eden-glory of creation; nothing speaks to us of death and ruin; no leaf has withered, no flower has faded; and earth is before us, radiant, and flushing in the young bloom and freshness of her beauty, as when the first six days were ended, and the beneficent Creator surveyed His completed work and pronounced it "Good!"

This is summer—glorious, magnificent summer! But next week—ay, even to-morrow there will be a change. There will still be buds and blossoms, but mingling with them will be the withering flowers of yesterday. There is beauty still, but the heart recognizes a perceptible though scarcely a describable change. The Eden freshness has passed; the full glory has waned; the early gloss has dropped from the leaf, the early dew from the flower; and we are learning to look back upon the summer, for coldness and decay are rising like chilly mists in the advancing future, and to look forward is no longer an enjoyment.

It was at this very period—at the acme of the brief but profuse and undimmed luxuriance of summer—that our young tourist entered the beautiful grounds of Mr. Livingstone; and who can wonder if, in such a scene and on such a day, he determined to reverse the old adage of "Business first, then pleasure," and to give up the first part of the day to the enjoyment of the beauty around him, and when satisfied with the beautiful, turn with new zest to the useful? He had roamed for hours, unwearied, through the green woods, fresh in their unbroken verdure; had admired the architectural beauty of the buildings from a dozen different points of view, and made sketches of them from two or three, and still he lingered; and struck with the beauty of a bridge arching the tiny river which nature and art had combined to lead through some of the loveliest portions of the grounds, he seated himself on the steep bank above it, and endeavored to transfer some of its beauties to his sketch-book.

He made two or three attempts, and was not satisfied; something failed him; something in the perspective baffled his skill; and he was about to change his point of sight, by going higher up the stream, when his ear was startled by a burst of low, sweet, joyous laughter, which, clear and soft as a chime of silvery bells, seemed to come ringing up almost from beneath his feet. Startled by the sound, for he had supposed himself alone, Mr. Courtney listened breathlessly for a moment; but all was still—all but the sleepy rustling of the tall trees behind him, and the murmuring ripple of the blue water lapping softly through the arches of the ivy-hung bridge. And then again came that wild, joyful cry, so low and sweet, so bird-like, and yet so brimmingly full of childish mirth and innocence that the unseen listener could not resist the infection of its fairy melody, but laughed out in ready sympathy with the glad heart that gave it utterance.

Hastily abandoning his drawing, he passed

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from the trees beneath which he had been sitting, and, advancing to the edge of the steep bank, looked down upon the scene below. Here the quiet stream made a bend, and swept round a mimic promontory, where the cool green moss crept down to the very brink of the blue dimpling waters. A young, graceful willow-tree drooped its long, floating branches upon the bosom of the stream; and close beside it grew a magnificent white rose-bush, its summer burden of pure waxen flowers reflected in the clear waves which laved its roots.

Beneath the willow-tree, with her long, golden curls floating on the breeze which swayed its branches, stood the object of his search—a fair child, a girl of apparently not more than eight or ten summers old, standing with one tiny bare white foot half buried in the green velvety moss, the other resting on the sparkling pebbles in the stream, and gleaming like marble through the pure limpid water. She had gathered up to her bosom the loose folds of her simple white muslin robe till the fair dimpled limb was bare to the knee, and clinging with one little white arm round the smooth trunk of the willow, with the other hand she shook the flowering shrub at her side, and as the overblown roses fell, scattering their pearly leaves upon the water, the little fairy would clap her dimpled hands in childish delight, and send forth the sweet musical laughter which had just broken upon the artist's solitude.

Aware of the actual danger of the child's position, yet dreading to break in upon her evident and intense enjoyment too hastily, Mr. Courtney descended the bank cautiously, and reached the river-side just as she had swept up an armful of the scattered roses from the surface of the stream, and, heedless as a second Undine of the dripping water, clasped the moistened treasure to her bosom.

She heard the coming step and started; raised her dewy, violet eyes to his; and then, shyly veiling them beneath their long, dark lashes, stood for a moment with a timid, hesitating air—a sort of hovering attitude, as if irresolute whether to linger or fly, while blush after blush spread over her fair rounded cheek and sunny brow, like the glowing tints of a summer's sunset.

Mr. Courtney loved children, and his ready sympathy and quick tact had laid open to him the avenue to many a little childish heart; but he exerted himself in vain upon the fair little creature before h'm—question and remark were alike unheeded and unanswered. Silently she stood, shy, blushing, and beautiful; and then gradually the waxen arms unclasped beneath their flowery burden, till suddenly, dropping the crushed and moistened roses at his feet, she darted round the willow and disappeared, while another peel of glad, sweet laughter rung out like music over the still water.

Almost at the same moment that the child had fled a harsh loud voice, with a strong foreign accent, called aloud for "Mam'zell," and a dark, repulsive-looking woman, evidently a French waiting-maid or nursery-governess, issued from the opposite side, and inquired of Mr. Courtney, with eager volubility and very imperfect English, if he had seen any thing of her little charge, informing him, with coarse garrulity, that she was "one bad child, vexatious, abominable!"

But even before Mr. Courtney had time to answer her inquiries the little truant was betrayed, like another Cinderella, by the fairy slipper she had left behind her on the turf; and, hastily catching it up, the Frenchwoman, with a dozen shrugs and exclamations, hurried off by the path the child had taken.

Impelled by an irresistible curiosity to learn something more of this fairy being, he too walked slowly on in the same direction, and followed them up the broad gravel walk which led to the back or garden entrance of the house.

The little girl, with her hand close prisoned in that of her stern conductress, was at some little distance before him; but he could see that her whole manner had undergone a change, and that a timid, shrinking air had replaced the sweet joyousness which had at first so attracted him. To the woman's angry expostulations she returned only a look of stupid, sullen indifference, and was led, or rather dragged away, in evident reluctance, although without any show of opposition.

As they disappeared up the wide steps of the piazza Mr. Courtney, accosting a pleasant-looking Irishman, whom he had observed to touch his hat to the child, as she passed him, with an air of grave respect, to which her youth seemed scarcely to entitle her, he inquired if that was one of Mr. Livingstone's children.

"Yes, Sir," replied the man, with ready civility; "little miss is his daughter and his only child: poor little thing!" he added, tenderly; and then, meeting Mr. Courtney's look of surprised inquiry, he said, as if in explanation or apology, "I am thinking, yer Honor, that Frenchwoman is too hard on her entirely: poor little miss!"

This remark, after the scene which Mr. Courtney had himself just witnessed, seemed perfectly natural, and if it did not serve to gratify his curiosity, certainly failed to stimulate it; and, recurring to the object of his visit, he inquired if there was any one there to whom he could apply to show him the cattle, and give him information respecting the farming operations.

"Oh yes, Sir," was the ready answer; "it is Mr. Stephenson you want; Mr. Stephenson is the foreman of the farm; he is the headman here, and can tell you all about the stock and the crops. You can just go up to the farm-house, if you please, and ask for Mr. Stephenson; and if he's not in the house itself, they can tell you where he'll be found. I would show yer the way to the barns mesilf, but I'm but the gardener here, and I don't know the first thing about the cattle; but Mr. Stephenson he knows all about them; he has it all down in

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black and white, by book and rule, jest as if every creture born was a Christian child—names, and age, and all! This path leads to the farm-house, Sir; keep to the right. Good-morning, Sir."

Following the path thus indicated Mr. Courtney reached the farm-house, which, surrounded by the various farm-buildings, was located in a pleasant but retired part of the grounds.

As he approached the house he heard, through the open windows of a room on the first floor, a ringing female voice, rich, clear, and strong, singing some popular air. He was struck with the breezy freshness of the voice, which seemed to pour out note after note in full volume of sound, and with a careless, easy grace, that appeared to cost the singer no more effort than the song of the bobolink costs that merry-hearted and much-loved bird. "Good strong lungs!" soliloquized the gentleman; "no pneumonia, no consumption there."

As he reached the house the song broke off abruptly, but the same rich voice called out, "Fa-ther! father! don't you hear? There is some one at the door. Can't you see who it is? My lap is full. You go, please; will you?"

"Ay, ay," responded a cheerful manly voice. "Ship ahoy! I'll hail 'um. You need not get up; you sit still." And, advancing at once, the speaker opened the door and stood face to face with Mr. Courtney.

There is no mistaking a sailor any where. Father Neptune puts a more definite and legible inscription upon his children than Alma Mater sets upon hers; and the rolling gait, the merry eye, and an indescribable air of the sea, would have betrayed the "old salt," even without the touch of nautical phraseology with which he always saw fit to garnish his most common observations.

"Good-morning, Sir! Is Mr. Stephenson in the house?" asked the new-comer.

"No, Sir," said the man of the sea; "Cap-'en's gone ashore, I guess."

"Not at home, then? I am very sorry. When will he probably be at home?"

"Stop, skipper; hold on a bit. I didn't say he warn't to home: I said he warn't aboard, and no he ain't. He's gone ashore; out among the land-sharks in the fields somewheres; but he ain't left port. He'll be cruising round this way before the wind shifts."

"Father," called out the voice of the unseen singer from the room within, "hadn't you better ask the gentleman to walk in? I expect Christopher in very soon."

"Ay, ay, Susie!" said the old man, who, with his hand still on the door-handle, stood turning his merry, keen eyes from the speaker within to the speaker without, with the droll gravity and reverent attention of a sagacious parrot learning a new lesson. "You hear, Sir, what my daughter in there says: hadn't you better step aboard, and rest in the cabin till he comes in? The sun's getting high."

"Thank you," said Mr. Courtney, "I shall be glad to do so, for the sun, as you say, is high, and the day is becoming warm; I have been walking all the morning, and shall enjoy a little rest and shelter, so I will gladly come in if I shall not intrude upon you."

"Oh! Lord, no! not a bit, not a bit!" said the sailor, heartily, and hitching up his pantaloons as he spoke; "nobody in here but my darter, you see," he said, flinging open the door of the room. "My darter, Miss Stephenson; she's Cap'en's mate, you understand." Mr. Courtney bowed to the lady of the house thus introduced.

"Get the gentleman a chair, father, won't you?" said Mrs. Stephenson, looking up from her work, but not rising, while she returned his salutation.

"Ay, ay, darter! No ceremony, Sir! Drop anchor at once," pushing a chair toward him, "and unload without delay;" and taking the stranger's hat, cane, and note-book, he placed them on a chair near him, and then rolling off, he returned to his own seat at the window, elevated his feet to a convenient height upon the window-sill, and resumed his paper.

There was a short silence, and Mr. Courtney sat quietly contemplating the female figure before him. In person she was full, but not coarsely so. She was not young, she must have been five-and-thirty or forty at the least. And she was not handsome: with the exception of a clear complexion, and white, even teeth, she had no regular beauty at all; but there was such a look of health, and strength, and free, vigorous powers of mind and body about her that it was refreshing to look at her, in these degenerate days, when healthy, active, vigorous womanhood is rarely met with among any class of American females.

She was sitting in a low rocking-chair near the open window, a large piece of work in her capacious lap. And it was a pleasant picture to contemplate her sitting there in the full summer noontide, swinging herself back and forth in her low chair with a slow, measured, ground-swell sort of motion—pleasant to contemplate the full, matronly, well-developed shoulders and bust that seemed to speak of unimpeded vital action; the firm, erect figure that looked as if it defied backache and weariness; the well-poised head, carried easily and almost jauntily, as if headache and nervousness had never bowed it to a weary pillow.

It was pleasant to watch her, as she sat all unconscious of observation, and mark the sense of healthful power and energy in her every motion. There was conscious power even in her brisk way of reaching out for her thread or silk, snapping off a needleful with prompt decision, and replacing the spool upon the window-ledge with an audible clap, which implied, as plainly as words could have done, "Stay there until I want you again!" It was pleasant to see her lift up her large, firm, white hands, and thread her needle with quick dexterity, drawing the threaded needleful twice or thrice through the

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other hand, and making it fly off in a tangent, like a whip-lash, curling round in the air, as if her very touch had magnetized it.

Two little children were playing on the floor beside her—one with some wooden blocks, the other with the cat; and though the mother pursued her work with earnest industry, it was plain the little ones were under her watchful supervision, and she looked up from her sewing now and then to administer a word in season, of warning or command; and it was always given with a directness and authority which admitted of no appeal and no evasion.

"Rhoda, don't you make such a noise with your blocks, I can't have it; put them all into the box, every one of them, and put the box away; I won't have such a noise. Benjie, if you pull that cat's tail so she'll scratch you, just as sure as you're alive. There! I told you so; I knew she would. Now, put—that—cat down; do you hear me? and don't you touch her again!"

But Mr. Courtney, much pleased with the woman's appearance and manner, did not consider himself by any means bound to silent contemplation, but entered affably upon a discussion of the weather and the prospects of the season; from this the approach to the farm was easy and natural, and he heard its extent and capabilities, and something of the habits and views of its proprietor, and found his companion was civil, intelligent, and well-informed.

"But my husband can tell you all you want to know about these matters far better than I can," she said, "for he has lived here all his days; indeed, he was born here."

"Yes, Sir," said the genial old sailor; "Christopher Stephenson, my daughter's husband, has been supercargo here this twenty years and more—well, ever since his father died, and he was supercargo before him."

"Superintendent, father, you mean," gently corrected the smiling wife.

"Well, then; superintendent, darter, if you like that word better. It comes to pretty much the same thing in the end, I guess; he's the officer put aboard by the owner to manage the affairs of the craft, and attend to the buying and selling, and to keep the accounts, ain't he? Well, that's what we call supercargo at sea, and you call superintendent ashore—it's all the same rope, and I suppose the name don't make much difference if the officer does his duty; that's the main point, I reckon."

"Well, I guess Christopher does that, any way, father," said Mrs. Stephenson.

"No doubt on't," said the father-in-law.

"I think he will be in now very soon," said the wife, glancing out of the window as she spoke; "for here come the children home from school, so it is after twelve, and their father is sure to be in pretty soon after."

"Ay, ay," said the Captain, laughing, "when the young goslings come home to be fed you may be sure the old gander ain't far behind."

As he spoke the door was hastily flung open, and half a score of children—bright, clean, merry, and of assorted sizes—rushed clamorously into the room, and surrounded their mother with eager vociferation.

"Children," she said, in a firm, decided tone, "don't make such a noise, and don't be a mob. Don't you see there is company here? Have you no more manners than the pigs, any of you?"

The children, quailing under the reproof, turned, bowed, and courtesied to the visitor; and the mother went on: "Go out in the yard, all of you, and play there till your dinner is ready;—and here, you may take Rhoda and Benjie out with you. Go, Rhoda; go, Benjie; and, Susan, you and Kit mind that the little ones don't get hurt: I trust them to you, do you hear? Mind now and take care of them." And the children departed.

"Is it possible"—said the visitor, glancing at the young, good-looking woman before him, as the children went out—"is it possible that all these children are yours?"

"All one brood, Sir," said the grandfather, laughing merrily. "And ain't they a likely crew, too, as ever was shipped?"

"Very promising, indeed; fine, healthy-looking, beautiful children! But pray tell me, how many do you number?"

"Well," said the Captain, with quaint gravity, "you see I hain't reckoned 'um up to-day. I generally do pipe up all hands on deck, and count 'um up, about once a week or so; but the weather is warm, and I'm getting lazy here—old sea-dogs are apt to when ashore. How many is there now, Susie dear? I suppose you know; at least I guess you can tell, say within one or two, without much figuring—can't you?"

"Nonsense, father; how you do talk!" said Mrs. Stephenson, laughing and blushing. "Just as if you did not know how many there are just as well as I do. We have twelve children, Sir," she said, turning to answer Mr. Courtney's question.

"Oh yes, that is it," said the old man. "I remember now; twelve in all—just a dozen. I know I put 'um all into a song, for convenience' sake; it went this way:

> "'Here's Susan, and Fanny, and Martha, and Kit,
> And Willie, and Neddie, and Lucy, and Hit,
> Ann, Rhoda, and Benjie, and little Tom-tit.'"

"And he's the best of all the lot!" said Mrs. Stephenson, laughing. "Ain't you, Tom? Father always says you are!" And suddenly flinging the work from her knee upon the floor she drew the pre-eminent little Tom-tit from his quiet lurking-place in the hidden recesses of her voluminous lap, held him up triumphantly at arm's-length above her head, and rattled him up in the air as if he had been a dice-box; at which the luckless little flower of the flock—being thus suddenly disturbed in his meditations, and thrust thus unexpectedly into high life—grew very red about the eyes and very blue about the mouth, and caught his breath, and threw up his fat arms spasmodically, in a paroxysm of mortal terror; but reassured by his mother's [illegible]

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laugh, he turned round upon her, and, with the instinct of self-preservation, clutched his fat fingers in her strong black hair, and held on with such a grim persistent grip that she was fain to lower him to her lap, lowering her own head as she did so; and seating him upon her knee, while tears of real pain ran from her merry eyes, she proceeded to disengage his little beslobbered hands from her hair, and holding them [illegible]osely prisoned in her own, she began to trot him vigorously, singing to him the while a time-worn song, the purport of which was to convey to him an invitation to go out and witness the equestrian performances of a rather celebrated elderly lady, who, having "rings on her fingers and bells on her toes," is always supposed to amble through the paths of daily duty in a perpetual melody.

"Poor little shaver!" said the old man, getting up and shambling up to the mother, "that warn't fair; you shouldn't trice him up to the mast-head so suddenly, Susie; he warn't half awake. Give him to me a while: you scared him. Come to me, yer little powder-monkey!" he said, taking the child from her arms. "Yer mother piped yer up real sudden, didn't she, sonny? I think it's too bad of her—don't you?" And he rolled back to his chair again, where, seating the little one upon his lap, facing him, he began playfully butting at him with his head, a mode of amusement to which the baby was evidently accustomed, as he received it with peals of laughter.

"I hope you did not send the other children out of the room on my account," said Mr. Courtney, "for I love children, and they never annoy me."

"Perhaps not, in any moderate quantities, Sir," said the mother, resuming her work; "but such large doses might. I guess it takes the love and patience of father or mother to stand the din of twelve children."

"Perhaps so; indeed, as a permanent arrangement, I suppose it must," said the visitor; "but I really do love children. And, by-the-way, I saw a very beautiful child an hour ago—Mr. Livingstone's child I understood her to be—a sweet little girl, with long golden curls!" And he related the scene at the water-side.

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Stephenson, "that was little Georgina, no doubt. But did you say she was there alone? I don't see how that happened, for they never let her go out alone in that way, poor little thing!"

"I rather think she had run away from her nurse," said Mr. Courtney; "she looked as if she was out without leave; but she was soon recaptured. But pray tell me, why have I twice heard her called 'poor little thing?' Why is it? What is there to be pitied in her case?"

Mrs. Stephenson looked troubled; she hesitated. "She is an only child, Sir; and heiress to all this great property, you know," she said.

"But that is not a very unhappy lot, certainly," said the gentleman: "is that all?"

"[illegible]ll, no, Sir; not exactly. But here comes my husband, he can tell you more about her than I can. You can ask him, if you please."

Mr. Stephenson, the superintendent, now entered—a good-looking, intelligent, middle-aged man, and Mr. Courtney hastened to explain to him the nature and object of his business, and the sort of information he particularly desired.

"I will show you the farm and the stock with much pleasure," he said, with civility. "It is Mr. Livingstone's wish to add in every way to the information of the farming interest; but it is now just our dinner-time, and I am very hungry—if you will stay and take a plain farmer's dinner, in plain farm-fashion with me, I shall be much pleased to have you, and as the cattle will be driven up soon after dinner for the afternoon milking, you can see them then to much better advantage. Susie, dear! hurry up your dinner, will you?"

Mrs. Stephenson withdrew, and in a few moments a plain, substantial, and abundant dinner, well-cooked and neatly served up, but without any luxury but that of neatness, was on the table; and Mr. and Mrs. Stephenson, Captain Wallace, and Mr. Courtney sat down to it. As they rose from the table some allusion to the children's dinner recalled to Mr. Courtney's mind the little adventure of the morning, and he repeated it to Mr. Stephenson, asking of him the explanation his wife had promised.

"I do not at all understand how she came there alone," said Mr. Stephenson, thoughtfully; "it was very unsafe for her, and she is not allowed to run about in that way."

"Will you tell me something about this child?" said Mr. Courtney; "I am interested in her."

"Certainly I will," said Mr. Stephenson; "but, first, do you smoke?"

The visitor pleaded guilty to an amiable weakness in that direction.

"Then, Sir, if you will light a cigar with the Captain and myself, I will tell you what you want to know. I usually take half an hour's rest after dinner in warm weather."

The cigars were lighted, and Mr. Stephenson commenced:

"To give you the history of little Georgina, I must go back to the time when this place was in the possession of her grandfather, old Judge Livingstone. He was a man of great wealth and of great pride—I do not mean pride of his wealth, he was above that; but he was very proud of his family."

"Of his family?" said the Captain. "Hold on a minute; what was there wonderful about his family, I should like to know? What was he proud of them for?"

"Why, it is a very old family, the Livingstones, you know, Sir," said his son-in-law.

"I'm sure I don't. Old family—old family, how do you mean? Was his family any older than other folks's families? I don't suppose he had any more grandfathers and grandmothers than you or I did, had he?"

"Hush! father," said his daughter, laughing.

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"You know what Christie means—that they were distinguished people; and they were a very old family, indeed. I have always heard that Mr. Livingstone's ancestor came out in the *Mayflower*."

"And what if he did?" said the Captain, testily; "a great many worthless things came out in her, if she brought out half that it's said she did. The *Mayflower*—the *Mayflower*, indeed! Don't tell me of the *Mayflower*, the *Mayflower* is a thing of yesterday! Now, one of my ancestors, a great, great, great grandfather, ever and ever so far back, he owned the grove of gopher-wood, where Noah cut the timber for his craft; and his mother, I think it was," said he, hesitating cautiously and reflectively—"yes, his mother, mind you, lent Noah her best wash-boiler to melt his pitch in; and I never heard of its being returned. But it's no matter now," said the old tar, with the air of one reconciling himself to an inevitable loss—"I guess we could get along without it; I guess there's brass enough in our family yet without that old kettle."

"Father, father!" remonstrated Mrs. Stephenson; and the emphatic tone, and the quick beat of her foot upon the floor, conveyed reproof and warning too.

"Well, darter," said the old man, turning suddenly round to her, with a comic look of defiant innocence—"well, darter, what now?"

"Father, how can you tell such stories, and before a stranger, too?"

"Why, Susie, that's the very one to tell 'um before; the less he knows of me, the more like he'll be to believe them; don't you see? Why, now, maybe, if he knew me better he'd begin to doubt the truth of what I say. Who knows? he might."

"Pray do not check your imagination on my account," said Mr. Courtney; "I enjoy your antiquarian remarks wonderfully. I beg you to go on."

The old sailor laughed. "It's a bad trick, Sir, this spinning yarns. I know it is; but it is sailor-fashion, learnt on the fo'castle, and I find it hard to break it off. But the fact is, all this fuss about family sickens me. Now I happen to know all about these Livingstones. They made their money in the fishing trade: no harm in that, a very good trade, and very good people, I dare say. I haven't a word to say against either; but nowadays as soon as a man comes up to the surface of the water himself, he begins to drag for his dead ancestors, to see what he can make of them. It is all nonsense, and it ain't American either; for 'if it proves any thing it proves too much,' as the lawyers say. Let a man, an American, go back—well, we will say two hundred years, more or less—well, and who were at the top then? who were the most distinguished gentlemen here then, I want to know? Why, King Philip, and Nanepashemet, and Pocahontas's grandfather if you will. He will find his ancestors strutting round in blankets and glass beads; with war-paint, scalp-locks, and tomahawk, if they were the real 'upper ten;' and if he hauls off, and manages to escape the breakers there, ten to one he'll drag anchor altogether, and run athwart the hawse of another craft, and before he thinks of it, he'll find himself turning up an English, Irish, Scotch, Dutch, or French man! And what is the use of it all? A man is no better sailor for creeping in at the cabin windows. Oh no! if a man is a native American, and proud of being one, he had better drop anchor not far behind Washington and the Boston tea-party; he'll ride safely there."

"Father," said Mrs. Stephenson, quietly, "at the rate you are going on, I'm afraid the gentleman won't hear much about little Georgina."

"True enough, Susie; you're right, darter. You see, I've got my talking tacks aboard; but I'll cast 'um off. You go ahead now, Christie, and I won't put in my oar again, if I can help it."

"I was going to say of the old Judge Livingstone," said Mr. Stephenson, "that he was what is commonly called in the world a kind-hearted, well-meaning man; that is, he was a man of good intentions, weak mind, and violent temper, whose ruling passion it was to plan for others. It was undoubtedly his wish to make every one happy about him, but they must be happy according to his own ideas and methods of happiness."

"A con-founded fool for his pains, then!" interpolated the Captain, in a low voice; but the speaker went on as if he had not heard him.

"His aim, certainly, was to increase the enjoyment of all within his sphere of action, but the means by which he sought to attain this end were, unfortunately, ill chosen; and the happiness of those he best loved often fell a sacrifice to his well-meant schemes of benevolence. His son George, the present proprietor of the place, was his only child—a fine young man, inheriting his mother's intellect and beauty, and his father's warmth of heart and quick, impulsive temper.

"My father was then in the position I now hold; and as I too was an only son, and very little older than Mr. Livingstone's son, it was natural that we, being the only boys on the place, should have been much together; indeed, though born to such widely different fortunes and stations, we were daily and intimate companions and friends, and up to the time when he left to be fitted for college, we had received the same amount of education at the same schools: and thus I knew far more of him than my inferior position in life might otherwise have entitled me to—and I know him to be an honorable, high-minded, liberal, kind-hearted man, with far more warmth of feeling than others give him credit for, who see and know only his stern, repressed, cold manners. He is a handsome man still, though turned of forty, but grief has changed him far more than time; and even I, who have known him from childhood, can scarcely trace in him now any remains of what he was in youth.

"I have said he was an only child; but there

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was one other young person at the Hall, and that was Miss Anna Redmond, the orphan daughter of a very distant connection of the Judge's. She was a beautiful Irish girl, some years younger than Mr. Livingstone, and to whom, next to their son, the Judge and Mrs. Livingstone were both fondly attached. You say you have seen the little Georgina, and when I tell you that in form and feature she is the very image of what Miss Redmond was then, except that from her soft eyes looked out the soul of an intelligent and highly-cultivated woman, you will have some idea of the fair young creature who grew up by the side of young Mr. Livingstone, nor can you wonder that an attachment, the commencement of which had no remembered date, had grown up with them.

"It has always seemed strange to me that the Judge, who was always planning, should have thus exposed his son to the constant attractions of a being so lovely and artless as Miss Redmond, nor foreseen the result that seemed so obvious and natural to less scheming and less interested observers; and many wondered, when they saw them ever together, roaming in the grounds, boating on the river, or singing in the garden; and thought maybe affection had conquered ambition, and that Anna's loveliness had won its way to the heart of the father as well as the son. Probably the young lovers thought so too; for, content and happy in the present, they thought little, and questioned less, about the future.

"But it was not so. Either the father, absorbed in the possible, had lost sight of the actual, and saw in their mutual attachment only the love of cousins who had grown up together; or he felt that Miss Redmond's Catholic faith was in itself an insurmountable barrier to their union; or, more probably still (judging from subsequent events), he had in his own mind fully decided the destinies of both, and, secure in the infallible excellence of his own schemes, never dreamed that they would question or oppose them. I know not how it was, but so it was; and the lovers' first intimation of the coming storm was a confidential communication to Mr. Livingstone of his father's intention of allowing him to travel in Europe, making liberal provision for his expenses; and a kind and fatherly letter to Miss Redmond, asking her favorable consideration of an advantageous proposal he had received for her hand."

"Hullo!" said the Captain, "that was bad, that was!"

"Had a thunder-bolt darted from the clear blue heavens at mid-day," pursued Mr. Stephenson, "and scattered ruin and death around them, it would scarcely have more astonished and dismayed the devoted young lovers. The timid, yielding spirit of the gentle Anna bent before the unexpected storm, and it was her wish to declare their attachment, and throw themselves upon the love and kindness of the Judge and Mrs. Livingstone.

"But George's spirit was of a loftier tone. He inherited something of his father's resolute and determined temper, and he urged upon her the wisdom of an immediate marriage. He pointed out to her that his father, either being or affecting to be ignorant of their attachment, had never forbidden it, and why should they now, by an ill-timed disclosure, draw from him a prohibition which would make the whole course of their existence desolate? He dwelt much upon both his parents' uniform love for Miss Redmond, and built much upon his mother's influence, trusting with affectionate confidence to her good offices.

"I have told you Miss Redmond was gentle and yielding in temper; from her very childhood she had depended upon George's word, and looked up to him as to some superior being; he had been her guide and oracle through life, and how could she contend against his arguments now when all other friends seemed failing her, and her own heart pleaded powerfully with him? In an evil hour, in the presence of myself and two or three other witnesses, the lovely but ill-fated girl became the wife of George Livingstone by the rites of both the Protestant and the Catholic Church.

"The difficulty now became, not how best to keep the secret, but how best to make it known. Frank and manly in his character, Mr. Livingstone would now have fearlessly avowed his marriage; for he felt they had baffled fate itself, and had nothing more to fear; but it was now the timid Anna's turn to shrink from the disclosure, and she pleaded for the dreaded hour to be put off yet a little longer. It was at last arranged that the young bride should make a long intended visit to some of her mother's family, and during her absence her husband should make the avowal.

"But this arrangement was frustrated in a manner they little apprehended. Mrs. Livingstone, the kind and indulgent parent, upon whose friendly offices they had confidently reckoned, was taken alarmingly ill; there was now no time for a disclosure, and for two long months Mr. Livingstone and his young wife watched with sinking hearts by the sick-bed of her who had ever been a kind mother to both of them. At the end of that time the malady took a fatal turn, and the bereaved family followed the remains of her they all so fondly loved to their last resting-place on earth."

"Whew!" said the Captain. "The deuce! that was bad!"

"I dare say you have noticed, Sir," continued Mr. Stephenson, "that sorrow falls with very different power upon different human hearts. To some it is as the gentle rain, or holy dew, refreshing and purifying, and calling out into beauty and verdure the dormant seeds of all that is loveliest in mind and character; to others it is as the devastating tempest, tearing up the soil, and beating down and destroying all that was fair and fruitful. The Judge was of this latter class, and the unwelcome disclosure must now be made to a being whose feelings were excited almost to madness, one in whom grief was

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sternness, and sorrow a passion. The result was what you have no doubt anticipated, but you can not anticipate or imagine the extent of his frantic violence.

"In the bitterness of his rage he cursed his only child, and swore to disinherit him, and leave him a beggar and an outcast; and spurning from him the gentle girl who knelt at his feet imploring his forgiveness in the name of his dead wife, he denounced her as a viper, a Jesuit, and a deceiver; and called down a fearful malediction upon her meek head."

"Well!" said the Captain, his face growing flushed with interest, "that was a squall. I should call that a regular nor'wester! What did they do then?"

"This was too much for Mr. Livingstone to bear. His temper he had inherited from his father, though his mother by precept and example had trained him to self-control; and, pale with the indignation he would not suffer his lips to give utterance to, he raised his half fainting wife and bore her over the threshold, which the Judge madly bade him never to cross again."

"That's it! that's right!" cried the Captain, excitedly. "He done well to quit! I would; by George! I would. I'd cut away every thing; let all go by the board, from bowsprit to taffrail, from hatchway to skysail. I'd clear the decks, put her right before the wind, and scud under bare poles. Lord, yes! he'd ride out the gale best so, I'll bet."

Mr. Stephenson took his cigar from his lips, knocked off the ashes with his little finger, and waited patiently until his father-in-law's effervescence had subsided, then he went on as if no interruption had occurred.

"But the old man's frantic violence recoiled upon his own head, for not many hours had elapsed before he was found by his servants in a fit in his study chair."

"And served him right," muttered the Captain. "Good enough for him, an old shark! to treat a pretty girl so. I'll tell you what, Sir! he was no sailor—that's a fact."

"No, father," said Christie, smiling in spite of himself at the Captain's wrath—"I never heard that he was or claimed to be one. Of course the young couple were at once recalled, but before they reached the house the Judge had ceased to breathe, and the son re-entered the home, from which he had just been so ignominiously expelled, as its master and owner.

"You will scarcely wonder, in view of all those sad circumstances, when I say it was a mournful household, or that the delicate health of the young wife sunk under them. Her whole nervous system had received a shock in these repeated trials which she seemed wholly unable to cast off. In vain her husband strove to reassure her, and repeat that his father had been subject to such attacks for years, and that his death was the result of causes wholly physical. Terror and remorse struggled in her bewildered mind until she felt herself to be a murderess. The curse—that terrible curse—still rung in her ears; and ever before her, day and night, came the stern vision of that dreadful old man, so like, and yet so unlike, her own kind, old relative. She looked forward with a shuddering dread she could neither conquer nor conceal; and now came out the darker features of a religion, hitherto so beautiful in her daily life. She spoke of the vengeance of angry Heaven as hanging over her devoted head, and fasts, vigils, and useless austerities and penances were the atonements offered by a morbid and gloomy superstition, until her medical advisers feared for her life or reason.

"So passed on that long miserable winter, and in the spring Mrs. Livingstone gave birth to a female infant—the little Georgina.

"If the young father was disappointed that his child was not a son and heir he wisely kept it to himself. His wife and child both lived, and he was content. The mother asked but one question—but the wild earnestness with which she asked it betrayed what her fears had been—'Is it a living, perfect child?' Yes, it was a living child, fair and perfect in form and feature; and as she heard the glad announcement a smile (the first which had dawned there since the death of the Judge) broke over the face of the pale young mother.

"And now, as if the vials of wrath were turned at last from that devoted home, a new cheerfulness seemed springing up. Gradually, but surely, the heavy clouds dispersed, and day by day Mrs. Livingstone's mind seemed regaining something of its former tone; but her health was still delicate, and there were so many painful associations connected with the place that her physicians recommended a total change—a trip to Europe, and the passing of the ensuing winter in a milder climate.

"To all this plan Mrs. Livingstone offered but one objection; how could she be parted from her child? Long and fervently she pleaded to take it with them, but her wishes were overruled. The child was too young to bear the fatigue; it was in perfect health, and had been from its birth in the care of my sister, a young married woman, who had lost her own child, and who had been known to both the parents from childhood: they had perfect confidence in her. To all this the mother had no argument to oppose but her own wishes, and these she yielded, as usual, and they went.

"I think they were away about two years, and during that time our accounts of them were regular and most encouraging. Mrs. Livingstone was gaining now steadily and surely in health and spirits, and my sister's little nursling, she too was daily gaining in strength and beauty; and yet, I must say it, day by day the parents' return seemed less and less desirable to me.

"At last the time was fixed for their return. They were upon the point of sailing, and wrote me to have the house opened and made ready for them. Then came news of their arrival, and the day was appointed for their return to their home.

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"They came at the time they had set, and with a heart both glad and heavy I received them, and though as she crossed the threshold a painful recollection struck the rich color from Mrs. Livingstone's cheek and lip, I could see she was once more all that Anna Redmond had been.

"My sister and her little charge were in waiting in the back drawing-room, and thither, with a beating heart, I followed the impatient parents, and heard their exclamations of delight when her cherub loveliness first met their eyes. It seemed as if they could never weary of expressing their admiration.

"At last, after showering a thousand tender caresses upon the placid and unconscious little object of her affection—placing her a dozen times in her father's arms, and then catching her to her own—the mother seated her gently upon the carpet, and raising her sweet face, all wet with sunny tears, to her husband, she said, 'Am I not silly, George?—now don't laugh at me, but I thought she would know more: I fancied she would be able to call us by our names—silly, was not it, when she has never seen us since she had sense enough to know any thing?" There was something in these words, so playfully uttered, that made me catch my breath; and I turned to the window, for I felt that Mr. Livingstone's keen eye was upon me.

"Presently I became aware of a deep silence, so deep it seemed to me oppressive, suffocating. It was broken by the exclamation—'George! look there!' I turned; the wide, dilated eyes of both parents were fixed as if in stony horror upon the child. I heard a cry—'Holy mother! she is an idiot, and the curse has come!' and Mrs. Livingstone fell heavily, as if thunder-smitten, at her husband's feet.

"My trembling sister caught up her smiling and unconscious little charge and fled with her to the nursery, while I hastened to the assistance of Mr. Livingstone. With his fine form bent, as by a weight of years, and his strong limbs shaking as if palsy-smitten, he had raised his wife from the floor, and stood supporting her in his arms, but made no effort to revive her. I think he envied the blessed insensibility into which she had fallen too much to endeavor to dispel it. He raised his fearful eyes as I approached him, and asked, in a low, hoarse whisper, 'Christie, is it true?' and I had no words to answer him.

"Yes, it was true. This was the terrible apprehension which had crept over me, and, growing day by day into the more terrible certainty, had made their return a terror and a dread to me.

"I had noticed a peculiarity in the child from a very early age, and so, I afterward found, had others, although no one cared to mention their suspicions to another. I had watched my sister anxiously for hours while she played with the child, hoping to catch some look of answering intelligence; but I had watched in vain.

"I have never learned by what means the fearful truth burst so suddenly and with such an overwhelming conviction upon the minds of the parents. I had hoped the revelation would be gradual to them, as it had been to us; but I have always supposed some slight but marked peculiarity of motion, look, or gesture, which words can not exactly describe, but which all those who have ever seen a child similarly afflicted will at once recall, made known at once to the eager eyes of the parents the utter desolation of their beautiful land of promise. You will perhaps wonder why they had been permitted to return without some warning, some preparation for the terrible affliction awaiting them; but you must remember there were no near relatives to communicate the dreadful fact. Mr. and Mrs. Livingstone were both of them parentless, brotherless, sisterless; there were none but their dependents here; and, even if there had been, who would have dared to pass a judgment so fearful upon a child only three years old? And so we had hoped on from day to day.

"I helped to bear the still insensible mother to the chamber which she never left again in life. In one little week she was called to the Promised Land, where all tears shall be wiped away.

"I have little more to tell you, Sir. After the death of his wife Mr. Livingstone seemed to grow daily more cold and silent, until he became the icy being he appears now. The only object in life for which he ever betrays a warmth of feeling is his child, the little Georgina, and he seems to regard her with a strangely mingled affection and terror, tenderness and loathing.

"In form and feature, in gentleness, and more than all in her sweet musical laugh, she strikingly resembles her lovely and unfortunate mother; and Mr. Livingstone's eyes will sometimes follow her uncertain steps for hours, with doating watchfulness, but if she turns toward him he shrinks from her with undisguised terror. Sweet, yielding, and ever gentle, like her mother, her mind seems capable of the exercise of one faculty only, the power of loving; and, taking advantage of this to increase her stock of simple pleasures, my sister taught her to love every thing in nature—the flowers, the birds, the butterflies, the sunshine, and the rain—until her whole existence is but the embodiment of one sentiment—a sentiment of pure and innocent affection. But the new Mrs. Livingstone says the child has been mismanaged and neglected; that she has been suffered to 'run wild too long;' and she has taken her from my sister's care and given her into the charge of the Frenchwoman you saw, as if it were possible for lecture and discipline to create a mind where God himself has denied one."

"The new Mrs. Livingstone?" questioned Mr. Courtney: "then Mr. Livingstone has married again, has he?"

"Yes, Sir, he has; about two years ago. His friends all urged it, and though I think he

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had little hopes, and, I think, little chance of happiness, he married again."

"And what sort of woman is the present wife?"

"Oh, I don't know, Sir: as different from the first as darkness and light. Not that I mean to say she is an unamiable woman either; but she seems to me to be cold, calculating, and ambitious. Fashion and style are the whole objects of her aim and study. I don't think she will ever make Mr. Livingstone happy; but then there is this to be said—I do not think he could ever have loved any woman but his first wife, and this one will never disturb herself on that account, so long as she is mistress of his handsome establishment. But I saw the cattle were driven up just now, and if you would like to walk out I will show them to you."

Mr. Courtney immediately rose, thanking his host and hostess for the narrative and for his hospitable entertainment; and then the two, flinging aside the unfinished cigars, went out to inspect the farm and the stock.

But they had proceeded but a few rods from the house when a loud scream, followed by a succession of shrieks and outcries, arrested their steps.

"For Heaven's sake, what is it?" said Mr. Courtney, turning to his companion, his face pale with dismay; "what is it?"

"I know no more than you do," answered Stephenson. "It was a woman's voice, certainly, and in distress; but from what cause or from what direction it came I can not imagine."

But even while he spoke a servant-girl, ghastly pale in mortal terror, rushed up to them, and caught Mr. Stephenson's hand, imploringly; but, breathless and spent with speed and terror, seemed unable to articulate a word.

"Speak! for your life!" said the farmer, catching the girl firmly by her shoulder, and speaking almost sternly in his alarm. "What is it? Say something! Speak!"

"Miss Georgina!—the water!—quick!—quick!" gasped the poor girl, and as Mr. Stephenson relaxed his nervous gripe upon her shoulder she sank exhausted upon the ground.

Then, in a moment, flashed upon the minds of both the listeners the little adventure of the morning, and instantly both were in rapid motion toward the little bridge. Stephenson, being of course most familiar with the ground, led the way, and struck a bee line for the water, closely followed by Mr. Courtney; but even as the latter rushed on, in headlong speed, there rose before his mental vision, clear, distinct, and vivid as intuition, the real facts of the case; the little innocent thing, disturbed in her enjoyment in the morning, deprived of her freedom, and rudely dragged away by the governess she disliked and dreaded, had managed again to elude her vigilance, had slipped away, and with the cunning persistency which is often the one unfortunate gift of such minds, had returned to the scene of her forbidden pleasure.

Here, she had been again pursued by the irritated governess, and the nursery-maid, and accosted with loud and angry reprimand and menace; the poor unconscious child, terrified and bewildered, wholly ignorant of danger, eager only to escape from her pursuers, and seeing no other way of escape open to her, had rushed into the smiling, treacherous water, which closed over her head. Even then, had the women had presence of mind and a little courage, they might have rescued her, for the water where the child first fell was but about three feet deep; but the terrified girl ran to call for help, while the governess went into hysterics on the bank, where she was still screaming helplessly when the two men rushed breathlessly down to the water's edge.

The white dress of the child being still plainly in sight in the middle of the stream, where the little rippling current had borne her, Mr. Stephenson, without a moment's delay, plunged into the water, and snatched the little one from her pebbly resting-place, and bore her to the shore.

As he neared the bank, encumbered with his sad burden, and his steps impeded by the clinging weight of his own saturated garments, Mr. Courtney stood, eager and ready, with extended arms, to relieve him of the child; but a strong, firm hand was laid upon his shoulder, setting him aside without a word, and Mrs. Stephenson, pale and agitated, but tearless and firm, held out her arms to receive the child.

"Let the gentleman take her, Susie," said Christie Stephenson, "she is too heavy for you, and there is no time to lose."

"Give her to me," said the firm, rich voice; "I am used to children, I can carry her better than either of you:" and without another word, as if in quiet acquiescence in his wife's authority, Stephenson laid the child in her arms.

Gathering the little, motionless form gently to her bosom, Susie laid the fair, drooping head, with its long golden curls all dripping with moisture, upon her broad shoulder, bending her own warm cheek tenderly down to the cold, still cheek beneath it, and then moved off at a pace so equal, and yet so rapid, that the two men found it hard to keep up with her.

The screams of the governess had spread the alarm, and as they drew near the house the whole household were in motion to meet them. The father, pale and speechless in his silent agony; the mother-in-law, loud and voluble in inquiry and reprobation; the servants, vociferous in lamentation and wonder. But for none of them did Mrs. Stephenson relax her steady speed, or turn aside for a moment. Threading her way through them all, she sped on her course without a moment's halt, reached the house, bore the child into its nursery, laid it on the bed, and began to remove its clothing.

Other help came—the child's loving and beloved foster-mother, Christie Stephenson's sister, nurses, and helpers; but Mrs. Stephenson was the ruling genius of the occasion. She knew exactly what was best to be done, and how to do

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it; what was wanted, and where to find it; who to send for, and who to send. She planned, suggested, and executed, giving orders with prompt decision and rare judgment, until medical assistance came; and then, recognizing a skill beyond her own, she quietly subsided into an active and efficient agent, carrying out with energy and judgment whatever was ordered to be done.

For hours and hours their efforts were unrelaxing; no art was forgotten, no remedy unattempted. But alas! what availed it? Medical skill, and tender care, and zealous hope, all were alike useless—no warmth came back to the pale, white rose cheek; no soft breath parted the little blue lips; no gentle pulsation stirred in the small, delicately-moulded wrist, amidst its wandering, violet veins. The silver cord had been loosened, and the imprisoned spirit was freed; the little frail existence was ended, and the loving heart had gone to Him whose very name is Love. The imperfect powers which would never have found development and perfection on earth had passed into that better land, where the twilight gradations of human intellect are merged in the noontide blaze of omniscience.

OCTOBER.

ON hill and field October's glories fade;
O'er hill and field the blackbirds southward fly;
The brown leaves rustle down the forest glade,
Where naked branches make a fitful shade,
And the last blooms of Autumn withered lie.

The berries on the hedgerow ripen well—
Holly and cedar, burning-bush and brier;
The partridge drums in some half-hidden dell,
Where all the ground is gemmed with leaves that fell
Last storm from the tall maple's crown of fire.

The chirp of crickets and the hum of bees
Come faintly up from marsh and meadow-land,
Where reeds and rushes whisper in the breeze,
And sunbeams slant between the moss-grown trees,
Green on the grass and golden on the sand.

From many a tree whose tangled boughs are bare
Lean the rich clusters of the clambering vine:
October's mellow hazes dim the air
Along the uplands and the valley, where
The distant steeples of the village shine.

Adown the brook the dead leaves whirling go;
Above the brook the scarlet sumacs burn;
The lonely heron sounds his note of woe
In gloomy forest-swamps, where rankly grow
The crimson cardinal and feathery fern.

Autumn is sad: a cold blue horizon
Darkly encircles checkered fields and farms,
Where late the gold of ripening harvests shone;
But bearded grain and fragrant hay are gone,
And Autumn mourns the loss of Summer's charms.

Yet, though our Summers change and pass away—
Though dies the beauty of the hill and plain—
Though warmth and color fade with every day—
Hope passes not, and something seems to say
That all our brightest joys shall come again.

And if the flowers we nurture with such care
Must wither, though bedewed with many tears,
They shall arise in some diviner air,
To bloom again, more fragrant and more fair,
And gladden us through all the coming years.

The sun sinks slowly toward the far-off west;
The breeze is freshening from the far-off shore:
So come, fair eve, and bring each weary breast
That sense of tranquil joy, of gentle rest,
Felt in the happy Autumns gone before!

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THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF THE NEGRO SLAVE.

[*Second Paper.*]

COUNTRY CHURCHES AND COUNTRY PREACHING.

A LEADING trait in the American negro, reared under the influences of Southern slavery, is, that he is *intensely religious*. All the superstitious tendencies of his native constitution seem compressed into this channel. All his highest hopes and aspirations are ministered unto through those teachings which, no matter how imperfect in the sight of others, have opened a new life to him. The future, as the Gospel has revealed it, is the great quickener of his mental faculties in their imaginings, desires, fears, and hopes. He is shut out from all knowledge beyond the simple scenes of daily life, and of that invisible world apparent only to his vivid though often erroneous conceptions. But such as this future world is to him, he knows no higher aspiration than the desire to enter upon its enjoyments and experience its fruitions. All that he has learned upon this subject from the preaching around him, appeals most powerfully to his emotional nature. He fears the punishment threatened as no one with less timidity and with less self-abasement can fear it. He exults in the actual deliverance from his fears as those less confiding and less hopeful can never exult. Even his dreams, to others but the wildest vagaries, to him are fraught with special deliverances and unfailing promises. There is nothing in the present life that interests or charms or allures him: it is full of tribulations, toils, deprivations. In the life to come he expects rest, satisfaction, reward. To him the future is thus greatly exalted above the present.

To fully appreciate the slave, and the character of the institutions under which his peculiarities are developed, one must live in the country. In the agricultural districts, and upon the plantations where are large communities of negroes surrounded by other similar communities, and wholly removed from any disturbing influences, the social and religious characters of the slaves are developed freely and without restraint. Here only will you find the full exhibition of the peculiar virtues and vices of their characters as modified by the influences of religion. Here, too, the religious element becomes the prevailing influence; and the slave's social importance and authority among his fellow-servants depend almost wholly upon his ecclesiastical position, and are exercised mainly through the channel of his church relationships.

Perhaps in no part of the world is the society of different districts of country so purely homogeneous as at the South. The effects of the "peculiar institution" are almost omnipotent, and its overpowering influences shape and mould all departments of life. This fact is of great advantage to those who wish to study the developments of religious life among the negroes; for the history of one community is, in its general features, the history of all.

The village of which I was for several years a resident was a court-house town in South Carolina. It was the centre of a large and very wealthy cotton-growing region, and was, moreover, a centre for religious gatherings for the slaves residing for miles around upon the plantations. The church with which the slaves were connected was, in its organization and customs, the counterpart of hundreds of others which I have known in each of the cotton-growing States, and its description will stand for the great majority of similar organizations in the South.

This church was *the church* of the neighborhood. It numbered about three hundred members, two hundred of whom were slaves. These together constituted but one church under one pastor; though the more immediate supervision of the colored people was confided to colored deacons. The stated order of public services was as follows: On Saturday night there was preaching to the blacks; Sunday morning preaching to the whites, the negroes occupying but the gallery: Sunday afternoon the colored meeting was held, and the whole meeting-house—pews, carpets, cushioned seats, gilt Bibles—all were appropriated by the slaves. In this respect few communities at the North provide so handsomely for the colored people. In the country, at the South, such custom is usual but not invariable.

The Saturday night service was very largely attended, and was rather a favorite season with the more spiritual part of the members. Several circumstances combined to favor a large attendance from the plantations. Saturday night, from before sunset, was, by immemorial custom, the negro's holiday. It was also the time of making their weekly purchases of luxuries from the village stores—generally a few pounds of sugar, a little flour, and a supply of tobacco. It was also the time for carrying their own exchangeable productions to market; and long before sunset they would begin to enliven the various roads, presenting, with their motley array of burdens, a most picturesque appearance. Here was one with half a dozen chickens in a basket —"jess big enough to fry, massa." Another had eggs carefully tied in a colored cotton handkerchief, which had during the week done service as a *face-wiper*. Another had brooms, made from old field-sedge, and very serviceable upon floors without carpets. Some had berries, some apples, peaches, and whatever other fruits might be in season. Shuck horse-collars and door-mats were very abundant—most excellent articles they were too, and well worth their "quarter." If a mechanic, the boy would often have split-bottomed chairs, pine tables, and even pails and tubs, displaying no mean skill in their workmanship. If a prudent and reliable servant, and the overseer or the master had permitted, the horse, or, oftener, mule—which had been the week's companion in plowing the field —bore his keeper and fellow-workman—hardly master—by the side of the pedestrians. Never were there more cheerful, gossiping, harmless

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groups of peasants. Every one, black or white, greeted them kindly upon meeting, and exchanged salutations—"passing the health of the family." They were too humble and too valuable to be looked upon with contempt, too lowly to arouse toward themselves feelings of pride from "the superior race;" and as there was on their part no assumption, so on the part of their masters there was no appearance of condescension. "How d'ye, John? How's all?" came from the master most cordially. And, "Jess tol'rable, thank God;" and, "How's all to home, master?" were responded with an appearance of perfect self-respect and honest interest. Among themselves the chat was of domestic events—the drought in the field, the grass in "de crap," the gossip of "de white family." And not unfrequently, after the first blush of conversation had passed, of the work of grace in the heart, the comforts of religion, the wearisomeness of the world, and their hopes, so often expressed in "Tank de Lord, we'm almos home."

The hour for the Saturday evening service was always announced by the church bell; but as far as concerned any practical accomplishment of good by the process of bell-ringing the exercise might have been spared the worthy sexton. Who ever saw a negro hurry himself to be in season for any thing, unless somebody was constantly shouting for him? And it at last came to be generally understood that the time when the services should commence was to be determined by the assembling of the congregation, and not by the ringing of the bell.

Indeed, if you wish to call in your colored congregation from the outside gossip and the charm of social greeting, you must have something more attractive than a bell—you must start the singing. "It is time to sing the people in, Wesley," was the usual preliminary announcement. The favorite hymn for this purpose was, "When I can read my title clear." It always brought in the worshipers like magic.

The devotional part of the exercise was introduced by the announcement, "Any brother who wishes will lead in prayer," and there was always a response. If the preaching was by a stupid "white brother," and the night was warm and oppressive, no matter how great his shoutings—he might make the rafters ring, but he couldn't shake the sleepers; or no matter how dull and heavy the preacher, his heaviness couldn't equal that of the slumbers of many of his auditors. Occasionally you might hear from some persevering brother who was struggling to keep awake a faint "Amen! bress de Lord!" but more frequently you would hear the peculiar, almost continuous snore, which is best delineated by their own expressive metaphor of "sawin' ob de gourd."

Such effects, however, were manifested but upon the ordinary occasions of the Saturday night preaching, when the labors of the day had been wearisome, and the exercises were protracted in their dullness. But let the congregation be surprised by the unexpected visit of some colored preacher, or let the exercises consist wholly of prayer, exhortation, and singing, and the fervor, vivacity, and life of the meeting would continue for the hour without diminishing.

UNCLE PHIL, THE FUNERAL PREACHER.

But the great occasions, and those which excited the greatest interest, and called forth the largest audiences among the negroes, were the funeral sermons.

These were very peculiar occasions, and not the less so that they were of such frequent occurrence. And as great and peculiar occasions call forth great men who alone are fitted to be their adequate exponents, it was not to be wondered at that such emergencies should develop peculiar talents, and discover peculiar adaptabilities in some of the colored preachers around us, many of whom gloried in a peculiar "gift" as their specialty. We had such colored preachers, who, in their assumed importance, seemed to consider themselves affirmative responses to the desponding interrogation of the Apostle: "And who is sufficient for these things?" But we had also one who was too far above such, in the solid worth of his character, in his affectionate manliness of feeling, and in his deep-toned, sagacious piety, ever to be classed among his fellows. He was, *par excellence*, the preacher of "funerals." And for twenty years he had visited the different neighborhoods of the surrounding country, frequently riding all night in going and returning, that he might exercise his vocation for the benefit and delight of his people.

This man was a genuine negro. He was also, by the gifts of nature and the grace of God, one of the best men that I have ever met. He was known as "Uncle Phil," and among his own people was an object of universal affection and almost worship.

Indeed, Uncle Phil was a great character. To reproduce him in such meagre sketches as these is hardly possible; but even an imperfect outline may enable those who have never seen such slaves to form some faint conception of their idiosyncrasies.

Phil was a South Carolina slave of the purest pedigree. No one could ever have suspected that a tinge of alien blood contaminated the purity of his descent. Every thing about him was suggestive of the plantation. There was no affectation of dress; no foreign importation of town fineries; no beaver, no cravat, no gloves, no cane. His hat was a plantation hat—a coarse felt broad-brim. His shoes were plantation shoes, and adapted to a foot which, including the heel, was fourteen inches in length. His broad shirt-collar, of unbleached homespun, was thrown back from his manly throat in a style which would cause Byron-worshipers to despair in view of their sickly imitations. His wristbands were but smaller editions of his collar, and were rolled upward with an air which de-

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noted the impatience of a free spirit whose habits of field labor scorned a covering to his bare and brawny wrists. His Sunday frock-coat, of black broadcloth, which had once adorned the shoulders of some substantial "massa," was the only professional garment about him. But what negro preacher ever did resist the fascination of a black broadcloth second-hand? So respectable a vanity amidst so many virtues was surely pardonable.

Phil had an imposing physique, with head, neck, and chest magnificently developed. No athlete could desire any thing finer or of more massive proportions, especially in the upper regions. There was a singular lustiness about him, which was something more than mere brawn and muscle—a fullness and juiciness of development which were suggestive of vigorous manhood and exuberant vitality. There was nothing repulsive about him; none of those indefinable, repelling characteristics which so many negroes possess, and which is best expressed by the epithet *Nigger*. There was nothing of this, but, on the contrary, a wholesome, genial, winning presence, and an air of such manly self-respect and genuine humility that you felt attracted rather than repelled by his society.

Uncle Phil was a sort of head servant or manager upon his master's plantation, and had special liberties and indulgences. He never in vain wished for a horse or a mule to ride to his distant "appointments." He was never made to fail in these appointments from pressure of business at home. He had some opportunities for reading, though he was not an intellectual negro; and "reading was," he used to say, "harder work dan plowin', massa." Yet at night, after his day's work was finished, by the fire-light of pitch-pine he had studied out many texts from the Bible—though he trusted for his knowledge more to what he "heard read;" and he retained the sounds of the words rather than an accurate idea of their meaning.

But the occasions which had developed his peculiar "gift," and given him his great popularity among the negroes, were the funerals. Phil was a preacher of funerals. They were his specialty; and for twenty years he had rarely preached upon any other occasion.

And here, lest any one should wonder how the deaths could occur with such regularity that the funeral sermon would always come on Sunday, it will be well to understand that there was no immediate chronological connection between the death and the funeral; and no necessary allusion in the sermon to the life, death, or virtues of the departed. The ceremony seemed not so much commemorative as sacrificial. It was performed as a duty which the survivors among the relatives and associates owed to the memory of their deceased friend. I had heard Phil exercise his "gift" several times, always wondering whose "funeral" he was preaching, and why he never alluded to the departed brother or sister, who had "done gone home to glory," when my mind was unexpectedly enlightened by the old nurse in my family, who had taken upon herself the duty of inviting me to another "funeral," to be preached by Uncle Phil that evening.

I had been delayed during dinner, and was making "out my allowance" after the family had adjourned, when old Sarah, standing behind my chair, very respectfully exercised an old servant's prerogative of diverting the solitary meal by leading the conversation thus:

"Gwine to preachin', massa?"

"What preaching?"

"Uncle Phil, massa; preaches Sis Sally Green's funeral."

"In the church?"

"No, massa, people nebber all get in de church. Dey been done comin' dis long time."

"Where will he preach?"

"By the well, massa; under the big oak-tree."

"When did Sally die?"

"Lor, massa, she done dead dis two year."

"Where did she live?"

"Way down on de ridge by Mars Watson's."

"Why didn't they have the funeral before?"

"Well, massa, you see dey waits for Phil; and Phil jess got round."

This explained the whole theory of "funerals." During the sermon, which contained nothing peculiarly appropriate to a funeral, and which would have answered for any other occasion as well as for "Sis Sally Green's," nothing special occurred. And at the close, Phil announced that next Sunday week "he would preach Sis Winnie Hughes funeral, at Mr. Kelsey's," in an adjoining neighborhood.

Phil's special characteristic as a preacher was his nervous energy and great earnestness. He had his pathetic touches, and his sublime flights, which were reserved for special effects; but they formed, in regard to his general style, the exceptional features. To attempt the reproduction of one of his sermons would be useless. All attempts to give an adequate, truthful representation of the sermon of a genuine Southern negro must prove miserable failures. Those usually printed are no more like the sermons themselves than they are like the average sermons of white preachers. At best, they are mere burlesques of what are often very earnest performances.

At these "funeral preachings" the audience was generally drawn together, and then soothed into a quiet devotional mood; first by the noise, and then by the subduing influences of the singing. The first hymns were voluntaries, generally descriptive, often boisterous, as if to attract attention and "call up the crowd." Then would follow, as if instinctively, more devotional hymns, usually sung in a minor key, and sometimes inexpressibly plaintive. When the attention of all had become thus concentrated Phil would commence, with much solemnity and dignity, the more formal service. The hymn was announced and read, and afterward repeated by being "lined-out" in couplets; though

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the number of hymn-books produced, and the conspicuous manner in which they were held—not unfrequently wrong side up—seemed to imply that the lining-out was more a matter of custom than necessity. For singers using hymn-books too the words were sometimes very remarkable; and the significance of the poetry sung was what might be expected from those who were singing alternate lines of each verse.

After the prayer—the style of which, in the negro preachers, differs immaterially from the prayers of uneducated preachers among ourselves—came another hymn, the text, and the sermon. Phil's sermons, in their general want of outline, and in their jumble of thoughts and use of remarkable adjectives, were like the sermons of all other negro preachers in the country. Exposition was not attempted. Description, exhortation, appeal formed the warp and woof. The whole being expressive of his own, and therefore of all negro experiences, trials, comforts, and assurances. Intellectually the sermons were mere trash; so are the sermons of nearly all negro preachers. But the peculiar pathos of tone and expression, the fervid earnestness of utterance, the manly tenderness and assurance were peculiar to the speaker. In the absence of a critical audience these count as great virtues; and as their exhibition made the hearers "feel good," through a strange and inexplicable sympathy, they were satisfied without any analysis of the causes or healthfulness of their emotions.

"How did you like Phil?" would be sometimes asked by some curious neighbor. "Well, I liked him," would be the answer. "Did you learn any thing?" "No." "Did he make you cry?" "Almost." "What did he say?" "Can't tell you." "What did you cry for?" "Couldn't help it."

And there is the whole explanation. Upon every principle of critical analysis, upon every doctrine of the legitimate effect of language to an educated white man, what Phil said was wholly ridiculous. But to hear him with his broad, genial, honest face, his eyes full of mildness and suppressed tearfulness, his deep chest tones wonderfully sweet in their modulations, his expression of his own feelings, desires, and hopes in the midst of his trials upon "dis terminated erf." And then his shrinking in view of "de grim summonger of def." His visions of "de pearly gates ob shinin' gold." His triumphal "alabaster robes." His gazing on "dat bressed Lamb dat died for Phil." Analytically it was all ridiculous; but to see Phil and hear him preach was to rouse and stir all the tenderest depths of your nature.

I once presented Phil with a volume of "skeletons of sermons," thinking that he might derive from their use some assistance in the more orderly arranging of his own thoughts. He was taken "quite aback" at the idea that sermons had such things as skeletons; and looked vague and incredulous at the idea of his ever using one He took the book, however, very thankfully, and responded to all my explanations of its contents with, "De good Lord! master, jess to tink ob dat." The idea of a book full of "skeletons" didn't strike him as at all in his line, though he was a "funeral" preacher. He, however, said something about "readin' it wid Mary nights;" and wrapping it carefully in an immense red cotton handkerchief tenderly "toted" it home.

I can not dismiss Phil, however, without giving an illustration of the false idea of the pathetic which even negroes entertain. Perhaps I ought to say *sense* of the pathetic, for they manifestly have no *ideas* in connection with the subject. Their fancies are caught by the merest word-jinglings, though destitute of all meaning. Even Phil, who was accustomed to witness the deepest emotions in his auditors, and who thought nothing of accomplishing without effort effects which most orators would give their right hands to be able to achieve, never prided himself upon the results of his natural, spontaneous eloquence as he did upon the brilliancy of his quotations, and the admiration which they extorted from his demonstrative auditors.

His favorite pyrotechnic, and one which he almost always introduced when I was present, and doubtless for my especial delectation, was on this wise: "Oh my dyin' hearers, you don't know de feelin's of Jesus—you nebber will know the feelin's of de precious Jesus—when he was in the garden, where he sweat de big drops ob blood—when dey took him up afore do Pontius Pilate, and put de thorny crown upon dat blessed brow—and when he hung upon de cross, and when he cry, 'Elias! *Elias!!* ELEMI!!! BETHANI!!!!'" This was the climax. To translate it Phil never condescended. He would not mar by any less classical language the effectiveness of a most profound impression.

Phil always received as his acknowledged due the spontaneous offerings of the auditors, made at the "collection" which closed the services. By some process of insight or of experience, Phil and the deacons had learned that the colored brethren had a soft spot in their otherwise impervious craniums, and that its legitimate manifestation was vanity. They adroitly took occasion to "work" this spot, and make it yield a more generous contribution to the perquisites of the "respected preacher." And so the collection was "taken up," or rather laid down, under these imposing circumstances:

Before dismissing the congregation "wid benediction in de long metre," the preacher would descend from the pulpit, and stand by the side of the table which is usually placed before it. A lively hymn would then be "raised," and continued while those who were liberally disposed came forward, one by one, and laid their silver upon the table. As a financial expedient, judging from the comparative results whenever the usual method of "passin' de hat" was resorted to, this move of receiving contributions was a great success. To do Phil justice, however, he never seemed mercenary, and never

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himself manifested any solicitude about the silver. Whatever it was, it was a free-will offering which was given joyfully, accompanied often by a convulsive grasp of the preacher's hand, and the fervently uttered prayer—half sob, half ejaculation — "Brudder Phil, de Lord bress you!"

EXPERIENCE MEETINGS.

Few educated pastors have ever been able to satisfy themselves whether or not the best of their negro church-members possess any definite, reasonable ideas of the soul or of God, as spiritual existences. Still less have they been able to arrive at any intelligent convictions as to the slaves' conceptions of what ideas were conveyed by such abstract terms as holiness, sanctification, virtue, purity, etc. Whatever involved any material or palpably objective element the slaves could clearly understand; and such ideas as obedience, repentance, reward, all were conceived by their intelligences with a certain degree of accuracy. But to speak of growing in grace, of the purification of the soul, of the divine life, and the rewards of an exalted faith, always seemed like preaching mysticism and transcendentalism to little children.

To satisfy our minds concerning the truth of such conclusions we must resort to the "experiences" of the negroes. These experiences are their own descriptions of their emotions when under the influence of religious truths and spiritual operations. Sometimes these experiences are revealed in conversation, and form the subject of social gossip. But their more formal and imposing narration is reserved for what are termed "Experience Meetings," and which are usually held as preparatory to the negro's "joining the church" upon a public profession of religion.

In attending such meetings in different neighborhoods, from Louisiana to Virginia, I have always found the same prominent features delineated. So invariable has been the recurrence of ideas, phrases, and descriptions that one is puzzled in accounting for the uniformity. Have the slaves learned from each other certain formulas, which are perpetuated like traditions among rude and half-civilized nations? Or is there truly but one impressional mould, every where homogeneous and characteristic of the race, in which all their religious experiences are shaped? However this may be, the fact that these "experiences" are the same is unquestionable. I have heard hundreds, I suppose I might say thousands, in Louisiana, Mississippi, Alabama, Georgia, South Carolina, and Virginia, on the sea-board and in the mountains, and I have heard always and every where the same story. It is easy to say that these negroes learn it from each other, and that it has been carried from Virginia by the southern and westward tides of emigration. Or one may say that the same influences, acting upon the same natures, must essentially produce the same results; and as the human heart is the same, and the Divine Spirit the same, there must be in the nature of things a general uniformity.

These results produced by "conversion," according to the universal experience of the negro slave, are as follows, and I give the language as I have heard it in substance from many hundreds at their meetings.

The usual accompaniments of the narration —the singing and other devotional exercises— having been concluded, the pastor says,

"We will now hear from these brethren and sisters what God has done for their souls. Will you begin, Johnson?"

Johnson rises and proceeds as follows:

"De odder night I was sittin' by de fire, an' I 'gin thinkin'. Arter a while I 'gin a feelin' bad. I's done bin to de prayer meetin', an' I sort a 'gin feelin' bad dere; an' I was thinkin' about it when I went home, an' den I 'gins to feel wusser. Well, all dat night I feels drefful. Seem like dere was a big load a pressin' me down. I feel so bad I tort I should die. All dat night I wish for de mornin'; an' when de mornin' comes I got no better; an' I got wusser all de day. Well, Sah, I couldn't bear dat load. I says to myself, Wat mus I do? I try ebery ting, an' de load still dere. Den I says I shall die for sure. Dese sins kill me. Dey press me till I dead. Well, I goes round all dat day. Brudder Sam see me. John see me. All de folks say, Wat's de matter? An' I couldn't tell, I feel so 'pressed. Den Uncle Pete, he come see me; tell me I mus pray. Den I goes out into de field; I pray dere. Den I goes to de yard; I prays dere. Den I stops in de fence corner; an' I pray dere. An' de more I pray de wuss I feel. Dat night de blessin' come. Fust I see leetle light come shinin' down de corner ob de room. Den it git bigger an' bigger. Den somethin' take me right up, an' hold me ober de great big pit. An' I look down an' I see de smoke an' de fire. An' He shake me ober dat pit, an' I jess gwine to fall in, when de Lord Jesus come right down in de room, an' he take me up, an' he leave me so happy! I feel so happy I love ebery body."

"You think you are converted?"

"Yes, master, bress de Lord! I's so lovin'! I loves ebery body—all de trees, an' de chicken, an' de peoples; I loves ebery ting an' ebery body."

"Why do you wish to join the church?"

"De Bible tell us to join de church."

"Why do you wish to be baptized?"

"De Lord Jesus was baptized."

This forms the experience of the best and most intelligent among them. The peculiar imagery of the light, the fire, and the loving feelings are almost invariable. If you question the "candidate," hoping to draw him out by elucidation, or at least variation, very little result is produced beyond the repetition of the same incidents. The story seems to have been learned for the occasion.

The rules of the church require, upon such occasions, that the "candidate," in addition to his "experience," shall produce from his master a written permission to join the church, and also stating that, as far as known, the servant's

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character is good and consistent. The negro deacons also testify to their favorable opinion of the candidate, when, by a vote, he is admitted to membership.

These experiences when analyzed readily resolve themselves into the different gradations of feeling expressed by the words awakening, conviction, pardon, and thus every intelligent pastor must necessarily understand them. But then as they are really given how little do they contain but sensuous impressions! The great load and pressure, corresponding to the state known in scientific theology as *awakening*, is always located by a significant gesture as being felt in the region of the diaphragm. The second stage, that of *conviction*, is expressed by the pit and flame, and the imminent danger of helpless destruction. The pardon and deliverance by Christ, under the form of a palpable, bodily rescue, succeeded by a state of ineffable physical delight.

Who can tell the true relation which all these "experiences" sustain to the work of spiritual regeneration? Let us not heartlessly condemn where we can not intelligently answer. That the negro is made better by even such a change no one can doubt. That his religion is to him a source of unceasing comfort and support none can deny. Nor can any one say that He who is alike the creator of man's nature and the author of the Gospel has not so adapted the truth to the necessities of the creature, that the one shall meet every possible want of the other, even of the least intellectual and most sensuous of his creatures.

But if such uncertainty pertains to the more sober and consistent experiences, how much more perplexing to the Christian philosopher are those which may be termed the visionary and imaginary experiences. These, while the same in substance as that already given, are in their clothing and coloring more fanciful, more florid, and more highly sensuous. They are the experiences of the impressible natures among them —of men, and oftener of women and children, who in a free, cultivated condition would become poets and orators among their people. There are such fine natures among the negroes, though in a crude and undeveloped state; persons who have vivid imaginations and fervid temperaments, and in whom the religious element takes shape and coloring from these prevailing traits of character. And yet even here it is to be remarked, that that which is thus gilded and intensified is also greatly materialized. There is still the supremacy of the sensuous over the spiritual, and the entire subordination of the one to the other—as if all fervor, power, and imagery were with them but a deeper or wider development of the same sensuous element. In illustration of this I will mention the case of Julius. The manner in which he was brought to my notice is also instructive.

One evening I was waited upon by Harper, one of our colored deacons. He came to inform me that there had been "a great power" felt during the two weeks just past, and that as the result some twenty or thirty were ready for the experience meeting. This awakening had occurred on a neighboring plantation, and had been entirely developed through the instrumentality and under the management of the colored deacons. What Harper seemed especially anxious to communicate was to prepare my mind for the wonderful experiences of two boys, brothers, and sons of a good old sister who belonged to the colored aristocracy. As to what constituted the peculiarity of Julius's experience Harper did not like to be communicative, only asserting that I would be astonished when I should hear it from Julius himself. During the next day I was visited by others of the colored church, who also spoke of Julius, of his remarkable experience, of his angelic looks, and of what seemed to be a kind of rapt utterance, carrying them almost beyond this present evil world.

Of course I was somewhat expectant when the Saturday evening came, and in arranging for the narrations, acting according to an old maxim, I thought I would reserve the best for the last. So after the others had finished I called up Julius, fully expecting that he would electrify both myself and the colored assembly. And so he did.

The boy had a very bright, impressible-looking face, with large gazelle eyes, and an expression denoting great liveliness and emotional susceptibility. He commenced his experience after the accustomed manner, and it contained all the usual figures, the same pressure, same light, same relief. In all of which he was evidently under restraint, and was acting a part which had been taught him. Suddenly, however, having completed the formal routine experience, his whole face brightened, his eyes assumed a suffused expression, and, breaking from the beaten path, he commenced:

"An' den I went to hebben."

"What!" said I.

"An' den I went to hebben."

"Stop, Julius. You mean you had a dream, and thought you went to heaven."

"No, Sah: an' den I went to hebben, and dere I see de Lord Jesus, *a sittin' behind de door an' a reading his Bible.*"

Julius's experience never got beyond that heavenly scene, though he had plenty more to relate. And yet the rapt, earnest look, the expanded iris, the irrepressible vehemence of the rhapsodist, all showed a most unmistakable sincerity. Had he continued a few moments longer a third part of the audience would have been in transports, and many of them in convulsions.

The same propensity is perceptible in their personification, or rather materialization, of abstract ideas, expressive of either moral attainments or moral states. It is exceedingly difficult to say how far the negro's ideas of holiness and happiness bear any relation to what we understand by the states or conditions which to us are expressed by these terms. A ludicrous incident, illustrating the ideas of happiness which

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some of them entertain, occurred at one of these experience meetings. It will be readily seen that that peculiar happiness attendant upon holiness, and the exercise of the benevolent affections, could hardly have been embraced in the description.

There were present some twenty or more candidates, who had professed conversion at a recent revival meeting. Among them was a woman of a bright and lively temperament, and who in her experience, after exhausting the usual commonplace description, dwelt quite glowingly upon the happy feelings which had resulted from the change. So very vivid seemed her enjoyment that the pastor, wishing to test the depth of her knowledge, took some pains to elicit a more minute definition. Thus:

"Well, Susan, what do you mean by feeling so happy?"

"Oh, Sah, I so lovin'. I loves ebery ting an' ebery body. I loves de bird in de yard, an' de close-line, an' de gate-pōss, an' ebery ting. I so happy."

"But, Susan, we want to know how you feel when you feel happy. Describe your feelings."

"Oh, Sah, I so happy; I can't tell, Sah, how happy." (Pause.) "I feel, Sah, *jess like I had a fiddle in my belly.*"

But in seeking to form an intelligent opinion of the truthfulness of the negro's conceptions of religious things no less serious difficulty is experienced from their vague and indefinite use of language when attempting to describe their ideas. No doubt their ideas upon many subjects are to themselves clearly defined, and could be clearly expressed to others had they any true conception of the form and meaning of words. But, with their super-sensuous temperaments, and entire ignorance of written language, it is not strange that they should be captivated with words containing certain sounds, and then, upon occasions which seem to them appropriate, repeat the words which have impressed them pleasingly, without the most remote conception of their meaning.

Here is an incident very illustrative of this propensity: A gentleman, under appointment as missionary to Japan, had been visiting us, and when leaving was accompanied by Joe, whose business it was to attend the wharf attached to the premises, and carry whatever baggage was to be transported to or from the house. After seeing the gentleman fairly off, and while returning to the house, Joe, who had heard part of the conversation between us, and who had some ideas as to what it referred, delivered himself as follows:

"I s'pose, Sir, we nebber see dat gentleman no more. S'pose he gwine among dem heatheners."

"Yes, Joe, he is going among them heatheners."

Joe, having been thus successful in his preliminary investigations, after pondering the subject for some minutes, formally announced his conclusions:

"Massa, what kind of people is dem heatheners? 'Specs dey got no *moralizin' conversations*, no *'ligious juredictions* among 'em."

An opinion to the truth of which the master assenting, Joe was henceforth perfectly satisfied.

We think it must appear very palpably evident that the attempt to infer the character of ideas and conceptions concerning religious truths from language used so very independently is the pursuit of a very peculiar kind of knowledge under very peculiar difficulties. We may perhaps reach, through a happy faculty of conjecturing what is meant, some faint idea of the negro's meaning; but we can never judge of their own conceptions of the meaning of what they utter, especially concerning spiritual operations and truths.

Here is a specimen of what occurred at a prayer-meeting on a plantation. This "colored brother" always made himself very conspicuous in devotional meetings, and always edified the assembled congregation by prayer after the following manner:

"O Lord, hab mercy on Mars Posey's Ben, what don't know his God from a side of sole-leather. An', Ben, if you don't get de 'pentance and seek de consummation, you gone 'fore you knows it. An', O Lord, dere more sich sinners here now. An', sinners, ef you nebber pray to Jesus, de debbel hab you for sure. Oh, sinners, 'pent gin dem circumstances. Make de ponderashun 'fore de summonger catch you. O Massa Lord Jesus, help dese poor sinners!"

This brother always prayed as if the Deity was bodily present among the sinners. Hence he addressed each alternately, continuing thus until the close of his prayer, and ending with the following characteristic:

"*Much obleeged for your kind 'tention. Amen!*"

AGATHA AND THE EXILE.

A FOREIGNER is sometimes a very singular being. A woman is always.

In New York they have—or used to have—"Evenings"—with an E.

An Evening is a weekly ceremony by people who make soiled linen of their friends; putting them off all the week, and then doing them all up at once. It is a social washing-day.

It is a sort of Sunday too. I mean a "man-Sunday," as I have heard children—the unregenerate little scamps!—call Fast-days. That is, it is a weekly occasion to worship eminent human beings, if any can be procured for the purpose.

Standing inconspicuous among the worshipers at the Evening in question—the crowd, the commonalty, invited because they each count for one—standing thus in the front parlor, I felt a movement toward the further room. Pickpockets and I know how to penetrate a crowd; in a moment I was near the front of the curious throng. What is it?

A little, stout, dark-complexioned hairy Ger-

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man, that's all — such as probably has Slavic or Jewish blood in him. Pshaw! I said to myself. I am instinctively more than half a "Native American;" and quoting the *blasé* butcher who found that "it was only a man killed"—"Pshaw! I thought it was a dog-fight!"

Upon looking again, I said to myself, I have certainly seen him! He looks doggish enough. It may be a dog-fight after all; for the man's atmosphere and bearing made me feel combative! It may be a mistake, but I trust my instinct, and always grow fightful toward people who disgust me at sight.

I fell to work retracing one long train of recollections after another of my checkered city life for five years back. I could not recall him. Public dinners, publishers' back-shops, eating saloons, newspaper offices, concerts, billiard-rooms, opera, orchestra-players, German political meetings, lager beer shops, chess-clubs, Castle Garden, French Theatre, German Theatre, hotel bar-rooms, street faces, great balls, private parties, Evenings—no trace; and still I said to myself, The dog! I have seen him before.

What *is* he about?

A little speech, it would seem; a Littell Shpeech, he calls it: "Ladeez and gentelmen, I vill preeface my Littell r-r-romance with a Littell Shpeech."

Jewish, decidedly. Stay! — no — Southern Germany. It is there that they say *schpitz* for *spitz*. Schleiermacher did so. He was one day at Halle blaming people for being under the dominion of bad habits, when one asked him why he was under the dominion of this one? "Am I?" said he—he had not known it. "I will leave it off, beginning with next Sunday," when he was to preach. And he did.

Strong man, Schleiermacher.

The hostess was near me. "Who is he?" I whispered.

"Baron von Krautengarten; but he does not use the title. He was driven away by the revolution of 1849. He brought a little money to this country; but he is a man of great force of character, and can not be idle. He is teaching music and German. He is only Mr. Krautengarten at present."

Meanwhile I was also hearing the Littell Shpeech. This informed the company that the shpeaker's ancestors, the Raugrafen, on the Lower Rhine (*am Niederrhein*, he said, interjecting the German) had once gotten into a family snarl of the period; pending which *the* Raugraf, a fine young man, fell into the hands of the other Raugraf, a coarse old man, who inserted the youth out of hand into *einem teuflischen Folterkammern*, a diabolical torture-chamber, or dungeon, called *der Teufelshenkershohle* — the Devil's Executioner's Hole. Here the poor fellow, much annoyed by bugs and slugs and bats and rats, that nibbled his toes and bit him on the nose, sought to assuage his anguish by the composition of the r-r-romance which he, the *Freiherr*—the Baron, that is to say—would now sing.

Bad thing for the Raugraf.

Am Niederrhein, my friend? said I to myself. Your family has gone down stream. When I knew about the Raugraves—the Wild Counts—they were "situate, lying, and being" on the *Upper Rhine*. And, not to refer to Kohlrausch, even old Heinsius's dictionary says their families are long ago extinct.

Ah! It popped into my head just as he made a ridiculous vulgar-foreign bow, and planting his hat, rim downward, on the piano-forte, and passing his clumsy hands through his glib (an enormous mass of tangled hair, the ornament and defense, *decus et tutamen*, of the Irish kerne. See Notes to "Rokeby," also Somer's "Tracts," i. 578, and the curious fac-simile wood-cuts. It is the presentation copy which Walter Scott sent to Robert Southey that I am thinking of, now in the Library of the Connecticut Historical Society, at Hartford. So much hair made me also think, Wonder if he ever had *plica Polonica*? Excuse this long sprawling parenthesis, but what else could I do? I dislike foot-notes) — passing his hands through his glib, took his place on the piano-stool. Peek-a-bo! I thought, as little boys cry out when they find each other. Peek-a-bo! I see you!

But it is no great discovery after all. This is Agatha Martin's German teacher; no more. She told me she was studying with him.

Did I mention the voice of the Freiherr? Its first sound had given me a second little start and puzzling untraceable reminder. Put your face within the top of an empty barrel and talk. It is a big, echoing, booming, pob-wobbling (this word describes it; no English word will. It is Coromantee. See Rev. Mr. Codfinder's Coromantee Dictionary, p. 3462) sort of sound; and thus talked the Baron; disproportionately; like a great bull-frog.

He had also a furtive and restless and uncertain eye; an uneasy look; as if he would fain see whether some one might not be lying in wait for him. Charity would have dictated the suggestion that this arose from his fear of the agents of that successful and revengeful despotism from which he had fled. But in this particular—for this occasion only—Charity and I differed.

The Freiherr's song was naught; a sentimental, lamentable High Dutch outcry against every thing in general, and sundry personal enemies, obscurely described, in particular; with many an *Ach!* and *mein Herz!*—in short, what I have heard country folks call "a lurry." There was something ridiculous in singing sentiment in that great roaring, extravagant pedal-bass of a voice; and at the best, most German men's singing is curiously over-seasoned with grunts and gutturals. But all the rest of the people were deeply moved, pretty much in proportion to their non-understanding of the German tongue. The hostess, whose strong shrewd sense did not permit her to be much enraptured, preserved a decent gravity, and on seeing the laugh in my eyes shook her pretty head at me with so much meaning that I was fain to exclaim with the rest as

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the Freiherr stinted in his song, How beautiful! How affecting!

"Where does the Baron live?" I inquired of my fair entertainer.

"Do you know," said she, "nobody knows. Poor man! He must be very proud, or very melancholy about his home and friends; for he seems to avoid all intimate acquaintances, and he stays entirely alone, except when he is giving lessons, or when he very rarely goes into society."

I sympathized in a proper manner with the sorrows of this hapless exile; and at the end of the Evening I departed.

I was excessively puzzled, notwithstanding my recollection which somehow seemed not to solve my query, Where have I seen him?

And the more I dwelt upon the sad fate of this heart-broken stranger the less sorrow I felt for him, and the more dislike; doubtless an inhuman state of mind, but not avoidable by me. And so I still pored over my recollections, and rooted about in the caverns of memory with that painful, obscure conviction, known to most persons, of being within easy arm's-length of the required remembrance, if one only knew which way to stretch out one's hand into the dark for it.

A couple of days afterward I called on magnificent Agatha Martin.

On my way I met young Henry Silkie, a good fellow—now of Sinchaw and Silkie, jobbers. In the course of a brief conversation,

"Queer thing about Agatha Martin!" observed Silkie.

"No! What?"

"They say she's going to have that German teacher, Mr. Crowd-in-garden, or something."

"Mr. Krautengarten?"

"Yes."

"Whew!" I said; but enlarged on the topic no further except briefly to discredit it. But I had not seen her, until the Evening, for six months and more. That is a long time. Women are strange beings, even the loveliest of them. See Titania. Mr. N. Bottom, the worthy weaver, is a personification of the delusions that women too often only wake out of to find themselves not freed from, but securely married to, some sordid mechanical fellow with an ass's head. So I thought I would go and see.

"How do you prosper in German, Miss Agatha? *Wie gehts?*"

"A little in reading and writing," she said; "but not much to speak, or to speak of."

"May I see that exercise?"

"Certainly;" and she handed it to me. I looked cursorily over it and returned it.

"Very good German, Miss Agatha; and a very good translation you make. He gives it to you in manuscript to give you practice in German handwriting, I presume?"

"Partly, no doubt," said the honest Agatha. "But he could not give it to me in print, I suppose? Has the Baron published his Memoirs?"

"Oh!" I exclaimed, discovering a new light. "That is his personal experience, is it?"

"Yes. It is really very affecting. He would scarcely be prevailed upon to write it out for me. There is very much that is noble about him. And so retiring!"

I meditated a moment. "I wish, Miss Martin, you would let me be present at your next lesson. If I am satisfied with the Baron's instructions I will gladly take a course or two to refresh my pronunciation."

She looked a little surprised, but I preserved an entirely serious face, and she consented.

The lesson was next day. I was quite punctual. The Baron was also prompt in appearing; and although when Miss Martin presented me I endeavored to be as cordial as the case would admit, I thought the exiled noble seemed a little uneasy; and he bestowed upon me more than one of his furtive glances. The lesson duly commenced, and I found no disagreeable employment in gazing upon Miss Martin's face—in watching closely and enjoying deeply the quick and flashing intelligence of her great dark eyes, the happy smile with which she seized every new portion of knowledge, the dainty delicacy of her perfect hand, the atmosphere of loveliness that radiated from her.

The Freiherr did as well, perhaps, as most teachers of German. A little dunderheaded possibly; not a very highly-educated German; and it was easy to see that his success lay in the ready perceptions and correct and retentive mind of the pupil. After all it is the scholar who teaches.

Still, as before, I was annoyed with the dimmest of remembrances of the Baron, which I could by no possible effort fix or follow. But I cared not so much for that. I was also investigating a problem of much deeper interest to me, though for no very good reason that I could have named, to wit, whether Agatha could possibly be bending from her sphere toward this squatty, frowzle-headed, canaster-smoking High Dutch Endymion?

It must be confessed that my heart sunk within me as I watched. Yet I could not have said in words what it was: something in their intercourse not precisely like that of ordinary pupil and teacher—a shade more of confidingness in her; a quiet air of interest, perhaps; an evident respect, as for a hero. Dear me! I thought; if you could have seen his little exhibition at the Evening! And what is there in *him?* But woman is an epitome of mankind, like Dryden's "man so various." Her first hero is very probably a wooden head. It is from the worship of stocks and stones that mankind creeps upward to that of heroes and gods and God. Each of us can remember Miss A——, of whom every one properly said, How *could* she fancy him! He isn't half good enough for her.

Never mind, I said to myself as the lesson concluded, here's at you, frowzle-headed hero! And bowing, I administered a compliment on Mr. Krautengarten's skill in instruction.

"Yaez," he said, "Mees Martin will soon shpeak *Doitsch*" (so, broadly and distinctly) "very vell."

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I further intimated my deep interest in the series of personal adventures, with an account of which he had favored Miss Martin. I spoke with great gravity, but though the German gentleman, unversed in the *feeling* of English, did not mistrust any thing, Agatha did, as I saw by a dubious glance at me. The Baron replied,

"Yaez; I suffered much. I fought so well as I could. I sometime vonder I am alive to tell of so many dangers."

"It *is* wonderful," I said, assenting blandly. "But dangers sometimes seem to make life long, as fire case-hardens steel. You do not seem—pardon me—more than thirty-five, and yet your very interesting narrative begins at twenty. So you must be seventy-three years old, since you first published your very interesting memoir in 1788."

The sweet manner and odd matter of my observations made Agatha look more puzzled than I had ever conceived that any one person *could* look. My extreme and deferential politeness seemed to perplex the Baron also, for he answered, visibly annoyed, however,

"Sir, you joke. I understand you not."

"Allow me," I replied, with possibly a more exquisite blandness than before. And drawing from my pocket a small and dingy book in mottled calf binding, with a green label on the back and red edges, I opened it at a mark and handed it to the Baron von Krautengarten with a sweet smile and a bow, pointing to a title, under which, in small type, were the words "*Erst ausgegeben*, 1788"—First put forth, 1788.

The Baron glanced at the title, looked furiously at me, dashed the book violently down, and, I thought, was inclined to make a scene. But I left off looking polite, and silently gazed upon him with eyes that must have expressed something of the angry contempt which was hot and bitter within me; for he was cowed at once, muttered something about not having any "combat" before ladies, and about seeing me elsewhere. And he took himself off in a most hurried and unheroic manner, which would, in fact, have been totally sneaking had the Baron been a detected impostor.

When he was gone Agatha asked me, all in a flutter,

"Pray what is it? How savage you look!"

"Oh! not much. I could not bear to see you so imposed on. It is simply this: Our friend the Baron made the narrative his own by the wise man's method of conveyance only."

And I showed her in my book her wonderful exercise all printed out at full length in an uncommonly neat German "long primer," but with a hero of a different name. It was a story by Heinrich Zschokke, written during those early wanderings of his with strolling actors; it had first appeared in some miserable little German paper, and was reprinted only in a recent edition of Zschokke's works, where I, a special admirer of his, had read it. I have yet, or had, the *Korrespondez*, or *Blatt*, or something, which belonged to the Baron, containing the story as first printed. We found it on his table when we searched his room.

Agatha was disenchanted. She paid and dismissed her teacher. She had no idea that I really knew German. Would I sometimes help her a little? Yes.

I was walking homeward some time after these things, not exactly late one night, but very early next morning, slowly and meditatively. Passing Mr. Martin's house I paused a moment, for no particular reason except that Agatha lived there, and with idle attention I scanned the broad stone front, the windows, the heavily arched and deeply recessed door. This last seemed ajar. Passing up the front steps, I found that it was so. Glancing along the street I saw some one leisurely approaching. I stepped softly and quickly to meet him, and said, without stopping to chatter,

"My friend, will you run round to the police-station in the next street but one, and tell them I've caught some burglars in Mr. Martin's house, No. 135 —— Street?" And I showed him the house.

"Yaez," he replied, in a preternatural deep voice, and set off.

The Baron! And at that moment the missing link of associations fell into place; the long-sought-for circumstances flashed into my mind: Police court; charge, swindling a landlady, in character of a Hungarian exile; sentence, three months on the Island.

It was a sufficiently clear recollection. I wish, thought I, there were a more trusty messenger. But there was not. The case admitted of no delay; and relying on my strength and skill, long trained in boxing and athletics, I turned to enter into the silent house to bag a burglar.

What followed is far longer to tell than it was to happen. I ascended the steps quickly and softly. As I pushed open the door scream upon scream came terribly from within. I sprang forward. As I flung back the inner door, forgetting to be noiseless, the screams hushed with a choking sound, and there was a moment's stillness. Burglars are a quick-eared tribe. The fellow had heard me. As I placed my foot upon the lower stair something fell heavily upon the floor above. I gazed for an instant intently upward. Some white thing, dimly seen, moved in the air above the stair-head. I felt that the fellow was there, was aiming something to throw down and rake the stairway. As I dropped quickly on one knee and bowed low, whiz! *crash!* and a great heavy pitcher, or slop-jar, dashed into fragments upon the marble hall floor. It would have killed me. Up I sprung, and down sprung he from his coign of vantage. Midway we met, and I delivered him a heavy, lightning-swift, straight right-hand hit, aimed with good boxer's instinct, and so desperately given that it knocked him backward upon the stairs. I sprang upon him—(a burglar, like a mad dog,

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must be slain if meddled with at all)—caught his throat, and knocked his head on a stair-edge with a bang that might have split a ten-pin ball. Yet the hard-headed rascal was scarcely stunned, though I felt him slippery with his blood. He struggled smartly, and getting my hand in his mouth by (his) good fortune, made his fangs meet handsomely in the ball of my thumb. As we kicked and squirmed in grim silence I thought I heard some faint moan above. It might be Agatha strangling for what I knew. I don't think any ten men would have handled me at that moment. With a jerk I tore all loose; with a guess and a gripe, fortunately both correct, I seized my attached friend at throat and waistband, and, with one tremendous wrench, flung him past me and downward. He struck heavily and lay still. I leaped up into the broad upper hall. The gaslight was turned down, burning low, and a faint smell of chloroform was in the air. At the far end of the hall lay something white. I stepped across and raised it from the floor. I knew it was Agatha, though I could not well distinguish her features. I knew her room, for I had serenaded her. I was not sorry that it was my duty to lift her lovely, helpless form, and carry her into her own chamber. I laid her down and covered her up, sprang out, yelled up stairs,

"Bridget! Molly!" and turned to find Mr. Martin. The second room I entered was his. A small blue jet of almost lightless flame burned from the wall-fixture, and the atmosphere was heavy with chloroform. I turned the light to its full strength. The master of the house was just beginning to recover from the stupor of the burglar's drug. I caught a glass from the wash-stand, filled it with water, and unceremoniously doused him with it. He fumbled under his pillow for a pistol as he came to.

"It's I, Mr. Martin—Harry Johnston. You'd better see to Agatha. I must step round to the police station."

He sprang up, was half dressed in an instant, and went into his daughter's room. Returning, he said, "She's doing pretty well—feels a little faint. Come back, will you?"

"Yes." And I was going down stairs, when heavy feet came up the outer steps. "There's the police, now," I said, and ran down to meet them. If I had not caught hard at the balustrade my bull-headed friend would have been more or less revenged, for I stumbled over him where he lay at the stair-foot, and barely saved myself from a fall as the officers entered.

"You're long enough, Captain Norris," I said, recognizing their leader in the half light from the upper hall. "A little job here for you."

"Hallo, Mr. Johnston, that you! Long? Just happened past, that's all, and caught Billy the Dutchman outside on the keen jump. So I hived him and looked out for open doors. Got him all safe outside there. Did you send for me?"

"Billy the Dutchman?" I queried. They dragged him in. It was the Baron.

"Yes," I said. "Sent Billy himself, if this is Billy; he was on guard outside, and I didn't know him. He did not mean you should have the news so soon, I imagine. But here's another for you, Captain."

Two of the men had already lifted my antagonist to a sitting posture on the stairs, and one raised his head. "Some one's hit him in the face with a stone, I should think," said the officer, inspecting a very bloody visage.

"My fist, I guess," I answered. "I caught him with a very neat straight right-hander."

"Maybe," said the policeman, dubiously. "But if that's the doin's of your fist, mister, you needn't put yourself out to hit me."

"Get some cold water, will you?" said Norris, and with much trouble we brought the fellow again to a consciousness of this present world.

"It's that blessed Yellow Jack," said Norris, with evident satisfaction, as the application of the water revealed an uncommonly ugly and damaged phiz.

Agatha was dreadfully startled again next morning at finding about her all the bloody finger-marks which I had left on her white raiment, and she was ill a few days with the fright and agitation of the affair. But no other harm was done, and nothing was lost. It was a narrow escape enough, however. Jack had about him Mr. Martin's very well stored pocket-book, and two gold watches. But if I had not come in upon the horrible mulatto scoundrel!

Chloroform usually stupefies, but as is the case with opium, there are some who are made unnaturally wakeful by it. Billy the Dutchman—(burglers and thieves, like actors and authors, monks and nuns, have professional names; this was the Baron's name "in irreligion")—had well "comatosed" Mr. Martin, but in repeating the experiment on Agatha a few minutes afterward he awakened her. She had jumped out of bed and reached the hall, but the fellow caught her there, possibly only intending to silence her for his own safety. Her own small strength could certainly not have saved her from any violence which he might have intended, and she fainted when he choked her and dropped her to pay attention to me.

The Baron and his mulatto mate are at Sing Sing.

It is almost a pity that my story can not have its natural ending, viz.: a marriage between Agatha and me her preserver. But I did not marry her, for reasons which I will present in logical order:

1. I did not want to marry her, because:

a.) She was my cousin, and we had been brought up together almost like brother and sister.

b.) I had been married two years, and Agatha had been bridemaid at the wedding, and godmother to our child.

2. She did not wish to marry me, because:

a. and *b.*) As above, *mutatis mutandis*, and

c.) She was engaged to be married to my most intimate friend.

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THE BATTLE OF BENNINGTON.

FAMOUS the deeds by our fathers done!
List to the Battle of Bennington!

Stalwart in body and lion in heart
The heroes that bore in that battle their part.

Oft did my grandsire tell the strife
Till the winter storm with the sounds grew rife.

The wind shrieked wild with the tones of fear,
The hail was the musketry smiting my ear.

And the rusty old king's-arm seemed to call
From the broad moose antlers against the wall:

'Twas at the close of a summer's day;
(One snowy night I thus heard him say.)

All through the hours from early morn
Had I been working among the corn:

And now I watched in the sunset glow
The shadows longer and stronger grow.

Leagues of forest that hid the day
Swept from my cabin of logs away,

And naught of tidings e'er touched my ear
From the world lying dimly a distant sphere.

I watched, as I said, by my cabin door,
The sundown creeping the clearing o'er.

A hawk was rounding a pine near by,
Rousing the echoes with hoarsest cry.

A deer was grazing down toward the brink
Of the beaver dam brook for his sunset drink:

My sire was leaving the lot on the hill;
Of threescore and ten, but vigorous still;

The household song of my wife rang free,
Blent with my baby boy's frolic glee.

All was contentment without alloy;
I blessed the dear God in my grateful joy.

What was the figure that just then broke
Out from the shade of a skirting oak!

Hurried his footstep and wild his air,
Surely Hans Boorne was approaching there:

"Rouse thee, John Arnold!" he panted quick,
Swift were his gestures, his breath came thick,

Thick with his haste, and he sank below:
"Rouse thee, John Arnold, the foe, the foe!"

We sat us down in the plumy brake
And he told how Burgoyne had come up the lake,

Taken Old Ty, and with twofold might
Won Hubbarton's desperate stand-up fight,

And now was coming, with bow and spear,
To bring captivity far and near.

As deep I listened my veins grew hot,
And a battle-field rushed o'er the sylvan spot.

The kine-bell changed to the weapon's clank,
The rows of rye to the serried rank;

And full in the midst was John Arnold's tread,
With no fear in his heart, but war's fever instead.

Where shots blazed reddest his way he took,
And his arm waxed weary with blows he strook;

And I sprang to my feet with a ringing cry,
"Hans Boorne, John Arnold will do or die!"

I took down the king's arm, the rust I cleared,
Till its barrel like silver smooth shining appeared;

Left to my father the rifle to slay
The venison or panther chance prowling that way;

Clasped to my bosom my boy and wife,
Then pointed my way toward the region of strife.

Three days did I tramp by the moss on the bark,
Three nights did my camp-fire jewel the dark.

At last as the morning was beaming, I won
The beautiful meadows of Bennington.

The little Walloomsack rippled along,
Giving the wilderness song for song;

Hasty tramplings of men were there;
The flag of my country high streaming in air.

Old Stark was galloping to and-fro;
Wherever he hastened out burst a glow:

"There stand the red-coats! we'll smite 'em well,
And drive back the hounds to their kennels in hell.

"None but cowards will slink away!
Sons of brave sires wilt fight to-day?

"For victory's banner shall fly o'er me,
Or Molly Stark is a widow!" said he.

A shout rolled upward of fierce acclaim;
Each bosom was burning with patriot flame.

As blinked in the distance the red-coat ranks,
Our torrent of frenzy boiled over its banks;

And we shook with our firing the valley's green lap;
It was like one continuous thunder-clap.

We stormed the heights where the Hessians stood,
And made them red with their rascal blood.

Not a cannon did give us aid
As on us their deadliest batteries played.

We swept the fierce Indian—a yelping pack—
And sneaking Tory like leaves in our track.

We beat them once and then Breyman upbore,
Brave rallied the foe and they fought us once more;

But all in vain, for bold Warner too
Bore up, and for us, and we charged anew.

Bearskin helmet and plumed cap fell,
Volley met volley, yell mixed with yell.

The musket-ball hissed and the rifle-ball sang,
And the screech of the cannon-ball deafening rang.

I saw through the black smoke the red-coats reel,
And my heart at the brave sight grew harder than steel.

My trusty old king's-arm waxed heavy and hot,
And still I poured without stint my shot.

My wife seemed saying, "John Arnold fight on!"
And I heard through the conflict the voice of my son.

Still Stark went galloping up and down,
"Fight, fight the base red-coats, mean slaves of a crown!"

"Fight, fight my brave fellows, fight on!" said he,
"Or Molly, I tell ye, a widow shall be!"

With a shout that shook the sunset sky,
We dashed right on—it was conquer or die.

Where Stark's eye glittered there withered our foes,
For there fell the might of our fearfulest blows.

The little Walloomsack blushed with red,
And hushed its song, for 'twas filled with dead.

And when the night darkened the air about
Shook with our victory's thundering shout.

Cannon and banners, and swords and guns,
And captives were tribute to Freedom's sons.

With the leader of all, bold Baum, who died
As we rolled the loud cheers in our conquering pride.

Old Stark uptowered among us still,
"And Molly's no widow!" laughed he with a will.

And so, my boy, was the grim fight won,
Such was the Battle of Bennington.

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AROOSTOOK AND THE MADAWASKA.

JUST where the shadows of the tall hemlocks fall heaviest the confluent waters of the Mattawamkeag and Penobscot mingle in white foam, and the wavelets rippling over the stones murmur through the gloomy arch in sweet and soothing monotone. Penman is trailing his fly across the dark eddy that circles slowly through the piers of the bridge. Perchance he may take a goodly trout before the dust is shaken from his traveling-coat, or the bell of the snug little inn rings out its summons to supper.

It is one of those cool, delicious evenings which, in Maine, invariably succeed the sultry August day, when man and beast swelter under the thermometer at 90° in the shade. The flaming red sun in the west has hobnobbed for a moment with the full yellow moon in the east, and is now dipped beneath the horizon; while the moon is mounting the arms of the tall hemlocks, step by step, and spangling the foam of the Mattawamkeag. A light breeze is stirring the trees, and the mosquitoes buzz spitefully as they are driven, baffled, from their prey, careening like a ship in a gale.

Cliquot now sits in the porch. Upon his arrival he took a couple of turns in the bar-room, ordered the best chamber at command, lighted his meerschaum, and then made his quarters upon the long wooden bench outside. Cliquot is a traveler, has crossed the ocean no one knows how many times. He has traveled in France, where he married a French lady; in South America, and in other parts of the world, habitable and inhabitable. Hence he has acquired a traveler's virtues. He is never hurried, always adapts himself to circumstances, does nothing out of turn, and endures the vicissitudes of a roving life with a quiet composure that insures him comfort and enjoyment every where.

How our two travelers happened to be sojourners in this forest nook came about through a note of Penman's addressed to Cliquot, proposing that they should make a tour of the Aroostook together. Cliquot readily assented, and the day of departure was set. So the lapse of time found them at Bangor, whence they traveled twelve miles by railroad to the Indian village of Old Town, upon the Penobscot, where a little stern-wheel steamboat was in waiting to take them on fifty miles further to Mattawamkeag. A coach runs daily between the two points when the water is at a low stage, following the course of the river; but on this occasion it was doubtful if the boat could carry over the "rips," and so both coach and boat ran, the former acting as a sort of tender to the latter. Off rumbled the coach over the highway, and away steamed the boat, sputtering and splashing, leaving the aboriginal settlement behind, with its little frame cabins, its huge wooden cross, its semi-civilized savages, its uncivil dogs, its birch canoes drawn high up on shore, and its groups of basket-making women and demure-looking children, who shoot diminutive coin with bows and arrows at marvelous distances. On they went, turning the bend in a great semicircle of white foam, winding among picturesque islands, past Indian farms and white men's farms, through rafts and lumbermen, putting wild ducks to flight, and waking echoes from shore to shore. A thick cloud of yellow dust rolled along the right bank, and kept pace with the white volume of foam that tumbled over the wheel at the stern and the black vapor that streamed out from the smoke-stack.

"Let's find the cook," said Cliquot. "My stomach tells me it should be near the dinner-hour."

They went forward, and found several bales of dried codfish, barrels of flour, kegs of nails, and a party of river men playing "seven up." Then they dove into a small apartment containing a stove and a bench, on which lay a stout figure in repose; next into a door ajar, which proved to be the ladies' cabin, with a settle, two rocking-chairs, a small table, an almanac, and a Bible; next into a door which disclosed the engine and a man with an oil-can; next around the stern of the boat without further discoveries, and back to the man with the can.

"Engineer?" asked Cliquot.

"No; he's on deck."

"Where's the cook? are we to have dinner soon?"

"No dinner aboard *this* boat. When we get to Passadumkeag you can go ashore and get a bite."

"Where's the captain?"

"He's on deck."

"Penman, let us go aloft and settle our fares with the captain."

There was but one person on deck, and his functions were obvious at a glance. He was engineer and pilot as well as captain.

"You seem to have your hands full," Cliquot remarked, as the captain tugged alternately at the tiller and an iron lever in front of him. The other nodded assent.

"We stop at Passadumkeag for dinner?"

"Half an hour."

At Passadumkeag the passengers by stage and boat met for dinner. After consultation, Cliquot and his friend decided to stick to their craft, for the weather was intensely hot, and the roads insufferably dusty. So the stage rumbled on again, and the boat once more essayed to ascend the river. At the end of a few miles she stuck fast and the travelers then transferred themselves to the stage. At the next landing, however, she came steaming around an island, and they again took to the boat. Then they tried the stage again. Then they took to the boat. Then they mounted the stage, and at last drove up to the neat little inn where the Mattawamkeag tumbles into the Penobscot.

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"Halloa!" cried Cliquot, sitting up in bed. "What's the matter now?"

"Three o'clock!" from outside the door. "Stage starts in fifteen minutes!"

"No breakfast?" inquired Cliquot, when he had dressed and descended to the long hall, where the landlord stood with a dim candle.

"No, Sir; it's a rough road, and 'twould be only a waste of victuals."

This is high latitude, and the silvery twilight is already suffusing the sky. The morning air is almost frosty, and penetrates over-coats and blankets. Over a succession of hills the coach creaks and rumbles, and presently enters the famed Aroostook. Even now has it invaded the home of the moose, the deer, the wolf, and the bear. When it had climbed a long, weary ascent, and the horses paused for rest, a panorama of rare beauty was revealed. On every side the mottled forest rose and fell in wave-like swells, and the mist that filled the intervals transformed the scenery into a tranquil ocean studded with green island gems. Soon the sun rose glowing hot, as if from a horizon of sky and sea, and when the mist rolled away bright lakes sparkled far down in the valleys, and from an occasional isolated clearing gleamed fields of golden grain. Before them, for many a mile and straight as a carpenter's rule, lay their route, as it was laid out by the Government for a military road, a mere rift through the high walls of forest. There are fresh deer tracks along the damp road, and—

"Whose dogs are those ahead there, driver?"

"Dogs! faugh! quick, Penman, your rifle! Ah, there they dive into the woods! If I could have drawn a bead on one of those chaps, we might have claimed the bounty for a wolf-scalp."

"Were those really wolves, driver?"

"You guessed about right there."

"I shouldn't think they'd venture so near the settlements."

"Well, there ain't many settlements just here—only a house now and then along the road. Back in there, and to the t'other side, for thirty miles or more, there's neither house nor shanty, unless it be a logging camp, and nary road either. Game is plenty enough in there."

Penman suggested that it would be well to keep a sharp look-out, in case a similar opportunity should offer.

"It is a small chance if you see any thing," said the driver; "but you'll have sport enough at Grand Lake, where you say you're going to. We'll fetch to the turn-off by noon, and by night you'll get there if you can find a wagon big enough to haul all this stuff of yourn."

Penman had arranged by letter with the good people of the Aroostook for a grand excursion to the lakes Chepetnacook and Madongamook, at such time as he should reach the rendezvous appointed. Accordingly, when he reached the little village of Weston, on the borders of the Grand Lake (or Madongamook, as known by the red men of past generations), and prepared to domiciliate himself in a quiet little farm-house there, he was not surprised to find his friend Page present to share his fresh berries and bread and milk, and acknowledge verbally the receipt of his note from Bangor: "I shall reach Weston on Thursday evening, Providence and weather permitting."

"It's all right," he said, when he observed a shade of disappointment clouded his friend's face. "The rest of the party will be here directly. I am the avant courier, you see. Hist! they are coming now, and at no slow pace either. Two to one on the black mare. She's a Messenger, you know, and Perrin's first love. Jones drives a Black Hawk, and does hate to ride in any man's dust; but he can't beat the mare. There they are, neck and neck! Now come, my beauty!"

See what horses are bred in the Aroostook! What turn-outs for a backwoods country! First, two light trotting wagons rattled up to the gateway, each carrying two persons. Then came three two-seated carriages, with their complements of three ladies and a gentleman. Next a top-buggy and two dashing Di Vernons, handling the ribbons beautifully; and behind them the commissariat, with a stout team, carrying the public supplies. So gay a party has not disturbed the seclusion of the little hamlet for many summers. They are of the aristocracy of the Maine "plantations"—landed proprietors of a thousand acres, for whom a score of farm-servants harvest their redundant crops, to fill the New Brunswick markets on the noble St. John; whose blooded stock find envious eyes at the county fairs, and upon whose bounteous tables sparkle wines of choicest brands, imported across the line duty free. There are ladies of refinement, with soft white hands, now equipped to "rough it" for a fortnight among the wilds of the Schoodac, miles away from the habitations of man—to lure the trout from his haunts, and coquette with the bears among the whortleberries that tint the islands of the "Wide Prospect Water." Then there is the editor of the *Aroostook Times*, who must return within the week to furnish his paper a full report of the excursion; an ex-M.C., and—there are others, twenty-two in all. But our Aroostookers are off for pleasure, and not for labor. They will not annoy themselves with the arduous duties of the camp, while Bill Brannan can be obtained as chief cook and bottle-washer, old Hinch and Smith for general camp work—to pitch the tents, build shanties, cut fire-wood, row the batteaux, etc., etc.—all old loggers together, who have often taken their turn at the frying-pan and the various chores of the "swamp." Most important, too, are the services of tall Jack Stewart, who stands six feet six in his stockings—the best bear-hunter in the county, and who can paddle a canoe, call a moose, swing an axe, follow a blind trail, or hook a trout, as well as the best. Rare specimen of the Aroostook native, "only nineteen years old."

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And now, at early evening, when all had been made acquainted, and had partaken of a plain but excellent supper, Jones demanded the attention of the excursionists.

"Is every thing ready for an early start in the morning?"

"Every thing."

"It is well. Ladies and Gentlemen, we shall start at four o'clock in the morning, so as to reach the camp on the lake, which is ten miles down, and have breakfast by seven. It is now nine o'clock. I would therefore earnestly advise that all immediately retire, that there may be no laggards in the morning. As to sleeping accommodations, I will state that there are but five bedrooms at our disposal. As there are eleven ladies and several married gentlemen, it is proposed that all single ladies shall occupy apartments by themselves, and the others sleep together. Single gentlemen will, of course, be put to their own shifts, and take such accommodation as they can find."

At early morning the excursionists were driven a mile or two down to the lake, and their carriages then returned. The sun never rose more gorgeously upon the broad waters of Madongamook. On the dead top of a tall pine that leaned over the lake a great eagle sat, complacently surveying himself in the crimsoned surface below. A couple of ducks got up and flapped out toward the middle, leaving parallel wakes as they flew; a king-fisher scolded sharply as he mounted the scraggy limb of a hemlock; and the hoarse voice of a blue crane came clear and full from the further shore of the cove. Forest and wave alike teemed with life, and the presence of man seemed to cause little alarm. Just in the edge of the woods a Methodist rabbit stood saying his prayers; a red squirrel ran down to the end of a limb, flirted his tail, and sat looking with unwinking eyes; and a bevy of fat young partridges ran skulking among the brush and moss-covered logs, two of which Penman shot with his revolver, and one Stewart knocked over with a stone. So was the peace of the forest outraged, and for a moment after the pistol's report the solitude was frightened into silence. Then the clear notes of the songsters rang out again, and the leaves were rustled by other agents than the passing breeze.

But the beauties of the charming landscape were presently forgotten in the bustle of departure. Precious little time it took to get under way, for many hands made light work. The ladies were comfortably bestowed in two large batteaux, while another received the luggage, tents, camp utensils, and provisions. Jack Stewart was to go in a birch canoe. Penman frisked with delightful anticipation; for the sight of the frail craft revived many pleasant reminiscences of perilous voyages away up toward the sources of the Mississippi, and upon the wild streams that thread the "Big Woods" of Wisconsin. Romance is always associated with the birch canoe; for the little bark floats only where nature reigns in her virgin beauty, and the air is odorous with the sweet scents of the forest.

Like an arrow, and as noiselessly, the light canoe skims the glassy lake, and the only sounds that break the stillness are the gentle dip of the blade and the ripple that chuckles merrily under the stem. On—on, guided by firm and dextrous hands, skirting beautiful white sand beaches, gracefully sweeping coves, and far-reaching points of land; under the shadows of densely-wooded hills, along the margins of peaceful islands, and out into the broad expanse of waters that stretch eight miles from shore to shore. Gradually the three dark specks in the distance increase in size, until the batteaux which had set out an hour before, with their parti-colored crews, are plainly discernible; and anon a wild chorus comes wafted over the water, clear and full. Now a sharp report rings out, and is echoed from the forest confines of the lake. "Ha! a deer! Cliquot, a deer! They have fired at him. See! he is in the lake! How he breasts the waves! and what a tumult of foam and bubbles he leaves behind him! They've missed him—he's too far off! Shall we give chase, Stewart?"

"It's of no use; he'll make the shore before we can get within range."

"Well, let him go, and a long life to him! What right have we to prove our skill at the cost of the noble creature's happy existence?"

Now rest the paddles, and let us float a while at ease. Such scenery should make the easel envious, and cap the poet's wildest dream. What an Arcadia of romance! This lake is the central point of what, not many years ago, was a vast area of unbroken wilderness. Here the red men gathered around the council-fire, for uncounted generations, in their annual assembling; and the voices of their chiefs and the discordant cries of wild beasts alone disturbed the solitude. There is a dark column of smoke rising gently from behind the hills, but it is not from their camp-fires; for the pioneer is already making his clearings. Here, too, during the busy winters, the adjacent forests have rung for many a year with the crash of falling pines, where the lumberman wielded his ruthless axe; and in the early spring the lake has been covered with the rewards of his toil, floating down on their way through the St. Croix to the lumber-ports below. Yet the eagle still dares to build his nest among the rocks, and the bear and deer have not been frightened from their haunts. The Indians called this "Great-grandfather's" Lake. They have gone; but without the Fathers it is a Grand Lake still.

Arrived at the foot of the lake the little fleet landed in a snug cove, whence a blind path led through the woods to an open glade which was selected for the camp site. Here legions of mosquitoes disputed possession, but they were soon repulsed by the smudges which were made and driven under cover. Breakfast dispatched, all addressed themselves to their respective duties. To build a fire and put up the tents was

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the work of but a few moments. Brannan and Hinch cut forks and cross-poles, and soon completed the frame-work of a long table and benches; while Smith and Stewart, who a short time since disappeared among the bushes, soon returned with long split shingles, with which they finished this primitive furniture in most approved picnic style.

But the shingles were dry, and apparently long cut. Whence came they? The Vandals had ravaged an old shanty of Dr. Bethune's! This was a favorite resort of his, and for many a season had he made his camp here. Often had he worshiped in these forest aisles, and found sermons in stones and in the running brooks, and good in every thing. Here many a speckled trout has risen to his subtle fly, and the great trout of the lake leaped from its transparent depths at his beck. Alas! dear old divine! He has gone the way of all the earth, and the places that have known him shall know him no more. The settlers were wont to look for his coming, and rejoiced in his presence. The hardy lumbermen will miss his portly figure and genial face from their camps, and listen no more to his Sabbath teachings. But the future visitor to Grand Lake and the Schoodacs may chance to stumble upon some secluded camp of his, and contemplate with greater interest the ground he treads.

So the ramblers dined from the Doctor's shingles! How all the happy days were passed in this wilderness nook may not here be told in detail—how the ladies essayed "*the* gentle art" (as if all the winning arts of the dear sex but paled before this one!), and snared the speckled beauties with rod and reel; how they sported in the limpid water, culled flowers and berries, and wove wreaths and garlands; how the men fished and hunted, and staid out o' nights until the dear ones wept them lost forever, and returned laden with the spoils of their raids; how there were frequent excursions to unexplored localities, in which both sexes joined; and how sly couples strolled away to leafy retreats, and came back to camp by different routes, as if they had not met before. Then there were romping games, and quiet games, and music, and cotillions upon the springy sward, and uncouth Indian dances at evening in the glare of the blazing camp-fire, until the snapping wood had burned to embers, and tired nature demanded rest.

As to fishing, who that has ever wet his line in these waters could thereafter be content to angle elsewhere? The orthodox sportsman may here roam from stream to stream, casting his fly at almost every throw with a certainty of success, over pools which might well excite the envy of many a trans-Atlantic angler. There is no other region east of the Rocky Mountains, in the United States, equal to it, unless it be in the almost primitive Big Woods of Wisconsin. Let the rambler make his camp on whatever lake or stream he will, it is all the same, whether it be in the St. Croix country, the region of the wild Moosehead Lake, or the more northern waters of the Aroostook; along some one of the thousand romantic tributaries of the Penobscot, the Kennebec, and St. John, or on the margin of the magnificent lakes in which they invariably have their sources—lakes with euphonious names and unpronounceable names—Wassataquoik, Chesuncook, Mooseluckmaguntic, Bamedumpkok, Pangokwahem, Umsaskis, Raumchemingamook! One of the most attractive regions to the sportsman, and perhaps the least frequented, is the chain of picturesque lakes which feed the Fish River—a large tributary of the St. John, and lying about fifteen miles north of latitude 47°.

To speak of the numbers and size of the trout taken by Penman and his friends would only be adding to the already voluminous catalogue of fish stories. He never weighed his trout by guess, nor estimated the dimensions of that inevitable big fish which he (in common with the brotherhood from time immemorial) hooked but unfortunately lost. But one morning he rose at daybreak, and went with Stewart in the canoe to the outlet of the lake; and while Jack held the birch with firmly-set pole in the swiftest rapid he trailed his "ibis" lightly across the dark eddy at the edge of the foam, and took therefrom eleven trout, with which he returned to camp. At breakfast they were laid in state upon the table, prepared in Brannan's best style, and when the entire party—twenty-six in all—had eaten of the delicious viands there were fragments left.

So the days glided merrily on, with incident and adventure that must remain untold, until, on one beautiful morning, Penman and Cliquot bade adieu to their friends, and once more turned their faces northward.

Penman had humbugged Cliquot into the belief that they were to have log-cabin fare the rest of their journey, and that the remaining portion of the Aroostook was an almost uninhabited wilderness. He was consequently surprised as they approached Houlton, the capital of the county, to see fine farms and fields of golden grain, wheat, rye, barley, oats, and buckwheat, and acres of luxuriant potatoes spread over the country in a rich mosaic of divers hues, capacious barns and pretentious houses, young orchards and pastures of cattle and sheep—evidences of the thrift of the settlers, and of the nutritious soil which has given the settling lands of the Aroostook their fame. The surface of the country was undulating, and traversed by numerous streams that flow into the Meduxnekeag. Cliquot wondered that such abundant crops could be raised in so high a latitude, and that the culture of apples and plums promised such success. Penman explained that the isothermal lines here dipped well to the southward, that the weather was warmer in the Aroostook in winter than it is two hundred miles farther south, and that wheat is not unfrequently sown as early as the middle of April. He had known of fields yielding

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thirty bushels to the acre, and of oats not less than eighty bushels. But Cliquot's surprise was increased when he entered the town of Houlton to see a brick-and-stone court-house of goodly dimensions and architecture, rows of shops, mills, foundries, a newspaper and job printing-office, residences indicative of good taste and wealth, and a hotel of no mean pretensions, which promised "good entertainment for man and beast."

Here the travelers threw off their dusters, and having made their ablutions, lighted their pipes and took position on the piazza to await dinner. In the interval, stages arrived from the four cardinal points, and among the throng of passing vehicles were noticed occasional stylish teams and dashing private equipages, denoting thrift and trade. It was observed, too, that the inhabitants, while possessing many of the elements of Yankee character, seemed more like the aristocracy of some old English town than the people of a newly-settled backwoods country. That their constant commercial and social intercourse with the neighboring Province of New Brunswick should have somewhat modified their national characteristics is not to be wondered at. Neither is it strange that their sympathies should have followed in the same direction, nor that, except in the matter of jurisdiction, this vast and fertile region is almost, if not quite, as really annexed to that province as if so stipulated in the treaty of 1842; since its natural channel for communication is through the St. John, and the artificial channels made to connect it with the southern part of the State have proved inadequate to compete successfully with the first. It could not be expected that the traffic of the Aroostook would pass through the two great arteries that traverse it to Bangor, when the freight charges are three times as great as they are by the valley of the St. John. As to duties, the boundary line, never here a practically serious obstacle to interchange of commodities, has, since the Reciprocity Treaty went into operation, been little more than a nominal one. The Aroostook is thus made an isolated part of the Federal Domain. There is a marked difference between its people and the people of the remainder of the State and of New England. How easily they can distinguish an "outsider" from a native! (All the rest of the United States is outside to them.) "Ah! you are from the *outside*, I observe. When did you come *in?* What is the news out *West?*"

Now, where is that indefinite locality known as "out West?" The inhabitant of Minnesota turns his face to the Rocky Mountains, and goes West. The citizen of Chicago goes West to the Mississippi. The native of New York migrates to Ohio, and goes West. The New Englander goes West to the Genesee Valley. The Bangorian goes West, and the Aroostooker goes West to Bangor! Even the Federal currency is almost unused here, and bills of banks outside of the State are generally refused. Cliquot wished change for a ten-dollar note, and received one dollar in Western money (a Bangor note), a fifty cent New Brunswick bill, a dollar and a half ditto, a pound note, and a most interesting collection of silver and copper coins, British shillings, sixpences, twenty cent pieces, two "Yorkers" (United States quarter dollars), and pennies as large as a quoit. Could there be more palpable evidence of the isolation of the Aroostook from the States, and of its intimacy with the land of the Blue Noses?

Our two adventurers passed three days in pleasant drives and successful angling of the streams in the vicinity of Houlton. Once they ascended an eminence near the old barracks, from which they obtained a most extensive view of the surrounding country, embracing perhaps one-third of the entire Aroostook region. It was a panorama of rare beauty that lay spread like a map before them. The atmosphere had a purplish, hazy hue, through which the sunlight fell in softened rays that toned down the inequalities of surface, so that the broad expanse seemed like a green rolling prairie, interspersed with sparkling lakes and streams. From adjacent hills spiral columns of smoke ascended like Indian signal-fires, and floated lazily away upon the still air. In the dim distance the faint outlines of isolated mountain peaks loomed up against the sky, and fifty miles away, barely discernible to the naked eye, Mount Katahden rested like a shadowy cloud upon the horizon. But with the aid of Cliquot's telescope, the grand old mountain stood out in bold relief, and from its summit its coronal of everlasting snow gleamed with a fixed white light like the stars of an arctic sky. Thirty miles to the northward was Mars Hill, round as a hayrick, and famous as the point selected by the British commissioners as the commencement of the heights of land forming the boundary of the United States. There are no mountain ranges in Maine. It is emphatically a country of lakes and streams. But the towering peaks stand out in solitary grandeur from the comparatively level tracts surrounding, as if inviting wonder and admiration. Of these the number is large, and among the most prominent are Abraham, Sugar Loaf, Chase's, Katahden, and Mount Blue.

When our two heroes had feasted their eyes upon the charming landscape they wandered thoughtfully over the parade-ground and through the old barracks of Fort Hancock, now fast crumbling to decay, but associated with one of the most eventful periods in the history of the Pine-Tree State. Then they strolled on to what were once the officers' quarters, and knocking, summoned the old sergeant, from whose lips they gathered some tritely told incidents of the famous "Aroostook War."

The horrors of that bloody struggle for territorial acquisition have found small place in history, except as they have been recorded in State papers, and are not familiar to the present generation. The reader will therefore be thankful for the following succinct narration of its principal events, as they were received by Pen-

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man from the then commander-in-chief of the United States forces and other prominent actors in that memorable drama.

THE AROOSTOOK WAR.

It was a wise policy that referred the settlement of the boundary dispute to the arbitration of the King of the Netherlands; for who could decide more impartially in a matter where rivers and hills were in question than the sovereign of a country in which no rivers ran, and whose loftiest hills were the dykes that resisted the encroachments of the sea? The referee did what others have done in like quandary—"split the difference"—which decision, as in all similar cases, of course pleased neither party. So the Blue Noses continued to cut timber, and the Yankees to claim jurisdiction, over the disputed territory. On some occasions our agents were seized and imprisoned, which served to aggravate existing troubles, until in the fall of 1838 the completion of the Aroostook road to the river of that name, over which the British claimed jurisdiction, brought matters to a crisis.

Meanwhile the Government had constructed the military road to Houlton, and established a small garrison there. In November, Hamlin, the land agent, acting under Governor Kent, walked into a camp of about a dozen of the trespassers with writs and a deputy-sheriff. The rough backwoodsmen demanded to know "his business." He was "authorized by the Governor of Maine to arrest all trespassers by civil process." The absurdity of this proposition was very apparent to the Blue Noses. They accordingly badgered the agent, laughed in his face, and, with common forest civility, told him to go to the most uncomfortable of places. Hamlin "didn't see it in that light."

"Well, what will you do about it, supposing we won't budge?"

"Then I shall be compelled to get a military force."

But the Blue Noses stood their ground, and the agent caused writs to be served on them in due form. At this stage of affairs the matter was finally compromised, and the lumber poachers retired. The sheriff left a guard at the place, threatening to arrest them if they returned.

Thus far there was nothing very alarming in the cloud that threatened. The Governor and his agent were pursuing a conciliatory policy which promised a suspension of all hostilities until such time as a perfect understanding could be had between the two Governments. The subject was also before Congress, and the Maine representatives had put matters right there. Moreover it had been stipulated by the agents of Her Majesty and of the United States, that if the New Brunswickers took timber from the disputed territory, and it was discovered, it was to be sold at auction by order of the Government and the money laid aside; or, at least, an account of it taken, so that it might be paid over to us at the final settlement of the boundary question. Thus matters stood when a change took place in the State Executive.

Governor Fairfield and his agent, M'Intire, favored "coercion." It was in the month of February, 1839, and the Legislature was in session, when a messenger arrived, post haste, with the startling intelligence that the trespassers had returned in full force! Then, in secret session, war was declared against New Brunswick and the whole Blue Nose race. An armed posse of citizens was raised in Bangor, 300 strong, and marched immediately to the seat of war. Before this formidable force the trespassers retired, retreating down the St. John River. Just here the tragedy commences. When the shades of night had overtaken the posse in their pursuit of the fugitives, and all was hushed in the camp, certain of the officers went to pay a friendly visit to the house of one Fitz Herbert, who lived just on the line, a half mile distant. But alas! the folly of trusting those who live upon the line! They are as uncertain as politicians "upon the fence." Now it may be that Fitz Herbert was not a traitor to those who trusted him. Perhaps he was only a bit of a wag, or, perchance, being a neutral, he wished to keep the conflict from his own territory. Howbeit it came to pass that, while he entertained his guests with good cheer, he sent into the Province secretly and informed of the presence of the Yankees at his house; the result of which was that they were captured by the enemy and hurried down the river to Frederickton. Then went Fitz Herbert in breathless haste to the Federal camp.

"Up, men, away! run for your lives, or all is lost! The British are coming! They have captured your officers, and carried them off! The woods are swarming with Blue Noses and Indians!"

Then indeed there was "mounting in hot haste," a hurried striking of tents, and a rapid retreat up the banks of the Aroostook. An accidental discharge of a gun quickened their speed, and the ringing report of ice cracking in the sharp frosty air added wings to their flight, and they paused not in their career until a distance of sixty miles was left between them and the imaginary enemy.

Now the storm of war burst upon the good people of Maine in all its fury. Such hostile demonstrations on the part of the enemy, and the total rout of the Posse, demanded the instant calling out of the militia of the State. From the head-quarters at Augusta four regiments were forthwith ordered; and on the 20th of February, in just four days after the order was issued, the troops assembled at the appointed rendezvous in Bangor, fully armed and equipped. The alacrity with which they responded to the call, and the celerity with which so large a force was raised within an area of one hundred miles, a large portion of it forest and without facilities of travel, was most creditable to all parties. All was excitement in Bangor, business was suspended, and weeping friends gathered around those who had so sud-

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denly been summoned to brave the dangers of battle. From the stone steps of the Bangor House Major-General Hodgdon exhorted the assembled militia to deeds of valor in the coming contest. Then came the order to march. One regiment went to Calais to cut off imaginary reinforcements for the British, others to other points, and one, by forced marches through the deep snow-drifts of the Aroostook, to Houlton and Fort Fairfield.

History is painfully silent respecting the operations of the three months' campaign, and of the achievements of the army. The discipline of the camp is spoken of as excellent, though the use of a practice target representing the crowned head of Her Majesty has been justly reprehended, since it was not only disrespectful to the sex, but served to exasperate the Blue Noses to an unnecessary degree. There are desultory accounts of a certain midnight alarm, a long march through a blinding snow-storm, and a desperate battle that was *not* fought only because the enemy did not appear. This was the only serious engagement of the war. How General Scott was sent to mediate between the combatants, how the army was withdrawn from the field to partake of a cold collation at Bangor on the 10th of May, how the difficulty was finally settled between the two countries, and how Uncle Sam was obliged to foot an expense account of $250,000, have long been historical facts connected with the "Aroostook War."

After a run across the line to Woodstock, seven miles distant, Penman and Cliquot returned to Houlton, and then took the stage for Presque Isle, a charming village on the Aroostook River, where they read the *Pioneer*, the northernmost paper printed in the United States, dined upon a luscious salmon taken with a fly from the river, contemplated a big Micmac Indian, examined the model farms in the vicinity, and watched the gleamings of a brilliant aurora borealis; thence to Fort Fairfield, with its decaying block-houses and ruined barracks; and thence, under arching trees, where luxuriant raspberry bushes by the wayside reached out their tempting fruit to the hand of the passing traveler, on to the beautiful Falls of the Aroostook, at which they were fain to cast a fly for the luscious salmon that throng the dark pool below. The road for some distance skirted the verge of a precipice, and far down in the ravine could be heard the roar of the rushing stream, which was concealed from view by the dense foliage that intervened. But presently the fringe of trees terminated abruptly, and disclosed a huge basin yawning at their very feet, at the bottom of which, perhaps two hundred feet below, the Aroostook precipitated itself in a tumult of foam over a broken ledge of rocks. Both falls and stream looked insignificant by contrast with the vast amphitheatre that engulfed them. A heavy growth of evergreens encircled the edge of the Titanic bowl, defining more perfectly its remarkable proportions.

The next day found them at the village of Grand Falls. Without bestowing more than a passing notice upon the cluster of small dingy buildings that comprise the county-seat of Victoria County, New Brunswick, and its motley population of French, English, Scotch, Irish, Indians, and half-breeds, they sought out the inn, where they were waited upon by old Wilmot, the town-clerk—a clever sort of a character, but saturated with "Medford" and English prejudices—who extended to them the freedom of the town, and volunteered as their cicerone during their sojourn. His assiduous attentions, however, discovered little of interest to the strangers, saving the fact that there seemed to be but two *private* buildings in the place, viz., the court-house and a church. The first was a huge wooden structure, isolated, gamboged, and imposing, upon a bare hill in the centre of the town; the other a neat white edifice nestling among dark evergreens, but carefully set aside upon an almost inaccessible ledge beyond the corporate limits, with a wild ravine two hundred feet deep intervening. But the marvelous beauty of the surrounding scenery more than compensated for the ophthalmic twinge occasioned by the brown weather-beaten houses of the dingy town.

Let us now turn toward the little white church with its environment of trees, and the long line of hills behind that surge upward in dark billows of verdure. A new world in nature is before us. Against the back-ground of foliage a dense column of mist is ever rising, sparkling in the sunlight, and spanned by a rainbow arch that rests on abutments of fleecy clouds. A calm pervades the landscape, and through the still air can be heard a hollow roar deep in the bowels of the earth; and if one will suspend his breath he can feel a tremor under his feet, as if caldrons were fiercely bubbling. At night, in their little room, the travelers heard the same dull roar, and were lulled to sleep by the droning monotone. Now the cause of the invisible phenomenon was about to be manifested to them in a scene of wild commotion. They passed on, by a winding path, through a grove of cedars and spruce, the sound increasing momentarily, when their steps were suddenly arrested by a tremendous chasm which gaped beneath their feet, and, looking over the dizzy verge, the great cataract of the Grand Falls of the St. John burst upon their view in all its grandeur of thunder, foam, and ever-rising spray. Down a precipice of seventy feet it leaped, shivering itself into mist; then raged and whirled, piling itself into huge drifts of foam; then dove into the unfathomable depths of an inky pool; and, struggling a while, finally burst through the surface, and foamed away, over a succession of falls and rapids, through a contracted channel, whose perpendicular walls are two hundred feet high! Niagara is grand and sublime, overpowering the sense by its immensity of volume; but the Grand Falls are fearfully romantic; for the precipitous cliffs that confine the cataract are fringed with forest

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trees, which overhang the very brink, and add a wildness and beauty to the picture which Niagara does not possess. But the stand-point from which to obtain the most impressive view is at the bottom of the abyss below. The descent is difficult and even perilous. Man is a small atom down there, looking up at the blue sky above him through that great rift. The black, impending rocks threaten to crush him; tall, scraggy pines stretch out their long arms threateningly toward him; the reverberating thunder deafens him; his breathing becomes difficult; and the seething torrent rushing by seems about to sweep the rocky bed from beneath his feet. The whole earth trembles. Not a bird or living creature is to be seen. Even the fleecy clouds above seem anxious to avoid the place, and scud quickly across the gulf. In the spring, when freshets above swell the impetuous volume of water, the fury of the torrent is even more terrific. Pent up within the narrow gorge, and unable to discharge itself through the natural passage, it is forced upward in immense surging billows, subsiding and heaving with each successive flood that plunges over the Falls.

THE MADAWASKA.

Now pass we to a more tranquil scene. It is eventide. The declining sun has spread his crimson sheen over one half the placid bosom of the broad St. John, while the other flows under the shadow of the high impinging bluff. A light pirogue glides swiftly by, leaving a gentle ripple astern, and a swallow is skimming the surface, dropping crystals from his wing-tips as he flies. Just here the river sweeps with a majestic bend on its way to the cataract; and standing upon the grassy bank at the curve, we gaze far up its glistening channel into an opening vista of gently sloping hills and meadows, that dip smooth and velvety to the river's rim—of cultivated farms, with their neat white cottages, their orchards, and fields of ripening grain. Over all a Sabbath serenity is diffused, and grassy knoll and leafy wood are embathed in a soft and subdued lustre. We seem to have been suddenly transported by some wand of enchantment into another country, the smoothness of the fields, the absence of woods, the evidences of long-tilled lands, contrast so strangely with the tangled forests and new clearings only a few miles back. But pause! This fertile and enchanting valley was settled almost a century ago! Here was heard the sound of the loom, the ring of the axe, and the busy hum of labor, when all around was a wilderness—when thousands of square miles of primitive forest intervened between its people and civilization, and the only highway to the outer world was the smoothly-flowing river before their doors. We are now about to tread the almost classic ground of Acadia—land of a hundred romances. Before us are the golden portals of the Madawaska!

Shall we repeat the oft-told story of the sufferings of the early Acadians? Of the invasion of their peaceful homes by fleets from over the sea, and fleets from the Puritan shores of New England? Of deceit, cruelty, rapine, and the slaughter of an unoffending people, whose patriarchal simplicity, kindness, and virtues won the love of savages—who never wronged by word or blow, and who even refused to take up arms in their own defense, preferring rather to die by their faith than shed the blood of other men? Of the fall of Louisburg and the tragedy of Grand Prè, embalmed in the touching poem of Evangeline? Let the wrongs of a hundred and fifty years be blotted from memory.

Of the exiles some fifty families found their way to Fredericton, New Brunswick; but they did not long remain there unmolested, for in 1783 they were again driven out and fled up the river to their present settlement of Madawaska. Here at least they were secure from the inroads of British fleets, for no vessel could pass the Falls. Here, in the unexplored wilderness, they hoped to be no longer in any body's way. The days of persecution have long since passed. In their peaceful homes on the banks of the picturesque St. John these simple people now pursue their daily avocations as happily as before the advent of the English ships at Gaspereau's mouth.

Could the breath of life be breathed into those who suffered and died, and they in the flesh be transported hither, their faces would kindle with surprise that time had wrought so few changes during their long absence—so perfectly have their descendants retained the peculiarities of former days—their style of dress, mode of cooking, the forms of their houses, the antique-looking wind-mills for threshing grain, the clumsy wains, and rude cabriolets. The settlement extends along the river for sixty miles, on both sides, though the larger portion of its 6000 inhabitants are on the New Brunswick side. The road runs parallel with the river, perhaps half a mile distant, but the houses are for the most part riparian, with projecting roofs, and porticoes overlooking the smooth lawns that slope to the margin, and outdoor seats, where now, as in the olden time, gossiping looms are heard "mingling the noise of their shuttles with the whir of the wheels." Here the family sit at evening and receive the calls of their neighbors who come in boats; for the river is the thoroughfare most used by the Acadians in their daily intercourse with each other. The interval between it and the road is a continuous line of pastures and cultivated fields. There are farms, too, on the other side of the road, and an occasional farm-house; but only a mile or two back is the dark belt of timber that bounds the Aroostook wilderness, and beyond are the homes of the moose, the bear, and the cariboo.

"Ah! here comes a 'cabrowit!' To the left, Cliquot, you remember. What a clumsy-looking two-wheeled craft it is, like the old chaise our great-grandmothers knew! Now tip your felt as gracefully as you can. Salute! it is the custom here. Jove! did you see those

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faces? those dark lustrous eyes? that olive tint and carmine blush, like the velvet cheek of the ripest peach? Those are Acadian Evangelines, true to tradition. We shall see others soon. Here come two cavaliers, in full panoply of homespun blue and straw-hats as large as a Mexican sombrero. Did ever Gaucho sit more lightly in the saddle? Is it possible that we are in Maine? in Puritan New England? Those are not Yankee faces. Here they are at hand."

"*Bon soir, messieurs. Quelle distance a chez de Jean Paraut? Je souhait y rester à.*"

"Goodness, Penman! do you call that French? You wouldn't murder the tongue before their eyes!"

"Pshaw! That's better French than half of them speak. It's only a patois they parley-voo; though they *can* speak their native tongue with Parisian elegance, as you will see by-and-by. But yonder is Jean's, just rising the knoll. Get on, pony!"

The neatly white-washed house to whose door they drove promised substantial comforts for tired and hungry travelers; and confident of a hearty welcome, they mounted the steps and knocked. Presently the door was opened by an impassive little Frenchman with a melancholy face and dark-blue homespun trowsers, who received them with a quiet recognition, and, with a step as cat-like as an undertaker's at a funeral, ushered them into the presence of a pensive-looking Madame in plaited hair and blue woolen petticoat, and a group of reserved and thoughtful children in blue. Then they seated themselves upon a low wooden settle, and Cliquot commenced a conversazione with the host and hostess, who presently brightened into something like the vivacity which is said to be a national trait of the Frenchman; but Penman, who understood French imperfectly, contented himself with a cursory examination of the spacious apartment in which he found himself, while the children prepared the supper. The house itself was built of squared logs, a single story high, and divided into two apartments, perhaps twenty feet square. From his wooden-bottomed seat, then, Penman thoughtfully contemplated the huge Canadian stove, six feet high, that stood in the partition wall, so as to warm both rooms alike, and calculated the number of cords of wood that would be required to feed the monster during a six months' winter, and its cost at New York market prices. Then he looked at the loom and the spinning-wheel, and thought of Longfellow's Evangeline; at the antique chairs, and the bedsteads set into the walls like berths; at the little rudely-carved crucifixes, and the pictures of the Virgin and saints that ornamented the room. He watched the ghost-like movements of the softly-tripping *enfants* as they prepared the supper; and anon stole glances at the plump little hostess in kirtle and snow-white cap. While he waited and watched a strong savor of garlic pervaded the room, and there was a hissing and sputtering of melted fat without. Then presently came a little voice, low and musical:

"Messieurs, your supper is ready."

Penman and Cliquot drew their chairs to the table, and with eager eyes and sharp appetite surveyed the board. Penman plunged his spoon into a dish of unctuous compound, and presently filled his mouth. He gasped, choked, and simply said,

"A glass of water, if you please, my dear."

Then he tried a dish of what seemed to be minced eggs afloat in pork fat. A taste explained the odor of garlic that prevailed. Next he spread a slice of buckwheat bread—sour, black, and gangrened, and of the consistency of lead. Then he transferred a couple of griddled cakes to his plate, which having tasted cautiously, he dosed with maple molasses, and washed down with a decoction of barley, nicknamed coffee, and said,

"Another glass of water, if you please."

Then he rested knife and fork, and gazed affectionately after the retreating figure of his lithe-limbed attendant, and thus apostrophized:

"Can it be possible that barley, buckwheat bread, and garlic enter into the organism of that sylph-like creature—into the jet of her lustrous eyes, the peach-blow of her cheeks, and the Æolian of her musical voice? Or is she an exception to the law that assimilates body and mind with that which sustains them? Is it on such diet that all the Acadian beauties of past generations have fed?"

But Penman and Cliquot made a tolerable supper of the fresh milk and eggs, and were grateful—for a meal ever so humble, with an open heart, is better relished than a feast given grudgingly, and mine host's hospitality was as unqualified as his surprise at the injustice done the bounteous repast. Kind-hearted Jean Paraut! He pressed his guests to tarry another day, promising them a thumping fandango in the evening if they remained; but haste compelled them to go on, and so the door closed softly behind them. Simple-minded Jean Paraut! May his large barns be ever filled, and no visions of English invaders disturb his slumbers! Get on, pony!"

Now we come to Keagan's house. That is not a French name. It has more the ring of the "rich brogue."

"How do you do, Mr. Keagan?"

"Hut! Long life to your honors! an' how do yees do this morning? When did ye come down?"

"Yesterday. We lodged at Paraut's last night. How is Mrs. Keagan?"

"She's well. Come in a bit till ye see the misthress. Don't say 'No' now—come. We'll take a sup."

"Thank you; but we must go on. When we return, perhaps. Do you know if Father M'Keaguey is at the lower chapel?"

"I believe he is, then; I'm not sure, but I think he is."

"Mr. Keagan, what do you call yourself—an

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Irishman, a Frenchman, or a Yankee? for you live in the States, you know."

"Bother me but 'twould be hard to tell. Faith, then, I'm an American-Irish-Frenchman."

"Or an Irish-French-Yankee?"

"No, Sir! The Yankee first—I puts the Yankee first. Shure, doesn't I vote? An' ye won't come in? Well, then, good luck to yees! Good-by!"

Father M'Keaguey was a priest of fine education and refinement. He received his visitors most cordially, pipe in mouth, and invited them to his pretty Norman cottage, where he offered them pipes and wine of choicest vintage. Then they sat by the windows that overlooked the beautiful St. John, and conversed long and freely upon matters temporal and spiritual. It was a rare treat for him to meet with gentlemen of intelligence and education.

"Father," said Penman, as he surveyed the charming landscape, "you have a delightful place to live in here."

"A delightful place to *die* in!" he responded, with a tone of dejection.

Though self-exiled to missionary labor among an ignorant and perhaps uncongenial people, he seemed to yearn for the more refined society of his own country. And he did die there. The next summer he passed to his eternal rest, lamented by his little flock.

"By-the-way, we are to have a wedding here to-day," he said. "Will you attend? I perceive the people are already assembling."

The visitors assented, and passing out upon the lawn before the chapel they discovered little groups of peasants in blue homespun gathered near, all moving about in their quiet way, or sitting upon the grass conversing in undertones; and their faces, though cheerful, were very much like the thoughtful, serious faces at Jean Paraut's. Presently the chapel-bell rang, and they entered quietly. The building was of wood, with a spire surmounted by a curiously ornate iron cross, and not unlike some old-fashioned New England meeting-house. The interior lacked expensive decoration, coarse engravings in huge black frames supplying the place of customary oil-paintings; and the altar was very plain. The most unusual feature was an immense iron stove, perched in mid-air over the middle aisle, upon pillars seven feet high, this position being necessary to secure even moderate warmth during the bitter cold of the winter season.

Now enter Claude and Marie, hand in hand, clad in the universal blue—Marie in kirtle and petticoat, guileless of hoops—and take their position before the altar, kneeling for prayer and throughout the service, and receiving meekly the final admonition of the priest. At the conclusion the wedded pair were saluted by the father and all who were assembled. It was a simple ceremony. The twain were made one, and then retired with their friends to prepare for the celebration that always follows so important an event. Terpsichore is queen in Madawaska, and governs almost every action in everyday life. Miserable indeed would these happy Acadians be without the everlasting fandango and accompanying fiddle. Every birth, every marriage, the raising of a building, with its each subsequent stage of progress, the ingathering of the crops, and every maple-sugar bee, are severally and duly celebrated by a fandango, at which both old and young are present in full participation. Ah! these boatmen of the St. John are inveterate skippers!

We will attend the fandango this evening, since an invitation is a courtesy always extended to strangers.

There is a fog to-night, but it will not affect the festivities. Had Penman and his friend been unattended sense of hearing would alone have guided them to the place selected; for long before they reached the spot the twang of the fiddle and the regular beat of shuffling feet, as if a score of looms were set to music, came borne to their ears upon the still night air. Gradually the sounds increased, and soon two nebulous shafts of light streamed out into the mist, athwart which dusky shadows seemed perpetually flitting. Presently the sense of smell aided to guide their steps to the portal—rank fumes of mingled exhalations wafted from within. These meteorological phenomena and a hasty survey of the interior suggested a retreat; but their little chaperon led them on, and by dint of persuasion, elbows, and appeals, an entry was effected, and the already compact mass of human bodies compressed to the extent required to admit the cubic inches of the newcomers. Presently the catgut ceased to scrape, the dancing stopped, and the stalwart *maitre de danse* immediately plowed his way to the distinguished guests, and, with native politeness, proceeded to oust the occupants of seats to make room for them.

"Be seated, gentlemen. I beg you don't stand."

The momentary confusion over, the dance is resumed. Through the blue cloud of tobacco smoke are discerned dusky figures in variegated shirts and trowsers and parti-colored petticoats, sitting, closely packed, upon long benches and upon the floor, and standing along the walls; while through the crevices in the loft above, and through the ladder-hole, curious eyes are peering. Upon an elevated seat in one corner a lady, with comely features and coronet of glossy braided hair, is drawing music from a clear-toned violin, and betimes accompanying it with a warbling voice hardly distinguishable from its counterpart. Not a smile or a word does she deign to bestow upon the serious-looking circle around, but addresses herself diligently to the duty she is selected to perform. With difficulty the crowd is pressed back to permit space for the dancers—a space not more than six feet in diameter. Now comes a tall man leading a little rosy-cheeked maiden (the newly-wedded pair) and takes his place on the floor; next

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a little man, puffing, elbowing, and dragging through the crowd, as a tug-boat draws a ship, a tall lass, with features and gown like an army nurse's, and places her in position. Two more couples follow, and the set is complete. Now all is hushed save an occasional whisper. No one smiles. It is as solemn as a Quaker meeting. The dance commences with a preliminary shuffle, the partners facing each other, and so close that a hoop might be slipped over the two. Then heel and toe begin to tap, slowly at first, but soon faster and faster, and louder and louder, until they rattle on like a frightened locomotive, or a watch with a broken mainspring—never ceasing, scarcely moving from the spot, but bobbing up and down with distressing perseverance, until the breath comes short. Then they shift positions and repeat, cross over and repeat, back to place and repeat. The music flags, tired nature demands a pause, the watch runs down, and they give place to others. During a lull conversation revives, and frequent resort is had to a cupboard in the adjoining room. The *maitre de danse* approaches, and addresses the strangers with a smile:

"If you wish some rum, here it is. Help yourselves. Or if you wish to dance I will get you partners. We desire that you should enjoy yourselves. Don't go away dissatisfied."

Anon the dancing is resumed, and the warbling and fiddling in the corner begins again. Another half hour of patient, laborious gayety succeeds. Meanwhile Penman sits restless and fidgeting. Unconciously his feet begin to tap to the music, for the jig is really a lively one. He watches each motion of the dancers, and chafes like a steed under the curb. Presently the dancing ceases, but the music still goes on. The arena is clear. Penman makes a bound into the middle of the ring, bows, and commences a lively "walk around." The fiddle at once catches the inspiration, and scrapes with redoubled vigor. The crowd presses nearer. Now he wheels to place, shuffles, and warms up to his work with every limb and muscle in motion. Down go his feet with a clatter like a threshing machine. He twists, thumps, twirls, and pirouettes through jig, hornpipe, reel, and the whole alphabet of fancy steps, executed in double-shuffle and pigeon-wing, and finally winds up with an inimitable *pas seul* amidst the acclamations of the admiring throng. Never was there such a "break-down" in Madawaska. Now he wipes his brow and retires, the crowd opening a passage for this new star in the Arcadian firmament. Presently the master of ceremonies looks for him in his accustomed seat, but he has vanished like a meteor from the heavens. Cliquot has gone too.

All night long the fiddle fiddles, the dancers dance, and when the morning dawns upon the few who still linger, moving feebly and well-nigh exhausted, the two strangers are far on their way up the smoothly-flowing river.

Little of incident occurred to vary their somewhat monotonous journey through the Madawaska, for the features of the landscape throughout the settlement are much the same. At intervals a huge wind-mill threw out its long arms to the breeze, and turned slowly around. Here was another chapel. Anon a sparkling stream crossed the road and tumbled into the St. John. But all was quiet, profoundly quiet. Would the denizen of the busy metropolis obtain some idea of perfect tranquillity, let him visit the ancient, peaceful settlement of Madawaska.

The travelers did not tarry long among this peculiar people, for Cliquot, though interested at first, soon found the country "too dooced slow," and buckwheat bread and garlic did not agree with Penman's digestion. One fine morning found them seated upon the top of an H. B. M. mail-coach, rattling over the hard and level road that runs beside the St. John to Woodstock and Frederickton.

At Tobique they watched the Micmacs spearing salmon by torchlight, and would fain have lingered there a while. That they did not, was doubtless for good and sufficient reasons best known to themselves. Upon the deck of the steamer that runs to the city of St. John they often recalled the little incidents of their journey, and they will ever remember with pleasure their visit to the wild Aroostook and the peaceful Madawaska.

TABLEAUX VIVANS.

WHEN the war began *we* began. We met at the Hall and worked for the soldiers. We laid on the altar of our country every old towel, sheet, and table-cloth that we could spare, and some that we could not. We rolled bandages, we folded compresses. "Capable" ones among us stood scissors in hand the livelong afternoon, and cut out drawers and shirts of that Brobdignagian pattern which the hospital directions called for. Matron and maid and sewing-machines worked vigorously in the making-up. And round the tables sat the younger army, their bright hair tucked away in nets, their arms and shoulders protected by gay sacks, each group a pretty bit of color that an artist might have joyed to study. (Unluckily we have no artists but "Daguerreian" ones, to whom color does not matter much.) Scrape, scrape went their knives, fast as the chatter of their youthful tongues, and higher and higher rose the fleecy snow of lint. All was activity, good-humor, and achievement.

As summer went on domestic wines flowed in; dozens of pairs of neat hospital slippers walked up the hall-stairs into our boxes. Jellies, a sparkling mass of tremulous garnet; dried fruits, that held in their shriveled plumpness gallons of refreshment for the sick and weary, arrived from every quarter of the compass. With winter storms came on the gray yarn socks and mittens, the votive tributes of pillow and comforter, that were to make our soldiers' hardships a little more endurable.

Our society was unlike all societies known to past ages. A strife for office is traditional in

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such bodies, but here were three venerable ladies, each declaring she would not be the President. You have heard of gossip at such meetings; but very poor fun did they realize who went to our gatherings hungry for a bit of piquant scandal. Solid work was the order of the day, varied with news of "our boys," and the like congenial themes. And I suppose every little village of a thousand souls held similar conclaves. Such, my friends, is the golden bond of patriotism. We look back on our record with the proud consciousness that if Secretaries in the Cabinet and Generals in the field had wrought toward their object with the same harmony and enthusiasm that we gave to ours, the "ninety days" would be very nearly over. I trust there is nothing in that sentence to call for a suspension of *habeas corpus!*

But financial difficulties arose. Mr. Chase was troubled for the sinews of war, and so were we. Gold went up to 170, and Canton flannel to three shillings. Our subscriptions, paid in every fortnight, did not meet the exigency. There were full meetings and scanty work; three ladies to every shirt, four hands ready to pounce on every button-hole or knitting-needle that showed itself. In this strait we paused. There was no Congress to give us a hundred millions or so, but a fairer ally came to our aid. No factious House or tiresome Senate, but a graceful representation from the youthful patriotism of the town. The girls said they would get up an entertainment—tableaux vivans, charades, and what not—and give the proceeds to the society. Admirable idea! Swift imagination beheld the Hall lit up and crowded, chairs in the alleys, twenty on every settee designed for twelve, and a stream of people and dollars still pouring, pouring steadily in.

"Well, girls, what *shall* we have?" said Emma Morris, despondently.

Emma Morris is as pretty a maiden as we own. To describe her by alliteratives, she is straight, slender, and seventeen; she is blonde, blooming, and benevolent—in this instance at any rate. She worked, figuratively speaking, "like a Trojan" for our soldiers.

The course of events had not run quite as smooth for our young friends as their zeal deserved. It was desirable to vary the tableaux and charades by some spirited colloquy. I do not know whether the world at large understands the nature of a colloquy as we understand it up here in the country. It is a compromise between a dialogue and a drama, offending not the strictest anti-theatric virtue. Deacons can be present at it; nay, it is frequently enacted on temporary "boards" within a church itself, though that is a mingling of things sacred and profane which I, for one, should never countenance. It affords some little scope for the display of talent, and as good a field as any for the display of dress. On this particular occasion, unfortunately, an acceptable one was nowhere to be found.

"Why not take 'London Assurance?'" suggested Marian Hall. "Or something of Mr. Boucicault's? I suppose every one of his is good."

"But they are all too long—regular plays. We want something short and interesting—and I don't know where to find it."

"Are you not too fastidious?" said Frank Hall. "In such a cause I am sure your audience will not be critical."

"Perhaps not," returned Emma, "but we do not wish to make too great demands upon their charity. When the entertainment is just as good as ever we can get it, then they must make allowances for any failure. As for this particular matter, I've looked through all the old School Dialogues and Orators, and written to every girl I know that ever was concerned in an academy exhibition, and can get no help at all. They have forgotten what pieces they used, or don't know where to find them, and the few I can get are either trashy or worn out. Nothing is to be had; and yet we must have something, or the whole affair will fall through."

"Desperate cases require desperate remedies," said Frank. "I don't see but I must write you one myself."

"Oh, Frank, if you would!" said his cousin Marian.

"And oh, Mr. Hall, how good of you!" chorused the girls. Emma alone said nothing.

Frank Hall was a young man whom Fate brought to our village about this time. Wounded at Fair Oaks, he had a tedious recovery, and was even now unfit to be about, though very anxious to consider himself ready to rejoin the regiment. His aunt and cousin Marian petted him to the last degree; with the girls he was of course a hero. Women delight in a military coat, and Frank's uniform of captain became his tall form exceedingly. His paleness, too, was very interesting, especially when you remembered what had caused it. It is a good deal to his credit, I think, that, amidst all the *fêting* of which he was the object, he still longed to get back to camp—to hard-tack and hemlock brush.

"So that is settled!" said Helen Vesey, with an air of satisfaction. "Such a load off my mind! I lay awake half the night wondering what we could possibly do."

"You must not be too sanguine," responded Frank. "Perhaps I shall not be able to get up any thing to please you."

"There's no danger about that," said Helen, contentedly. And Marian advised her cousin not to put on airs of false modesty.

"You do not express any opinion, Miss Morris," observed Frank. "I'm afraid you haven't the confidence in my powers which the other young ladies are good enough to feel."

"You are mistaken," said Emma, coloring a little.

"That is a very feeble disclaimer. Confess, now, that you are suspicious of amateur play-

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wrights, and dread that my work will bring contempt on your performance."

"On the contrary I have entire faith in your abilities. If I did not speak it was because so many voices rendered mine unnecessary. I am sure we are all very much obliged to you," she added, after a slight pause.

Frank was not quite pleased with this acknowledgment, which he considered rather tardy and formal. Especially as the little service had been offered entirely with a view of pleasing her.

"I don't think you ought to call yourself an *amateur*, Frank," observed his cousin. "I am sure I've read very nice things of yours in print."

"Nonsense, Marian; be quiet!" he exclaimed: while the girls were delightedly curious to know what these "nice things" were.

"Oh, the merest stuff. 'Lines to my Shoulder-straps;' 'Rhapsody on a view of Drill at Sunrise.'"

"How can you be so absurd, Frank? You know it was not in the least like that."

"No, it wasn't. It was very profound, very brilliant, very striking altogether. I am like somebody's hero, Miss Vesey—I can't now remember whose; he wrote articles that had been refused by our very best Magazines."

"And accepted, too, I fancy," said Helen. Frank was disposed to drop the subject; at the same time he was rather piqued that Emma manifested no interest whatever. "I suppose she considers my poetasting quite beneath her notice," he thought, with a dignified consciousness that any such feeling on her part was tolerably arrogant. Frank wrote very well. No great flights of genius, nothing that was likely to set the river on fire; but he could turn you out as neat and graceful specimens of verse as most artificers now going. His stanzas were copied from the metropolitan journals where they first appeared into all the leading papers; afterward they shone in the corners of county weeklies, and were apt to turn up months later in the columns of some "Pioneer" far away on the borders of civilization. Sometimes they even strayed so far as an English journal, whence they would be tenderly transplanted by Mr. Littell into the *Living Age*. It was rather hard, with all this, to have them despised by a little country girl.

The colloquy was to be forthcoming in a day or two; this matter once decided, the council of war devoted itself to further business. There must be an abundance of tableaux, and here was exhaustless ground for taste and combination: there must be charades; there must be music, both of voice and instrument, not only for variety but to amuse the audience while other entertainment was preparing. The difficulty of selection, the amount of practicing, rather intimidated the performers.

"Suppose we give it up after all," said Helen.

"Oh, that will never do," urged Marian Hall.

"But when can we get ready? I had no idea of the trouble it required—and then supposing we should fail!"

"We mustn't," said Emma, decidedly. "We have promised the Society, and it is too late now to talk of giving up. I know there is a great deal of labor involved, and it all seems confused now, but we shall arrange it by-and-by. People have done such things before, and why can they not again? And why not we as well as others?"

"Bravo!" said Frank. "Go on, Miss Morris. I will aid you to the best of my ability."

"Thank you." She replied so cordially that the young captain forgave her previous indifference.

Work now began in earnest. Old magazines and volumes of engravings were ransacked for striking pictures: one after another was proposed and attempted; difficulties arose and were put down; something like terra firma began to appear in the sea of uncertainty. The musical portion took sweet counsel together over solo, duet, quartette, and trio; violin, piano, guitar, were canvassed with reference to their availabilities. Every one was willing to be useful, nobody anxious for display: so things promised to arrange themselves in time.

"Oh!" said Nellie Snow, suddenly, "we must certainly have a statue."

"A statue?" asked every body. "How is that?"

"Why, when I was in Fulton last winter they got up an entertainment to cushion the church, and my cousin Julia represented Hope. It's very easy and has a beautiful effect."

"But we don't know any thing about it."

"It's not the least trouble; all you want is a sheet—no, a couple of sheets—there must be a place for the arms to go through. You run a string through the top hem, and gather it up around the neck; it's drawn into a girdle at the waist, and then arranged in very ample folds about the feet. Simplest thing in the world!"

"But I don't think any one of us girls would look very handsome standing up on the stage with a sheet around her!" said Emma Morris.

"That is because you haven't seen it. I tell you it's beautiful; looks just like marble. There must be a pedestal, of course, and Hope's anchor painted white, and the statue must be powdered an inch thick. No matter if it is in streaks it won't show in that light. There Emma Morris! it'll have to be you! You'll cost us less for powder than any other girl, and in these times we're bound to study economy!"

Emma objected, but the motion was carried over her head. "All for the good of the soldiers!" was the cry, and she had to yield. Then Helen Vesey must be the Queen of Sheba, because she had such magnificent dark hair and eyes. The question arose whether the Queen of Sheba's complexion also ought not to be magnificently dark, but this was voted of no consequence. Othello, it was argued, is sometimes played as a negro, sometimes the color of ham-rind; if professional actors could thus vary

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from a given standard, surely a little band of amateurs need not keep close to the letter.

Then there must be a gipsy fortune-teller, and Nellie Snow was fixed upon for the lovely maiden who was seeking to know her destiny. About the soothsayer herself there was more difficulty, but Marian Hall finally accepted the part. She had once seen Miss Cushman in that "musical and romantic" drama wherein she has produced some of her most admired effects, and trusted that the memory would render her own impersonation sufficiently weird and striking.

After a vast deal of consulting and planning the party broke up, to meet next day for further practice. Marian proceeded to take an inventory of her laces, muslins, and ribbons, with regard to their value in a theatrical point of view. Frank went off to his own room, and plunged at once into the labors of composition.

"Ah! well," he said, with a half sigh, as he dipped his pen in the ink-stand, "I am glad to help our cause along even with a trifle like this." As he wrote a pair of hazel eyes looked at him from the page. Poor young captain! He had found in our secluded village a foe more fearless in raid than Stuart's cavalry, more adroit than even the famous Stonewall.

Just as he was getting well warmed to his work there came a wee tap at the door. He rose, rather annoyed by the interruption.

"I am sorry to disturb you, Frank," said his cousin; "but can you tell me what has become of those numbers of the *Press* and *Harper's Weekly?*"

"They are here on my table. I thought you had read them all."

"Yes, long ago; but I want to lend them to a friend."

"Now, Marian, you are a little too bad! Do have mercy on your friends. Don't force them to read my lucubrations just out of politeness."

"There was no forcing about the matter, I assure you. She spoke to me about it the last thing before she left, and charged me by no means to forget it. I shall send them over at once."

"Very well," said Frank, complyingly, "here they are. Give my compliments to Miss Vesey, and say I wish they were better worth her reading."

"Oh, it wasn't Helen," returned his unsuspicious cousin. "I want them for Emma Morris."

"All the same," said Frank, indifferently, as if this were not the very information he had been fishing for; "the message will do just as well for her." And he went gayly back to the half-covered page of foolscap.

The next few days were given to activity, research, and rehearsal. All the girls were flying about in the intervals of practice to hunt up the accessories of the occasion; we elders, excused from a part in the performance, were privileged to contribute to the "properties." For myself, I lent my bridal wreath and veil, a silver comb, and a coral bracelet; while my sister contributed an antediluvian Swiss muslin, a velvet waist, and an ostrich plume. The stronger sex, too, was pressed into the service. One obliging cavalier journeyed N.N.E. for a frame to the tableaux; another went S.S.W. for scenery which some accommodating company had offered; all the boys were busy in the Cedar Swamp, and the Hall, when you passed by it of afternoons, exhaled a fragrance as of a dozen Christmas-trees. Frank's play was in time completed, and the girls thought it wonderful. It was some sort of convent affair, with plenty of candles and ceremonies. There were Sister Ignacia, and Sister Ippolyta, Sister Josepha, and Sister Annunciata, and hosts of other sisters, all with cognomens deliciously out-of-the-way. Mrs. Sherwood's "Nun" was consulted for proprieties of dress, and every Irish maid in the village lent her beads for the occasion.

The important night at last arrived. All the stars and wreaths and mottoes of evergreen device were in their places; the Hall was decorated with flags of every size; while above the stage the national fowl flung from his beak the consecrating Stars and Stripes. The audience assembled numerous as the performers could desire. A favorable conjunction of the planets had given us a moonlight night and excellent sleighing; besides, the admittance had been fixed at that golden mean which was tempting to the public yet remunerative to the cause. The seats were crowded as had been hoped, and tramp, tramp up the stairs still came the march of many feet. The footlights burned along the stage, the curtain waved a little now and then, the scrape and wailing of violins rose in the air as our volunteer orchestra tuned their instruments. By-and-by the bell rung, the curtain went up, and the first tableau appeared.

"Beautiful!" cried every body with enthusiasm; and the picture was repeated. Another succeeded it and another, to the general satisfaction.

But if the audience were content, the dressing-room meanwhile was distraught. Oh that scene! worse than the cabin of a North River steamboat in September. The room was ten feet by twelve, and twenty or thirty of us were busy in it. The floor was piled ankle-deep with brushes and combs, bandboxes, powder-boxes, and various other auxiliaries to beauty, while the nymphs stood around in different stages of preparation. And evil forces were at work; the most needful articles, the most carefully bestowed, were mysteriously spirited away. And the minutes flew, the time of appearing would soon arrive.

Miss Seymour had kindly offered to assist the girls in dressing. I too was present, chiefly on my own invitation, but endeavoring to be useful. There is a gracious calm in Miss Seymour's presence that makes itself felt at all ordinary times, but here it was almost powerless.

"Where, *where* is my little handkerchief?"

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cried Sister Ippolyta, in distress. "I put it *just here*, and now it is gone!"

Five or six nuns in various stages of dress and undress paused from their toils to aid the unhappy sister. Skurry, skurry went half a dozen pairs of hands among the thousand-and-one articles strewed around; the substratum of bandbox, powder-box, and so on, was turned over and over but without result.

"What *shall* I do?" said poor Sister Ippolyta, in despair.

"Here is my pocket-handkerchief," said Miss Seymour, with sudden inspiration. "Turn in the embroidery as well as you can and I think it will answer." And Sister Ippolyta's beclouded countenance grew radiant with delight.

An interval of silent labor. Sister Ignacia wanted me to hook her waist. As she was tall and I was short, I mounted for the purpose on the bottom of an old pail happily present. The fair nun was extremely well developed; the person who had lent her dress much less so; it cost a Herculean effort to unite the separate divisions.

"Well, Sister Ignacia," said I, struggling for breath, "I hope you will be able to stay in this dress as long as it has taken me to get you into it."

Just then came up the unhappy Lady Superior. "My bandbox is *gone!*" said she, in a tone whose acuteness of anguish no italics can convey; "I've looked every where for it, and it is *gone;* and I haven't a thing to put on!"

A pause of consternation. The play could not go on without Lady Superior, and *she* could not go on without conventual gear. For one direful moment all seemed lost. Then Sister Constantine upspoke. She is one of the people that keep this world of ours moving. She understands herself and others. Some things she suggested, some she contributed. She captured a small boy and dispatched him homeward in quest of sundry matters; the others caught inspiration from her, and presently the venerable mother stood arrayed in all the gloomy proprieties of her order.

"Almost ready, girls?" said a voice at the door. "You must come on in a few minutes." And "Hurry, hurry!" was the watchword.

"Now for your veils," said Miss Seymour. "I suppose they're all ready." Oh yes, they were ready and immediately produced. But lo! every mortal girl had drawn her veil up on a string as if to wear it with a bonnet.

This will *never* do!" said Miss Seymour, with determination. "Out with these strings, and bring me a paper of pins, somebody."

Easier said than done. Five or six papers had been provided, but none were forthcoming now. Fortunately Sister Ignacia remembered putting a row in the pocket of her dress—not her present dress, but the one she wore to the Hall. The favored garment was sought, and found beneath a superincumbent Alp of hoods, clouds, starlights, twilights, blanket-shawls, and India rubbers. Nun after nun went from under Miss Seymour's dextrous hand, with her veil arranged in true conventual style.

At last she came to Sister Constantine. This worthy sister wears her hair in curls "all round." Very pretty curls they are, and vastly becoming to her, but offering no secure foundation wherein to fix a pin.

"Look about and see if there isn't a bit of tape somewhere," said Miss Seymour, "or a strip of selvedge left over from the Society." But none could be found.

What was to be done? Clearly it was impossible that Sister Constantine should go on the stage with her hair in ringlets.

In this emergency a bright thought struck me. I am not commonly fertile in expedients; but cleverness is contagious. I went into retirement for a brief space.

"How will this do?" I asked, demurely, presenting Miss Seymour with a circlet of elastic. She regarded it with a curious smile.

"It isn't as large as her head," she answered. "But one blessed quality of India rubber is that it will stretch."

A tap at the door.

"All ready?" asks the manager.

"In one minute. Do you want us?" says Miss Seymour.

"The violins are in the last strain of the 'Carnival of Venice.'"

"Tell them to repeat it, then. Now, girls, let me look at you." As they defiled past her hands arose in horror. "What *are* you thinking of!" she exclaimed. "Every one of you has on her hoop!!"

There was a flutter of doubt and deprecation among the convent bevy.

"It will make our dresses so long to take them off," urged Sister Angelica. "We shall tread on them. It will be so awkward!"

The stony calm of Nemesis overspread Miss Seymour's handsome face.

"Very well," she said. "Only I *never* in my life saw a nun with a hoop."

Miss Seymour was our autocrat of taste and propriety. The next instant a pile of skeletons lay in the corner, and a very subdued-looking band of females marched out upon the stage.

There were a few delicious moments of repose in the dressing-room. Miss Seymour picked up two or three salient articles from the under-foot conglomerate. I laid out the Queen of Sheba's toilet on six inches of the deal table.

"I wish you would let me make up a tableau for you, Margaret," said I. "You should be a Madonna."

"Thank you; but I think that some one with a broader forehead and larger eyes and more regular features would answer your purpose better."

"Perhaps so," I replied, smiling, "if such a person could be found."

Some degree of order being evoked from the chaos, we adjourned to a side-door which commanded a partial view of the stage. There was a cloud of white muslin, a murmur of voices, and a sort of general impression of youth and

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prettiness. Below the footlights a sea of faces stretched away—a miniature sea, that is to say. The capacity of our Hall is not unlimited. I regarded these upturned countenances from a business stand-point, and, knowing just how many of them it took to represent the Federal dollar, felt a thrill of satisfaction.

"Excellent audience!" said young Mr. Darley, joining us.

"How so?" asked Miss Seymour. "Quantity or quality?"

"Both. There's a splendid lot of them, and they are pleased with every thing."

"Small thanks to them for that," I said. Well they may be after all the pains the girls have taken. Who looks the best, Fred?"

"I don't know, really. Sometimes I think it is one, and then another. The truth is, Mrs. Miggs, that we do have the very prettiest girls in this town that you can find in the State."

I smiled at his enthusiasm. "Indeed!" was my reply. "I know that used to be said when I was a girl."

"So long ago as that!" he asked, innocently. Margaret and I exchanged glances. "Yes, young man," I said, severely, "*just* so long ago."

"I guess Frank Hall thinks the same thing," he went on, quite unconscious. I screwed my neck around a corner and brought my glance to bear on the young captain. There he sat, very pale and interesting, watching the stage intently; anxious, perhaps, for the success of his little drama.

The play gave symptoms of drawing to a close; Miss Seymour suggested our return to the field of duty. Back we went to the dressing-room, where ample occupation awaited any willing hand. All went on well. Charade succeeded tableau, and tableau charade, in due season, while our volunteer musicians filled up the intervals to general "acceptance." At last we came to the closing labor—the statue. This would wind up the entertainment, this must be the crowning perfection.

Two boxes of Meen Fun were brought, a piece of flannel and of cotton stocking. A girl on each side powdered vigorously at poor Emma's face and neck and arms. Miss Seymour proceeded to put on the cap of tissue paper which was to hide the gold-brown hair. "Will that do?" she asked, stepping back to survey the effect.

No, just a little line of hair was visible. Tenderly the paper cap was shifted, but alas! not tenderly enough. A crack, a tear, and a long streak of brown showing through the white!

And then the manager at the door. "We want the statue now. The music is just done."

"Presently," said Miss Seymour, endeavoring to repair the mischief. Shrick, crack went the paper, and again the hair showed through. Renewed efforts of desperation, renewed failure.

"Isn't the statue ready?" spake the importunate voice outside. "We are having too long an interval."

What could be done? "Can't one of you sing or play something to amuse them?" said Miss Seymour. No response was heard.

I looked around—I spied a bird of song at hand.

"Louisa Coan," I ordered, "go straight out on that stage and give that audience the longest song you can remember."

"Impossible!" said she, shrinking. "I couldn't think of a single thing."

"Oh yes you can—no matter what—'Billings's Jordan,' if you like. Hurry—it's getting late."

"But you know I couldn't sing *that*," she remonstrated.

"Well, then, 'Ask me not why'—or, what is that from Lucia that you do so nicely and every body likes—something about praying."

"Oh—'I'll pray for thee.'"

"Yes, that's it. Run right along, there's a darling."

"But how can I—so suddenly—and no accompaniment or any thing?"

I held her with my glittering eye. "Louisa Coan," I asked, "*are* you working for our soldiers or are you not?" She gave in before the glance and argument combined. I drove her forth upon the stage and left her. When I returned the torn cap was somehow rectified and the wreath was going on.

"Beautiful!" said Miss Seymour. "A little more powder on this temple, Mary, and the bridge of her nose. Now for the sheets."

They were gathered around the neck, and drawn in at the waist, the fullness "evened" here and distributed there. From the stage came the last sounds,

"I'll e.....ver ble.....ss a.....nd *pray* fo....r thee!"

"All is ready," announced Miss Seymour. The curtain came down and the procession started, one bearing the pedestal, another the anchor, and two or three more holding up the drapery.

"Hope," said I, by way of parting benediction, "look just as joyous as you can, and keep your eyes shut." Whereupon I borrowed somebody's shawl and cloud, without the ceremony of asking for them, and went down among the audience to have a view of my favorite. With some difficulty I managed to find a spot large enough to stand upon, and stood there.

Up went the curtain, and exclamations of delight resounded through the house. It was pretty, certainly. I acknowledged to myself that it was a very neat effect to be produced by one pair of sheets and two boxes of Meen Fun. There stood Hope, serenely leaning on her anchor, her exquisite arms and shoulders bare, her upturned face beaming with a subdued "joyousness," of which I knew the secret—she was just ready to break into a laugh. The cap of tissue-paper hid her hair entirely; the drapery arranged by Miss Seymour's skillful hand fell in heavy folds about her feet.

"Perfect!" I heard a voice behind me say. "It's the most perfect thing I ever saw in my life."

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"Now where could they have got that *statute?*" inquired an old lady on my right.

"It isn't a statue, mother—nothing but one of the girls dressed up," responded her married daughter.

"You don't tell me! I'm sure it must be marble or plaster parish!" and, indeed, by that light, it was difficult not to believe with her. The statue, too, was perfectly immobile. She stirred not a finger, nor even winked, though the glare from the footlights must almost have forced her eyelids open.

This *tableau vivant* was found so attractive that it had to be repeated more than once, and the curtain went down at last amidst tremendous cheering.

So the evening was over, and people got away as fast as they could; the door-keeper counted his golden gains, and announced a sum most gratifying to our feelings. I went home; the performers adjourned to Mrs. Hall's, where refreshments awaited them after their arduous labors.

Frank walked with Emma Morris. "I am so glad we did not give it up," she said. "Now the trouble is all over, and we have such a nice sum for the soldiers."

"You are willing to take a great deal of pains to make them comfortable."

"Of course I am," she answered. "I should be a very selfish girl if I could feel otherwise."

A sudden impulse seized Frank. He drew the little hand upon his arm down into his own strong clasp. "You would do so much for *their* comfort," he whispered; "will you do something for me too?—something to make me happy all these long nights when I shall lie awake in camp, thinking of you. Oh, Emma, say—"

Their glances met—hers fond and timid; his fond and eager. The others had passed into the house; these two were half-way up the walk. Frank looked quickly around, then stooped and kissed the sweet lips with a long love-kiss. Nobody saw, he thought.

Well, nobody did—to mention. Only Mrs. Miggs, who, turning the corner in the shadow of the evergreens, beheld this little tableau, and considered it quite the success of the evening.

IN MEMORIAM:—ALICE B. HAVEN.

THE journals of August 24th announced the death of ALICE B. HAVEN, for several years one of the contributors to this Magazine, at Mamaroneck, Westchester County, New York. She had long held an honorable and peculiar place among the female writers of this country; and her death will be mourned, not only by those who knew her, but by many who have perceived her worth in the purposes which she sought to further by her literary labors. Not yet thirty-six, the age when man is "half-way home," she had filled up the full measure of a life that led no ignoble days.

Mrs. Haven was born in Hudson, New York, where she lived, excepting a few years of early childhood, till she went to New England to school. Her education was directed by a relative, whose poetic temperament, scholastic culture, and fervent piety doubtless had great influence upon her character and subsequent life. In the autumn of 1845 she left school, and began at once to write for the periodicals of the day. Indeed before this time some of her youthful effusions had attracted attention. A well-known lyric, "There's no such Word as Fail," she wrote when only fifteen. The *Literary Gazette*, published at Philadelphia, was then a favorite journal, edited by Joseph C. Neal, the author of "Charcoal Sketches," etc. Her contributions to its columns won his admiration, and a correspondence was the result. Her letters were signed by her *nom de plume*, Alice E. Lee. The real name of his contributor, Emily Bradley, becoming known to him by accident, he visited her, and the acquaintance thus formed resulted in their marriage in the winter of 1846. At his request she retained the name of Alice always after, and by the name of "Cousin Alice" was best known to the reading public, especially its younger portion.

Seven months after their marriage Mr. Neal died, but during this period he and his mother, a woman of rare intellect and culture, fostered and directed the unfolding ability of the young wife. She assisted her husband in his literary work, and early displayed a remarkable versatility of talent. A playful boast led Mr. Neal one day to challenge her to the composition of sketches so to imitate the spirit and manner of some of the modern European litterateurs as that scholars would be deceived into believing them literal translations. She accepted the challenge and succeeded. Indeed one of these sketches, in imitation of a German writer, "The Chapel Bell," deceived Mr. Saxe, who paraphrased it in a poem "from the German." In a volume of his poems may be found a note making the proper acknowledgment to Mrs. Neal, and confessing how thoroughly the German spirit of her story had blinded him to its real origin.

For five years after her husband's death Mrs. Neal continued to reside with his mother in Philadelphia, discharging various editorial duties upon the paper which he had conducted, and contributing freely to many other periodicals. From that time till the year before her own death she was a constant contributor to Godey's *Lady's Book*, and was associated with Mrs. Hale for some years in its editorial management. In 1853 she was married to Samuel L. Haven, Esq., and removed to New York, and afterward to Mamaroneck, where she passed the remainder of her days.

The books which Mrs. Haven wrote for children have had the greatest popularity. She knew how to reach the hearts and minds of the young. The sale of a series known as the "Cousin Alice's Home Series" has been immense. Several volumes, beginning with "Hel-

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en Morton;" and "Loss and Gain" and "The Coopers," written for older readers, have also had extensive circulation. Besides these, every year stories, sketches, and poems in great variety, fell from her pen, and were published in this and other periodicals.

Her poetry is marked by great delicacy, grace, and religious feeling. A few lyrics written since the war began have shown an inspiration and exaltation of feeling surprising to those who knew her best. Her juvenile books show great insight into child-nature, and a tenderness, simplicity, and secret power that wins the admiration of "children of a larger growth." With purity of thought and a graceful and graphic style, she always wrote as one must who never used her pen without first asking God's blessing on her work. It would seem almost incredible to say so much as that of her speech, yet she alone of all who knew her would have denied its truth. She was a brilliant and even fascinating talker, with a wonderful faculty for narration and the suggestion of humor; but her earnestness and sincerity poured too many of the sweet or sad lessons of life upon her lips for them to distill even the bitterness which is bright in the parlor and the *salon*. She kept subdued and in the back-ground, if she did not entirely conceal, those mental traits which few who are gifted as she was control so wisely. She had great powers of sarcasm, a keen perception of the ludicrous, a fair wit, an abhorrence of cant in society and religion, and an insight which unveiled character and exploded social fictions. Thus endowed, with her affluence of language and illustration, there was great temptation to become a satirist, and to show up the shams of life. But she withstood the temptation, and resisted even the bribe of large compensation, made by one who knew her peculiar genius, for a series of articles of this description. She even tried to suppress the sale of one of her earliest books, "The Gossips of Riverton," in which she had given play to the faculty mentioned, because it had occasioned some wounded feeling. For daily she grew in the charity which covers the multitude of others' sins, and strives to "make allowance for them all." With her every thing, though it were her rarest gifts, was made subordinate to the purpose for which she lived.

She never forgot her stewardship, and was "spent for this world's help." Establishing herself as a writer on the plane where she could command the largest sweep of influence, she sought the level of those who needed help as conscientiously with her pen as with her purse. Fame, larger remuneration, enjoyment in the exercise of more attractive powers, were all sacrificed to "this world's help." Nor these alone. The personal tastes which would have been gratified by the beautiful in the arts, or the surroundings of luxury, were laid upon the same altar. The income from her pen was consecrated to others. It was unusually large, for, as she once playfully remarked, "Finding water-colors sell best, I use them almost entirely. They will never bring me the fame I might win, perhaps, but they give pleasure: they do some good, I hope, and they bring me that which enables me carry out the purposes of my life." And these purposes! To educate the fatherless, to sustain the widow, to care for orphaned and forsaken children; to stand between want and its victim, the tempted and the tempter, the sufferer and the woe impending—these were the purposes constantly carried out in the simplest and most unostentatious of lives, and by the practice of a strict and self-denying economy. When the war sent home to us the sick and wounded who had periled life and health for their country, it was not in her nature to do less than enter with all her heart upon the task of relieving their sufferings and ministering to their needs. Her purse, her pen, and the purses which were open to the solicitations, not easy to a sensitive nature like hers, were devoted to these charitable and patriotic offices. Few could resist an appeal from that sweet-faced, fragile woman, who knew how lavishly her own days and nights were spent in such service as she commended to every true heart in the sketch "One Day," published in this Magazine just a year ago. Her health was always frail. A trouble in her eyes in early life sometimes produced months of continuous blindness. Maternal cares added to this heavy burden. Consumption came in its most insidious forms, and several of her last winters she was compelled to spend in a tropical climate; yet the little white hand that had wrought so much kept bravely on, nor rested from its labor till those months of wasting agony came which ended her life.

The little parish at Mamaroneck never assembled for a sadder service than when they gathered to bury her who for years had been among them an efficient teacher for the Master. The whole community came to mourn. The poor were there, whom she had helped; servants whose long service had made them her friends; men whom with sweet courage she had counseled or warned; women to whom she had been adviser and guide; children whom she had won by written or spoken words; and those whom she had borne and left motherless: her husband and their kindred, and nearer friends: these were gathered to look their last upon the pale, wasted face, and to bury the precious dust from sight.

The impressive rites and hymns of the church were followed by an address from one whose office and kinship fitted him to speak justly and faithfully of the departed, and the lessons of her life and death. Her favorite hymn, "Rock of Ages cleft for me," was sung, and the mourners thrilled as they looked upon the hands clasped over the lilies, and heard "Simply to Thy cross I cling." Upon these almost every eye dropped its tearful tribute ere the coffin lid was closed. And now, to such a life as hers, so full of self-denial and all the gracious ministries of charity and love, it is given, though death has closed it, still to speak.

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 7th of September. The leading topics of the month are the attack upon Charleston, the military movements in Tennessee and Arkansas, and the reports of new iron-clad steamers built for the Confederates in Great Britain.

From Charleston our intelligence comes down to September 4. After the repulse of the attack upon Fort Wagner on the 10th of July General Gilmore commenced a regular approach to the works by means of parallels, and at the same time erected batteries in the rear from which he expected to reduce Fort Sumter, by firing directly over Wagner. The formal attack was opened on the morning of the 17th of August, the navy co-operating mainly by keeping up a bombardment upon Forts Wagner and Gregg. Sumter was found to be perfectly in reach of our guns, although the distance was from two to two and a half miles. The fire was accurate and destructive. Thus, on the 23d, according to Confederate accounts, 604 shots were fired, of which 419 struck the fort. General Gilmore's dispatch of the 24th gives, as the result of seven days' bombardment, during two of which a powerful northeasterly storm diminished the accuracy of the fire:

"Fort Sumter is to-day a shapeless and harmless mass of ruins. My Chief of Artillery reports its destruction so far complete that it is no longer of avail in the defenses of Charleston. He says that by a longer fire it could be more completely made a ruin, and a mass of broken masonry, but could be scarcely more powerless for the defense of the harbor. My breaching batteries were located at distances varying between 3300 and 4240 yards, and now remain as efficient as ever; but I deem it unnecessary at present to continue their fire upon the ruins of Sumter. I have also, at great labor and under heavy fire from James Island, established batteries on my left, within effective range of the heart of Charleston, and have opened with them, after giving General Beauregard due notice of my intention to do so."

The notice to General Beauregard contained a demand for the immediate evacuation of Morris Island and Fort Sumter. In case this was not complied with in four hours after it was received by the commander of Fort Wagner, fire would be opened upon Charleston. General Beauregard, in reply, complains of informality in the direction of the demand, and then goes on to protest against the short time allowed for the removal of non-combatants. He says that, in civilized warfare, when a city is about to be attacked, from one to three days is allowed for the removal of women and children. He then argues that the firing upon Charleston could in no way further the attack upon Wagner and Sumter; and closes by threatening retaliation in case the firing—which had been commenced, the time of notice given having elapsed—should be resumed. Neither Sumter nor the works on Morris Island would be evacuated on this demand; but he had commenced measures for removing the women and children. The Spanish and British Consuls protested against the brief notice given. General Gilmore, in reply to General Beauregard, justified his course; said that Charleston had really had forty days' notice, and said that he had abundant reasons to believe that most of the women and children had long since been removed. But, upon General Beauregard's assurance to the contrary, the bombardment would be suspended, so as to give full two days' notice from the time when his first demand was received by General Beauregard. This correspondence is dated August 22, but up to September 4 the bombardment had not been renewed. According to the accounts of the enemy, although the shells fell within the city of Charleston, no actual damage was done. Fort Sumter, though apparently in ruins, was not abandoned by the enemy, and there was reason to believe that he was still determined to hold possession of it, and had been mounting new guns upon the ruins. In accordance with a request from the Admiral, fire was again opened on the fort on the 30th of August. The result was a still further demolition of the works. Our latest dispatches indicate that a renewed bombardment of Charleston was at hand. Meantime the siege of Wagner was vigorously pressed; on the 1st of September 75 of the enemy's sharp-shooters were captured in the rifle-pits before the works.

The armies of the West, under Rosecrans and Burnside, have commenced moving—the former toward Chattanooga, and the latter toward Knoxville, Tennessee. A portion of Rosecrans's army, under General Wilder, appeared before Chattanooga on the 21st of August, and commenced shelling the place. The enemy's works were found to be very strong, and no formal attack was made. Appearances, indeed, indicate that the direct movement upon Chattanooga was a feint to cover other operations, which involved the junction of the forces of Rosecrans and Burnside. Kingston, an important point, nearly midway between Chattanooga and Knoxville, was captured on the 1st of September by detachments from the two armies, Burnside's advancing from the north and Rosecrans's from the west. It is reported that Knoxville was captured on the 4th by Burnside.

Our recent advices from Arkansas placed General Steele at Duval's Rock, on the Arkansas, 54 miles from Little Rock, the capital of the State; while the Confederates, under Price, 25,000 strong, were 14 miles from Duval's Rock. The latest official dispatches, dated August 26, state that on the 25th the advance of Steele's army attacked the enemy at Brownsville, driving them out of the place with considerable loss, and were then in hot pursuit.

From General Grant's army we have no intelligence of importance beyond the fact that the Commanding General declares Tennessee and Kentucky, west of the Tennessee River, to be free from any organized forces of the enemy, and has issued stringent directions for preventing guerrilla warfare and recruiting for the enemy. He recommends the people of Mississippi within his lines to return to their usual avocations.—The President, under date of July 3, dispatched the following characteristic letter to General Grant:

"MY DEAR GENERAL,—I do not remember that you and I ever met personally. I write this now as a grateful acknowledgment for the almost inestimable service you have done the country. I wish to say a word further. When you first reached the vicinity of Vicksburg I thought you should do what you finally did—march the troops across the neck, run the batteries with the transports, and thus go below; and I never had any faith, except a general hope that you knew better than I, that the Yazoo Pass Expedition and the like could succeed. When you got below, and took Port Gibson, Grand Gulf, and vicinity, I thought you should go down the river and join General Banks; and when you turned northward, east of the Big Black, I feared it was a mistake. I now wish to make a personal acknowledgment that you were right and I was wrong. Yours very truly, A. LINCOLN."

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The armies of Virginia have made no important movements during the month. The position of both armies, in fact, still remains a secret. The most reliable accounts place our army of Virginia along the Rappahannock; that of the enemy being scattered from the Blue Ridge on the west to Port Royal and the Rappahannock on the east. They appear to be widely scattered, in order to find means of subsistence. Skirmishes, mainly between the cavalry corps, have occurred, but nothing decisive is reported. The details of these, as given by reports from Northern and Southern sources, are so discordant that it is not safe to reproduce them. Thus the Confederate General Samuel Jones reports officially that on the 26th of August he had an engagement, near the White Sulphur Springs, in Greenbrier County, with Averill's cavalry, 3000 strong, who attacked him, and were "handsomely repulsed, when he abandoned his position and retreated, pursued by our cavalry and artillery. Our loss is about 200 killed and wounded. The enemy's loss is not known. We have taken about 150 prisoners, and one piece of artillery." Our own accounts represent that the action was merely an incident in an expedition undertaken to destroy the saltpetre works in Pendleton; that at Rocky Gap, where the action described by General Jones took place, our loss was about 100; and that General Averill returned, bringing in many prisoners, having completely succeeded in accomplishing the objects aimed at by the expedition.

On the night of the 20th of August the city of Lawrence, in Kansas, was attacked by a body of guerrillas, 300 strong, under the command of Quantrell, from the border counties of Missouri. The attack was wholly unexpected, and there was no opposition. A great part of the town was burnt, and about 150 persons were killed. The guerrillas then scattered into small bands, and endeavored to make their way home. They were pursued by squads of the people, much of the plunder which they had carried off was recaptured, and at the latest accounts fully a hundred of them had been killed. At Leavenworth a public meeting was held on the 27th of August, where General Lane, who had narrowly escaped from the Lawrence massacre, made a fiery speech. The purport of it was that the slaughter at Lawrence was owing to the conservative policy of the Government in relation to the guerrillas in Missouri; that the safety of Kansas required that "there should be an extermination of the first tier of counties in Missouri; and if that won't secure us, then the second and third tiers and so on, tier upon tier, until we are secure.... How are we to have peace if guerrillas are to live and subsist within our lines? The only way to stop it is to lay waste every foot of country which they inhabit.... I want to see every foot of ground in Jackson, Cass, and Bates counties burned over....then the bushwhackers can not remain: they will have nobody to feed them, nobody to harbor them, nobody to provide them with transportation, no place to sleep in, and will have thirty-five miles further to march before they reach Kansas....the safety of Kansas demands the devastation of the border for a distance of thirty-five miles into Missouri." A significant resolution, proposed by General Lane, was unanimously adopted, that "so many of the loyal men of the border as can be spared from home-protection be requested to assemble at Paola on the 8th day of September, with such arms and ammunition as they can procure, each twenty men to select a captain, and bring with them a wagon and one blanket each, and fifteen days' subsistence." Other resolutions, proposed by a committee, were also unanimously adopted. They ascribe the massacre at Lawrence to "the inefficient policy of the commander of this department, and the criminality of his aiders and abettors;" and demand the "immediate removal of General Schofield, and the appointment in his stead of a General who has both the ability and the will to exterminate the guerrillas now swarming upon our border."—We give these details for the purpose of showing the feeling existing in our Border States.

An expedition, under General Sibley, against the Sioux Indians who were concerned in the late massacres in the Northwest, advanced into the Territory of Dacotah, and had several sharp encounters with the savages toward the close of July. The last was on the 28th, when a body of 2000 Indians was routed and driven across the Missouri, losing 125 warriors, besides many women and children drowned in crossing the river, besides all their stores of provisions. Our loss was only six killed and two wounded. The expedition, finding their provisions exhausted, and their horses and mules giving out, then returned. It is apprehended that the Indians, who are reduced to starvation, will return and recommence their devastation upon the border settlements.

The President addressed a letter, dated August 16, to Hon. James C. Conklin, who seems to have criticised some of the measures of the Administration. This letter, which was designed for publication, sets forth the views of the Administration. The leading points are contained in the following extracts:

"I do not believe that any compromise embracing the maintenance of the Union is now possible. The strength of the rebellion is in its army. That army dominates all the country and all the people within its range. Any offer of terms made by any man or men within that range, in opposition to that army, is simply nothing for the present, because such man or men have no power whatever to enforce their side of a compromise, if one were made with them. No word or intimation from the rebel army, or from any of the men controlling it, in relation to any peace compromise, has ever come to my knowledge or belief.

"You dislike the emancipation proclamation, and perhaps would have it retracted. You say it is unconstitutional. I think differently. I think that the constitution invests the Commander-in-Chief with the law of war in time of war. The most that can be said is that slaves are property. Is there any question that by the law of war property, both of enemies and friends, may be taken when needed; and is it not needed whenever taking it helps us or hurts the enemy? If the Proclamation is not valid in law it needs no retraction; if it is valid it can not be retracted, any more than the dead can be brought to life. There was more than a year and a half of trial to suppress the rebellion before the proclamation was issued, the last one hundred days of which passed under an explicit notice that it was coming unless it was averted by those in revolt returning to their allegiance.

"The war has certainly progressed as favorably for us since the issue of the proclamation as before. Some of the commanders of our armies in the field who have given us our most important victories believe the emancipation policy and the aid of colored troops constitute the heaviest blows yet dealt to the rebellion; and that at least one of those important successes could not have been achieved when it was but for the aid of black soldiers. Whatever negroes can be got to do as soldiers leaves just so much less for white soldiers to do in saving the Union. But negroes, like other people, act upon motives. Why should they do any thing for us if we will do nothing for them? If they stake their lives for us they must be prompted by the strongest motive—even the promise of their freedom. And the promise being made must be kept.

"The signs look better. The Father of Waters goes unvexed to the sea. Thanks to the great Northwest for it. Nor yet wholly to them. Three hundred miles up they met New England, Empire, Keystone, and Jersey hewing their way right and left. The sunny South too, in more colors than one, also lent a hand. On the spot their part of the history was jotted down in black and

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white. The job was a great national one, and let none be banned who bore an honorable part in it.

"Peace does not appear so distant as it did. I hope it will soon come, and come to stay; and so come as to be worth keeping in all future time. And then there will be some black men who can remember that they helped mankind on to this great consummation, while I fear that there will be some white men unable to forget that they have striven to hinder it. Still let us not be over-sanguine of a speedy final triumph. Let us be quite sober. Let us diligently apply the means, never doubting that a just God in his own good time will give us the rightful result."

The draft, which was suspended in New York and vicinity in consequence of the riots of July, was resumed, in spite of the opposition of Governor Seymour, on the 19th of August, and was completed during the ensuing ten days. Ample preparations had been made to put down any resistance, and none was attempted. In New York an ordinance was passed by the Common Council making an appropriation of $3,000,000 to pay the commutation of all drafted persons. This was vetoed by the Mayor, but after the expiration of the ten days required by law was passed over his veto. In the mean time another ordinance, appropriating $2,000,000 to provide substitutes for or pay the commutation of members of the fire department, of the police, and members of militia regiments who might be drafted, was passed and signed by the Mayor. The money required by this ordinance has been mostly raised by way of loan from banks, insurance companies, and private individuals. The other ordinance will probably be practically null on account of the want of funds to meet its provisions.—Nearly 2000 claims, amounting in all to more than a million and a half of dollars, have been presented for damages sustained during the riots of July.

Elections for State officers have been held in several States. In *Kentucky* Mr. Bramlette, the "Union candidate," received a majority of more than 50,000, out of a vote of some 85,000, over his opponent, Mr. Wickliffe. The exact figures, as officially given, are—Bramlette, 68,009; Wickliffe, 17,384; majority, 50,625. Governor Bramlette, in his inaugural, clearly defined his position. He affirms that the revolted States did not change their status by rebelling; that all that they now need to do is to return to their fealty and take their position as States. When the rebellion closes we shall have the same Constitution as before. What Kentucky asks is not a reconstructed Union, but one restored upon a constitutional basis. He objects to the arming of negro regiments; and inquires what is to be done with such soldiers at the close of the war. He affirms that the recent result of the election shows that Kentucky will not fraternize with the rebellion, but is and will be loyal to the Government established by our fathers.——In *Vermont* the election for State officers was, as every one was assured, wholly in favor of the Union candidates. Beyond half a score or so of Representatives the Opposition have nothing.——From *California* we have merely telegraphic dispatches, the purport of which is that the Union men have carried every thing, and that their opponents, under whatever name, have been thoroughly defeated.

The issue of the war turns in a great measure upon the question of finance. Taking an average of the market for a month, we may say that gold bears a premium of 25 per cent. in the loyal States: that is, for $125 in currency one can get $100 in gold, or its equivalent in exchange. In the Confederacy $100 in current funds is worth about $8 in gold, or its equivalent in exchange. Hence, when we read in the Southern papers that slaves have been sold for $2800, we must understand that the actual sum received for them is about $240. Two years ago the same slaves would have easily sold for $1600 to $2000, in gold or its equivalent.

There is a report, for which there appears at present no adequate authority, that the Confederate Government has resolved to call for a half million of negro troops, to whom will be guaranteed their freedom and a bounty of fifty acres of land to each at the close of the war.—We note this report, in order that it may be on record, to be substantiated or contradicted in the course of events.

EUROPE.

It is announced, upon apparently good grounds, though not officially, that the Archduke Maximilian of Austria, the brother of the Emperor, has accepted the offer made to him of the Imperial crown of Mexico upon condition that the new Empire is nominally placed under the protection of the European Powers, in common, though virtually under that of France. Whether the vote of the "Council of Notables" convened in the capital shall be considered as a formal election of the Archduke, or whether this must be further confirmed by other authority, appears to be undecided. However, in the present posture of affairs, this is of no consequence. Any further confirmation required will be easily secured.

There can be no doubt that at least three ironclad steamers are now ready, or nearly ready, for sea in British ports, designed for the Confederate service. At the middle of August one is said, upon good authority, to have been in the graving-dock at Liverpool, plated, and with all her machinery on board; another had been launched at Birkenhead; and a third at Glasgow. All of them were to be ready for sea early in September. In the mean time the Confederate cruiser *Florida* had made her appearance off the coast of Ireland, and her visit was supposed to have some connection with the fitting out of these vessels. Two objects have been suggested as the immediate work of these powerful vessels. One is the destruction of our blockading fleet; the other a sudden attack upon some of our great seaports, most probably that of New York.

The Polish question presents no new aspects. It is not now thought that any general European war will grow out of it during the present season. The British papers profess to learn that a treaty, offensive and defensive, between Russia and the United States has been agreed upon, and speculate upon the probable consequences to British commerce in case of war.

There is a strong probability that hostilities have actually broken out between Japan and the various Treaty Powers. The party in the Japanese Court opposed to intercourse with foreigners appears to have gained the entire ascendency. Various members of the foreign missions have been assassinated, and other outrages committed. For these reparation has been demanded, to the amount of about $450,000. This was paid, but the perpetrators could not be given up. The Government declared the ports closed, and ordered all foreigners to leave in 30 days. Our latest intelligence comes down to the close of June. At that date there were thirteen English war vessels, two French, and one American, the *Wyoming*, in Bay of Yeddo. Then the English and French commanders had given notice of their intention to seize Kanagawa, the port of Yeddo, in case their demands were not complied with; and it was said the *Wyoming* would co-operate so far as to defend the rights and property of Americans.

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Editor's Easy Chair.

THE Easy Chair receives a great deal of complaint, both written and spoken, of the inequality of public or editorial favor. Has genius perished from among men? asks the chorus. Shakespeare and Milton were undoubtedly great poets, but is poetry a lost art? Can there be any greater folly than the strain of remark in which publishers and critics indulge about poets and poetry? Then what selections they make! They insist that poetry is a drug, and we invite your attention to the poetry they publish! It would seem that they are resolved to do all they can to make it a drug; and, if what they print is a specimen of what is produced, they are quite right, and the divine afflatus has blown over forever. But meanwhile, to show you how little they know of what poetry really is written, we have here a few cantos which, without false modesty, etc., etc., may be considered quite equal to the stuff that is constantly published on all sides. And would you believe that the magazines which are filled with dreary rhymes, and which sigh over the fatal decline of poetry, have had the refusal of these very cantos, and returned the insufferable answer that the editor declined to express any opinion upon the merits of the manuscripts with which he had been kindly favored, but found them unsuitable for his purpose! Unsuitable! Of course they were; for his purpose is trash, humbug, vulgarity, and the demoralization of the public taste. He doesn't know poetry when he sees it. It is a burning shame, shouts the chorus, that the old story of genius neglected should be forever repeated, and we demand a place for our poetry in the literature of the age.

What can be done with such a fiery chorus as this? There is but one answer for it, and that they disregard. We have only to ask any one of the chorus to look at the famous poets of the time, and ask whether they demanded a place for their poetry. Or did they write poetry which took a place? In England the most popular and admired of the native poets is Tennyson. Well, thirty years ago Tennyson published a slight volume of verses, and John Bull pished disdainfully. He despised it as a hungry ox might despise whipped syllabub. It was a medley of weak affectations. It was worse, he insisted, than Wordsworth's daffy-down-dilly. It was the very sublime of namby-pamby. *Blackwood*, especially, which was then as savage as it is now alternately sour and silly, made infinite sport of the new poetry. *Blackwood* was the mouth-piece of second-rate men, who had made and could make no permanent reputation. It was a monthly mess spiced hot for the clubs. It aimed at a sensation. *Blackwood* is a magazine of which Delta has been the characteristic poet, Wilson the wit, Lockhart the critic, and Alison the political philosopher, worthily assisted recently in the department of American affairs by a Captain Handy or Hamly, who wrote "Lady Lee's Widowhood." *Blackwood* sneered at the new poet, who rhymed disdainfully in reply:

> "You did late review my lays,
> Musty Christopher;
> You did mingle blame and praise,
> Fusty Christopher:
> I forgave you all the blame;
> I could not forgive the praise,
> Rusty Christopher."

The magazine could neither make him nor unmake him. If the public and the publishers did not like his poetry—amen! When he was ready, some ten years afterward, Tennyson published a new volume, and took his place among the English poets.

The chorus ought to remember that if you carry a wax taper into a high wind it will unquestionably be blown out. But if you hold a blazing pine-knot in your hand, the wildest gale makes it only more splendid. In this age of the world, whatever publishers and magazines may think and do, poetry, if it be truly such, can not be snuffed out of knowledge. The public ear is ready for the ring of the true metal among all the noises of the base coin. Thus in the days when Martin Farquhar Tupper was soberly thought by some gentle souls to be a poet, the Easy Chair, which then sat at the table of a daily paper, found in an English weekly, *The Leader*, a copy of verses, "In summer, when the days are long," which he cut out and republished. They flew all over the country, and finally alighted in all the best collections. The verses were anonymous, and, so far as the Easy Chair knows, they have always remained so. They were copied and preserved because they seemed to most readers to be poetry. If any one of the chorus, having written a poem, will send it to a newspaper, he may be sure that it will have a fair start if it seems to the editor to be worth the space. There is a great deal of verse which was published in magazines at the time of the appearance of "In summer, when the days are long," which has escaped and will forever escape the collections, just as there was published in gorgeously bound books the Proverbial Philosophy of Tupper, which will utterly escape all remembrance except that of curiosity and amusement.

But the complaining chorus is not peculiar to this country. The extremely entertaining Paris correspondent of Childs's American Publishers' Circular mentions that a certain Monsieur Theodore de Banville has been loudly lamenting that poets can not get the ear of the public. And he laments in so diverting a manner that, if his verse is as lively as his prose, the public is a great loser by the obduracy of the publishers. But Monsieur de Banville, who writes what an ingenious correspondent justly thinks worth translating into another language, complains that his verse is not thought worth reading by the French public. It is as if a successful tailor should complain that people did not like his sponge-cake, or as if the confectioners were to blame for not buying it to offer to their customers. Why should not publishers be supposed to know their business as well as other merchants? If they let slip a MS. which would have coined money for them, they are like traders who miss a promising speculation in any other commodity. The drolly-doleful De Banville mentions a manager in Paris who wanted no master-pieces at his theatre, "because," he said, "if I give a master-piece to-day, I should be asked for a master-piece to-morrow. If I have none to give the public will think I have nothing to give. I must furnish a product which I can always find in the market." What does all this show? Simply that the manager was a shrewd merchant. And why should M. de Banville try a manager by a standard which he would not apply to other traders? The manager must earn his living as well as the poet De Banville. If the poet De Banville is unwilling to give away his poems, why should he complain of a manager who is unwilling to buy what he can not readily sell again?

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If there is a decline in the interest of the world in poetry, or if the race of great poets is any more extinct now than it always was, it is a fact which fairly challenges the most curious inquiry and investigation. But it is no more matter of querulous complaint than the disappearance of the Mastodon or the Ichthyosaurus. Why should we not all begin with modesty? If people won't read what we write, let us beg pardon and believe that it is not worth reading. Why is not that quite as likely as any thing else? If you who read this were an Easy Chair, and had the run of the editor's room, you would be confounded by the mass of manuscript dull *indigestaque* which is hurled upon him. When he politely declines the epic poems, and the novels in verse, and the new systems of philosophy which arrive every week, suppose that all the De Banvilles should open their batteries of disdainful satire upon him! De Banville is a humorist, not a poet. If he had sent his airy sarcasms, instead of his serious verse, to the magazines and publishers, he would certainly never have felt inclined to make sport of the purveyors of literature. We have more than once expressed our incredulity of the "mute, inglorious Miltons." Men of the Miltonic power of appreciation are known in every private circle, although their fame may not go far beyond. But men of the Miltonic creative genius are not mute. Singing is a part of their inspiration. They seek an audience as naturally as the flower seeks the light, and if they are born in some quiet village, they either pipe so sweetly that the world attends, or they fly to the public which they do not find around them. The secret of popularity and public success defies analysis, but literary men have certainly as fair a chance as any other class.

If the Easy Chair may be permitted to allude to his old friend, Solomon Gunnybags, he would say that the venerable gentleman reports a crowd at every watering-place during the summer, and the young man, his son, has his cynical comment upon the fact.

It is marvelous, he says, how we distress ourselves for pleasure! Away we go out of the pleasantest home to some sea-side or mountain retreat. The trains, the boats, the stages swarm with people. They pant, and swelter, and swear. The poor little children, defrauded of their nursery and quiet city parks, or country pastures and gardens, fret and cry. We reach some remote, inconvenient, disagreeable house. The host, with a screw in his eye and an augur in his voice, says that nothing but the corner of the kitchen is left. "Charming—just the thing—and grandma, where is she to sleep?" There's a ladder in the hen-house. "Capital! she'll roost there perfectly. Won't you, dear grandma? In the country we don't look for city luxuries, do we?" The next week comes along a King or Sultan, or the Queen of Sheba herself, and wants rooms. No; nothing. All full. Barns crowded, and guests colonized under the fence. And then how grandma chuckles from her roost in the hen-house to see the unfortunates plunging about for a perch! Ah, well! Let those laugh that win. The superb Sheba presently comes upon a room. Eureka! It is ten feet square with one small window opening plump into an apple-tree. If the nose be a judge there has never been any fresh air in the room. If the eyes are faithful, the carpet and the walls have been cleaner. The bed—well! the human being in his summer performances for pleasure is wonderful; he or she is wonderful. And for all this accumulated discomfort, dirt, suffocation, flies, horrid food, scant towels, intolerable every thing, you pay every month the revenue of a German Duke.

Young Gunnybags indulges his cynical exaggeration, but it is a curious fact that, with the exception of a few great hotels and some smaller hostelries, and the farm-houses among hills which are neat and nothing more, the proprietors of sea-side and other resorts have not yet learned the value of an investment of cleanliness. If a man have a house in the most charming and advantageous situation, though it were directly upon the sea-beach with the broad ocean view, and yet has not learned to make the appearance of his house as attractive as its position, he has not one of the best qualities of a landlord. If the fences are half down, and the grass overgrown, and the gravel ragged, and pieces of paper and chips are lying about, and the paint is rubbed off, and weeds sprout about the foundations, the landlord is throwing hundreds of dollars into the sea every year.

A friend of the Easy Chair went to the sea-side this summer and paid the fabulous prices. When he came away the host hoped that he was satisfied; and as the host was really an amiable man, the guest asked him into his room and said to him: "My dear Sir, your intentions are excellent, but they miscarry. This room, for instance, needs nothing but new plastering, new painting, new papering, new carpeting, and new furnishing, to be a comfortable room." He probably spoke the truth of a great many houses, the proprietors of which simply do not understand what cleanliness is.

There is but one nation of which the representative is a truly clean man, and that is the English. There are plenty of unclean Englishmen, but John Bull is neat in his person and in his surroundings, in his country inns and his foreign home; and neither M. Crapeau nor Jonathan Esq. are so. The national dress-coat and black satin waistcoat have been sometimes observed to cover a soiled shirt; and as for la belle France, one of the wittiest caricatures in *Punch* represented two hirsute Frenchmen pausing with an air of utter bewilderment in the Great Exhibition before a wash-stand, and asking, What is that machine for? It was doubly characteristic of John Bull: first, in its brutal disregard of the rites of international hospitality, for he was then the host of all the world; and, secondly, in its profound scorn of a people who were not adepts in the wash-stand.

We may also compare, for our instruction, the average English country inn with the American steamer. Great Heavens! what a price the innocent passenger pays in going from New York to Boston by the Sound boats, to see people wipe their boots upon damask sofas, and to behold a small flame that gives no light in a gorgeous glass chandelier. Is there no beauty in fitness? If a sensible New York or Boston man of business refrains from furnishing his quiet parlor like a Queen's boudoir, why should a multitude of them, as directors of a steamboat company, furnish a public room, which is always to be thronged by the most promiscuous company, as if it were a state drawing-room? The only reasonable answer is that they mean to ask a high price, and therefore wish to persuade their customers that they are getting their money's worth.

If young Gunnybags will only call the proprietors of summer-houses into his room and quietly suggest to them to have every thing neat and nothing gaudy, they will discover to their surprise that, in the esti-

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mation of that excellent judge, although they may be most worthy men they do not yet know how to keep a hotel.

In the course of his summer wanderings the Easy Chair came upon an Indian encampment by moonlight upon the sea-shore. There were but a dozen tents pitched upon the grass between the road and the beach, and all the tents were different in form. The Indians were Penobscots from Old Town, in Maine, and they sat during the day weaving baskets or making bows and arrows and little canoes, and in the evening they sat around the tents or were closely shut up within them. On this evening the moon was in the first quarter and shed a watery light upon the camp, which, at a little distance, was weird with the faint illumination of the canvas from the dips inside. As the Easy Chair came still nearer he heard the music of a hand-organ grinding a polka, and saw a group sitting and standing under a tree silently looking upon two or three couples who were dancing the polka upon the grass, while two or three small children rolled and turned head over heels upon the ground as lightly and smoothly as balls of wool. The music changed to a slow and melancholy waltz, and the mysterious couples wheeled duskily about, the moonlight glistening upon the sea and the surf languidly plunging behind them. There was no chattering, there was no sound at all, in fact, but the melancholy organ and the sea. The figures moved solemnly, as if it were a dance of destiny. Perhaps they are dancing still.

One of the older men, with whom I afterward talked, told me that there were about eight hundred of them in Old Town, some sixty miles from the mouth of the Penobscot. They talk English imperfectly, but speak chiefly old Penobscot mingled with English words. We are mostly farmers, he said, and some are rich with money mostly in cash. "Every body love dat," he said quietly and languidly, as he counted me out some bills in change. "Dat's good," he added, as he handed the greenbacks to his wife—squaw, I should say—"Dat passes every where all tru' the North; 'cep in de woods. Dat no good dare." The Indians live peaceably with their white neighbors, he said; and in the winter, when field-work is over, many of them make the baskets and pretty wares which they bring southward in the summer to sell. They encamp somewhere upon the shore of Massachusetts Bay, and stay until they have sold out, or until September comes and visitors go home. Long, long ago, the old man said, he had camped at Nahant, but since then, until this year, he had not been away from Old Town, except in the winter to catch musk-rats and minks. "For musk-rats we get forty cents, tirty-eight, tirty-seven, sometime tirty-fi'. For mink fi' dollars." He took me to the side of his tent and showed the trunk of a small ash-tree. By beating the outside vigorously the pith is made more pliable, so that it can be more readily worked.

As we squatted upon each side of the clean handsome wood, and the old man talked on with a melodious drone which was monotonous but pleasant, and the summer sea plashed just at our side, I asked him if his people dwindled or increased. We are going, he said. Since we live in houses and our children eat spiced food they get sickly and die. We are going, he said, musingly, and the sea plashed between his words. There was a melancholy tranquillity in his manner and speech. When we were in front of his tent he leaned against the side as he spoke, and there was an indescribable resignation in his whole aspect. Afterward I saw one of the Indian women seated upon a rock between the beach and the road, steadfastly watching the gay procession of equipages that flashed by in the afternoon sun. Whatever her thoughts were her silent figure was as touching and tragical as a Sybil. By the side of the sea she sat the lone mother of dead empires as much as Rome; sylvan empires that have disappeared more wholly than the glories of the seven hills. Massasoit was king of all the wide shores upon which she sat, and the pale faces were doubting intruders. Now Massasoit in yonder tent mourns that spiced food kills his children, and gladly sells musk-rats for tirty-fi' cents apiece.

It is not a long step from Massasoit to an original proprietor of the town of Northampton, in the Connecticut Valley in Massachusetts; and the Puritan and the Indian have something in common. We fancy the King of Massachusetts Bay treating upon equal terms with the Governor of Plymouth, and there is a fierce grandeur in the character and history of King Philip, so far as they are known to us, which would become the hero of a Homeric tale or a Norse ballad. Yet the grimness and silent gloom which we associate with the aspect and the fate of Philip have their counterpart in the conduct of the Puritans who slew him and then exhibited his head; and if the attack upon Deerfield was fearful, not less so was the burning of the Pequot fort at Saybrook. Indeed the friend whose pleasant letter occasions this disquisition, and who inherits the feeling of the ancient Dutch Governors of New Amsterdam for the losel Yankees, speaks of the Puritan much as a loyalist gentleman of King Charles's court would have described an Independent. "I have the old Puritan before me. The character of the books he read fully impressed upon his countenance and bearing—a stern, uncompromising, *uncharitable Christian*, ready to hang, burn, or torture either a Quaker or Indian, and from his armory ready to take his place in the Church militant to defend with his life every dogma taught in his library."

The Puritan *was* an uncharitable Christian, but his view of Christianity did not make it a gospel of peace and love, but a dispensation of terror. He was no more uncharitable on the one side than on the other, and would have burnt a Romish priest with the same solemn zest that he hung a Quaker. His hatred of conformity to the dogmas of others willingly exiled him from all the sweet associations of native land and familiar faces to the most savage and remote wilderness, and then his fervent hostility to those who would not conform to his own dogmas blinded him to the wrong of banishing them. Yet the obvious excuse long urged for the Puritans is still valid. They had left a society whose tenets they did not like, and they wanted others who did not like their tenets to leave them. They did not come to establish freedom to worship God, for all men, but only for themselves. The State was founded upon the Church, and the Church was their theology. To attack that, therefore, was to endanger the foundation of the Commonwealth. In fact, the Puritan's maxim was simply, hands off! It was very much the principle upon which most men conduct their business: you let me alone, and I will let you alone. If Roger Williams chose to paddle down the Seekonk and pitch his tent upon the Narragansett shore, it is easy to imagine the sturdy old Puritans growling "Amen: let him go to the dogs his own

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way!" Their persecution of others was discipline rather than proselyting. Papal persecution insisted upon saving people at all events, either by the water of baptism or by the fire of the stake; but Puritan persecution cared less for saving heretics than that they should depart out of sight, while upon its own members its iron hand lay heavy and inflexible.

But nothing less than that iron hand would have been strong enough to do the work the Puritans were set to do in the world. They have been painted often enough as sour, gloomy, and morose. Their great delineator in our literature, Hawthorne, has added even a deeper hue of sobriety to their long visages. Reading his sketches of Puritan life and character, one can hardly imagine that the sun shone brightly over old New England. And yet how essential exactly their characteristics were to the civilization of the New World, and to the censure of the land they left! An article in a late number of this Magazine upon the "Puritans and the Players" shows, with great felicity and familiarity with the subject, the necessity of the uncompromising rebuke of the Puritans for the rescue of English society from the enervating corruption of skepticism and utter sensuality. In the matter of theatres they were the total abstinents. As the temperance reformers declare that there can be no such thing as moderation in drinking poison, so the stalwart iconoclasts who built New England insisted that there could be no innocent playing with the devil. You might not feel your fingers singe at the moment, but presently you would find an ugly scar.

It is only to repeat history to say that the Puritan element has saved our civilization. It is the moral influence in it. What kind of England would the England that had sprung from Charles First and Second, and James Second, be? If the Revolution of 1688 was the regeneration of England, Puritanism was the controlling influence of that revolution. The Jacobites were the logical descendants of the Cavaliers, and it is because the Cavaliers followed their love-locks to decay, and because the Jacobites dwindled to a faction whose ardor was expended in draining bumpers to the King over the water, that the great course of British civilization has been maintained at home, and that the finest flower of its principle blooms upon this Continent. The Easy Chair is not from Massachusetts, and may therefore say that that State to which the Puritans first came, and in which the Puritan influence has been most active, is to-day the foremost of all human societies, politically, morally, and socially. It is the community in which the average of universal well-being is higher than in any State in history. Puritan though it be, it is more truly liberal and free than any community in the world. Yet it had bleak beginnings in the icy coast, the hard shore, the sombre pines, and the savages, as in the grim bigotry, the sad philosophy, the intolerable virtues, the witch-burnings, the Baptist and Quaker hangings of its early settlement. Out of that nettle came this flower. Out of the austere Puritan of 1620 the genial gentleman of 1860.

In the letter of the Easy Chair's correspondent is a portrait of the Puritan, vividly drawn, as our friend truly says, merely by the inventory of his books and his weapons. It is taken from his will, entered for probate in 1711, and appears under the heads of "Library" and "Armory." Among all the polemics, exhortations, and ethics, there is but one law-book mentioned, and that not even by name. The Puritan lived to the higher law. He meant to do the Lord's will, whatever the Legislature might say. Upon the face of this tough citizen of the quiet Connecticut Valley there were plainly no superfluous smiles. His yea was terribly yea, and his nay, nay. Hard working by day was followed by hard reading at night. Had he fair-haired young children, rosy little lads and lasses, who climbed up on the arms of sad-colored leather chairs to find some story-book in his library—or were they already "convicted of sin" before they were out of their petticoats, and held a story-book to be Satan's ambush? Puritan lads and lasses, frolicsome as all children are, at what period of their lives was it that they emerged into the solemn bigot? Nature seemed to be reversed a little. It was the butterfly went backward to the worm.

Yet in the little glimpse here given us of the interior of a Puritan home, more than a hundred and fifty years ago, we can see the mould in which the modern men of his kind have been cast. We can understand that when his State adopted Algernon Sidney's famous motto, *Ense petit sub libertate quietem*, it was with a perfect consciousness that peace and liberty might depend upon the sword, and a perfect willingness to use it to secure peace and liberty. The old Puritan's children have multiplied in the land, and his ghost grimly smiles, doubtless, as he sees the liberty and peace that his fathers' swords founded taught in the "library" and maintained by the "armory" of his children.

Here is the inventory:

A Great Bible.	1 Thirsty Sinner.
2 Small Bibles.	1 Dying Religion.
2 Ditto, ditto.	1 Preparation to Die.
1 Mourner's Cordial.	1 Good Fetched out of Evil.
1 Soul's Espousal.	1 Abraham's Privilege.
1 French Convert.	1 Inexcusableness.
1 Way to Blessing.	1 Essay to do Good.
1 Israel's Safety.	1 Catechism.
1 Self Justiciary.	Russell's Works,
1 God's Call to England.	Allen's Call.
1 How to Keep the Heart.	Law Book.
1 Blessed Remedy.	ARMORY.
1 Groans of the Damned.	1 Long Gun.
1 Baxter's Now or Never.	1 Musket.
1 Psalter	1 Carbine.
1 Gospel Remission.	1 Ditto.
1 Door of Salvation.	1 Backsword and Belt.
1 Young Man's Guide.	1 Black Silk Belt.
1 Spur to Loiterers.	1 Partisan.
1 Discourse on Witchcraft.	1 Gun Rest.
1 Dyer's Works.	8 Half Pikes.
1 Pilgrim's Guide.	1 Cartouch-Box and Ammunition.
1 Barbarian Cruelty.	
1 Sincere Convert.	1 Ditto, ditto, ditto.
1 New Psalm-Book.	1 Pouch with Bullets.
1 Ditto, ditto, ditto.	1 Pound of Bullets,
1 Heavenly Pastime.	1 Pound of Powder & Horns.
1 Military Discipline.	1 Bag of Flints.

Editor's Drawer.

EVERY body reads the Drawer, and, if we may judge of the rest of mankind from those who write to us, the Drawer is the first part of this *Monthly* that is opened when it comes into the hands of its anxious readers. One of them signs himself "An Admirer," and wishes the *Magazine* were all Drawer, like the old woman who wanted her cow cut up into "tender loin." But too much of a good thing spoils the whole, and therefore the Drawer extends itself only to such a length as to tickle the taste without cloying it.

Because every body is sure to see it, we put the

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notice in this place that the year of the *Magazine* is nearly coming to a close, and the present is the most favorable of all seasons to extend its circulation. In every hamlet and village and city we have friends who know its value, and the pleasure it brings into every household on its monthly visits. To make it a great national institution, carrying "instruction with delight" to hundreds of thousands of American homes, the publishers have made its terms to *clubs* so easy that the whole community may share in its blessings. Making money is one of the good things that most men aim at; but there is a higher good and larger pleasure which we would seek in pressing our friends to make the *Magazine* a guest in every family around them. One of our literary and religious newspapers, venerable for its age and principles, says that it is impossible to buy so much good reading for so little money as it costs to get *Harper's Monthly Magazine;* and when we intimate, as we may safely do, that what you give twenty-five cents for costs three thousand dollars and more, you will see that our pious friend is not out of the way in his figures. Turn to the last page of the cover of this number, and see the terms on which the *Magazine* is published and sent over the country, and you will perhaps be stimulated to make a little effort among your neighbors and friends to get them into the enjoyment that you and yours have found so pleasant in years that are past.

Twenty-six volumes of the *Magazine* are now bound up, and contain matter equal to two hundred duodecimo volumes. They make an elegant library, an unfailing source of entertaining and useful reading, one of the most delightful repositories of history, biography, tales, travels, poetry, sentiment, and humor, that will be as full of interest fifty years hence as now. The man who keeps the key of the Drawer advises all his readers to have the *Magazine* from the beginning, and he is sure they will take it to the end.

One of our Vermont friends, in writing to the Drawer, relates an incident of a serio-comic character that must have a place in our pages:

In ——, Vermont, there lives an old lady of great religious excitability, and it may be that her "intellex" are a little sprung. She had listened to a sermon on the service of God and Mammon, and got the thing a good deal mixed up; but with a very strong impression that Mammon was the god of *this* world, and therefore to be served while she was here. As soon as the sermon was ended she rose from her seat, and in a clear, shrill voice, that rang through the house, she said,

"Brethren and sisters, I have often followed after the Evil One, but from this time onward I mean to serve that good old Mammon as long as I live!"

One of our army correspondents writes:

Among the other arduous duties that devolve upon the "shoulder-strapped" gentry, and of which a majority of the good people at home know nothing, is that of making out quarterly returns of ordnance and ordnance stores, accounting for every rifle, cartridge-box, belt, sling, pouch, etc., that may have been received during the quarter by the commandant of a company, or other officer responsible for the safe-keeping of the same. These returns are, to new beginners, complex and difficult; and in the old regiments, where many commissions are held by men who have fought their way up from the ranks, they not having enjoyed great educational advantages, the "returns" constitute a great stumbling-block, and are the cause of much travail and putting together of heads.

This is the case in the —th Illinois. Perhaps no braver set of officers can be found in the service; but of some of the localities in Suckerdom represented by them the schoolmaster has been shamefully negligent. Now, each return is properly accompanied by a "letter of advice," addressed to the chief of ordnance at Washington, setting forth that, from a certain place, on a certain date, the required documents were forwarded by the subscribing officer.

The —th Illinois was originally armed with the Harper's Ferry and Springfield muskets, altered from flint-lock to percussion. At first the boys were dissatisfied; they would have preferred a more "fancy arm;" but after having participated in two or three engagements, their old smooth-bores doing them good service, they became attached to their guns, and cared no longer to trade them off.

It so happened that at the end of the second quarter of 1863 Jerry B——, who had been promoted from the position of Corporal to that of Second-Lieutenant of Company —, for good and soldierly conduct, found himself in command of the Company, and thus it became necessary that he should make out the quarterly returns. Now Jerry, faithful and brave, had not acquired much book learning, neither did he possess much business experience; however, after long cogitation, and no little erasing and blotting, the returns were finished, ready for the mail, with the single exception of the "letter of advice." Here was a stickler! In what could he *advise* the august head of the Ordnance Bureau? It must be as to something connected with ordnance. Yes, certainly! Suddenly a bright thought illuminated Jerry's brain. He remembered Fredericktown, Donelson, and Shiloh; the evidences of the effectiveness of our smooth-bores rose before his happy vision, and he forthwith indited an epistle to General R——, at Washington, *advising* him to allow "nothing but Harper's Ferry or Springfield muskets to be used in the army!" Poor Jerry! Enfield rifles are now in the hands of our men, and the glory of "smooth-bores" has departed.

From Boston we have a letter mentioning the following incident:

A few years ago, when the "Norfolk House" was in full operation, kept by our friend Rist, now in Elliot Street, among his boarders was one French, an old gentleman known and beloved by every one. He was an original character. Any one getting much ahead of him had to be an early riser. One evening, just after an arrival of a steamer from old England, the sitting-room being well filled with the good people of this village, a young gent entered, and by his pompous airs soon attracted the attention of all present, among the rest our venerated friend, who made the inquiry of the stranger, "if he was a native of Boston?"

"Oh no," was the reply; "I have just arrived from Hingland: thought I would just come over for a few weeks; but expect to be *very lonesome*."

Conversation ensued between the two, and our foreign friend soon informed the company that he had just received the title of F.R.S.

"What does *that* stand for?" inquired French.

"Can it be possible that you are so ignorant in America as not to know?" answered John.

"Wa'al, don't know; but here in America it may mean differently than in England."

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"I will enlighten you then," said Mr. Bull. "It designates a '*Fellow of the Royal Society.*'"

"Thought so, thought so," repeated French. "Here it stands for a 'Fellow of Remarkable Stupidity!'"

"I'LL tell you," writes a war correspondent in Indiana to the Drawer, "how Wash Lichtiter was converted from Secesh into a warm Union man. Wash had been flogged once or twice for cheering for Jeff Davis, but he stuck to his principles. One day Morgan and his band of thieves came along, and Wash gave them a cordial welcome. He brought out all the liquor he had and treated them well; told them how he loved the South, and hoped that the Yankees would be whipped out. The banditti then asked him for money. He begged off, but Morgan said, 'Come, old Butternut, shell out; we want all the spondulics you've got!'

"Wash had to fork over, but was so slow about it that the rascals pitched in and gave him a thrashing, and then carried off every thing he had. Wash has gone in for a 'vigorous prosecution of the war' ever since, and is mighty glad that Morgan has gone to State prison, where all such fellows belong."

A BOSTON correspondent tells us of a home-sick soldier on the Potomac. A Lieutenant found him solitary and alone, weeping like a big booby boy.

"What's the matter?"

"Oh, I wish I was in my father's barn."

"And what would you do there?"

"I would go into the house plaguy quick!" said the poor fellow, boo-hooing again at the rate of 2.40 a minute.

A ST. LOUIS correspondent says: Have you room in the Poultry Department for the following transcript of an epitaph?

"Here lies the remains of Thomas Woodhen—the most amiable of husbonds, the most excellent of men.

"N.B. The name is Woodcok, but it would not come in ryme."

A WAG by the name of Tinker, in the class of 1855 in —— College, will be remembered by his classmates not only for his neglect of the mathematics, but for his ready wit and power of quick repartee. In attempting to recite Prop. 5, Book I., of Euclid, called "Ass' Bridge," he stumbled. At a class meeting held soon after, when speeches were in order, a classmate, thinking to rally him on his failure, called out, "Tinker on the *Pons asinorum!*" Tinker replied at once, "I beg to be excused from occupying the *gentleman's platform!*"

AN officer of the Sixteenth United States infantry sends the following:

DEAR DRAWER,—Did you ever hear of the town of Galena, Illinois, justly celebrated for its lead-mines and pretty ladies? In this town resides a very interesting family, the father a native of New England, the mother of Tennessee. The daughters, grown to womanhood, are accomplished and lovely. The eldest daughter, Bell, married last fall a chaplain in a rebel Tennessee regiment, who, when the rebels evacuated Murfreesboro, went with his regiment, leaving his wife to return home. The father is a loyal man, but the rest of the family are badly "secesh." The married daughter, during the spring and summer, was continually teasing her father to get her a "military pass," to go South to her husband, which he was not inclined to do. She got the "pass," however, and commenced packing her things preparatory to leaving. About this time the news of the fall of Vicksburg came, and a horse, a very great favorite in the family, was taken violently sick and his life despaired of. I was sitting one afternoon in the parlor, having a social chat with the daughters, when the mother came in looking extremely dejected.

"Ma," asked the youngest daughter, "what is the matter?"

"Oh dear, my daughter," she replied, at the same time straightening herself up in her chair in a peculiar manner, which would have done honor to Mrs. Partington, "Vicksburg has fallen, Bell is going down South, the horse is going to die, and the dear only knows what will come upon us next!"

FROM head-quarters of —— New York artillery, now on the "sacred soil," we have the following explanation of the origin of the name of a well-known road in Maryland. Our correspondent writes:

Over in Prince George's County, Maryland, there is a private road leading from St. Barnabas's Church to the house of the Hon. James L. Addison. Many years ago a gay party of ladies and gentlemen were passing over this road on horseback, which, like all other roads in that part of "My Maryland," has a good deal of the up-hill and down-hill to it, with an occasional stone. The horse of one of the ladies, stepping on one of the stones, accidentally stumbled, when one of the gentlemen, wishing to show his progress in French, remarked in a loud tone to the lady, intending the whole party to hear, that her horse came near throwing her by his "fox pass" (*faux pas*). Ever since then this road has been known by the name of "Fox Pass."

A FRIEND in Memphis, Tennessee, revives his recollections of the Mackinaw country, and sends a story illustrating the way in which justice is administered in that latitude. A man named Webber, hearing that a friend of his was in trouble, sent for him to see if he could help him out, and found that he had been prosecuted by a neighbor. The only witness against him was an Indian claiming to be a half-breed, Indians not being allowed to testify in the courts of Michigan. "We must try strategy upon that chap," said Webber. "You get a jug of whisky, and we'll go over and see what can be done." Very soon after reaching the place where the court was to be held Webber called the justice out for a little friendly talk, and to drink his health, which they did several times. The Court getting so "she understood herself pretty well," the suit was called, and the witness put upon the stand. Webber, appearing for the defense, made objection on the grounds of his being an Indian, and proceeded to question him as follows:

WEBBER. "What was your grandfather and mother on your father's side?"

WITNESS. "My grandfader she half-breed; my grandmoder he squaw."

WEBBER. "That would make your father three quarters Indian, won't it? Will the Court please to put that down? And your mother's father, what was he?"

WITNESS. "She full-blood Frenchman."

WEBBER. "And your mother's mother, what was she?"

WITNESS. "He full-blooded squaw."

WEBBER. "Well, that makes your mother a half-

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breed. Will the Court be so good as to put that down, and add it up, and see how much it makes?"

"Five quarters," roared the judge. "Get out of this house! No five-quarter Indian can testify in court. I give judgment against the plaintiff for cost, and fine him five dollars for insulting this court by bringing that witness here to testify!"

A SOLDIER in the Massachusetts infantry, writing to the Drawer, says:

The following took place in my presence. The *dramatis personæ* are two Irishmen: one a robust, hardy fellow, who might have been indulging in a "dhrop" previous, and who was boasting that he never ran in a fight yet, and who was very severe on those who practiced it; the other a younger, though strongly-built, black-eyed, good-looking fellow, evidently bent on quizzing his comrade, and trying to convince him that he is a great coward, notwithstanding his assertions to the contrary.

YOUNG IRISHMAN. "Well, now, it's no use talkin' any more about it; we all know you're a coward, for what made you run at the Seven Days' Fight? —ah, now!"

OLD IRISHMAN. "It's a lie! Who iver said I ran? I've niver seen the day yit!"

Y. I. "Oh, bosh, now! we know all about it. The inemy was at yer back and you run, you coward ye, so ye did."

O. I. "It's a lie! and ye can't prove it! I always stood me ground. Here's a man that niver yit—"

Y. I. "Oh yis, I can prove it t'ye too. Ye all run like dogs, an' you know it, for—"

O. I. "Will, wait thin, an' I'll tell ye how it was, jist. You see, Jackson's corps came down upon us —we were outnumbered, we were—Jackson come thin—we were in Corcoran's Irish brigade, ye see, and my regiment was the Sixty-first Ohio—the gallant Sixty-first—and the Sixty-eighth—the Sixty-eighth—"

Y. I. "New York?"

O. I. "Yis, the Sixty-eighth New York—that was the one—it broke—"

Y. I. "Oh! ye lie, now! 'twas the one that saved the whole of ye. You all broke an' run save that."

O. I. "It's not so! it's not so! Aisy, an' I'll tell you. The Sixty-eighth New York broke in the middle—yis, Sir, it broke in the middle—an' thin the cav'lry rushed in and flanked us—the cav'lry flanked us—and we were surrounded—"

Y. I. "Yis, and thin ye run! ye run! ye r-r-run!"

O. I. (turning very red, and in a rage). "*Thin fwhat could we do but that!*"

RICHARD and Robin were two pretty men who were caught in Bridgeport one night, and obliged to spend three hours before the departure of the boat. This led them to seek solace in a game of billiards. Ignorant of localities, they pressed a seedy-looking chap into service, and requested him to show the way. He tried to, but after walking half an hour he declared his inability (opposite the door of a bar-room) to find the place.

Richard took the hint, and said, "Have a drink?" and all went in. Standing in a martial attitude, the seedy chap tossed off "three fingers." Richard and Robin took a mild glass of cider, and turning on their heels marched off, saying to the seedy man, "We are very much obliged to you." The face of the seedy man and that of the bar-keeper was a study; each eyed the other with stupefied wonder and amazement, which Richard and Robin saw and marveled thereat. The seedy man tried to explain to the liquor man, but in vain. It took his last dime to pay the shot.

Two young ladies in Ridgefield, Fairfield County, Connecticut, send the following inscriptions from tombstones in the old burial-ground of that beautiful town:

"To her whose memory we record,
All words are wrote in vain;
But to the living it affords
Her age, and death, and where she's lain."

"Remember this as you walk round,
All must return unto the ground;
For by transgression in the garden
Adam did receive his warning;
And as God's word does prove true,
I have returned, and so must you."

"Death, the great conqueror, has took my friend away,
Rest here, until the great judgment-day;
No dropping tear or pardner's aching heart
Can secure from death's most cruel dart."

A TRUE soldier writes to the Drawer from the fallen city of Vicksburg, and says:

During the siege of this place Logan's division erected in front of, and near to, the principal rebel fort a wooden tower for riflemen, which overlooked part of the enemy's works. One day the Forty-fifth Illinois were on duty as sharp-shooters there, when a man came into the tower whose common dress and appearance led us to take him for one of your correspondents, or some private citizen on his travels. He made his way to the top of the tower, and began to look over and survey the enemy's works, to the no slight exposure of his own person. One of the riflemen occupying this post called out, in rough and commanding tones, "Get down off there! don't you know any thing? You have no business here any way, and you'll get popped over in a minute, as sure as a gun!"

The stranger finished his survey and very leisurely retired from his post of observation. Hardly had he gone when a fellow-soldier asked the other,

"Do you know who that was?"

"No, nor I don't care; some newspaper man, probably."

"Not by a long shot," replied the other; "that's General Grant."

"General Grant!" cried the rifleman; and springing up he rushed out and overtook the General, and humbly said, "I beg your pardon for speaking so; I thought it was a stranger who did not know the danger."

"All right!" said the General, taking out his tobacco-box, and handing it to the soldier, asked him, "Do you chew?"

"Sometimes." And taking a soldier's "cud" he returned to his duty.

The story soon got wind, and as it spread through the army it kindled new enthusiasm for the hero who had already the heart of every one who knew his affability and his pluck.

A FRIEND in the army tells a story to this effect:

Quarter-masters in the army have a habit that, whenever the men surreptitiously "confiscate" a pig or a lamb, they seize on it and make use thereof at head-quarters. The boys of the —th Indiana, in a recent case, were too fast for their Quarter-master. It happened on this wise: While out on picket they

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captured a nice young dog, dressed it neatly, and brought it into camp, taking care that Q.-M. should get wind of it. It was seized; and head-quarters ate, as they supposed, some nice fresh lamb. The joke was too good to keep, and the Quarter-master was teased so unmercifully that a special order had to be issued to stop the fun.

A FIRM of bankers out in Iowa having "closed out," thus discourse to their delinquent customers:

"Owe no man any thing."—SCRIPTURE.

"To those who owe the undersigned,
We now in kindness say,
We need the cash, and want you all
To truckle up and pay.

"We've waited 'lo! these many years,'
And dunned you many a time;
And begged and plead with sighs and tears,
But couldn't get a dime.

"Our credit's gone—our cash is out,
We can not raise a fip
To pay our board and laundry bill,
And have to 'let 'em rip.'

"No use to talk—the die is cast,
We're bound to have the 'dust;'
By proclamation, if we can—
Coercion, if we must.

"And now you'd better pay us while
We're in a placid mood;
And, if you don't, we vow to you
You'll every one be sued—*right away.*"

A BOSTON religious paper—the *Congregationalist*—says that Dr. Gulick, of the Micronesian Mission, when translating selections from the Gospel, was long in doubt what native word to use to signify "Amen." After careful inquiry among the natives he hit upon what he supposed would most nearly give its idea. What was his surprise to find, a while later, that his synonym for the word which ends the prayer had the equivocal sense of—*dry up.*

THERE is no end to the incidents attending Morgan's raid. One of our Western friends says:

During the recent raid of John Morgan through this county his men dropped a large number of worn-out horses. These were collected by the authorities, and the best of them were distributed to those farmers whose horses had been stolen.

A few days afterward a gentleman passing through the country was surprised to hear from a neighboring field the shrill sound of military commands: "Halt! File left! Forward! March! Guide right!"

He supposed that one of the numerous Home-Guard Companies to which the raid has given birth was going through the usual drill, but he discovered shortly that it was only a farmer plowing with one of Morgan's cast-off horses.

THIS is a great scandal on the officers, and as a reward has been offered for the perpetrator perhaps the Drawer may catch him:

Near Kelly's Ford on the Rappahannock River stands a small brick church, in which the good people of the surrounding neighborhood formerly worshiped; but the ravages of war have had their effects here as well as in other parts, and in consequence the church has been totally neglected of late. Some quarter-masters and commissaries of our corps found the building very convenient for office purposes, and they formally installed themselves therein and carried on the business of their respective departments without molestation, until one day a waggish-looking "Down Easter" made his appearance and surreptitiously wrote on the wall over where the pulpit had been the following:

"It is written that my house shall be called a house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves."

A reasonable amount of "hard tack" and coffee will be presented to any person who will bring to light the perpetrator of this inexcusable outrage.

PASSING up Broadway some short time since, my attention was attracted by a very singular and purely accidental collection of occupations in one building. The signs across the front stand out like some great Ogre's eyes, nose, and mouth, ready to gobble a person up. The first floor, occupied by the "*Broadway Restaurant*," where you are taken in, fed, and prepared; the second floor, occupied by the "*Office of the West Point Foundry*," where you can be killed by the latest inventions; the third floor, occupied by the "*Office of Greenwood Cemetery*," where you can be buried in the most approved style. *Feed*, *kill*, and *bury*, all in one building.

CHAPMAN, the Hartford lawyer, has often been in the Drawer, and here he is again. He was busy with a case at which a lady was present, with whom he had already something to do as a witness. Her husband was present—a diminutive, meek, forbearing sort of a man—who, in the language of Mr. Chapman, "looked like a rooster just fished out of a swill-barrel;" while the lady was a large, portly woman, evidently the "better horse." As on the former occasion, she "balked" on the cross-examination. The lawyer was pressing the question with his usual urgency, when she said, with vindictive fire flashing from her eyes,

"Mr. Chapman, you needn't think you can catch me; you tried that once before."

Putting on his most quizzical expression, Mr. Chapman replied,

"Madam, I haven't the slightest desire to *catch* you; and your husband looks to me as if he was sorry *he* had!"

The husband faintly smiled assent.

A SERGEANT-MAJOR in an Indiana regiment, writing to the Drawer, says:

After the Battle of Stono River Colonel (now General) G—— D—— was expecting the —— Legislature to recommend him for promotion to a Brigadier-General. His exploits at the forementioned battle had been the theme dilated upon in the columns of a local newspaper, week after week, for two months.

One day the Colonel was sitting in his tent reading a late paper, and not seeing his name among those who it was supposed would wear the star, he shouted, "Nathan! [to an American citizen of African descent] find a few more bullets and bullet-holes in my coat and vest! That confounded Legislature have not yet recommended me!"

"Nathan" found the bullets; and in the next issue of the before-mentioned journal appeared a glowing account of the narrow escape of the brave Colonel, and giving an account of the occurrence. In course of time that "confounded Legislature" opened their eyes to his merits, and he now wears the stars.

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A BOSTONIAN hopes that the following may be worthy a place in that universal medicine-chest, the Drawer:

A few days since there came into an apothecary-shop in our suburbs a Hibernian of the female "persuasion," leading by the hand her heir-presumptive—an ill-looking boy of about twelve years of age—and approaching the proprietor, addressed him in this wise:

"Doctor W——, sure the boy I have wid me is in a bad way, and for a long time before he was so; and a woman as knows a great dale told me that if I wud buy a goat, and give him the milk uv it, it would make a fine bit of a man of him; and sure me ould man was till a great expense of thirteen or fourteen dollars to get a goat and give the milk of it to the boy. And then another woman, as knows a great dale more, told me that if I gave goat's milk to a boy twelve or thirteen years old it would make *a blasted thief and robber of him!* Now, Doctor, which of them is right?"

THESE puns are not first-rate, but the Drawer smiled as they fell in:

Several prominent telegraph managers dining at the "Planter's," at St. Louis, a few days since, were discussing the war news. Mr. W——, of Illinois, remarked that Colonel Grierson's raids were wonderful affairs; and added, "What do you think, D——?" addressing Mr. C. D——, of Cincinnati, the widely-known Superintendent of Telegraph.

"Yes, they are," answered D——, quietly; "there is nothing equal to them in history. Why, even Solomon, in all his glory, was not *a-raid* like one of these!" I will add that D—— "still lives."

ANOTHER: A young lady of our city, noted, as all her family is, for quiet wit and satire, had been perusing *Les Misérables*.

"Well," said she, "I have finished it."

"How do you feel?" I asked.

"Oh, *Less Miserable!*" she replied.

ST. ANTHONY of Minnesota writes to the Drawer, and tells a good story—none the worse for having appeared in the Drawer ten years ago:

The late gallant General Sumner, about twenty years ago, was Captain of a company of cavalry, and commanded Fort Atkinson, in Iowa.

One of his men, Billy G——, had received an excellent education, was of a good family, but an unfortunate habit of mixing too much water with his whisky had so reduced him in circumstances that out of desperation he enlisted. Captain S. soon discovered his qualifications, and as he was a good accountant and excellent penman he made him his confidential clerk.

At times the old habit would overcome Billy's good resolutions, and a spree would be the result. Captain Sumner, though a rigid disciplinarian, disliked to punish him severely, and privately gave him much good advice (after a good sobering in the guard-house), receiving in return many thanks and promises of amendment; but his sprees became more and more frequent.

One day, after Billy had been on a bender, the Captain determined on giving him a severe reprimand, and ordered Billy into his presence before he was fully sober. Billy came with his eyes all bloodshot and head hanging down, when the Captain accosted him with,

"So, Sir, you have been drunk again, and I have to say that this conduct must cease. You are a man of good family, good education, ordinarily a good soldier, neat, cleanly, and genteel in appearance, of good address, and a valuable man; yet you will get drunk. Now I shall tell you, once for all, that—"

Here Billy's eyes sparkled, and he interrupted his superior with,

"Beg pardon, Captain, did you say that"—hic—"I was a man of good birth and education?"

"Yes, I did."

"And that I was a good soldier?"

"Certainly."

"That usually I—I—am neat and genteel?"

"Yes, Billy."

"And that I am a valuable man?"

"Yes; but you will get drunk."

Billy drew himself up with great dignity, and throwing himself on his reserved rights, indignantly exclaimed, "Well now, Captain Sumner, do you really think Uncle Sam expects—to—to—to get all the *cardinal virtues for twelve dollars a month?*"

THE moral of the following is to pay as you go; and if you can't, don't go at all:

One of the legal fraternity of the village of Cohoes is a man who not many years ago earned his bread and butter by making boots and shoes; but having been assured by an itinerant phrenologist that he had mistaken his calling, he applied himself to the study of law, and in due time "descended from the bench to the bar." Finding it impossible in his new vocation to make both *ends* meet, he was not unfrequently annoyed by brief and uncourteous notes, reminding him of long-forgotten accounts that needed something to place them *in equilibrio*. One of these was (unfortunately, as the sequel will show) thrust in his coat pocket and forgotten. Having exhausted his credit among the tailors of Cohoes, he attempted to "stick" Messrs. Tape and Linen, of Albany. A coat having been made according to his order, he called to take it away, at the same time remarking that "he would send his check for the amount next week." To this the senior partner replied that, "although it might be all right, yet, as he was an entire stranger, they could not be considered unreasonable if they required some sort of reference before allowing the coat to be taken from the shop." The propriety of this was, after a slight affectation of wounded pride, admitted; and our seedy counselor left in search of a certificate of solvency. Having finally secured the necessary document, he returned to the scene of his late discomfiture, and with an air of triumph drew an envelope from his pocket, threw it on the counter, and requested Mr. Tape to "read that." The latter gentleman complied, and read as follows:

"COHOES, *Oct.* 25, 1863.

"*J—— M——, Esq.*

"SIR,—Inclosed find our bill of $43 against you for clothing furnished nearly two years ago. Unless paid at once it will be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection. Yours, etc., JONES AND MASON."

It is needless to say that when the above note was handed back with the remark that there had evidently been some mistake, the counselor left the store very abruptly, and in a style that contrasted most ludicrously with that in which he entered.

SAYS one of our Western readers and friends:

We were blessed with a merchant in our business town possessing the euphonious name of Hogg, whose habits were consistent with his name. By

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some singular amalgamation of opposites, he was engaged to be married to one of the prettiest and sweetest girls in the township. A short time after the engagement became publicly known I was at the village blacksmith-shop. The usual number of loafers were on hand, and they were discussing with a good deal of warmth the outrage of marrying the sweet and youthful Miss P—— to the old man with the swinish name, when the blacksmith, who had been dealing vigorous blows, and had warmed himself into a high state of excitement, rested his hammer for a moment and interrupted the conversation with, "Well, you may call it what you've a mind to, but it looks to me like *casting pearls before swine!*"

We have throughout the rich soil regions of the West, where the land has been cultivated for many years, a pesterous weed known as the "wild convolvulus." It is particularly troublesome in cornfields—twining round the young corn with vigorous growth, it frequently chokes and destroys it. In consequence of the short supply of labor since our brave boys have gone to the war the farmers have, in many instances, supplied themselves with "contrabands," notwithstanding the barbarous laws which still disgrace the statute-book of our patriotic State. Two of them, of the original, untainted species, were endeavoring to subdue this troublesome weed, when the following colloquy was overheard between them:

"Bill, what am dis weed dat grows so bountiful here?"

"Why, Jake, it am called de corn-volwulous.

"De corn-volwulous! why do dey call it dat name?"

"Becase it wind itself round de corn, and kills de young corn, and dat am de reason why it am called de corn-volwulous."

One of our traveled correspondents mentions the following:

Mr. Graham, a very wealthy English gentleman living in Frankfort, of rather limited education, and who gives magnificent parties, was in turn invited to a dinner at the English consul's—given in honor of the marriage of the Prince of Wales. The English consul's name is Coke, and his father has been dead for about twenty years. After some toasts and wine had been drunk Mr. Graham got up and offered a toast, to be drunk in silence, viz., "The *health* of *the late* Mr. Coke—the worthy father of a worthy son."

Here is a Western story, sent to the Drawer:

The enterprising town of A——, in Northern Ohio, is the wheat-market for a considerable section of the wheat-belt of that State. The farmers are accustomed to haul their grain into town, and, sitting upon their wagons, surrounded by the wheat-buyers, who represent the various extensive flowering-mills of the town, sell it to the highest bidder. Quite a spirited competition frequently occurs.

At the time when the Democrats delighted to style themselves the "Hard-fisted Democracy" it happened that a Mr. Camp, of the Democratic persuasion, and a Mr. Ames, of opposite politics, met at the wagon of a Democratic farmer. The farmer and Mr. Camp, who were old acquaintances, were congratulating each other upon their unswerving adherence to their party, when Mr. Camp, becoming enthusiastic, and holding out his brawny hand, cried out, exultingly,

"What does that look like?"

"That," interposed Mr. Ames, with a peculiar sniff of the nose—"that looks as though you were out of soap."

Of course this is good, for it comes from the Constant Reader of the Drawer in "Bosting:"

While crossing the East Boston Ferry on a very foggy morning not long since, I heard the following story from an old Down-East farmer, which struck me as about tough enough for the Drawer:

A rather loquacious individual was endeavoring to draw the old man into conversation, but hitherto without much success, the old fellow having sufficient discernment to see that his object was to make a little sport for the passengers at his expense.

At length says loquacious individual:

"I suppose you consider Down East a right smart place; but I guess it would puzzle them to get up quite so thick a fog as we are having here this morning, wouldn't it?"

"Well," said the old man, "I don't know about that. I hired one of your Massachusetts chaps to work for me last summer, and one rather foggy mornin' I sent him down into the meadow to lay a few courses of shingle on a new barn I was finishin' off. At dinner-time the fellow came up, and, sez he, 'That's an almighty long barn of yourn.' Sez I, 'Not very long.' 'Well,' sez he, 'I've been to work all this forenoon, and haven't got one course laid yet.' 'Well,' sez I, 'you're a lazy fellow, that's all I've got to say.' And so after dinner I went down to see what he'd been about, and I'll be thundered ef he hadn't shingled more than a hundred foot *right out on to the fog!*"

A Michigan admirer says:

We have a conductor on the railroad running through this place who is of a complexion so dark as to make him the subject of frequent remark. The other day he had a scuffle with a negro, whom he was trying to eject from the car. After a great deal of effort he succeeded. Returning into the car, he said to a man with whom he had been conversing,

"I suppose you would have let him put me overboard before you would have come to my help."

"Well, no," replied his friend; "the fact is, I did start, but as I couldn't tell which was the nigger I was afraid to interfere."

There lives in the town of Hokah (for State, *vide* Gazetteer) a witty old Canadian Frenchman, named Peter Douey. Now Peter can neither read nor write, but manages to have an opinion on most subjects, and is withal glib with his tongue. Some winters ago Peter joined the village Lyceum, and took an active part in its grave discussions. There belonged to the Lyceum a young man, Tom Johnson, who was always poking fun at old Peter; and on one occasion had called Peter to order a number of times. Peter bore it for some time with all the patience of a martyr, but at last becoming tired of it, he turned to the Chairman, with a peculiar twinkle in his eye, and exclaimed:

"Mr. Chairman, de gentleman ob de oder side remind me very mooch ob one bas-wood board. He swell and he shrink a great deal more dan der is of him in de fust place!"

Tom subsided, with the remark—*sotto voce*—"I accept the gentleman's apology." The audience cheered, and Peter was permitted to finish his remarks without further interruption.

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Fashions for October.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1 and 2.—Promenade Costume and Boy's Dress.

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FIGURE 3.—CLOAK.

THE CLOAK represented above is of velvet, fitting closely, with braid ornaments, and trimmed with black lace upon the *revers* and sleeves. This style may be produced either in cloths or velvets.

The PROMENADE COSTUME is of taffeta or poplin, with a velvet passamenterie. The under-sleeves appear through the slashings of the sleeves, the form of which is shown in the illustration.

The BOY'S DRESS is of cashmere embroidered. The colors are optional. An extremely rich contrast is produced by having the Zouave jacket and pants a dark green, the vest and tunic salmon-colored, and the sash crimson.

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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CLXII.—NOVEMBER, 1863.—Vol. XXVII.

PICTURES OF THE JAPANESE.—I. LIFE IN THE CAPITAL.



THE EVENING MEAL.

SIR RUTHERFORD ALCOCK, for three years British Minister at the court of the Tycoon, has written a book upon Japan and the Japanese.* No other man who has written upon this strange country and peculiar people has had so good opportunities for personal observation. For a time he was able to traverse the capital and its environs at pleasure, and made several extensive tours into the country. Although Sir Rutherford appears to be a rather wrong-headed gentleman, and by no means a keen observer or brilliant narrator, he has produced the best work yet published upon Japan; and unless our own Minister, Mr. Townsend Harris, gives us the results of his still wider observations, it will probably be long before we have another as valuable.

Reserving for a future paper an account of the Government, Institutions, and Polity of the Japanese, we propose, under the guidance of Sir Rutherford, to pay a visit to the "Capital of the Tycoon," making free use of the illustrations with which he has furnished us, selecting especially those in which Japanese artists have set forth the peculiarities of their countrymen. These illustrations, though deficient in many artistic qualities, are nevertheless highly suggestive, and not unfrequently manifest a most un-Asiatic sense of humor.

Yeddo is the "Capital of the Tycoon," in distinction from Miaco, the residence and prison-house of the Mikado, or titular Emperor, which enjoys the distinction of being the nominal capital of the Empire of "the Rising Sun." It is to Japan all that Paris is to France. The

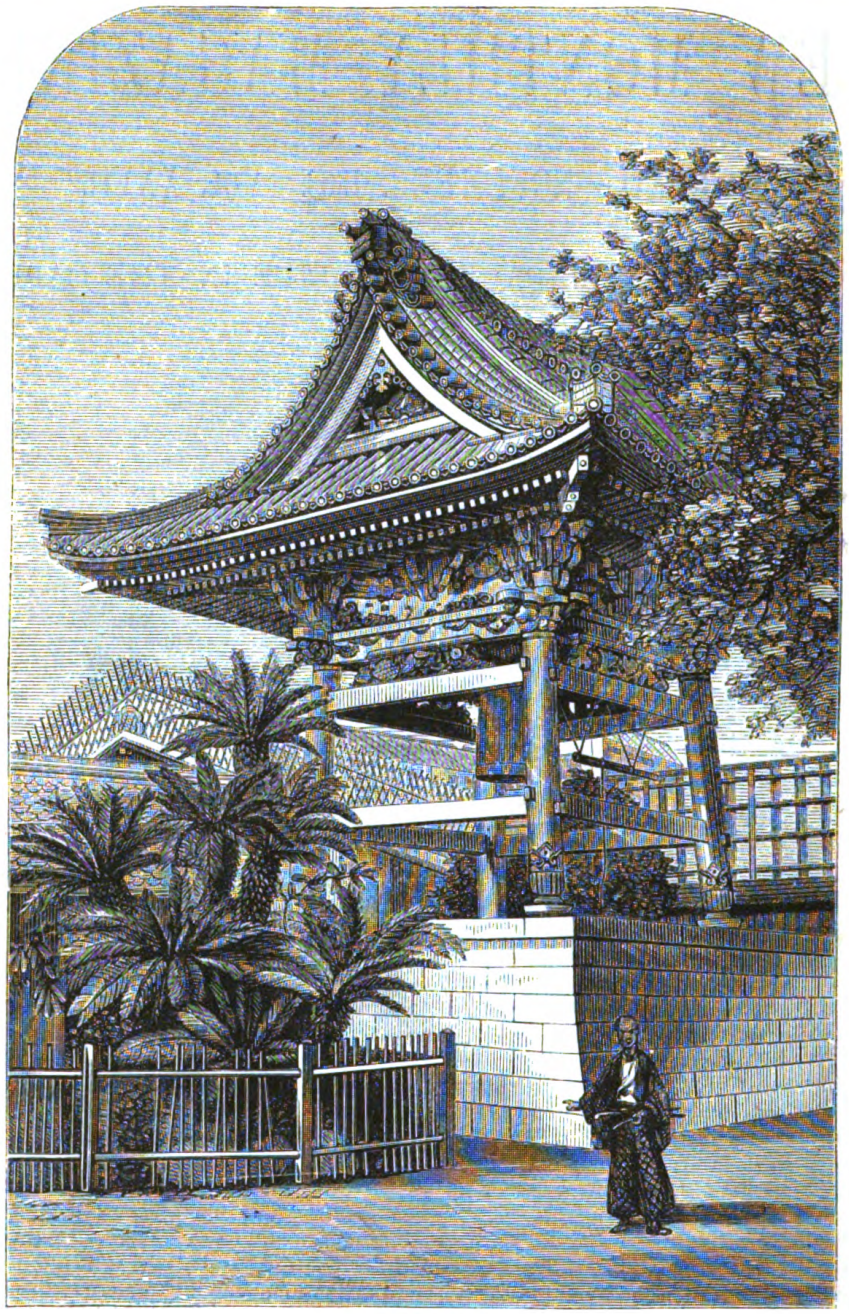
* *The Capital of the Tycoon:* a Narrative of a Three Years' Residence in Japan. By Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B., Her Majesty's Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary in Japan. Two Volumes, with Maps and numerous Illustrations. Harper & Brothers.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1863, by Harper and Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

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JAPANESE BELFRY.

"Daimios," or great nobles, are obliged to reside there for half the year, and during the other half, when they are absent, their families must remain as securities for their good conduct. The retainers of each of these nobles, who are almost independent princes at home, are numbered by the thousand, and constitute a distinctive part of the population. The entire population of the city is reasonably estimated at two millions. Yeddo is thus the second city on the globe in point of population, London only exceeding it.

The site is magnificent. A broad valley, girdled with woods, green all the year round, and crowned with undulating hills, slopes down to the edge of a land-locked bay, into which the fierce Pacific vainly tries to pour its stormy waters. Nature has placed at the mouth of the bay a breakwater of verdant headlands and volcanic islands. This valley is crossed by ravines, water-courses, and ridges, around and over which wind the streets. The loftiest ridge is crowned by the Tycoon's castle, around which are the *Yamaskas*, or residences of the Daimios, encircled by a triple line of moats. This is the "official quarter." The streets climb the hills,

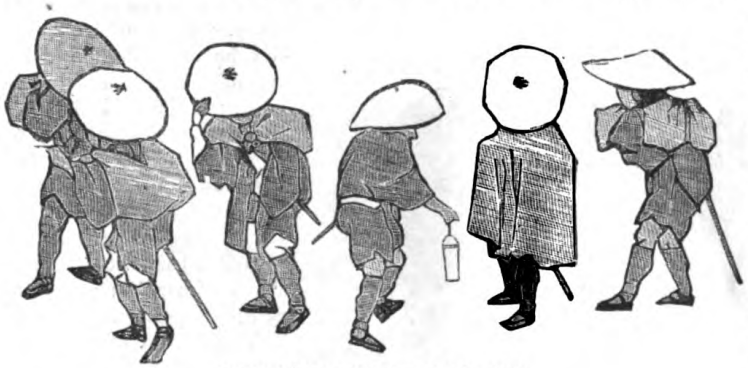
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SWASHBUCKLERS.

straggle through the valleys, or stretch over the surrounding plain. One feature which we are wont to associate with a great capital is every where wanting. There are no imposing buildings. Nature has placed an effectual bar upon all attempts at architectural display. Japan is the land of earthquakes. One a week, great and small, appears to be the average at Yeddo. So houses are built with the intent of withstanding any ordinary shock. Lofty, solid structures are out of the question. Wealthy people build their dwellings only one story high. One floor and a garret above is the rule in cities where land is valuable; a warehouse of two stories now and then is to be seen; beyond that altitude there is nothing. The bells of the temples are hung in low belfries. The frame-work of the houses is of solid wooden work, filled in with mud and laths to keep out the cold and heat, covered with projecting roofs, slightly though rather pretentiously constructed. If there is a stone foundation it is laid without mortar, so as to have a kind of elasticity. Such houses are not easily shaken down; yet the inhabitants of Yeddo lay their account that their dwellings will come tumbling about their heads once in every seven years. The official quarter, where are the residences of the great nobles, presents to the street a range of barrack-looking structures with narrow grated windows stretching for hundreds of yards from a central gateway. Within and behind this range of barracks are the low buildings which constitute the abode of the family, the precincts of which are ground sacred from all foreigners.

One of the first things which strikes us in our studies of street life in Yeddo is that there are two great classes wholly distinct in manners, habits, and character. The official class, consisting of the nobles, with their throngs of idle retainers, and the common people. The retainers of the nobles, known as *Samourai* or *Yaconin*, are entitled to wear two swords. They are perfect types of the Swashbucklers once so common in European cities; swaggering, blustering bullies, usually drunk, and always insolent, loitering about the drinking-houses, ready to give a thrust or a blow to any one who comes in their way, and specially prone to insult foreigners. They constitute the only dangerous class in Yeddo; to them is to be charged the long series of outrages and murders which have marked the history of the foreign missions to Japan.



WE WON'T GO HOME TILL MORNING.

The common people, on the other hand, are a remarkably good-tempered, quiet race; ingenious, industrious, and courteous always; a lit-



SLIGHTLY ELEVATED.

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tle given to indulgence in *saki*, the national strong drink; rather prone to lying, and, especially in the case of shopkeepers, no mean proficients in the art of cheating. The Russian *Mujick* is the nearest European representative of the Japanese. Their invariable courtesy to each other and to strangers is something remarkable. It is worth while to see a couple of Japanese, in holiday costume, salute each other—bending forward, sliding their hands down to their knees, and uttering their greetings with a deep-drawn inspiration, as though the satisfaction of such a meeting could only be expressed by sounds coming from the very bottom of their hearts.



SAIONARI.

The Japanese language seems framed for courtesy. It is as liquid and musical as the Italian. *Saionari*, the national salutation, loses nothing in softness by comparison with the French *adieu* or the Italian *addio*. It is full, too, of delicate euphemisms, which a foreigner can hardly hope to master in a lifetime, all designed to express how much the speaker holds the hearer to be his superior. Thus, instead of the pronoun "I," the Japanese will say *Témaié*, "The person before your hand;" instead of "thou," *Anatta*, "Your side." If he speaks of the females of his own family, a Japanese will call them *onago domo*, "my poor women;" but he must designate his friend's family as *Jochou gata*, "Your noble ladies." The attitude of a servant or workman, when addressing his master or employer, is respectful but not slavish; but when one approaches his official superior, he prostrates himself in a posture of the deepest humiliation.

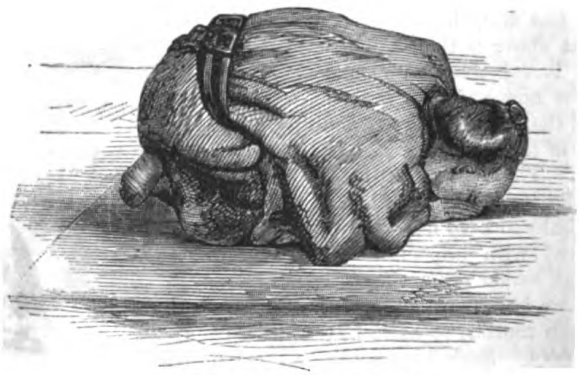


JAPANESE GREETING.

The aspects of street life vary, of course, with the localities. In the official quarter every thing is quiet and still, unless we happen to encounter a Daimio, setting off on some business in his *norimon*, preceded and followed by a crowd of retainers carrying his baggage; for it is a matter of etiquette with these nobles not to make the shortest journey without a great display of attendants and impedimenta. The norimon is



WORKMAN.



PROSTRATION BEFORE A SUPERIOR.

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the only genteel mode of conveyance. It is very like a large baby house, suspended from a pole, carried by four men, in which the rider sits half doubled up in a posture easy perhaps to a supple-jointed Oriental, but wearying to a European. A great noble will sometimes have two or three led horses in his suite, but he never rides them. Equestrianism is at a low ebb in Japan. Few people ride except they are officials on urgent duty. Even the middle classes have an imitation of the norimon called a *cango*, which is simply a wicker-work frame, shaped like our letter U, in which the rider coils himself up, disposing of his legs in a way which we could not maintain for half an hour; but a Japanese will keep this position for a whole day's journey with apparent comfort. Indeed the legs of an Oriental seem to be constructed on a different principle from ours. When a Japanese wishes to rest, instead of throwing himself into a chair, he squats down, and sits on his heels in a position which would be torture to us.



NORIMON.



CANGO.

The business streets present an aspect of stirring life, some of the features of which are represented in the illustrations. There are shop-keepers carrying their wares to the residences of their customers—for here goods go in quest of buyers quite as often as buyers come in quest of goods; stout porters, four of them, pushing and hauling a clumsy cart piled up with merchandise, for horses are unknown as draught animals; a music-girl, most likely belonging to the class which we designate euphemistically as the "social evil," on her way to a temple or a tea-house, a servant bearing her instrument; a group of itinerant musicians, making what to our ears is a hideous discord, but which the Japanese find melodious, and so reward with a few "cash;" a gang of jolly beggars, who enjoy themselves hugely; a party of jugglers, some of whom perform feats of skill which put to shame those of our most accomplished performers; and over and above and around these the hum and bustle of a thousand industries. One sight, common here, is unknown out of Japan. Long rows of Coolies, each with a couple of conical buckets slung over his shoulders, or a file of pack-horses similarly equipped. These are, however, so closely covered that the foreigner is under no absolute nasal necessity of knowing that they contain the contents of the privies of the great metropolis. Nothing of this sort is wasted in Japan; and so the great cities, instead of impoverishing, actu-



YACONIN ON SERVICE.

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AT REST.



MUSIC-GIRL AND SERVANT.

ally fertilize the surrounding country. The Japanese have learned that every thing taken from the soil in the way of food must be returned to it, or sterility will ensue sooner or later. Another odd feature which one meets continually is a man with his head and face completely covered by a huge basket-shaped hat. Not unfrequently the masked person is so busily engaged in reading as to be apparently quite unconscious of all that is passing around. These men are presumed to be penitents, expiating some offense against conscience, or disgraced officers sentenced to this half-public penance. But it is more than whispered that it is often a disguise under which outcasts and criminals shelter themselves when wishing to escape observation or planning new villainies.

The domestic life of the Japanese is almost as open to inspection as that of the streets. A house in the capital, "with all the modern improvements," consists of a single room, open in front, and looking out in the rear upon a little garden. This room may be divided at pleasure into three or four by movable paper screens. The floor is covered with soft mats. These are of uniform size—about six feet by three, with a gay silken border. This matted floor serves the purpose of sofas, tables, and bedsteads. A Japanese can not conceive why one should have ugly four-legged wooden things to sit on when one's heels are always at hand; or why a room should be cumbered up with a huge platform good for nothing except to sleep upon, while the soft matting answers every purpose. All that is required for a bed is a wooden rest just big enough to hold up the head, and a wadded quilt to wrap around one in winter. The upholster-



MUSICIANS.

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CARRYING HOME GOODS.

er's and furnisher's bill offers no impediment to a young couple's going at once to housekeeping. The little house provided, each brings a cotton-stuffed quilt and a box for wearing apparel for personal use. A pan to cook rice, half a dozen cups and trays to eat from, a large tub for washing and bathing, and a lacker cabinet for miscellaneous purposes are added on common account, and the house is amply furnished.

Here, open to public view, all household and domestic affairs are carried on. The print shops are full of illustrations depicting the phases of everyday life. Some of these we reproduce: Paterfamilias, in his little garden, is blowing soap-bubbles to the infinite delight of his progeny. A mother is giving her son lessons in the art of playing the shuttlecock. The mistress of the house is scolding her servant. Ladies and gentlemen are making their toilets, preparatory for a visit of ceremony. An old gentleman is enjoying the luxury, after being shampooed and shaved, of having his hair twisted into a stiff queue, preparatory to being turned over the top of his bare crown. A clothes merchant is chaffering with a customer, evidently puzzled by the vehemency with which the intending purchaser is crying down the merits of the coveted article. The dress of the women affords full scope for the pencil of the satirist in Japan as elsewhere; they delight in exaggerating the scrimpiness of the skirt, as much as our caricaturists do in enlarging the voluminousness of the crinoline of our belles.

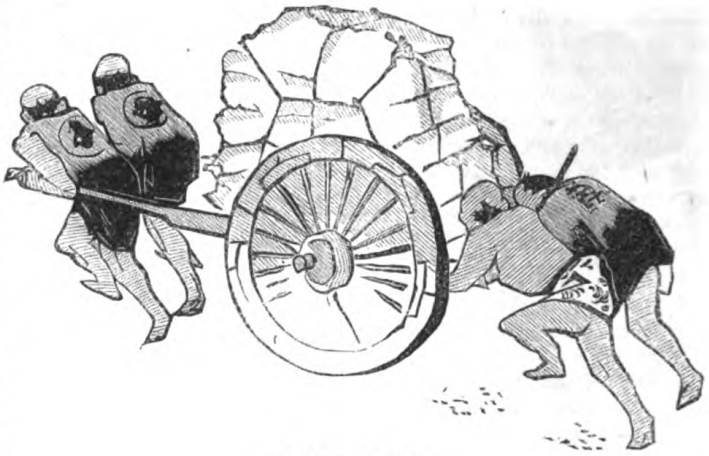
Conjugal quarrels, of course, occur even in Japan, and afford abundant material for the artist. One sketch, which we reproduce, represents an irate dame who has discovered her husband in possession of a love-letter of portentous size. She is taking the law into her own hands with a vigor which shows that the doctrine of woman's rights has practical believers in Yeddo. In another the husband, aggravated beyond endurance, has seized ink-block and tablet in readiness for writing a bill of divorce. The broken dishes scattered in the fore-ground evince that the conjugal discussion has not stopped at



A PENITENT.

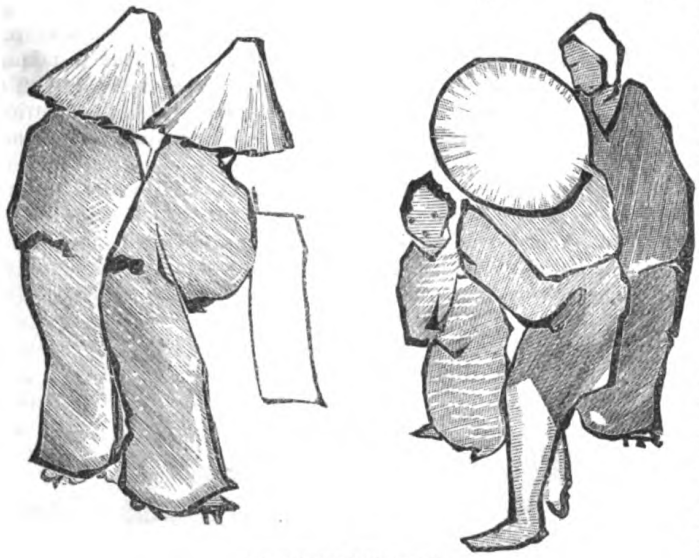
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words. The friends of the parties are trying to make things up; but judging from the sulky look of the lady, and the determined manner in which she flings herself back, as well as the earnestness with which the husband rubs his ink-block, the breach is past healing.



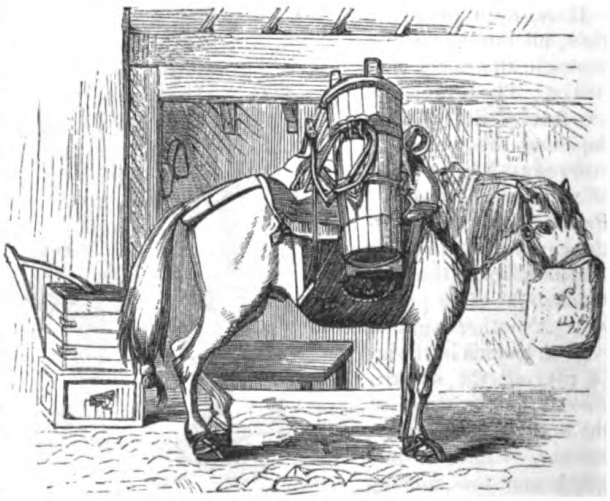
A JAPANESE DRAY.

Tea-houses are among the most prominent public institutions in and about Yeddo. They are situated mainly in the suburbs, and it is one of the great delights of the citizens to make picnics to them. On a pleasant day groups of men, women, and children are always to be met on their way to these pleasant suburban resorts—the rich in norimons, the poor on foot. Every writer on Japan grows enthusiastic in the recital of the beauties of these establishments. Mr. Oliphant, in his lively Narrative of Lord Elgin's Mission, describes one of the most attractive. He says:



MENDICANT MINSTRELS.

"At last we suddenly descended into a dell where a charming village lay embosomed in a wood. It consisted of a few cottages and a tea-house on a grand scale. We found the tea-house situated on the edge of a brawling stream, the balconies of the upper rooms overhanging the water. Hanging woods and gardens tastefully laid out with rock-work, and yew-trees cut into quaint shapes, fringed the banks of the river, to the point at which it entered the grounds in a picturesque cascade. Taking possession of a summer-house perched on a projecting point, and which commanded a charming view of the surrounding objects, we signified to a group of young ladies who came to look at us under the pretext of waiting for orders, our desire to be furnished with some luncheon. We were not kept long in waiting for our meal, which consisted of some excellent vegetable soup, with rice and fish. By way of dessert we had marsh-melons, apricots, and pears. We found that these gardens were the favorite resort of pleasure-parties from Yeddo of the highest rank. When any grandee wishes to enjoy a domestic treat of this sort, accompanied by his wife and family, he gives a previous notice of his in-



CARRYING MANURE.

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tention to the keeper of the tea-house, so that a dignified privacy may be secured to him. There, screened from the vulgar gaze, they give themselves up to the enjoyment which this species of recreation affords. Their wives play, sing for their benefit. If any aristocratic picnic were going on," continues Mr. Oliphant, "I was not fortunate enough to get a glimpse of it."



JAPANESE BED.

Mr. Oliphant goes on to speak of the charming politeness of the pretty waiter-girls, and of the delicacy of the tea served up by them, which he thinks superior to any he tasted in China. He even quotes, though rather doubtingly, the absurd statement of Siebold, that in Japan so much care is taken with the culture of the plant that it is manured only with dried anchovies and a liquor pressed out of mustard-seed—hence the delicate flavor of the leaves.

But Mr. Oliphant's pictures of the Japanese, drawn from a few weeks' observation, at a time when the ruling powers were anxious to make the best impression upon foreigners, are painted in rose-color. We imagine that now, after some years' experience, and a narrow escape from assassination, he would touch them up with more sombre tints. We turn to Mr. Alcock's more sober and reliable accounts of the tea-houses. The decoction of the "herb that cheers but not inebriates" is far from the only beverage to be had. Saki is as common as tea, as the staggering gait and red faces of the guests clearly enough evince. Gambling is a regular part of the enjoyments. And the "pretty waiter-girls" belong to the same class as those who were not long since so largely and unblushingly advertised under the same name in New York. Indeed, to speak in the fewest words of a delicate subject, without the mention of which no picture of Japanese life could be complete, we may safely say that in no country does the "Social Evil" take a more open and revolting form. It is not merely fenced around by restrictions, as on the Continent of Europe, but is positively legalized. Children can be as regularly "apprenticed" to this vocation as to any other. Their very dress, in which they appear in public on gala-days, is prescribed by law; and a strange attire it is. The hair, studded with a forest of huge metallic pins, is trained back, *à l'Impératrice*, from the painted and powdered face. Robes of heavy brocade are swathed around the upper part of the person, and confined at the waist by a girdle of many folds, forming a sort of muff, in which the hands are concealed. The robe descends to the feet, and sweeps behind in a train, giving to the whole figure an appearance very like the ordinary representations of a mermaid. A singular circumstance connected with the institution is that no pos-



BLOWING BUBBLES.

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itive disgrace appears to be attached to its victims. When their term of legal service has expired no stain is attached to them. They are, in fact, rather sought for as wives, as being better educated and more accomplished than the majority of other women.

The bath also is a great public institution in Japan. Men and women bathe together in a manner which shocks all our ideas of decency. As far as their persons are concerned the Japanese are certainly a very cleanly people. But this does not hold good of their garments. These are worn day and night, and rarely changed. This, together with the habit of promiscuous bathing, renders cutaneous diseases extremely prevalent. That peculiar form for which Scotland enjoys a traditional celebrity is so common that it is almost impossible to get a domestic servant who is free from it. It is, moreover, of a very virulent and inveterate type, bidding defiance to such common remedies as soap and sulphur.



MISTRESS AND MAID.

The amusements of a people form no inconsiderable index to their national character. We regret that Mr. Alcock's official position prevented him from making full observations upon this subject. But the ordinary street life of the people shows that in this respect the Japanese are nowise deficient. The children trundle their hoops, fly their kites, blow soap-bubbles, toss shuttle-cocks, walk on stilts, and roll snow-balls in winter, as they do among us. There are festivals innumerable, and in the temples amusement is combined with religion in a somewhat incongruous manner. One temple, visited by Mr. Alcock, had a gallery of wax-works which would form no inconsiderable attraction in London or New York. Theatres abound, and the performances are kept up all day. If we can judge by the description of a play which the minister once saw at the city of Osaca, the pieces are just the kind which delight the hearts of a Bowery audience. There was an abundance of scowling and muttering, the last, of course, quite unintelligible to the foreigner; but there was no mistake in the manner in which the hero dashed single-handed among the rascally robbers, engaged the whole band by twos and threes in succession, cutting them down unfailingly until all were piled up around him except the brigand chief, who, after giving vent to his disgust at the slaughter of his followers, retired for a moment to get breath and prepare himself for the conflict, in which, after the most terrific hacking and hewing, he was, of course, vanquished.



GENTLEMAN DRESSING.

Professors of juggling and legerdemain abound, and, from all accounts, their performances are wonderfully clever.

There is another class of performers who exhibit the most marvelous shows of skill and dex-

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HAIR-DRESSING.

terity with no attempt at concealment or deception. They are "parlor performers," and such an one would easily make his fortune in Europe or America. Mr. Alcock gives a detailed account of one of these exhibitions which he witnessed at the residence of the American Minister. The implements employed were nothing but humming-tops of various sizes. The largest, the "Father of all the Tops," was a foot in diameter, and proportionately heavy. From this the sizes ran down to the very smallest known to children. There were tops of all kinds. Some were solid; others hollow, with a whole progeny of little ones, which would fly out and perform all manner of antics. The big top would be sent spinning through the air apparently at the head of some spectator; but just before reaching this mark, it would come back, like the boomerang of the native Australian, and light on the hand of the thrower. One would suppose that the sharp spindle would have pierced through the hand. The performer would, to all appearance, stop its motion entirely, then set it down, and it would go on whirling as before. He would spin the top on any thing: on the side of a fan, upon a cord, or even upon the edge of a sword, and after several of these trials, during which it had apparently been more than once stopped, he would fling it carelessly upon a table, where it kept on gyrating, as it seemed, upon its own account, while the performer went on with other displays. Of these there was apparently no end, for the exhibition lasted three hours. A top would be set spinning on the palm of his left hand, and then, of its own volition, would run up the arm, whirl around the neck upon the edge of the wearer's robe, then pass down the other arm into the palm of the right hand. Tops would be sent spinning into the air, and caught upon a pipe, the hem of the sleeve —any thing, in fact, and flung back, still whirling, into the air. Then a big top would be set spinning by simply rolling the peg in the bight of a cord, one end of which was held in each of the hands of the performer, who would toss it a score of feet into the air, and when it descended, would catch it with the same cord, and send it whirling back; this he would repeat eight or ten times in succession. Some of these performances are so delicate that they can only be shown in the open air, the slight tremor given to the floor of a room by the tread of the performer being sufficient to mar the whole. In fact, what was to have been the crowning-piece of this performance—sending a top spinning up a rope to the head of a mast—proved a failure, for a heavy rain had come up and drenched the rope. But Mr. Alcock subsequently saw the feat performed.



LADY IN FULL DRESS.

As far as we know, there is nothing brutal in any of the national amusements of the Japanese; nothing answering to the bull-fights of Spain, or the prize-fighting of England: even the wrestling matches, which figure so largely in most works upon Japan, are simply trials of strength



CLOTHES MERCHANT.

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LADIES SHAVING.

and skill, involving no suffering or mutilation. As far, then, as their national amusements give any indication, we must consider the Japanese a humane and gentle people.

Mr. Buckle maintains that the civilization of a people is mainly determined by the climate of their country. Japan presents not a few facts to substantiate this theory. Stretching over a space of 15 degrees of latitude, from the 30th to the 45th parallels, there is, of course, a considerable difference between the northern and southern portions: that of Yeddo may be taken as a fair mean. It is about that of Virginia and the Carolinas, only the thermometer never rises quite as high in the summer, or falls quite as low in the winter. A solitary palm, not fully developed, may be seen growing by the side of a pine; rice, tobacco, and cotton flourish side by side with buckwheat, barley, and wheat. We shall have occasion in a future paper to speak in detail of

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the various crops. Here, as it is our purpose merely to indicate the prevailing climate, it is sufficient to say that rice is the principal agricultural production, constituting the staple food of the people. This at once designates the climate as semi-tropical. All domestic arrangements are based upon this temperature. The houses are constructed so as to admit the freest circulation of air. Elaborate contrivances for heating are unknown; a chafing-dish, with a handful of charcoal, let into the floor, being the nearest approach to it. To keep themselves comfortable in winter the Japanese resort to clothing, and the summer and winter dress of all except the higher classes differ more than among any other people.



THE MATERNAL LESSON.

The Home Toilet of a well-to-do Japanese is, in summer, a model of simplicity. It consists of a closely shaven face, a well-oiled queue plastered upon the top of the head, and a narrow girdle about the loins. Clad in this paradisaical attire, the father of the family may at any moment be seen dandling his child, dressed in precisely the same manner, minus only the queue and the girdle. To be sure the body of the gentleman is most elaborately tattooed, presenting an imposing display of bright blue lions, tigers, and the like; but we can hardly consider tattooing a mode of dressing. The "Home Toilet" of the women, during summer, is a little, and only a little, less simple.

In the winter, however, all is changed. Paterfamilias puts on a thickly wadded robe; his offspring is similarly endued; while Materfamilias wraps head and neck in thick cotton, protects shoulders and body by something which looks vastly like a sailor's jacket, with voluminous sleeves, and covers her lower quarters with a skirt ample in thickness, but, according to our notions, woefully "skrimped" in the breadths. The men in the streets seem above all things to take care of the ends of their noses. On a cold day every other man has the whole of his face below the eyes covered by a blue-cotton muffler. A two-sworded Samourai in winter costume presents a sinister aspect. If the weather is stormy,



LADIES AT THEIR TOILET.

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besides being cold, an over-coat is added. A very good one, answering well to our Mackintosh, is made of oiled paper. It sheds rain capitally, and, though rather easily torn, is so cheap that a dandy can afford a new over-coat in Japan as well as he could a pair of fresh gloves in New York. For rough weather, especially in the country, a serviceable over-garment is made of plaited rushes, or split reeds. It looks rough enough, but is light, sheds rain tolerably, and is very cheap.



THE DISCOVERED LOVE-LETTER.

A Japanese nobleman, got up in court costume, is a sight strange if not gorgeous to behold. From the crown of his head to the sole of his foot, and twenty-odd inches below, he is, sartorially considered, a new man. His shaven poll is crowned with an odd structure of black lackered papier-mache, shaped very much like a boat, turned bottom-side up. He wears a surcoat of gauze, with an odd wing-like projection at the shoulders, giving him the aspect of a huge dragon-fly. Under this is a silk robe a few shades darker in hue, below which are the trowsers. These, instead of stopping at the knee, as they do in European court-dresses, or at the heel, as all civilized breeches-wearing people make them, are a couple of feet longer than the limbs which they are presumed to inclose. This extra two feet, of course, drags behind, to the no small discomfort of the wearer. But this inconvenience saves him from a greater one. According to theory, no man may approach the presence of the Tycoon except on bended knees. This mode of locomotion being found not altogether the most agreeable, the Japanese master of ceremonies resorted to this expedient to create an entire official misconception as to the position of that important joint. As the wearer shuffles along, the empty trailing legs of his trowsers are supposed to be occupied by his lower legs, and thus while actually walking on his feet he is officially supposed to be creeping on his knees.

As far as we can judge, the position of woman in Japan seems to be more favorable than in any other Oriental country. Polygamy has no legal existence; the son of the concubine can not inherit with that of the wife. Females are equally eligible as males to the dignity of Mikado, or titular sovereign. They seem to be mainly free from the heavy labors of the field—more so, apparently, than among the peasantry of Continental Europe. While young the females are not unfrequently decidedly pretty, even to a European eye, though, as every where else in the East, they fade at an early age. As soon as a woman is married she sets herself deliberately, it would seem, to make herself as ugly as possible. She plucks out her eyebrows to the last hair, daubs face and neck with rice flour, and paints lips and cheeks a staring red; she then covers her teeth with a varnish as black as jet; and when all is done she may fairly bear off the palm of artificial ugliness.



A CONJUGAL QUARREL.

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PATERFAMILIAS IN SUMMER AND WINTER.

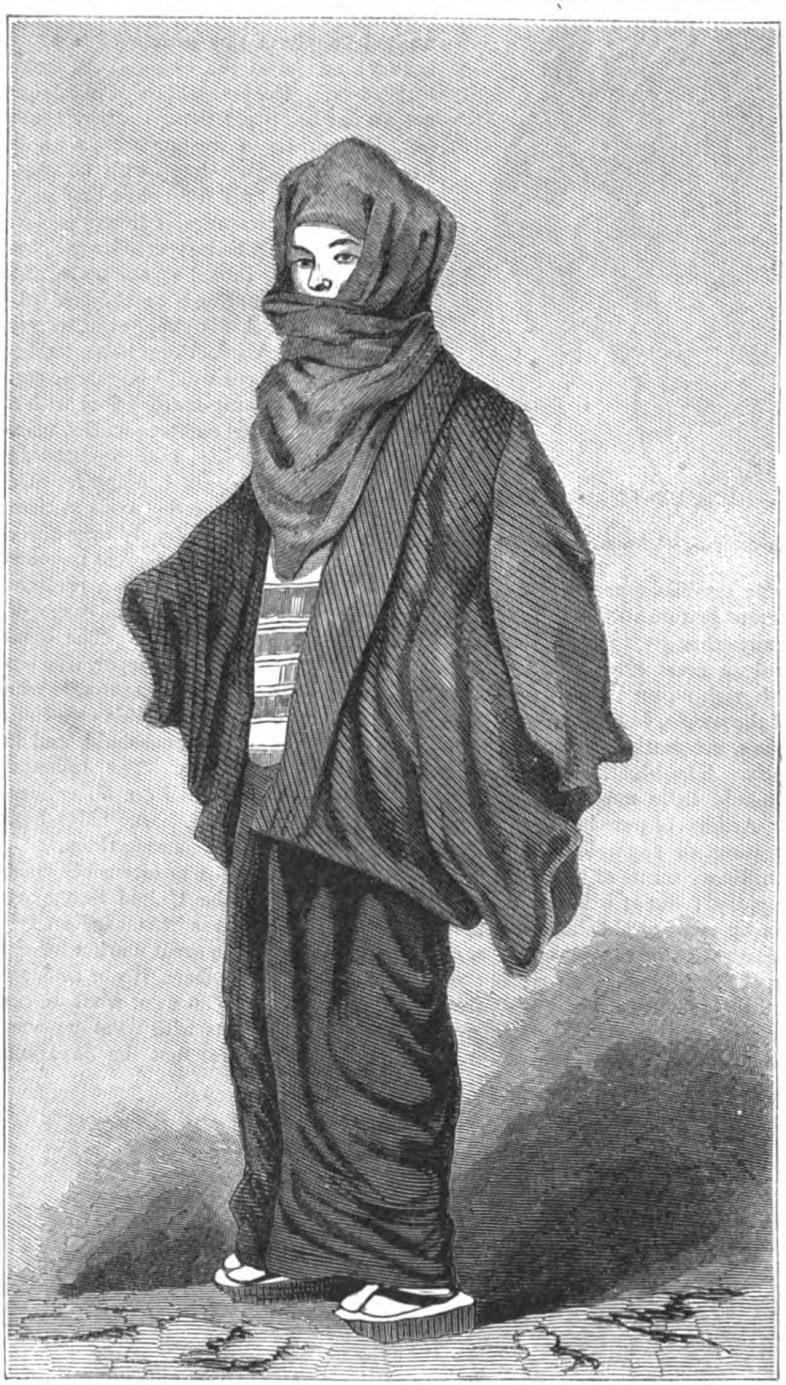
Shops and mercantile establishments generally form a less important feature in the street-life of Yeddo than in any other great city on the globe. There is hardly a great establishment which would be worth visiting on its own account. The wants of the people, from the highest to the lowest classes, are marked by an almost Spartan simplicity. The highest Daimio requires for his household little more than a common gentleman. Articles of pure luxury—whether in food, furniture, or apparel—are in little demand. The ordinary wants of the people are abundantly supplied; but it is by small tradesmen rather than by great establishments. There are no neater carpenters or cabinet-makers in the world than the Japanese; their silks rival those of China; their lacker work is unequaled in any other part of the world. But there is no great establishment which can of itself supply at a moment's notice an unlimited supply of any article of taste or luxury; and even the larger shops make little show. The better class of goods are not set out to attract the eye: they could not, indeed, be in a shop whose whole front is open to the street, with no glass to protect the wares from dust or damp. Lacker ware, for instance, is always packed away and can only be inspected by the purchaser by diving into the recesses of the back-shop, or mounting a break-neck ladder to the loft. A silk shop, even, where one would suppose something like a tempting display of wares would be made, presents merely a cleanly-matted floor with a platform raised some eighteen inches, upon which buyer and seller, both squatted on their hams and heels, or bending forward on their knees, examine the goods at their leisure, and chaffer amicably over price and quality. There are no great mercantile establishments in Japan, where a transaction involving the value of a whole cargo of goods will be dispatched in a word. The Japanese trader is as yet only a shop-keeper, who has never had occasion to deal with a customer who wished for more than a supply for his own individual wants, or those of his household, and in no case are these ever large. The Japanese have heretofore been shut out from all connection with the outer world. A "Merchant Prince" has yet to find place among them.

When trade with Japan was ostensibly opened by the treaties with the United States and the various European Powers, it was believed by sanguine speculators that a great market for our productions was opened. Here, it was said, are thirty millions of people who want what we can supply, and can supply us with what we want in exchange. They forgot that the Japanese,



FEMALE COSTUMES.

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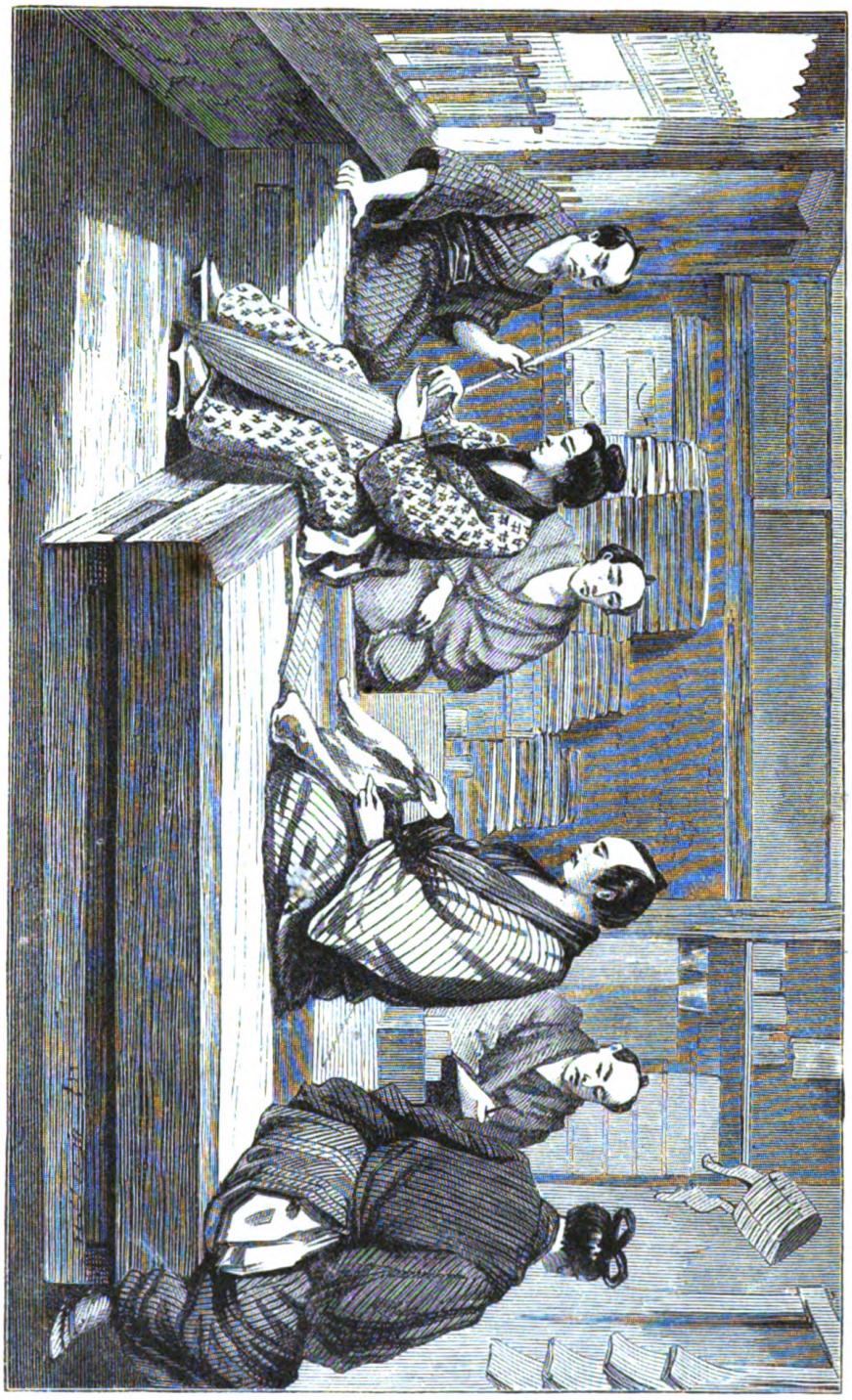


WOMAN OF YEDDO IN WINTER DRESS.

so long shut out from intercourse with the rest of the world, had learned to supply their own wants, and meanwhile produced little that any other people wished. The merchants who rushed forward to open houses in the Japanese ports soon found to their cost that there was no foundation for commerce. We had little that they wanted: and if we had, they had little that we wanted to give us in return. In the long-run no nation can buy unless it has something to sell, and that selling commodity must be the surplus product of its industry beyond its own requirements. In the case of Japan both the wants and the means of supplying them must be developed. Thus far tea and silk are almost the only commodities of which the Japanese are found to have any considerable surplus. The surplus of these was at once swept off, but the production has largely increased. In a subsequent paper we propose to enter in detail upon the commercial products and relations of Japan. We merely note here that the foreign trade is yet hardly sufficient to be taken into account by a commercial people. During the third year after the opening of the ports the total imports amounted to about $2,750,000, and the exports to about $3,500,000. Probably about two-thirds of this trade was with Great Britain.

In endeavoring to present some pictures of life in the Japanese capital we have confined ourselves solely to the common people.—All that pertains to the social character of the great lords is a sealed book. No foreigner ever encounters one of them except on purely official business, and then only in pairs, each acting as a spy upon the other, so that their communications are of the most guarded character. The women are never seen in public, and our knowledge of their character and habits is gathered solely from the half-caricature pictures of the native artists, and is probably about as reliable as the pictures of fashionable life in England furnished by what used to be called "fashionable novels." No foreigner has ever passed the

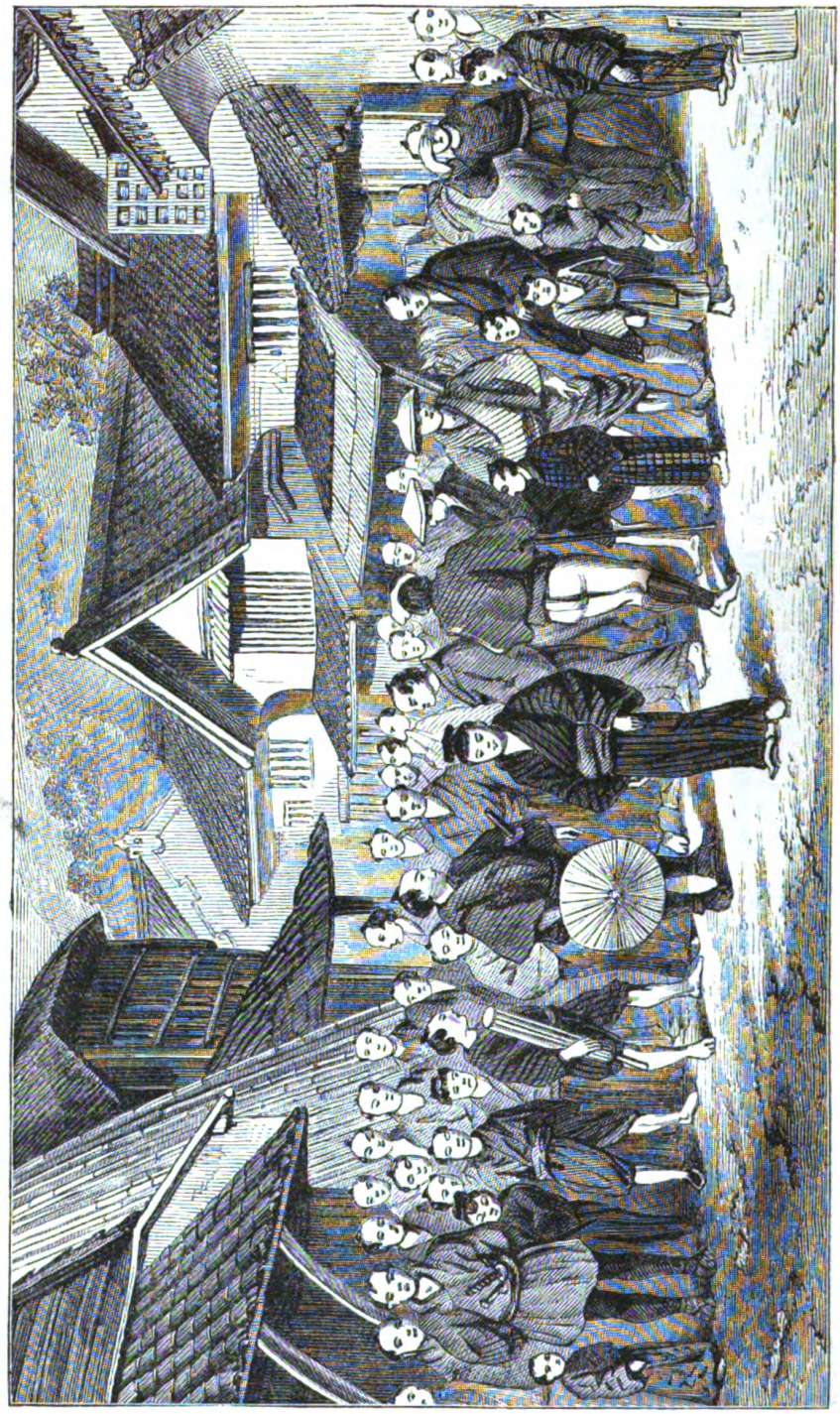
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SCENE IN A SILK SHOP.

gateway which gives access to the dwelling of a great Daimio, or been admitted to observe the domestic arrangements of a Japanese family of any class further than he could do through the open doors and windows of the dwellings of the common people. Probably the only grandees with whom foreigners have ever come into any thing like close personal intercourse are the embassadors who visited this country and England. If we may put faith in their own statements, the life of the great nobles is any thing but a pleasant one. Such is the rigid rule of a jealous oligarchy, headed by a nominally despotic sovereign, that the Daimios may not even visit one another. The Ministers of State may know each other only officially. Friends and colleagues though they are, they may not cross each other's thresholds, or hold any social relations. Each great household is to the others what the Empire itself is to the other nations of

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STILET SCENE.

the earth. Such, at least, is the statement made by the Ministers to the British envoy. How far it is an exaggeration we have no means of determining. The ceremonies at the receptions given to foreign representatives and the details of official intercourse have already been set forth in this Magazine, in connection with the narratives of the missions of Commodore Perry and Lord Elgin. Sir Rutherford Alcock adds a few particulars, to which we may hereafter revert when considering the Government and Institutions of Japan.

In the mean while we propose to present in our next Number an account of the Rural Life of the Japanese, supplementing the accounts given by Sir Rutherford Alcock by such additional information as may be gleaned from the works of the few writers who have had an opportunity of seeing any thing of the Japanese beyond the walls of the open ports.

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GENERAL BROWN'S RESIDENCE.

SCENES IN THE WAR OF 1812.

V.—THE NORTHERN FRONTIER.

LAKE ONTARIO, the River St. Lawrence, and the 45th parallel formed the "Northern Frontier" in the military expressions of the day. We will now consider the most prominent events on that frontier during the first and second years of the war.

The first seizure of a military post, after the declaration of war, occurred on that frontier. Three miles below Cape Vincent, the most northerly land of the State of New York, embosomed in the waters of the St. Lawrence, and forming one of the famous Thousand Islands, is Carleton Island. The French built fortifications on it in the colonial times, and these were strengthened by the English after their conquest of Canada. The barracks were yet standing in 1812, and the fort was garrisoned by a sergeant, three invalid soldiers, and two women. As soon as the declaration of war was known on the frontier Captain Abner Hubbard, a soldier of the Revolution, started in a boat with a man and boy to capture the fort and garrison. He was successful. On the following day he sent a boat to bring away the stores, and soon afterward the barracks were burnt. The passing traveler may yet see there almost a dozen bare, black chimneys, solitary mementos of the past, and forming a picturesque contrast to the natural scenery of the Thousand Islands.

When the war commenced the United States possessed small means on the northern frontier for offensive or defensive operations. The first warlike measure that was adopted, when the quarrel with Great Britain seemed to be leading to war inevitably, was the construction at Oswego, on Lake Ontario, of the brig *Oneida*, under the direction of Lieutenant Melancthon Woolsey, of the United States navy, in 1808–9. She was intended chiefly for employment in the enforcement of the revenue laws on the frontier, under the early embargo acts. For a similar purpose a company of infantry and some artillery were posted at Sackett's Harbor, at the eastern end of Lake Ontario, in 1808; and in the spring of 1809 detachments were stationed on the southern shores of the St. Lawrence, opposite Kingston, to prevent smuggling. This duty gave rise to many stirring scenes on the frontier, in the violation and vindication of the revenue laws, which were generally evaded or openly defied until the spring of 1812, when a more stringent embargo act was passed.

The vigilant Governor and Legislature of New York took measures early for the enforcement of the revenue laws on the frontier and the defense of the State. Arsenals were estab-

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lished; and in the spring of 1812 a regiment of militia, under Colonel Christopher Bellinger, was stationed at Sackett's Harbor, a part of which was kept on duty at Cape Vincent. Jacob Brown, an enterprising farmer from Pennsylvania, who had settled on the borders of the Black River a dozen miles from the Harbor, had been appointed a brigadier-general of militia in 1811, and was then in command of the first detachment of New York's quota of the one hundred thousand militia which Congress had authorized the President of the United States to call out. When war was declared he was charged with the defense of the frontier from Oswego to the Lake St. Francis—a distance of 200 miles.

In May and June, 1812, just before the declaration of war, events occurred on the waters of Lake Ontario which occasioned immediate hostilities when that declaration was promulgated. The British schooner *Lord Nelson*, laden with flour and merchandise, was found in American waters while on her way from Niagara to Kingston. She was captured by the *Oneida*, and regularly condemned as a prize because of her violation of the Embargo Act. About a month later (June 14) the British schooner *Ontario* was captured at St. Vincent, but was afterward discharged; and at about the same time still another British schooner, the *Niagara*, was seized and sold because of a like offense. These events led to retaliation, and when war was declared the small British marine on the lake was made exceedingly active. There was corresponding vigilance and activity on the part of the Americans. Eight of their schooners were lying in the harbor of Ogdensburg, on the St. Lawrence, and attempted to escape into Lake Ontario, freighted with affrighted American families and their effects. They were chased by British vessels. Two of them were captured and destroyed, and the others retreated to Ogdensburg. The Americans were very anxious to get these into the lake and convert them into vessels of war.

The whole northern frontier was now violently agitated by the expectation of an immediate British invasion; and in July the alarm was intensified by a rumor that spread over that region that Commander Woolsey and his brig *Oneida* had been captured by the enemy, and that a squadron of British vessels were on their way from Kingston to recapture the *Lord Nelson* and destroy Sackett's Harbor. General Brown immediately repaired to the Harbor. The rumor was false in fact, yet it foreshadowed in part actual occurrences. On the 29th of the month Woolsey saw from his mast-head, at early dawn, a squadron of five British vessels of war beating toward the Harbor. These were under the command of Commodore Earle, a Canadian, and the *Royal George*, 24, was his flag-ship. He sent a message to Colonel Bellinger that he was coming for the *Lord Nelson* and the *Oneida;* that he wanted nothing more; and that, in the event of his vessels being fired upon while he was taking possession of his prizes, he would destroy Sackett's Harbor. Woolsey, perceiving the peril of his vessel, weighed anchor and attempted to escape. He failed, returned, and moored his brig just inside of Navy Point, close by the village, in such a position that her broadside of nine guns might be brought to bear on the enemy. The remainder of her heavy guns were taken out to be placed in battery on a bluff at the foot of the main street of the town, on which Fort Tompkins was afterward built. An iron 32-pounder, designed for the *Oneida*, but found to be too heavy, had already been brought up from the mire on the shore, where it had been wallowing for some time, and placed in battery on the bluff, with three 9-pounders. That gun was called "The Old Sow," and presently became famous. These heavy pieces, with two 6's fished out of the lake from the wreck of an English vessel, composed the heavy ordnance then fit for duty at Sackett's Harbor. The soldiers for the defense of the place consisted only of a part of Bellinger's infantry regiment, Camp's Sackett's Harbor Artillery (which promptly volunteered for thirty days' service), the crew of the *Oneida*, and 300 militia.

On the appearance of the enemy alarm-guns were fired, and couriers were sent into the country in all directions to arouse the militia. At sunset nearly three thousand had arrived or were near. They were too late for present service, for victory had been lost and won early in the day. The enemy bore gallantly in and took position within cannon-shot of the town. Woolsey took chief command of the Americans; and the 32-pounder, the Old Sow, was placed in charge of Captain William Vaughan, a sailing-master of eminence, then living at the Harbor. At eight o'clock Vaughan opened the contest by a shot from his big gun. It was harmless,



WILLIAM VAUGHAN.

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and drew from the people of the *Royal George*, which lay nearest the shore, such shouts of derisive laughter that they could be distinctly heard by Vaughan and his companions. It was followed by some shots from the enemy, at the distance of a mile, and these were quickly responded to by Vaughan. For two hours the cannonade was kept up, the enemy's vessels standing off and on, meanwhile, and keeping out of the range of the American smaller guns.

Most of the enemy's shot fell short, or struck the rocky face of the shore near the battery. One 32-pound ball came bounding over the bluff, struck the earth not far from Sackett's mansion, then occupied by Vaughan's family, and plowed a deep furrow into the door-yard. It was caught up by a sergeant, who ran with it to Captain Vaughan, exclaiming, "I've been playing ball with the red-coats, and have caught 'em out. See if the British can catch back again." The *Royal George* was wearing at that moment to give a broadside, when Vaughan's gun sent back the captive ball with such force and precision that it struck her stern, raked her completely, sent splinters as high as her mizen top-sail yard, killed 14 men and wounded 18. The flag-ship had already received a shot that went through her sides, and another between wind and water. The *Prince Regent*, the next larger ship of the squadron, had lost her fore-top-gallant mast; and the *Earl Moira* had been hulled. The laughter of the enemy had been turned into wailing. Disaster, quick and unexpected, taught him discretion, and Earle made a signal for retreat as soon as the returned ball had made its fearful passage through his ship. The squadron put about in haste and sailed out of the harbor, while the band on shore played "Yankee Doodle," and the troops and citizens greeted the departure of the unwelcome visitors with loud cheers. Strange as it may seem, it is nevertheless true, that nothing, animate or inanimate, on shore had been injured by the two hours' cannonading from the squadron. It was a serene Sabbath morning, and the little village was as quiet at evening as if nothing remarkable had happened.

The war had now fairly begun. The command of Lake Ontario was an object of great importance to the respective belligerents. The speedy preparation of armed vessels would be the surest way to obtain it, and to this end great and immediate efforts were made. The British had several vessels afloat already; the Americans only one, the *Oneida*. The only hope of the latter rested upon their ability to convert merchant vessels afloat, ranging from thirty to one hundred tons burden, into warriors. Six of these, as we have seen, were blockaded at Ogdensburg. To capture or destroy these was an important object to the British; to secure and arm them was a more important object to the Americans. The contest for these objects was immediately begun. The British sent two armed vessels to Prescott, opposite Ogdensburg, to capture or destroy the schooners; the Americans sent the *Julia*, Lieutenant Wells, armed with a long 32 and two long 6's, and bearing about sixty volunteers, to protect them. Wells was accompanied by Captains Vaughan and Dixon, and a Durham boat, that formed a consort for the *Julia*, in which was a rifle corps under Captain Hubbard. Off Morristown, a few miles above Ogdensburg, they were met by the British armed vessels. A very severe engagement ensued, which lasted more than three hours. Night fell intensely black, and under its shadow the *Julia* and her consort made their way to Ogdensburg, their track lighted only by electrical flashes in the far southern horizon. An armistice soon followed, and the *Julia* and *Durham*, leading the six schooners so much coveted, made their way unmolested to Sackett's Harbor. Meanwhile the heavy guns of the two British vessels were landed at Elizabethtown (now Brockville), and placed in battery there. During the armistice both parties made strenuous efforts in preparations for securing the supremacy of Lake Ontario.

Captain Isaac Chauncey, then in command of the Navy-yard at Brooklyn, was chosen to superintend the construction of the navies on Lakes Erie and Ontario, and to command them as chief. He entered upon the duties of his important office in the first week in September. He sent forward mechanics and materials for the fitting out of vessels of war as rapidly as possible, and arrived at Sackett's Harbor himself early in October. Several vessels were purchased and fitted up as warriors; and he found himself, at the beginning of November, in command of a squadron of eight vessels, but having an aggregate of only forty guns and four hun-



ISAAC CHAUNCEY.

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dred and thirty effective men. The British had six vessels, carrying, in weight of metal, double the force of the Americans, and a corresponding number of men. Yet Chauncey, whose heart was set on a cruise, did not allow this disparity of strength to discourage him. On a cold, raw, blustry day, the 8th of November, he went out boldly to intercept the British squadron on its return from Fort George on the Niagara frontier. He flung out his broad pennant, as Commodore, over the *Oneida*, and took station in the track of the British vessels bound for Kingston Harbor. On the 9th a part of the enemy's squadron appeared, and were chased into the Bay of Quinté, and on the morning of the 10th he followed the *Royal George* into Kingston Harbor, and fought her and five land batteries for about an hour. He damaged his antagonist severely. She was hulled between wind and water, several of her guns were disabled, and a number of her crew were killed. A severe gale followed; then a heavy snow-storm on the 12th; and yet Chauncey would not give up his cruise so propitiously commenced. He was determined to strike a hard first blow for the supremacy of the lakes. This he accomplished, for the British vessels appeared upon the lake no more that season. During his brief cruise Chauncey had captured three merchant vessels, destroyed one armed schooner (the *Simcoe*), disabled the British flag-ship, and took several prisoners, with a loss on his part of only one man killed and four wounded. Leaving four vessels to blockade Kingston harbor until the ice should do so effectually, he sailed toward the head of the lake. He met with no enemy, and early in December he laid up his vessels for the winter in Sackett's Harbor.

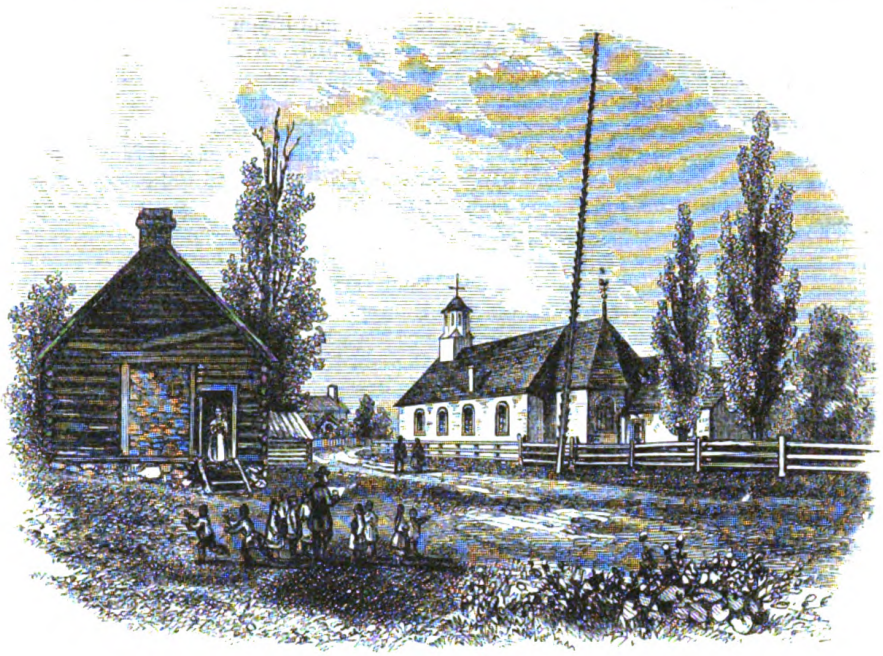
The first regular United States troops that appeared on the Northern Frontier were those of a rifle company commanded by Captain Benjamin Forsyth, who arrived at Sackett's Harbor in August. In September he made a bold dash into Canada by the way of Cape Vincent, with one hundred men, seventy of them his own sharp-shooters. He crossed the broad St. Lawrence among the upper group of the Thousand Islands, to Gananoqui, where the British had a considerable quantity of stores. These formed the chief object of the expedition. The voyage was made during the night, with the intention of taking the enemy there by surprise. Morning came too soon. The British, informed, were on the alert, and when Forsyth approached the town he found some regulars and Canadian militia ready to receive him. He pushed forward, drove the British from the village, and returned to Cape Vincent with spoils consisting of sixty stand of arms, two barrels of fixed ammunition, comprising three thousand ball-cartridges, one barrel of gunpowder, one of flints, and some other public property. They also bore away, as living trophies of a gallant exploit, eight British regulars prisoners of war.

Ogdensburg was a place of considerable military importance, and after Forsyth's return from his raid into Canada he was sent thither to add strength to the militia force already stationed there. There was business enough to do, for Prescott, then a strong British post, was on the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence, and filled with restless spirits who wished to retaliate the exploit of Forsyth. Early in October the first hostile shot passed between the two towns. A flotilla of forty-one British batteaux, laden with stores and escorted by a gun-boat, came up from below. Already the active Adjutant, D. W. Church, and other Americans had given proof that such flotillas were likely to be molested; and as this one neared Prescott, a battery there opened upon Ogdensburg as a covering for the mooring of the batteaux. Two heavy guns at Ogdensburg, in the hands of Adjutant Church and Captain Joseph Yorke, replied to the Prescott battery. On the following day the cannonade was renewed; and on Sunday morning, the 4th of October, two gun-boats and twenty-five batteaux, filled with armed men, proceeded to attack Ogdensburg. Forsyth and his riflemen were at Old Fort Presentation on the west side of the Oswegatchie, and General Brown was in the town with a corps of militia, the combined American force amounting to about twelve hundred effective men. These were arrayed in battle order, and when the enemy was in mid channel, the Americans opened a severe fire upon them with the two cannon, which caused them to fly back to Prescott in confusion. Not an American was injured, but Ogdensburg received some bruises from the shots hurled during the cannonade.

Two or three weeks later there were stirring times at St. Regis—an Indian village at the mouth of the St. Regis River, bisected by the parallel of 45°. The inhabitants were in an embarrassing position, as one half of their village lay in the United States and one half in Canada, and there was, necessarily, a divided allegiance. The American and British commanders agreed to consider this village neutral ground, and not to place any armed force within its borders. This agreement was soon violated by Sir George Prevost, the British commander-in-chief in Canada, who stationed Captain Donelly and a party of armed Canadian *voyageurs* in the British portion of the village. Not content with this violation of a solemn agreement, De Montigny, the British resident agent at St. Regis, endeavored, under the protection of the military, to seduce the Indians from their neutrality to an enlistment under the British flag. In this he was successful. More than eighty St. Regis warriors were afterward found in the British army on the frontier.

Advised of this movement, Major Guilford Dudley Young, a gallant officer in command of troops chiefly from Troy, New York, then stationed at French Mills (now Fort Covington Village), resolved to attempt the surprise and capture of Donelly and his party. He took his command along unfrequented paths, which brought them out suddenly upon the eastern

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OLD CHURCH AT ST. REGIS.

bank of the St. Regis River, opposite the village. The stream was too deep to ford, and Young was compelled to abandon the project for a time. The enemy became alarmed and doubly vigilant; but as Young did not soon return, Donelly considered himself secure. That dream of peace was soon broken. Young crossed the St. Regis at what is now Hogansburg, two miles above St. Regis village, on the night of the 21st of October, and at dawn was behind a sheltering elevation of the ground within half a mile of the post of the British intruders. There the Americans rested and took refreshments unobserved. Then they were separated into three columns, and moved toward Donelly's headquarters, not far from the ancient St. Regis Church, yet standing in that old Indian town—a quaint and picturesque object, clustered with romantic associations with colonial times. One division under Captain Lyon, editor of the *Troy Budget*, moved along the bank of the St. Regis in order to gain the rear of the dwellings of Donelly and De Montigny, while Captain Tilden and his company made a *detour* westward for the purpose of reaching the St. Lawrence and securing the boats of the enemy. Major Young, with the companies of Higbee and M'Neil, moved through the village directly toward the lodgings of the enemy. Success crowned the enterprise. Forty prisoners, exclusive of the commander and the Catholic priest, with arms, accoutrements, boats and batteaux, baggage and eight hundred blankets, fell into Young's hands. The British flag was captured by the late eminent statesman, William L. Marcy, who was a lieutenant in Lyon's company. He bore it triumphantly to French Mills, where Young and his whole party, with the prisoners, arrived before noontide on the day of the victory. Major Young and his detachment soon afterward returned to Troy; and with his own hand he presented this *first trophy* of the kind that had been taken from the British, on land, during the war, to the people of the State of New York on the 5th of January, 1813. It was borne from Troy to the State capital by a detachment of Young's Volunteers. Governor Tompkins was too ill to meet the escort and procession at the State-house and receive the flag, so Colonels Lamb and Lush acted as his representatives on the occasion.

Early in February, 1813, Ogdensburg and its vicinity again became the theatre of important events. During the few preceding weeks each party had made incursions into the territory of the other, and made a few prisoners. British deserters had fled to the American lines; and parties of troops from Canada had crossed the river, captured some of these, and made prisoners of a number of American soldiers and civilians. Some of these captives were confined in the jail at Elizabethtown (now Brockville), about twelve miles above Prescott. An expedition for their rescue was planned at Ogdensburg by Major (late Captain) Forsyth. At the head of two hundred men—riflemen, volunteers, and some citizens—he left Ogdensburg in sleighs at nine o'clock in the evening of the 6th of February, rode up to Morristown, and there, piloted by Arnold Smith, they made a perilous passage of the river on the ice—perilous because the ice was weak. The force was divided on the Canada shore. Forsyth led one division, and Colonel Benedict of the New York State Militia the other. Flanking parties were thrown out under Wells and Johnson, and took post at

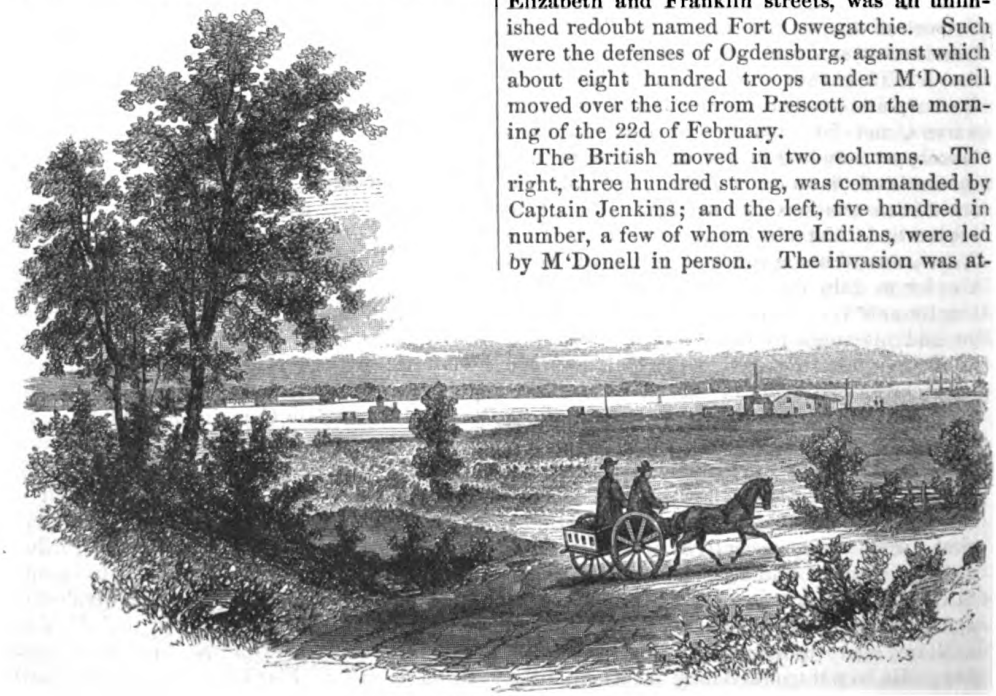
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opposite ends of the village to check any attempts at retreat or approaching reinforcements. The jail was "an elegant brick edifice," and toward this Major Forsyth moved through the town, after sending out small detachments to secure the different streets in the village. The keys of the prison were demanded from the jailer, and were immediately surrendered. Every prisoner was released but one, and he was a murderer. The American captives and British deserters, thus set at liberty, joyfully placed the frozen St. Lawrence between themselves and His Majesty's dominions. The only show of resistance was a shot from a window which slightly wounded one man. The commander of the post and more than forty others prisoners, accompanied by some captured citizens, graced the triumphal entry of Forsyth into Ogdensburg before the dawn. The spoils were arms, ammunition, and stores.

This exploit won for Forsyth the universal applause of his countrymen, and the honors of Lieutenant-Colonel by brevet. It led to early retaliation on the part of the enemy. Sir George Prevost had arrived at Prescott at about that time on his way to the capital of the Upper Province; and Lieutenant-Colonel Pierson, commanding there, proposed an attack on Ogdensburg. But the Governor was too much alarmed for his personal safety to consent, except on the condition of being first escorted by Pierson to Kingston. This was done, and to Lieutenant-Colonel M'Donell was left the business of assailing Ogdensburg. British deserters informed Forsyth of the intentions of the enemy, and he dispatched a courier to General Dearborn at Plattsburg to ask for reinforcements. "I can afford you no help," was the disheartening response. "You must do as well as you are able, and if you can not hold the place you are at liberty to abandon it." Dearborn intimated that the sacrifice of Ogdensburg might be a public benefit by arousing the flagging energies of the Americans.

Forsyth called a council of his officers, and it was resolved to defend the place to the last extremity, notwithstanding its defenses and defenders were few and comparatively weak. Near the intersection of Ford and Euphemia (now State) streets stood a trophy-cannon taken from Burgoyne at Saratoga. It was an iron 6-pounder on a wheel-carriage, and was commanded by Captain Kellogg of the Albany volunteers. On the west side of Ford Street, between State and Isabella streets, was a store used as an arsenal, in front of which, likewise on a wheel-carriage, was a brass 6-pounder manned by some volunteers and citizens under Captain Joseph York, the sheriff of the county. On the river bank, a short distance from Parish's huge stone storehouse yet standing, was a rude wooden breastwork, on which was mounted, on a sled-carriage, an iron 12-pounder, also taken from Burgoyne. On the point where the light-house now stands, near the site of old Fort Presentation, was a brass 9-pounder on a sled-carriage; and back of the remains of the old fort, and mounted on sleds, were two old iron 6-pounders, one of them commanded by Adjutant Church, already mentioned, and the other by Lieutenant Baird of Forsyth's company. In front of the huge gateway of the fort, between two stone buildings, was another brass 6-pounder on a sled; and not far from it was an iron cannon of the same weight of metal. Below the town, on the square bounded by Washington and Water, Elizabeth and Franklin streets, was an unfinished redoubt named Fort Oswegatchie. Such were the defenses of Ogdensburg, against which about eight hundred troops under M'Donell moved over the ice from Prescott on the morning of the 22d of February.

The British moved in two columns. The right, three hundred strong, was commanded by Captain Jenkins; and the left, five hundred in number, a few of whom were Indians, were led by M'Donell in person. The invasion was at-



SITE OF OLD FORT PRESENTATION.

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tempted at an early hour. Some of the inhabitants were yet in bed, and others were at breakfast. The streets were soon filled, and women and children, with portable effects, fled to the country in the rear.

The British right column moved to attack Forsyth at the remains of the old fort. They were allowed to reach the shore when a full volley of musketry and a discharge of artillery, skillfully delivered, threw the line of the invaders into great confusion. They unsuccessfully attempted to rally, and after losing a considerable number in killed, wounded, and prisoners, they fled over the ice, seriously annoyed by the 9-pounder on the point where the light-house now stands. The British left, meanwhile, had reached the shore without opposition and marched into the town, expecting an easy victory. They were disappointed. They were soon confronted by the big guns of Captains Kellogg and Yorke. But the cannon of the former was speedily disabled by the breaking of its elevator screw, and he and his men fled across the Oswegatchie and joined Forsyth, leaving the indomitable Yorke to fight the invaders alone. Yorke did so until two of his men were mortally wounded, and himself and the remainder of his party were made prisoners.

The village was now in possession of the enemy, and a greater portion of the inhabitants had fled. M'Donell proceeded at once to dislodge Forsyth and his party. He paraded his troops on the northern shore of the Oswegatchie and sent a flag to Forsyth summoning him to surrender instantly. "If you surrender it shall be well," he said; "if not, every man shall be put to the bayonet." The reply to this inhuman threat was, "Tell Colonel M'Donell there must be more fighting done first." When the bearers of the flag had reached the British line Church and Baird opened their heavy guns upon it. The frightened enemy sought shelter behind Parish's store-house and other buildings, while a party was preparing to dash across the Oswegatchie to storm the old fort. Forsyth comprehended the impending peril. Church and Baird were both wounded; the latter severely. Orders were given for a retreat to Thurber's tavern on Black Lake, where, on the same day, Forsyth wrote a dispatch to the Secretary of War, in which he said, "If you can send me three hundred men all shall be retaken, and Prescott too, or I will lose my life in the attempt."

Indians and camp followers, of both sexes, who came over from Canada, and resident miscreants, now commenced plundering the town, and a great quantity of private property was carried away or destroyed. Every house in the village except three was entered. The public property was all taken to the British side of the St. Lawrence. Two armed schooners and two gun-boats, fast in the ice, were burned; the barracks near the river were laid in ashes; and fifty-two prisoners were conveyed to Prescott. Among them was Sheriff Yorke, whose courageous and devoted wife followed him to Canada, and soon procured his release. The enemy immediately evacuated the town and recrossed the St. Lawrence. The citizens returned; and from that time until the close of the war Ogdensburg remained in an entirely defenseless state, which exposed the inhabitants to occasional insults from their belligerent neighbors over the river.

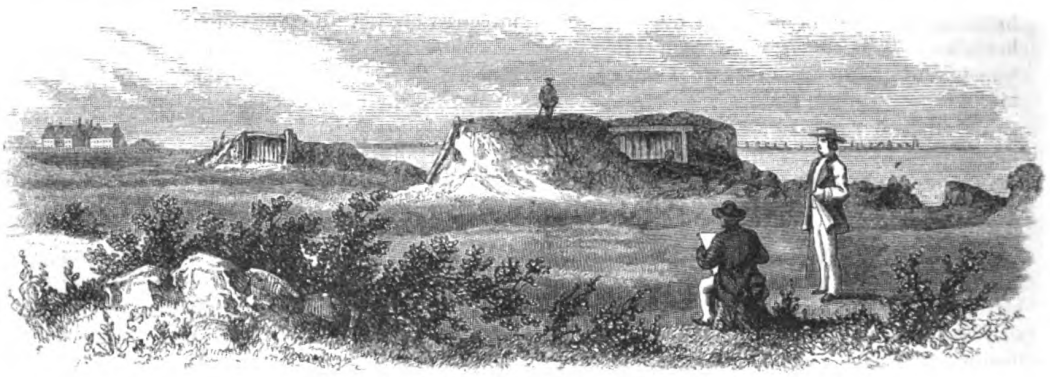
A second invasion of Canada was a principal feature in the programme of the campaign of 1813. The possession of Montreal and the entire Upper Province was the prize for which the Army of the North was expected to contend. But the same incapacity on the part of the Cabinet, to which much of the disasters of 1812 were chargeable, now reappeared. Instead of sending a competent force for the capture of Montreal before the ice in the St. Lawrence should move, and permit British transports to bring reinforcements to Halifax, it was determined to first reduce Kingston and York (now Toronto) on Lake Ontario, and Forts George and Erie on the Niagara frontier, recapture Detroit and recover the Michigan Territory. For the purpose of commencing the labor in the order above named, directions were given for the concentration of four thousand troops at Sackett's Harbor during the spring. As early as February Dearborn received a general outline of the plan of invasion; but owing to the detention of Chauncey (who was to co-operate with the land forces), and the arrival of Governor Prevost with reinforcements at Kingston, the attack on that place was abandoned; for the story was current, and generally believed, that Sir George had six or eight thousand troops at his command there, busily engaged in preparations for offensive measures.

At the middle of April Dearborn and Chauncey had matured plans for the joint employment of their respective forces during the campaign of that year. The first movement was to be



ZEBULUN M. PIKE.

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REMAINS OF OLD FORT TORONTO.

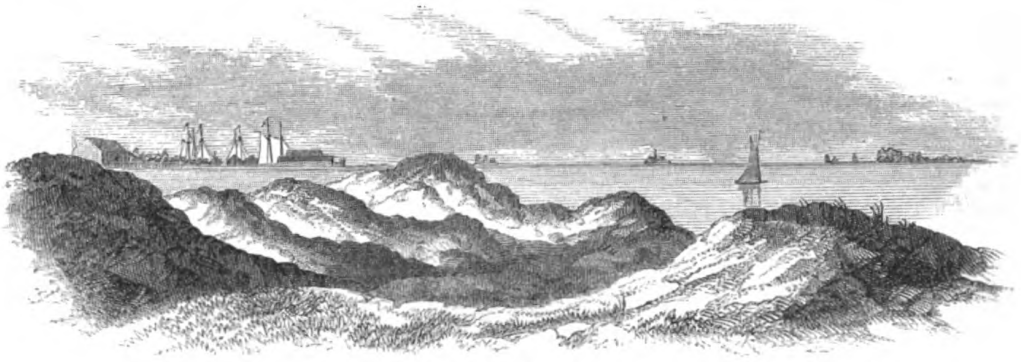
made against York. When every thing was in readiness Dearborn embarked about seventeen hundred men on Chauncey's fleet, at Sackett's Harbor, on the 22d of April, and on the 25th the expedition sailed for York. After a tempestuous voyage they appeared off the doomed town, and prepared to land. Dearborn was suffering from ill-health. He placed Brigadier-General Zebulun M. Pike in the active command of the land troops, and remained on board the flag-ship.

Arrangements were made for landing the troops at a cleared spot near the ruins of old Fort Toronto (a French work), which are yet conspicuous near the shore of the lake; but an easterly wind, blowing with violence, drove the small boats in which the troops left the fleet full half a mile further westward, and beyond an effectual covering of the guns of the navy. Yet this made very little delay. The boats pushed for the shore a little distance below the mouth of the Humber, those bearing Major Forsyth and his riflemen being in the advance. When within rifle-shot of the bank they were met by a terrible volley of bullets from a company of Glengarry Fencibles and a party of Indians, who were concealed in the woods near by. "Rest on your oars. Prime!" said Forsyth, in a low tone. Pike was standing on the deck of the *Madison*, and saw this halting. He impatiently exclaimed, "I can not stay here any longer! Come," he said, addressing his staff, "jump into the boat." He was instantly obeyed; and very soon they and their gallant commander were in the midst of a fight, for Forsyth's men had opened fire, and the enemy on the shore were returning it briskly. The van-guard soon landed, and were followed, in support, by Major King and a battalion of infantry. Pike and the main body followed; and the whole column, consisting of the Sixth, Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Twenty-first regiments of infantry, and detachments of light and heavy artillery, with Forsyth's riflemen and Lieutenant-Colonel M'Clure's volunteers as flankers, pressed forward into the woods to confront the enemy.

The British skirmishers meanwhile had been reinforced by two companies of the Eighth or King's Regiment of regulars, two hundred strong; a company of the Royal Newfoundland Regiment; a large body of Canadian militia, and some Indians. These took position in the woods, and were speedily encountered by the advancing Americans, whose artillery it was difficult to move on account of the gullied earth. Perceiving this, the British, led by General Sheaffe, their chief commander, in person, attacked the American flanks with a 6-pounder and a howitzer. A sharp conflict ensued. Both parties suffered severely. The British were overpowered and fell back, when General Pike, at the head of the American column, ordered his bugles to sound, and at the same time dashed gallantly forward. That bugle blast thrilled like electric fire along the nerves of the Indian allies of the British. They gave one horrid yell, then fled, like frightened deer, to cover, deep into the forest. That bugle blast, given in the face of the wind, was heard in the fleet high above the voices of the gale, and evoked long and loud responsive cheers. At the same time Chauncey was sending to the shore something more effective than huzzas, for he was hurling deadly grape-shot upon the foe, which added to the consternation of the savages, and gave fleetness to their feet. They also hastened the retreat of Sheaffe's white troops to their defenses in the direction of York; while the drum and fife of the pursuers were briskly playing Yankee Doodle.

The Americans now pressed forward as rapidly as possible along the lake shore with unloaded muskets and fixed bayonets. Their artillery moved slowly, but it being their strong right arm, such great exertions were put forth that it moved steadily with the column. As that column emerged from the woods it was confronted by 24-pounders in what was called the Western Battery, the remains of which are still visible on the lake shore between Toronto and the new barracks. Upon that battery some of Chauncey's guns were pouring heavy shot, and when the Americans rushed forward to storm it it was abandoned. The dismayed enemy had spiked their cannon; and just as the American troops reached the work its magazine exploded, killing several soldiers. Sheaffe and his little army, deserted by the Indians, fled to the

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REMAINS OF THE WESTERN BATTERY.

garrison near the Governor's house, and from the block-houses and battery there opened a severe fire of round and grape shot upon the Americans.

This cannonade was soon silenced, and Pike expected every moment to see a white flag displayed from the block-house in token of surrender. The General was sitting upon a stump, conversing with a British subaltern who had been taken prisoner, with some of his staff standing near, when there was a sudden tremor of the ground followed by a tremendous explosion near the British garrison. The enemy, despairing of holding the place, had blown up their chief powder magazine, situated on the edge of the water, and fled eastward through the town toward the River Don. The effects of that explosion were terrible. Fragments of timber and huge stones were scattered in every direction over a space of several hundred yards. When the smoke floated away the scene was appalling. Fifty-two Americans lay dead and eighty others were wounded! General Pike, two of his aids, and his British prisoner were mortally hurt. The enemy did not escape injury. So badly was the affair managed that forty of them lost their lives by the explosion.

General Pike was crushed beneath a mass of heavy stones that struck him in the back. He was conveyed to Chauncey's flag-ship. Soon afterward news came to him of the surrender of York, and with it was brought the captured garrison flag. He made signs for it to be placed under his head, and then expired. In the meantime Colonel Cromwell Pearce, of Pennsylvania, had assumed command of the Americans, and after giving three cheers, had pressed toward the village. He was met by the civil authorities with propositions for a capitulation. During the delay and confusion incident to this measure General Sheaffe and his regulars stole away across the Don, and escaped to Kingston. Dearborn landed and took command after the surrender, and a few days later he and his troops sailed across the Lake to make preparations for an attack upon Fort George, at the mouth of the Niagara River. The remains of Pike were conveyed to Sackett's Harbor and interred with military honors; and over them *leans* only a dilapidated wooden monument, erected jointly to the memory of Pike and other gallant officers.

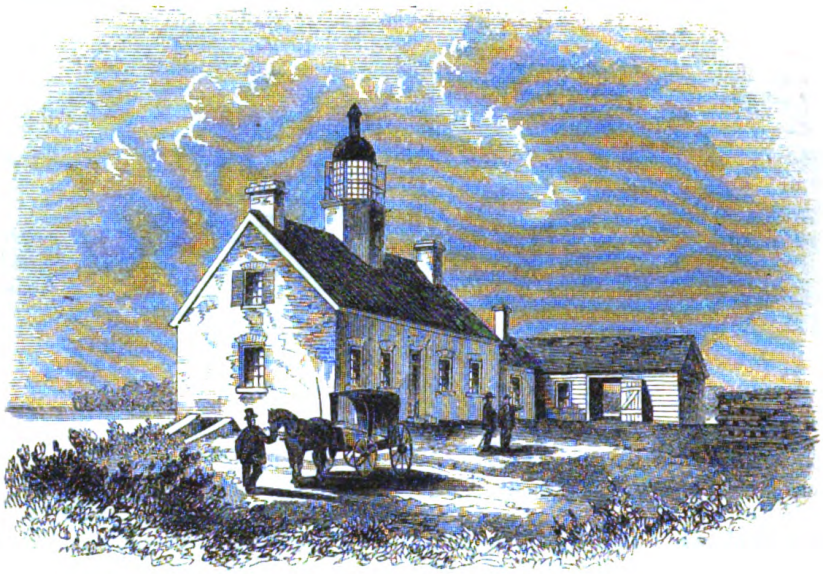
When the naval and military authorities at Kingston were informed of the weakening of the post at Sackett's Harbor by the withdrawal of troops for the expedition against York they resolved to attempt the capture of the place, or to destroy a new ship of war then on the stocks (afterward named the *General Pike*), and other public property there. The capture of York made them circumspect, for the flushed victors might turn their faces toward Kingston; but when it was known that Dearborn and Chauncey were about to attack Fort George toward the close of May, it was resolved to assail the Harbor. The prize was now more attractive than ever before, for, in addition to the ship just mentioned, and a large quantity of stores, all that the Americans had captured at York was deposited there. The possession or destruction of these would give to the British the command of Lake Ontario and a decided advantage during the whole campaign.

With singular remissness this valuable post was left exposed to the enemy as it never had been before. The guard detailed for the protection of the public stores there, under the com-



PIKE'S MONUMENT.

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LIGHT-HOUSE ON HORSE ISLAND.

mand of Colonel Backus, was utterly inadequate for the important service. It consisted of about two hundred and fifty dragoons, fifty or sixty artillerists, and from eighty to one hundred infantry, chiefly invalids, recruits, and fragments of companies left behind when the expedition sailed for York. On the bluff where the big gun commanded by Vaughan, already mentioned, was stationed a block-house and breast-works had been erected, and named Fort Tompkins. This was in charge of the dragoons, who were dismounted. On the opposite side of the Harbor was a small redoubt, called Fort Volunteer. These constituted the defenses of Sackett's Harbor.

On the evening of the 27th of May (1813) the *Lady of the Lake*, scout-boat, came into the Harbor with the startling information that a strong British squadron under the command of Sir James Yeo, of the Royal Navy, had just put to sea. Colonel Backus sent an express to General Brown, at his home on the Black River, twelve miles distant. That vigilant and energetic officer dispatched messengers in all directions to the militia commanders, with orders to assemble their men and hasten to the Harbor; and before the dawn of the 28th he was there himself, and assumed chief command. He ordered alarm-guns to be fired to arouse the country, and sent out more messages for the militia officers. The effort was effectual. During the day scores of people arrived at head-quarters. Some were armed, and some were not; and all lacked discipline. As fast as they arrived they were armed and sent to Horse Island, on which the Light-house stands, where Colonel Mills and about two hundred and fifty Albany volunteers had been stationed for a week. That island was separated from the main by a narrow and shallow strait fordable at all times. Between it and the village was a thin wood that had been partly cut over and was encumbered with logs, stumps, and brush. On the main land near the island was then, as now, a ridge of gravel that formed a natural breast-work.

At mid-day on the 28th, while the militia of the surrounding country was in motion, a British squadron of six vessels, with the *Wolfe*, 24, as the flag-ship, appeared off Sackett's Harbor, accompanied by about forty batteaux, and bearing over a thousand land troops, under the direct personal command of Sir George Prevost, the Governor of Canada. Sir George was with Yeo on the *Wolfe*. This formidable force—formidable by comparison—anchored about six miles from the Harbor, and a large number of troops were speedily embarked in the batteaux for the purpose of landing. While anxiously waiting for the signal to pull for shore, the soldiers were perplexed by an order to return to the squadron. They were still more perplexed when the ships spread their sails to the breeze and sailed toward Kingston. The cause of this sudden change of purpose was the appearance of an American flotilla at the westward, bearing troops from Oswego to Sackett's Harbor. The apparition made Sir George nervous. A body of Indians who accompanied the squadron in their canoes were not so easily frightened, and they darted in their light vessels toward the American gun-boats. This bold movement shamed Sir George. He listened to the advice of Sir James, turned the prows of the vessels once more in the direction of Sackett's Harbor, and sent several boats with armed men to join the canoes of the savages. Aspinwall (the American commander) and his party, closely chased, made for the shore. Twelve of his nineteen boats were captured, with seventy of his men. The other seven boats, more fleet than their companions or the pursuers, reached the Harbor in safety. The escaped party on shore made their way thither by

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land. They reached the Harbor by nine o'clock in the evening, and added one hundred effective men to the military force there.

The night of the 28th was spent by the Americans in preparations for the expected attack. Toward midnight about forty Indians were landed from the squadron on the shore of Henderson's Bay, for the purpose of attacking the American militia in the rear. They were discovered; an alarm was given, and Colonel Mills and his force, about four hundred strong, were withdrawn from Horse Island and placed behind the gravel ridge on the main, with a 6-pound field-piece. The remainder of the militia, under Colonel Tuttle, were posted in the edge of the woods a little further back, and Colonel Backus and his dismounted dragoons were stationed on the skirt of the same woods nearer the village. Lieutenant-Colonel Aspinwall was posted on the left of Backus, and the artillerists, under Lieutenant Ketchum, were stationed in Fort Tompkins, whose only armament was the "Old Sow," the famous 32-pounder, mounted on a pivot.

On the morning of the 29th the atmosphere was cloudless and serene. The sails of the squadron could not catch a breeze, and it was impossible for the larger vessels to approach near enough to join in the attack. It was left for the land troops to try the fortunes of war alone; and at dawn thirty-three boats, filled with armed troops, left the British Squadron and made for Horse Island, where they landed under cover of two gun-boats directed by Captain Mulcaster of the Royal Navy. As the flotilla rounded the island the huge pivot gun at Fort Tompkins hurled murderous enfilading shots in their midst; and when they were near the shore they received a scattering fire from the muskets of the militia. This was promptly responded to by Mulcaster's great guns, loaded with grape and canister shot; and by his first fire Colonel Mills, who was standing near his men, was shot dead.



JACOB BROWN.

The British formed in good order on the island, and with grenadiers, commanded by Adjutant-General Baynes, they pressed rapidly across the shallow strait. The rank and file of the American militia had suffered no material injury, but the unusual sound of bullets to raw soldiers as they whistled through the bushes, and the din of the oncoming foe, struck the whole line with an extraordinary panic, and before they had time to give a second fire they rose from their cover behind the gravel bank and fled with precipitation, leaving their 6-pounder behind.

General Brown, who was on the left of his little army, was astonished and perplexed by this disgraceful retreat. He expected the militia would have remained firm, at least until the enemy were fairly on the main. But their movement was so sudden, general, and rapid that he found himself completely alone, not a man standing within several rods of him. Stung by this shameful conduct, he ran after the fugitives and endeavored to arrest their flight. His efforts were unavailing. Forgetful of their promise of courage, and unmindful of the orders they had received to rally in the woods in the event of their being driven back, they continued their flight until they were sure of being out of harm's way. Those under Colonel Tuttle were equally recreant to duty, and joined in the disgraceful flight, although they had not in any way been exposed to the enemy's fire. Captain Samuel M'Nitt was an honorable exception among a few. He stood and blazed away at the enemy after his companions had all fled. With the aid of Lieutenant Mayo he succeeded in rallying almost one hundred of them behind some fallen timbers, and from that cover they annoyed the enemy exceedingly as they marched through the woods in the direction of the village. Meanwhile Colonel Backus and his regulars had advanced, and with the Albany volunteers, who had stood firm when the militia fled, and had retired slowly along a wagon road by the margin of the lake before superior numbers, was disputing the march of the invaders inch by inch. These finally made a stand, and fought the enemy gallantly for an hour, while the gun at Fort Tompkins was playing briskly upon the advancing foe. But so great was the superior weight of the enemy in numbers that the American line was constantly forced back. Lieutenant Fanning, commanding a small detachment at Fort Volunteer, came forward and engaged warmly in the fight. Still the foe bore heavily upon them; and when the Americans were most in want of encouragement a disheartening event occurred. Dense smoke arose in their rear, and it was soon ascertained that the store-houses on the margin of the harbor, filled with the spoils from York and a vast amount of other valuable property, also the new ship *General Pike*, were in flames. Had a portion of the enemy landed in the rear and applied the torch? No. In the almost

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universal panic that prevailed when the militia fled, Lieutenant Chauncey, of the navy, who had the stores in charge, was informed that all was lost, and that the victorious enemy was rapidly marching upon the post. A train prepared for the emergency was lighted, and in a few minutes stores and ship were in flames. The friendly incendiary was soon named to General Brown, much to his relief, and he hastened to reassure Colonel Backus. He arrived just in time to see that gallant officer fall, mortally wounded, and to wipe his pallid brow with his own hand.

Pressed back, back, back, the wearied and worried Americans took refuge in some new log-barracks in an open space near the town. The enemy made a desperate effort to dislodge them. Brown saw that all would be lost should they be driven from that shelter, and he determined to rally the fugitive militia, if possible—who, he was informed, were on the outskirts of the village and in the roads leading from it—and with these make a descent upon the enemy's boats. For this purpose mounted dragoons were employed. They proclaimed a victory; and the cowards supposing danger to be over, full three hundred of them were collected on the flank of the enemy, but in great disorder. Brown briefly addressed them with reproaches and persuasions; and then informed them that measures had been taken to shoot every man of them who should be found attempting to run. They were then led to attack a flanking party under Captain Grey, just as they were about to make a heavy assault upon the log-barracks. Grey was walking backward, waving his sword, and had just shouted, "Come on, boys! Remember York! The day is ours!" when a drummer-boy among the rallied militia cried out, "Perhaps not yet!" and shot him. Grey fell and instantly expired.

Prevost observed the rallying militia, and believing them to be new recruits coming in from the surrounding country, and in great numbers, threatening his boats and his communication with his vessels, sounded a retreat. It was commenced in good order, but became a disorderly flight. It was so precipitate that the fatigued Americans could not overtake them. They reached the squadron in safety, leaving a large portion of their dead and wounded behind. The British lost 50 killed and 211 wounded. The Americans lost 47 killed, 84 wounded, and 36 missing. Notwithstanding all this, Sir George Prevost had the impudence to send a flag from the squadron demanding a surrender of the town! It was treated with deserved contempt. Soon after the return of the flag the whole squadron and flotilla of small boats started for Kingston. Their return without victory or booty created intense disappointment; and the whole affair, on the part of the British, was pronounced at the time, and has been by their own writers ever since, "in a high degree disgraceful." The energy, skill, and bravery of General Brown were highly eulogized by his countrymen. When the battle was ended efforts were made to save the public property from the flames. The *Pike*, and the *Duke of Gloucester* captured at York, escaped destruction, but other property of the value of half a million of dollars was consumed. No further attempts were made by the enemy during the war to capture Sackett's Harbor.

General James Wilkinson succeeded General Dearborn in the command of the Northern army toward the close of the summer of 1813. He arrived at Sackett's Harbor on the 20th of August, and with the co-operation of a council of officers he formed a plan of operations against the enemy at Kingston and down the St. Lawrence. His first care was to concentrate the forces under his command, which were scattered over an extensive and sparsely-settled country—some on the Niagara frontier, some at the eastern end of Lake Ontario, and some on Lake Champlain. He accordingly directed those on the Niagara and at Sackett's Harbor to rendezvous on Grenadier Island, in the St. Lawrence, and at French Creek (now Clayton), on the southern bank of that river. Those composing the right wing, on Lake Champlain, under General Wade Hampton (who was an active partisan officer in the South during the Revolution), were directed to move at the same time to the Canada border, "at the mouth of the Chateaugay, or other point which would favor the junction of the forces and hold the enemy in check."

Wilkinson and Hampton were personal enemies; and General Armstrong, the Secretary of War (also a soldier of the Revolution), transferred the Department to the Northern frontier, in the person of himself and the Adjutant-General, in order to reconcile all differences between these two commanders, and to have a close oversight of the movements of the campaign in that quarter. He joined Wilkinson at Sackett's Harbor; and after much consultation it was agreed to pass by Kingston, and strike a blow at Montreal. For weeks the bustle of preparation had been seen at Sackett's Harbor, and many armed boats and transports had been built there. Every thing was in readiness by the 1st of October, yet final orders for embarkation were not given until the 12th. In the mean time the right wing of the army, under Hampton, was put in motion in the direction of the St. Lawrence. His forces were assembled at Cumberland Head, on Lake Champlain, near Plattsburg, at the middle of September, about four thousand strong, in effective infantry, a squadron of horse, and a well-appointed train of artillery. On penetrating the flat country beyond the Canada line it was found that a prevailing drought would doubtless make it impossible to procure forage and water in sufficient quantity, in that direction, for the horses and draught-cattle; so Hampton turned westward, and took the road which led to the Chateaugay River, in the direction of Malone. From Chateaugay Four Corners he moved down that stream for the purpose of forming a junction with Wilkinson, coming from above. The vigilant Major De Salaberry was in that region watching him, and placing felled trees in his

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way along the obscure road through the forest. He posted Indians and light troops in positions to dispute Hampton's passage; and so formidable did his opposition soon become that the American commander sent General George Izard with a detachment of light troops to gain the rear of the woods and seize the Canadian settlements on the Chateaugay, in the open country beyond, while the remainder of the army should make a circuit in an opposite direction, and avoid the obstructed forest altogether. This movement was successfully executed, and on the following day (October 22) a greater portion of Hampton's army encamped near the confluence of the Outard Creek and the Chateaugay River. There they remained until the artillery and stores came up.

Not far beyond this, in a wood, the enemy was found, ready to dispute the further march of the Americans to guard an important ford and to keep communications open with the St. Lawrence. De Salaberry's force was about a thousand strong; and Sir George Prevost and General De Watteville were within bugle-call, with more troops. To dislodge De Salaberry was Hampton's first care. He was informed of a ford opposite the left flank of the enemy; and on the evening of the 25th (Oct.), he detached Colonel Robert Purdy of the Fourth regular infantry, and Boyd's light troops to force the ford and fall on the British rear at dawn. The crack of Purdy's musketry was to be the signal for the main body of the Americans to attack the enemy's front. Ignorant guides foiled the whole plan. Purdy followed them across the river near the camp in thick darkness, and he and his men were soon bewildered in a hemlock swamp, out of which they could not find their way either back to camp or to the sought-for ford. All night the troops wandered about in that labyrinth; and sometimes different corps would meet each other in the gloom and excite mutual alarm, each mistaking the other for an enemy.

At dawn Purdy found himself within half a mile of the ford, and then the exhausted troops lay down to rest. Hampton, meanwhile, put his army in motion, under Izard, expecting every moment to hear Purdy's guns. But they remained silent, for their bearers were sleeping. Meridian was passed; and at two o'clock Izard moved forward to attack the foe. De Salaberry came out to meet him, but was pressed back to his forest defenses. Firing was now heard on the other side of the stream. Purdy had been surprised by a small detachment of Chasseurs and Canadian militia, who gained his rear while his soldiers were reposing. His troops, utterly discomfited, fled to the river. Several officers and men swam across, and bore to Hampton alarming accounts of the great numbers of the enemy before whom they had been running. Their fears made them give a false account, for the enemy that frightened Purdy so terribly was insignificant in strength. Indeed he had fled after the first encounter with the Americans, and the ludicrous scene was presented in that hemlock swamp, not only of the two parties running away from each other, but of detachments of Purdy's men having spirited engagements with each other, mistaking themselves for foes.

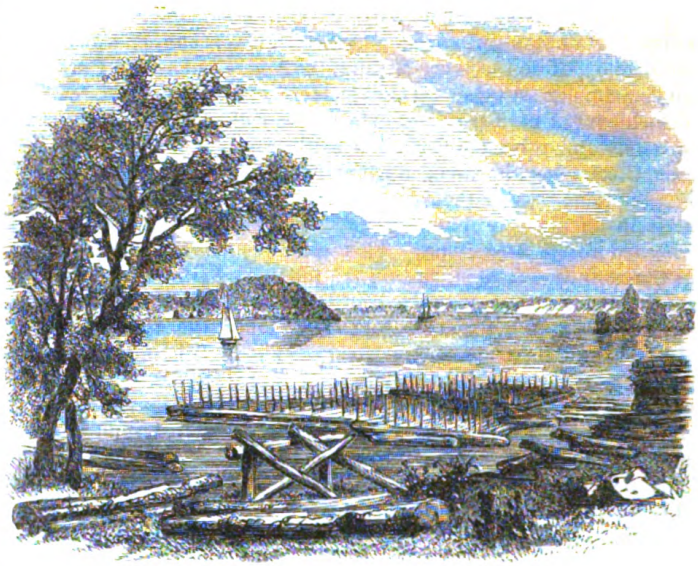
De Salaberry soon perceived that overwhelming numbers might outflank him, and he resorted to a successful stratagem. He posted buglers at some distance from each other, and when some concealed Provincial militia opened fire almost upon Hampton's flank, these buglers simultaneously sounded a charge. Hampton was alarmed. From the apparent extent of the British line, as indicated by the bugles, he supposed a heavy force was about to fall upon him, front and flank. He immediately sounded a retreat and withdrew from the field; and the whole army fell back to Chateaugay Four Corners, where its inglorious campaign ended. Such was the affair, disgraceful to the American arms, which historians have attempted to dignify with the name of *battle*.

The embarkation, at Sackett's Harbor, of Wilkinson's expedition against Montreal, as we have seen, was ordered to take place on the 12th of October. With a reckless disregard of life, the troops, under the direct command of Major-General Lewis, were placed in scows, batteaux, Durham boats, and common lake sail-boats, at the beginning of a dark night when portents of a storm were seen on every hand. In these frail vessels they were closely packed with ordnance, ammunition, hospital stores, baggage, camp equipage, and two months' provisions. The voyage was among islands, and past numerous points of land whose soundings and currents were known to few. There was a scarcity of pilots; and the whole flotilla seemed to have been sent out with very little of man's wisdom to direct it. The wind was favorable at the beginning, but toward midnight, as the clouds thickened and the darkness deepened, it freshened, and before morning became a gale, with rain and sleet. The flotilla was scattered in every direction, and the gloomy dawn revealed a sad spectacle. The shores of the islands and the main were strewn with wrecks of vessels and property. Fifteen large boats were totally lost, and many were too seriously damaged to be safe. For thirty hours the wind blew fiercely, but on the 20th, there having been a comparative calm for more than a day, a large proportion of the troops, with the sound boats, arrived at Grenadier Island, situated a short distance above Cape Vincent. These were chiefly the brigades of Boyd, Brown, Covington, Swartwout, and Porter.

In the mean time General Wilkinson was passing to and fro between the Harbor and Grenadier Island, looking after the smitten expedition. A return made to him on the 22d of October, showed that a large number of troops were still behind in vessels "wrecked or stranded." The weather continued boisterous, and on the 24th he was compelled to write to the

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Secretary of War—"The extent of the injury to our craft, clothing, arms, and provisions, greatly exceed our apprehensions, and has subjected us to the necessity of furnishing clothing, and of making repairs and equipments to the flotilla generally. In fact all our hopes have been nearly blasted; but, thanks to the same Providence that placed us in jeopardy, we are surmounting our difficulties, and, God willing, I shall pass Prescott on the night of the first or second proximo."



MOUTH OF FRENCH CREEK.

The troops remained encamped on Grenadier Island until the first of November, except General Brown's brigade, some light troops, and heavy artillery, which went down the St. Lawrence on the 29th, and took post at the mouth of French Creek, where the village of Clayton now stands. Storm had followed storm on Lake Ontario and the St. Lawrence. Snow fell to the depth of ten inches. The season was too far advanced to admit of further delay on account of weather, and the whole army moved forward as speedily as possible. Chauncey, in the mean time, who had been all the season endeavoring to bring the British squadron into conflict with him, but only partially succeeded on one occasion, attempted to blockade the enemy in Kingston Harbor, or at least to prevent his going down the river, either to pursue the Americans, or to take possession of and fortify the important old military post at the head of Carleton Island, already spoken of. But Chauncey's blockade was ineffectual. British marine scouts were out among the Thousand Islands, and when, on the afternoon of the 1st of November, they discovered Brown encamped in the woods at French Creek, two brigs, two schooners, and eight gun-boats, filled with infantry, were out ready to bear down upon him. They did so at about sunset of the same day.

Fortunately Brown had planted a battery of three 18-pounders on Bartlett's Point, a high, wooded bluff on the western shore of French Creek at its mouth, under the command of Captain M'Pherson of the light artillery. This battery, from its elevation, was very effective; and it was served so skillfully that the enemy were driven away after some cannonading. At dawn the next morning the conflict was renewed with the same result, the enemy in the two engagements having suffered much loss. It was with great difficulty that the British saved one of their brigs from capture.

In the mean time troops were coming down from Grenadier Island and landing on the shore of French Creek, as far up as the encampment of General Brown, on what has ever since been known as Wilkinson's Point. The commanding general, who was complimented by this name, arrived there on the 3d of November, and on the 4th he issued a general order, preparatory to final embarkation, in which he exhorted his troops to sustain well the character of American citizens, and abstain from rapine and plunder. "The General is determined," he said, "to have the first person who shall be detected in plundering an inhabitant of Canada of the smallest amount of property made an example of."

On the morning of the 5th, a clear, bright, crisp morning, just at dawn, the whole flotilla, comprising almost three hundred boats, moved down the river from French Creek, with banners furled and music silent, for they wished to elude discovery by the British, who, until now, were uncertain whether the expedition was intended for Kingston, Prescott, or Montreal. But the vigilant foe had immediately discovered their course, and with a heavy armed galley and gun-boats filled with troops, started in pursuit. The flotilla arrived at Morristown early that evening, having been annoyed by the enemy, more or less, all the way. The General was conveyed in a barge, under the command of the now venerable William Johnson, of Clayton, better known as "Bill Johnson, the Pirate of the Thousand Islands," or the "*Hero* of the Thousand Islands," according to the feelings of his friends and foes. Johnson had then been in active service under Chauncey, as a spy, and had rendered his adopted country (he was born in Canada) essential aid. During the war he became filled with bitter feelings against the British; and when, in 1837, there was a revolt in both of the Canadian Provinces against the Government, he became one of the most active of the American sympathizers with the "Pa-

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LIGHT-HOUSE KEPT BY JOHNSON.

triots," as the insurgents were called. He was one of the party who destroyed the British packet steamer *Robert Peel*, for which and other acts he was outlawed by his own Government, and a reward of $500 was offered for his apprehension. He was captured and imprisoned; finally pardoned; and now upon a little rocky island five miles below Clayton, and within sight of the place where the *Peel* was burned, he is the keeper of a light-house, and is paid a salary by the Government which once decreed him an outlaw! Time makes many strange changes.

Several times during the passage of Wilkinson's army that day from French Creek to Morristown, the General was disposed to turn upon the harassing enemy. He did so, at one time, near Bald Island, and was compelled to engage some of the enemy's gun-boats, which shot out of the British channel on the north and attacked his rear. They were beaten off, and Wilkinson determined to run by the formidable batteries at Prescott during the night. It was found to be impracticable, and his boats lay moored at Morristown until morning. A corps of land troops from Kingston had also followed Wilkinson along the Northern shore of the St. Lawrence, and arrived at Prescott before the American flotilla reached Ogdensburg.

For the purpose of avoiding Fort Wellington and other fortifications at Prescott, Wilkinson halted three miles above Ogdensburg, where he debarked his ammunition, and all of his troops except a sufficient number to man the boats. These were to be conveyed by land to the "Red Mill," four miles below Ogdensburg on the American shore, and the boats were to run by the Prescott batteries that night.

At the place of debarkation Wilkinson issued a proclamation to the Canadians, intended to make them passive; and there, at noon on the 6th of November, he was visited by Hampton's Inspector-General, by whom he sent orders for that commander to press forward to the St. Lawrence, and form a junction with the descending army at St. Regis.

By the skillful management of General Brown the whole flotilla passed Prescott safely that night, with the exception of two large boats heavily laden with prisoners, artillery, and ordnance stores, which ran aground at Ogdensburg. They were taken off under a severe cannonading from Fort Wellington, and soon joined the others at the "Red Mill." Wilkinson was now informed that the Canada shore of the river was lined with posts of musketry and artillery at every eligible point, to dispute the passage of the flotilla. To meet and remove these impediments Colonel Alexander Macomb was detached with twelve hundred of the *élite* of the army, and on Sunday, the 7th, landed on the Canada shore. He was soon followed by Lieutenant-Colonel Forsyth and his riflemen.

The flotilla arrived abreast "The White House," opposite the Canadian town of Matilda, about eighteen miles below Ogdensburg, on the 8th, and there Wilkinson called a council of his officers, consisting of Generals Lewis, Boyd, Brown, Porter, Covington, and Swartwout. After hearing a report from the acting chief-engineer, Colonel J. G. Swift, concerning the reputed strength of the enemy, the question "Shall the army proceed with all possible rapidity to the attack of Montreal?" was considered, and answered in the affirmative. General Brown was at once ordered to cross the river with his brigade and the dragoons, for the purpose of marching down the Canada side of the stream in connection with Colonel Macomb; and the remainder of the day and night was consumed in the transportation. Meanwhile Wilkinson was informed that a British reinforcement, full one thousand strong, had been sent down from Kingston to Prescott, under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Morrison. They had come in the armed schooners *Beresford* and *Sidney Smith*, and several gun-boats and batteaux, under Captain Mulcaster, which had eluded Chauncey's inefficient blockading squadron. They were joined at Prescott by provincial infantry and dragoons, under Lieutenant-Colonel Pearson, and on the morning of the 9th they were close upon Wilkinson with the vessels in which they came down the river; and a large portion of the land troops were debarked at Matilda, for the purpose of pursuing the Americans. General Boyd and his brigade were now detached to reinforce Brown, with orders to cover his march, to attack the pursuing enemy, if necessary, and to co-operate with the other commanders.

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Wilkinson now found himself in a perilous position. The British armed vessels were following his flotilla, and a heavy British force was hanging upon the rear of his land troops, ready to co-operate with the water-craft in an attack upon the Americans. They constantly harassed Brown and Boyd, and occasionally attacked the rear of the flotilla. The American forces on the shore also encountered detachments coming up from below, and were compelled to make some long and tedious circuits in their march because of the destruction of the bridges in the front.

On the morning of the 10th, when Wilkinson was approaching the "Longue Saut," a perilous rapid in the St. Lawrence eight miles in extent, he was informed that a considerable body of the enemy had collected near its foot, had constructed a block-house, and were prepared to attack him when he should come down. General Brown was ordered to advance at once and dislodge them, and at noon cannonading was heard in that direction for some time. At the same hour the enemy came pressing upon Wilkinson's rear, and commenced cannonading from the gun-boats. The American gun-barges were so slender that the 18-pounders could not be worked effectively; so they were landed, placed in battery, and brought to bear upon the enemy so skillfully that his vessels fled in haste up the river. In these operations the day was mostly consumed. The pilots were unwilling to enter the rapids at night. It was necessary to hear from Brown; for when the flotilla should once be committed to the swift current of the rapids there could be no retreat. These considerations caused Wilkinson to halt for the night in front of the farm of John Chrystler (a British militia captain, then in the service), a few miles below Williamsburg, while Boyd, with the rear of the land force, encamped near.

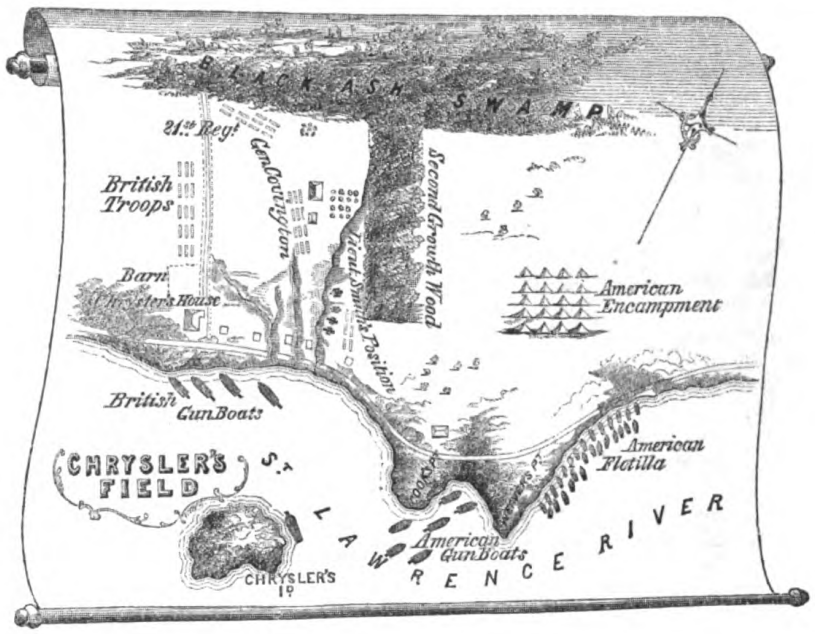
At ten o'clock on the morning of the 11th Wilkinson received a dispatch from Brown, addressed from "Five miles above Cornwall," announcing his success in his attack upon the British fort at the foot of the rapids, informing him of the wounding of Lieutenant-Colonel Forsyth and one of his men, and urging him to come forward with boats and supplies as quickly as possible, because his wearied troops were "without covering in the rain." This dispatch found Wilkinson extremely ill; and his reply, in which he told Brown of the presence of the enemy on his rear, and his apprehensions that he intended to pass him with his gun-boats and strengthen the British forces below, was addressed "From my bed." "It is now," he said, "that I feel the heavy hand of disease—enfeebled and confined to my bed, while the safety of the army intrusted to my command, the honor of our arms, and the greatest interests of our country are at hazard."

Wilkinson now ordered the flotilla to proceed, and Boyd and his command to resume their march. At that moment information reached the commanding general that the enemy were advancing in column, and that firing from their gun-boats was heard. He immediately sent Colonel Swift with an order for Boyd to form his detachment into three columns, advance upon the enemy, and endeavor to outflank him and capture his cannon. At the same time the flotilla was ordered to be moored on the Canadian shore just below Weaver's Point, while his gun-boats lay off Cook's Point.

The brave Boyd, anxious for battle, gladly obeyed. Swartwout was detailed with the Fourth Brigade to assail the van-guard of the enemy, which was composed of light troops, and Covington was directed to take position at supporting distance from him with the Third Brigade. Swartwout, on a large brown horse, dashed gallantly into woods of second growth, followed by the Twenty-first Regiment, commanded by Colonel E. W. Ripley, and with these drove the light troops of the enemy back upon the main line, in open fields, on Chrystler's farm below his house. That line was well posted, its right resting on the St. Lawrence and covered by Mulcaster's gun-boats, and the left on a black-ash swamp, supported by Indians and gathering militia, under Colonel Thomas Fraser. They were advantageously formed back of a rail-fence and a ravine that intersected the extensive plain, and rendered the advance of the American artillery almost impossible.

Swartwout's sudden and successful dash was quickly followed by an attack on the enemy's left by the whole of the Fourth Brigade and a part of the First under Colonel Coles, who advanced across plowed fields, knee-deep in mud, in the face of a heavy shower of bullets and shrapnel shell. At the same time General Covington, mounted on a fine white horse, gallantly led the Third Brigade against the enemy's left, near the river, and the battle became general. By charge after charge in the midst of difficulties the British were pushed back almost a mile; and the American cannon, placed in fair position by General Boyd, under the direction of Colonel Swift, did excellent execution for a few minutes. The squadron of the Second Regiment of dragoons was early in the field, and much exposed to the enemy's fire, but, owing to the nature of the ground, was unable to accomplish much. At length Covington fell, severely wounded, and the ammunition of the Americans began to fail. It was soon exhausted, and the Fourth Brigade, hard pushed, fell back, followed by Colonel Coles. This retrograde movement affected the Third Brigade, and it, too, fell back in considerable disorder. The British perceived this, and followed up the advantage gained with great vigor, and were endeavoring, by a flank movement, to capture Boyd's cannon, when a gallant charge of cavalry, led by Adjutant-General Walbach, who had obtained Armstrong's permission to accompany the expedition, drove them back and saved the pieces. The effort was renewed. Lieutenant Smith, who commanded one of the cannon, was mortally wounded, and it fell into the hands of the enemy.

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The conflict had lasted about two hours, when the Americans were compelled to fall back. During that time victory had swayed like a pendulum between the combatants, and would doubtless have rested with the Americans had their ammunition held out. Their retreat was promising to be a rout, when the flying troops were met by six hundred men under Lieutenant-Colonel Timothy Upham, of the Twenty-first Regiment of Infantry, and Major Malcolm, whom Wilkinson had sent up to the support of Boyd. These checked the disorderly flight; and taking position on the ground from which Boyd's force had been driven, they gallantly attacked the enemy, seized the principal ravine, and, with a severe fire at short musket range, drove the British back and saved the day. Meanwhile Boyd had re-formed his line in battle order on the edge of the wood from which Swartwout drove the foe at the beginning of the engagement, and there awaited another attack. It was not made. Both parties seemed willing to make the excuse of oncoming darkness a warrant for suspending further fighting. The Americans, under cover of night, retired unmolested to their boats, and the British remained upon the field. Neither party had gained a victory, but the advantage lay with the British.

On the morning after the battle the flotilla and gun-boats passed safely down the Long Rapids without discovering any signs of an enemy, and at the same time the land troops marched in the same direction unmolested. At Barnhart's, three miles above Cornwall, they formed a junction with the forces under General Brown, and Wilkinson expected to hear of the arrival of General Hampton and his division at St. Regis, on the opposite shore of the St. Lawrence. But he was disappointed. General Brown had written to Hampton the day before, informing him of rumors of a battle above, and saying, "My own opinion is you can not be with us too soon," and begging him to inform the writer by the bearer when he might be expected at St. Regis. Soon after Wilkinson's arrival Colonel Atkinson, Hampton's Inspector-General, appeared as the bearer of a letter from his chief, dated the 11th, in which the commander of the left of the grand army of the North, who, as we have seen, had fallen back to Chateaugay Four Corners, declared his intention not to join Wilkinson at all, but to co-operate in the attack on Montreal by returning to Champlain and making a descent from that place. In other words, he was resolved to act independently of his superior, violate his oath, and, with an ambition without sufficient ability to execute its behests, attempt to win glory for himself exclusively by snatching the coveted prize of Montreal from the hands of Wilkinson. The latter was enraged, and declared that he would "arrest Hampton and direct Izard to bring forward the division." But he was too feeble in mind and body to execute his threat, or do any thing that required energy; and after uttering a few curses, he called a council of war, and left the proud old oligarch, whose slaves in South Carolina and Louisiana he counted by thousands, to do as he pleased. That council decided that "the conduct of Major-General Hampton, in refusing to join his division to the troops descending the St. Lawrence, rendered it expedient to remove the army to French Mills, on the Salmon River." "The opinion of the younger members of the council was," says the now venerable General Swift, "that, with Brown as a leader, no character would be lost in going to Montreal;" but the majority said no; and on the following day, at

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JUNCTION OF BIG AND LITTLE SALMON.

noon, when information came that there was a considerable British force at Coteau de Lac, the foot-soldiers and artillerymen were all embarked on the transports, under the direction of General Brown, and departed for the Salmon River. The horses of the dragoons, excepting about forty, were made to swim across the cold and rapidly-flowing St. Lawrence, there a thousand yards wide, and the squadron proceeded to Utica. The flotilla passed up the Big Salmon about six miles to its confluence with the Little Salmon, near the French Mills, when it was announced that the boats were to be scuttled, and the army was to go into winter-quarters in huts.

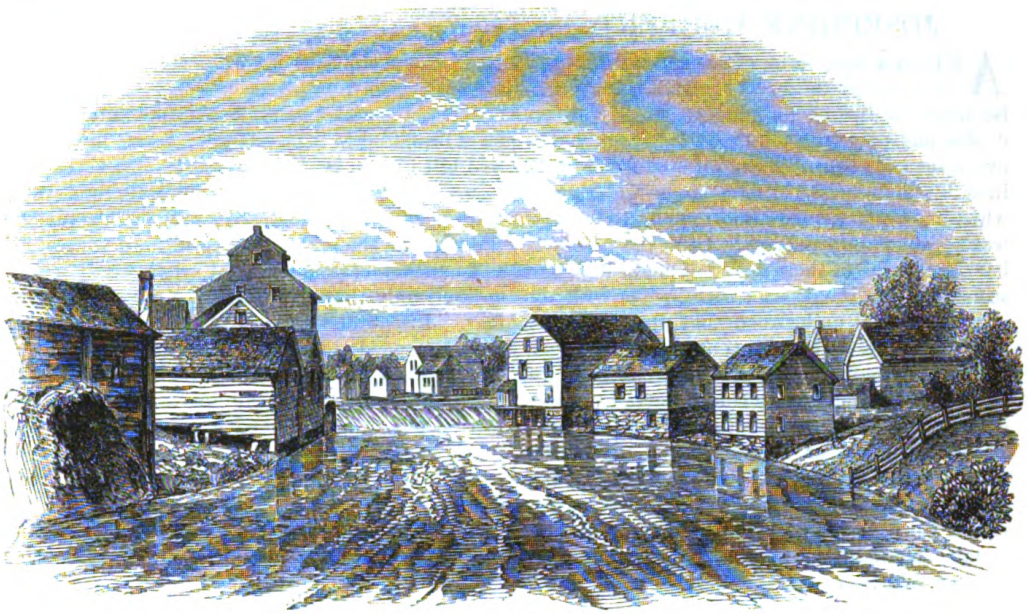
Thus ended, in disaster and disgrace, an expedition which, in its inception, promised great and salutary results. It was composed of brave and patriotic men; and justice to those men requires the humiliating confession from the historian that their failure to achieve complete success is justly chargeable to the incompetency of the chief commanders, and the criminal indulgence, on the part of these commanders, of personal jealousies and animosities. The appointment of Wilkinson to the command of the Northern army was a criminal blunder on the part of the Government. His antecedents were well known, and did not recommend him for a responsible position. The weakness of his patriotism under temptations, and his too free indulgence in intoxicating drinks, were notorious. Hampton was totally unfit for the responsible station in which he was placed; and Armstrong, who was a fellow-soldier with them both in the old war for independence, lacked some of the qualities most essential in the administration of the extraordinary functions of his office in time of war. His presence on the frontier during the progress of the expedition was, doubtless, detrimental to the service, and he left for the National Capital at the moment when the counsel and direction of a judicious secretary of war were most needed.

On arriving at the junction of the Big and Little Salmon the army was immediately debarked on the frozen shores, and set to work in the construction of huts for winter-quarters. Their first labor was the sad task of digging a grave for the remains of General Covington. He was shot through the body on the 11th, and died at Barnhart's on the morning of the 13th, just before the flotilla departed for Salmon River. Wilkinson immediately departed for Malone, after transferring the command of the army to General Lewis, who, with General Boyd, made his head-quarters at a long, low building (yet standing in 1860), dingy red in color, on the left bank of the Salmon, near the



BROWN'S HEAD-QUARTERS.

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FRENCH MILLS, FORT COVINGTON.

present lower bridge over the river at French Mills, or Fort Covington. These generals soon obtained leave of absence, and the command of the army devolved on the younger and energetic leader, General Brown, who made his head-quarters on the right bank of the river, above the Mills, now on the corner of Water and Chateaugay streets, in Fort Covington. There he received his commission of Major-General in the armies of the United States. Hampton, in the mean time, had retired to Plattsburg, having abandoned all thoughts of entering Canada again. Wilkinson ordered him to join the main army at French Mills, with his four thousand men; but the disobedient leader, leaving General Izard, of South Carolina, in command, abandoned the service, and retired to his immense sugar plantations in Louisiana, followed by the contempt of virtuous and patriotic men.

General Brown at once adopted measures for making the troops as comfortable as possible. Huts were constructed; but this was a work of much labor, and consumed several weeks. Meanwhile severe winter weather came. They were on the 45th parallel, and at the beginning of December the cold became intense. Most of the soldiers had lost their blankets and extra clothing in the disastrous voyage to Grenadier Island, or in the battle on Chrystler's field. Even the sick had no shelter but tents for a while. The country in the vicinity was a wilderness, and provisions were not only scarce but of inferior quality. A great quantity of medicines and hospital stores had been lost through mismanagement, and these could not be procured short of Albany, a distance of two hundred and fifty miles. The mortality among the sick became frightful, and disease prostrated nearly one-half of the little army before they were fairly housed in well-regulated cantonments.

Taking advantage of this distress among the soldiers, British emissaries tried, by the secret circulation of written and printed placards, to seduce the suffering men from their allegiance. "The American soldiers," said a written placard nailed upon a tree during a dark night, "who may wish to quit the unnatural war in which they are at present engaged will receive the arrears due to them by the American Government, to the extent of five months' pay, on their arrival at the British outposts. No man shall be required to serve against his own country." The lure failed. It is believed that not a single soldier of American birth was enticed away by such promises.

The enemy frequently menaced the cantonment at French Mills, as well as at Plattsburg; and toward the close of January Wilkinson received orders from the War Department to break up the post on Salmon River. Early in February the movement was made. The flotilla was destroyed as fully as the ice in which it was imbedded would permit, and the barracks were consumed. The hospital at Malone was abandoned; and while Brown, with a large portion of the troops, marched up the St. Lawrence and to Sackett's Harbor, the remainder accompanied the Commander-in-Chief to Plattsburg. The enemy at Cornwall was apprised of this movement, and crossed the river on the ice on the day when the last American detachment left French Mills. They were regulars, Canadian militia, and Indians, and plunder seemed to be their chief object. In this they were indulged, and the abandoned frontier suffered much.

Thus closed the events of the Campaign of 1813 on the Northern Frontier.

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JOSEPHINE HERBERT.

AFTER a long fever of suspense and hope I won at last the sweet confession and promise from the lips of Josephine. Swiftly all my doubts and pains forsook me. A heavenly glow overspread my soul. Then followed a month of ineffable happiness, blissful days and nights, when my heart seemed almost ready to burst, it was so full of love and joy! I can not now look back and think of those days but again my heart seems ready to break—not with love or with joy.

After it was understood that Josephine was to be my wife, and her parents had given their consent, I used to spend all my evenings at the cottage. Her mother—a cold, reserved woman, of whom I had always stood somewhat in awe—smiled upon me as I had never believed she could smile, and fondly called me her son. The father told me his most entertaining stories, and talked with me familiarly of politics and of the farm. To think how I loved these old people for her sake!—to remember how happy I was then!

But suddenly a change came over the family. Love made my sense so keen that I perceived it one evening before I entered the house. Josephine ran as usual to welcome me; her mother smiled the same; Mr. Herbert had never appeared so kind to me. Yet I could not be deceived. I knew that something was concealed from me; and after passing an unhappy evening I went home with a heavy heart.

Two or three times I had seen Judge Elmer's horse standing at Mr. Herbert's gate. He was a man of influence and wealth; Mrs. Herbert was ambitious in her choice of friends; and I was glad for her sake, knowing how well his visits would please her. But that night, as I lay awake in my lonely room, tormented with doubts, something whispered, "The Judge's attentions flatter them, and they think that Josephine might have looked higher for a husband."

My misery kept me awake all night. The next day I had work to do which compelled me to stifle my impatience until evening. But as soon as I could get away from my tasks I hastily changed my dress, and ran across the fields to Mr. Herbert's house.

As I approached I saw a cloud of dust in the distance, and the Judge's chaise coming down the road. It had stood at Mr. Herbert's gate only the day before, and the sight of it arriving again so soon filled me with a vague terror and jealousy. I crept through the garden hardly knowing what I should do. As I drew near the house, upon the side opposite the road, I perceived that the door was open, and presently discovered Mrs. Herbert talking with Josephine, who was weeping, while her father walked up and down, smoking, with a troubled air. I felt a devouring anxiety to hear what was said. Passion overcame all sense of honor or shame; a shadowy vine favored my insane wish, and there I stood and listened.

"Don't vex the girl; don't vex her!" said Mr. Herbert. "Let her do as she pleases."

"Of course," said his wife, "she will do as we wish to have her."

"Oh, I can't! I can't!" said Josephine. "I have promised to marry Hugh; I love him! It will kill him to be disappointed!"

"That's it," said Mr. Herbert, walking to the door and smoking violently. "If she has made the promise she ought to keep it."

I can not remember what other words were spoken, only that they filled me with fury and fear. Josephine was speaking when the Judge's chaise stopped at the gate. The arrival brought confusion to the group, and Josephine arose and fled. She ran out at the door. She met me face to face. She uttered a cry and recoiled, guilty and terror-stricken.

"What is the matter?" quickly asked her mother.

Josephine gasped out my name. Mrs. Herbert, who did not see me, hurried her from the door.

"Go and meet him!" she whispered. "Talk to him and keep him in the garden—don't let him know any thing yet!"

The door was closed. I moved toward Josephine as she stood there, white and trembling, and fastened my grasp upon her wrist. She made no resistance as I drew her away, only gasping a little, and looking up at me with wild and frightened looks. I drew her toward the well, thinking I would fling her down into it, and bury her with stones, my heart was so deadly in its wrath. She seemed to read my savage purpose.

"Don't, don't!" she faltered. "I love you, I love you, Hugh!"

"How dare you tell me that?" I said, fiercely.

"Why, Hugh! what have I done?"

"Done! what have you done—perjured, guilty woman?"

"I don't know what you mean," she said. "You are angry without cause. I have done nothing—nothing!"

"Beware," I answered, quite beside myself—"beware how you trifle with me now! I know all. I have heard. Don't dare to speak another lie; for maybe we shall all die soon—the rich man who is coming to marry you, and the wicked woman who is plotting my ruin—and you too, Josephine: you first, and myself last! So beware!"

"Oh, Hugh!" she articulated, sinking upon her knees and clasping mine, and looking up at me with despairing features—"forgive me, spare me, and I will tell you all!"

"Get up," I said, sternly. I lifted her to her feet; but when I saw that she could hardly stand, so great was her fear, a feeling of pity came over me and I put my arm about her waist, supporting her, while I led her to an arbor in the garden.

"Oh, you will not be too cruel with me: you will not, dear, dear Hugh!" she said. "You are kinder than you were! Oh yes, yes: you

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are! you are!"—and she embraced me with laughter, and tears, and sobs.

I sat down upon a bench in the arbor, and held her in my arms. My rage was giving place to grief. I dropped fiery tears upon the fair head that pressed my bosom. At length she became quiet, and lay very still in my arms; and, looking upon her, I felt my sorrow swelling up more and more, till I could contain myself no longer, but cried out in anguish,

"O God! how I loved you, how I loved you, Josephine! How could you stab my soul!"

She stretched up higher, and put her arms about my neck, and pressed her tearful face against my check, and kissed me many times, weeping all the while silently, and stealing again softly into my relenting heart. My fury and despair at the thought of losing her were all gone. I felt sure of her again—more sure than ever. Only the dreadful agony remained, of knowing that for one moment her truth had faltered—that for a single instant she had paused and weighed me and my love in the balance with the rich man and his gold. That perfidy it seemed impossible to forgive. But when she told me every thing; how the Judge had come to the house as a friend; how proud and happy he had made her parents; the great joy of her mother, when she learned that he wished to make Josephine his wife, and the mistress of his wealth; her own indignant rejection of the offer, and firm persistence, until that powerful woman's overbearing will had, at the fatal crisis I had witnessed, driven her momently insane, and made her seem to hesitate and almost accept—all this, accompanied by protestations of love, and solemn promises that no power should henceforth divide us, disarmed my resentment, and I gathered her into my heart, and we drank then and there such dear and dangerous draughts of love as we had never before dared to enjoy. Proud and exultant, I rose up, feeling that she was all mine, that her mother's wicked ambition was baffled, and that the Judge could now go peaceably home and lock up his gold.

Hours had passed; the evening was advanced, when we heard Mr. Herbert calling us, and reluctantly left the arbor. He met us at the door, and said, kindly,

"Well, my children?"

I grasped his hand and raised it to my lips.

"She is mine!" I said. "Is she not? Have you not said it?"

"Certainly, Hugh, if you are both agreed."

"We are! Say we are, Josephine!"

"We are, we are, dear father!"

"Why, what does this mean?" said the old man.

"It means," I replied, "that I know all; that she has told me every thing, and promised again to be my wife, and never to give another thought to that man; and that I appeal to you, her father, to help and protect her while I am away."

"Yes, yes, we appeal to you, father," added Josephine; "for you know how weak I am, and I fear—I fear!"

This distrust of herself gave me a heavy pang. The old man wept.

"Well, well," he said, "I am glad it is settled; though the Judge is a good friend of ours, and mother likes him, and no doubt he would make Josephine a kind husband."

"You can say that now to me!" I exclaimed, bitterly. "Oh, Josephine, I wish that I had died before this night!"

"There, there! don't feel hurt," he replied. "I want Josephine to be happy, and if she has made her choice let that end it. So don't resent what I said: you know it is natural that we should wish her to marry well, and there is not a kinder, better man than the Judge."

"Not richer!" I added, with gall. "That makes all the difference. But remember, it is settled: she is mine, and she is not to be teased and made unhappy."

"Has he gone, father?" whispered Josephine.

"No; he is talking with your mother."

"Conspiring to rob me!" I said, through my teeth. But then the memory of what had passed in the arbor arose within me, and kissing Josephine, and shaking hands with her father, I bid them good-night, and went home almost happy.

The next day I saw Mrs. Herbert's little kitchen girl coming along the road, bearing something in her hand. As she drew near I discovered that it was a letter. A presentiment of impending evil made me faint, for I knew the message was for me, and I guessed its purport even before I saw my name in Mrs. Herbert's ominous handwriting upon the envelope. I opened it and read these words:

"Hugh, I have heard with sorrow and regret of your conduct last night. After the temper you have shown to Josephine I can no longer feel it safe to intrust you with her happiness. And after the unjust and insulting language you have used respecting me, it is thought advisable that you should discontinue your visits to our house. Josephine has now recovered her reason, which she seemed to have lost in the alarm and excitement caused by your violence, and this note expresses her feelings as well as my own. If this decision gives you pain, remember that you have brought it all upon yourself."

I stood stupefied, crushing up the letter in my hands, when I heard my name spoken two or three times, and felt some one pulling my sleeve.

"Don't you mind it, Hugh. I'm on your side," said the girl, with sparkling eyes. "I like you better than all the rest. I can tell you something."

"Tell me all you know. Quick! quick!" And I seized her arm in my impatience.

"Mrs. Herbert has fixed it all," she added. "I had my ear at the stove-pipe hole, up stairs, when she was talking with Judge Elmer last night."

"Josephine," I said, "does she—has she agreed?"

"They brought her into the room after you was gone. The Judge talked to her some time, and told her how happy he thought he could

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make her and the old folks with *his means*—he talked a good deal about *his means*—and asked her to think of it till next week, and then he went away; and they praised him, and said what a good man he was, and how rich and respected, and what a kind husband he would make, and all that; and Josephine sat crying all the time till her mother asked her what you had said and done, and she was fool enough to tell. How mad I was at her!"—and the girl shook her fist.

"What else?" I demanded.

"Not much; only Mrs. Herbert said it all happened just right, and she would make that an excuse to forbid you the house."

All this I heard. Then I read over the mother's letter, and crushed it up again as I would have crushed her heart.

"Where are you going?" cried Mary—for I had started off, with a sudden impulse, to tear up the perfidy by its roots. "Don't go there—don't, if you please, Hugh. She'll know I told you, and then won't she give it to me!"

"Don't fear," I said. "I shall not betray you, poor girl."

"Oh, but you will—you can't help it, you are so white and angry! And, don't you see, you'll only make more trouble, and set Josephine against you, maybe."

Then remembering how violent I had been the night before, I feared that already I had made Josephine dread and hate me, and repented that I had given the family that single poor excuse for their treachery.

"Wait till you get over it a little," the girl went on, "and I'll carry Josephine any message you please—tell her to meet you in the arbor to-night at eight o'clock, shall I?"

Impatient as I was to confront and denounce the wrong, I felt that Mary's little head was wiser than mine; and having agreed to the course she proposed, I sent her away. I now found it impossible to return to my work. I wandered to the woods, and waited in torments of suspense for the night. At dusk I approached Mr. Herbert's house. It was eight o'clock, and not yet dark, when I reached the arbor and concealed myself. I shrink even from the recollection of the doubts, the sickness of heart, and burning sense of wrong which I suffered then and there waiting for Josephine. The last gleam of twilight faded. Darkness and silence were all around me. Every note of the lonely katydid, piping her harsh song in the tree by the wall, pierced my heart with inexpressible pain. At one moment I groaned with resentment against Josephine; the next I longed only to hear her footstep and to clasp her to my breaking heart. I stepped out of the arbor. The stars were shining above, mocking the anguish of my soul with their cool, calm rays. I walked toward the house. There was a light burning within, but all was still.

"She will not come! she will not come!" I said, after long watching. I threw myself upon the ground. Then I tried to pray. But I could find no peace; my thoughts of prayer turned to bitter curses, and, rising up in rage, I advanced to the door, when something bade me pause. Perhaps Josephine had not been able to escape from her mother's eye; she would come to me yet, or at least she would send Mary with some message: such were my thoughts. I returned to the arbor; I remembered the happiness of the past night, the endearments which had consecrated the place. Now darkness and loneliness possessed it, and dreadful doubts whispered that such bliss would be mine no more. I sat down upon the seat where she had sat; I tried to imagine her there again; I called her name with sighs and tears. Then I walked to the well, and looked down into the black cavity, and thought how sweet it would be to sink into its cool, still waters, and so be at rest.

When I raised my head and turned again the light in the cottage had disappeared. I now took fresh courage, trusting that Josephine would come to me, or at least give me some signal as soon as her parents had retired. But I looked in vain for a light in her room. The perfect gloom and silence which enwrapped the cottage alarmed me. I made the circuit of the house; not a ray was visible within, not a sound was heard. I waited a long time, then threw a pebble against Josephine's window. I heard it click the glass and fall down upon the vine leaves beneath. I held my breath, and watched and listened—but there was no signal. I thought—"Perhaps she is afraid." I threw another pebble. Then I spoke her name.

"Josephine!" I said, "it is I—speak to me!"

No response.

"Josephine! Josephine! for pity's sake, one word!"

Then came the torturing thought that she had gone early to bed, perhaps before my arrival, and that now, and all the time I had been watching and waiting, she was lying there in deep, unconscious sleep.

"She has no heart," I said; "no love, no pity. Unworthy! unworthy! I pluck her from my soul!"

Then another and very different thought suggested itself. "Her mother is cautious: she sleeps with her to-night." And no longer blaming Josephine so heavily, but concentrating all my heart's bitter thoughts against her mother, I left the garden, crossed the fields in darkness, reached home, and crept to my wretched bed.

The next morning I was feverish, but my nerves were strung to a resolute purpose; and, having dressed myself with care, I walked to the house which I was forbidden to enter. With right and truth for my allies I felt strong and bold. It was a fresh dewy morning; and as I entered the sweet-scented yard the loneliness and misery of which it had been the scene a few hours before appeared like some horror of which I had dreamed. I was keenly susceptible to the beauty and joy around me, and I had more than once caught myself singing snatches of songs by

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the way. At the door I met Mr. Herbert, who looked a little embarrassed at first, but nevertheless greeted me with his old cordial smile, and invited me to go in.

"Fine morning. How do you do?"

"Very well," I said, in the commonplace phrase of village life. "How are you all here?"

"All well, I believe; all that are at home," he replied, and then adroitly made his escape.

I found myself standing face to face with Mrs. Herbert. I bowed low without speaking.

"Good-morning, Hugh," she said, in a tone unusually kind and cheerful; but there was something hollow and false in it, and her face was pale, with an extraordinary tightness about her lips as she smiled.

"I was honored with a letter from you yesterday," I said; and my own voice astonished and encouraged me, it was so deep, and clear, and strong.

"Yes," said she, nervously. "Sit down. I thought it best to write to you. I hoped to save all of us the pain of an interview. But I am not sorry you have come."

"Did you think I would not come?" I asked. And straightway I proceeded to recount to her my wrongs and her own treachery. Her face grew whiter still, and the tightness about her lips increased, with an occasional quick, violent twitching, and her eyes dared not once encounter mine. So she sat and heard me through; and I added, "This is what I came to say to you. I *have been* angry, God forgive me; but I am not angry now. I speak the simple, earnest truth of my heart. In your own heart you know that it is truth, and you will not deny it."

"I do not consider it worth while to deny any thing," she answered. "Think of us--think of me—as you please. After what has passed it is not possible that ever you should make one of my family. No man can marry my child who holds such opinions of me. There, Sir, is the door, which I request you never to enter again."

Her words fell like flints, hard and separate, one upon another. I stood up and replied,

"Your child, Mrs. Herbert, is pledged to me. You know that her heart is all mine. As long as I am assured of that—until I hear her own lips recant what she has solemnly declared—I shall seek her and claim her wherever she is. I will leave your house, madam, but not until I have seen her, if she is in it."

"I am very thankful that she is not in it," said Mrs. Herbert. "I expected this, and took precautions to save my child from your violence."

"My violence, madam?"

"Yes; I regard you as a dangerous, vindictive person. What you said and did to her last I do not know; but I do know that it almost unsettled both her health and her reason."

I felt a wrathful response surging in my breast at those unjust words; but I simply said,

"Am I to understand that Josephine is not at home?"

"You are."

"Then I shall call again when she is at home."

"You'd better not! I warn you—I command you!"

I cast my eyes upward; I felt them fill with tears, as I said,

"God judge between you and me! I shall do what I feel to be right, without falsehood and without fear."

Then I turned and departed.

A strange power had been upon me through all this interview; but now that it was ended I felt my strength suddenly sinking, and before I had passed the gate I was tremulous and powerless as a child.

I saw Mr. Herbert approaching, carrying a pail. He seemed desirous to avoid me. I called to him and we met.

"Do you remember the night before last, Mr. Herbert, what I said, what Josephine said, and what you promised?"

"It seems to me I remember something, Hugh; yes, I remember," faltered the old man. "I am your friend, Hugh, believe me."

"Then tell me where she is!"

"Her mother thought it best that she should be kept quiet for a few days and have time to settle her thoughts; and she sent her off somewhere—to visit some friends, I believe."

"How—when did she go?"

"Yesterday afternoon—Mary went with her in the buggy. Mary will drive home this morning; but I suppose Josephine will be absent a week, perhaps longer."

"Tell me where she is," I pleaded, "and I promise you that I will never speak to her one unkind word!"

"I can't tell; I did not ask, for I did not wish to know."

The old man burst into tears. I understood his heart—so kind, yet so weak. Solicitude for Josephine his youngest, and now his only child—a tender regard for me, together with something of his wife's ambition for wealth—and certainly with a timid deference to her more powerful and determined spirit, added to which the consciousness, not to be stifled, of a great wrong being done: such were the conflicting feelings which agitated him. I took his hand and he pressed mine with emotion.

"It will all be for the best, I hope," he said: "for you and for all of us, Hugh."

"It is vain to hope and do nothing," I replied. "If you stand tamely by and see your child driven to a match against which her whole nature revolts, the sin is yours. I have said it. You will remember when the day of sorrow comes."

"I trust that day may be distant; I pray that no unhappiness may come to our child!" murmured the old man.

I could not return home—the very thought of home was repugnant to me. I wandered over the hills and through the woods. Oh the weary, weary day! Josephine's love had wa-

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vered once, it might falter again. But for this, but for the fact that I had myself witnessed her weakness, nothing could have destroyed my faith in her, or brought such anguish to my spirit. I could find no rest or solace any where. The cool nooks in the woods, the great trees, always before so friendly, the brooks and mossy banks that had never until now refused to cool my fever and soothe my pain—all denied that they ever knew me; and wherever I walked fell the shadow of my despair, and wherever I laid myself down a bed of torment was prepared.

Josephine was to be absent a week, perhaps longer, and I—could I endure another day of such suspense? I firmly believed that she had gone to stay with some friends of Judge Elmer's. They would flatter and influence her—that was her mother's policy. They would labor to make her forget me; and I was not to see her, or speak one word for myself, or feel that I had in the world a friend who would speak one word for me to keep me in her remembrance during this time! And perhaps (this thought went through me like a sword) they would work upon her weakness and vanity until, in some fatal moment, wringing from her something like consent, they would arrange a hasty marriage, and she would be the Judge's wife and lost to me forever!

In vain I reasoned that if she would be so perfidious and weak she was unworthy of me, and I ought to leave her to her fate. I found no consolation in that thought. I loved her so I felt that I could forgive every thing, and give up pride, ambition, all the world for her.

My hope was in Mary. I longed to see her returning by the road. Perhaps Josephine would be with her. At least she would bring with her some message from Josephine to me. I had this thing to hope for, and torture myself with all the forenoon. In all my restless wanderings I kept within sight and sound of the road; my heart throbbing violently, then growing faint with every vehicle that appeared. At last the well-known buggy came in sight. Mary was riding alone. In a minute I was at the road eager to waylay her.

"Mary! Mary!" I cried.

"How do you do, Hugh?" answered the girl's shrill voice.

"Where have you been? where is Josephine?"

"I've been to carry her over the mountain. Did you come to the arbor last night?"

"Oh, Mary! did Josephine know I was coming to meet her there?"

"Of course, I told her."

"What did she say?"

"She said she was afraid it wasn't best."

"Afraid it was not best!" I groaned. "And so she went away and left me at such a time."

"Oh, that was her mother's notion," Mary said. "And of course Josephine does just as her mother wants her to—the silly thing!" The girl's black eyes flashed with scorn.

"She sent me no letter—no message?"

"No, she said she thought it was not best."

Grief and rage choked my voice.

"Where is she?"

"If you go to find her, they will know that I told you. Josephine herself said I'd better not tell you, and the old woman would almost kill me, I'm sure!"

I seized the reins, and set my foot upon the wheel, and the thoughts of my heart were deadly and fierce as I looked at her and spoke.

"I have a right to know, and you shall not leave this spot till you have told me!"

"That's a fact, you ought to know, and I'll tell you, if I die for it!" exclaimed Mary. "She's gone over the mountain to Colonel Jordon's. You'll find her there. Now let me go."

My hand dropped from the rein, my foot from the wheel, I drew back, and the vehicle passed on.

Mrs. Jordon was Judge Elmer's sister; and it was she who had introduced him to the Herberts, and selected Josephine for his wife.

A chill came over me; I felt benumbed; my brain grew giddy and faint, and I lay down upon the green grass by the road, and breathed not once, nor moved at all for a long while, thinking that so I should die.

I heard a wagon approach and stop; and a voice said, "He is hurt;" another said, "He is dead!" and a third laughingly cried, "Let him alone, he is drunk!" And I cared nothing for all this, but lay there, perfectly still, thinking that so I should die.

Then a chaise drew up. Somebody spoke to me. I made no answer. A man alighted and bent over me.

"Poor fellow!" he said, kindly, "what is the matter?"

He raised my head. There was sympathy in his touch, in his tones of voice. But I turned and looked up at him. Suddenly something ran over me like snakes; I shook him away from me, and arose to my feet with horror and hate creeping and curdling through all my veins. I glanced upon him a moment, then walked away. And stepping again into his chaise Judge Elmer drove on to Mr. Herbert's house.

I went home and threw myself upon my bed. Toward night the housekeeper brought me some broth, and made me drink it. She was very kind to me, and as she asked what my grief was, I felt that it would take something of the insupportable burden from my soul to tell her a little; so I began, and before I was aware, I found myself relating all my wrongs and sufferings, and weeping upon the good old creature's shoulder. She spoke many comforting words; and when she had left me I burst out crying in very thankfulness to God for sending so kind a minister to me in my sore need.

At evening I procured a horse and set out to ride over the mountain. An hour's gallop brought me in sight of Colonel Jordon's house. Then I slackened speed, and approached with many forebodings the spot of Josephine's retreat. As I walked my horse up the hill a chaise rat-

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tled by. It was the same which had stopped beside me that day in the road; and making a sharp turn at the foot of the avenue, it entered Colonel Jordon's premises. I followed more slowly, passed the open gate, and rode on under the shadows of the elms toward the house.

Suddenly I halted. Before me were the open windows of the house, the rooms full of light, of gayety, and laughter. Seated in the saddle, I could look directly in upon the company. In the midst was Josephine. I saw Judge Elmer enter, with his nieces hanging coquettishly upon his arms, and, bowing around to the guests, approach Josephine, and respectfully offer her his hand. Then the nieces laughed, significantly; and the Judge looked pleased and benignant; and Josephine blushed and put on her sweetest smiles, and appeared withal so flattered and happy that I could have struck her dead upon the spot.

But I swallowed my wrath, and sat there unseen upon the horse, instead of boldly entering the house, as I had before resolved to do; and when my eyes had seen and my ears had heard enough, I drew the rein, turned the animal's head down the avenue and down the hill, and rode back the way I came.

Through the silent night, under the cold stars, I rode, not dejected, not despairing, but with my firm hands clasped, my eyes upturned to heaven, and a purpose, sublime as my sorrow, entering and filling my soul. The greatness of my wrong made me great to endure.

And as for the days and nights of suffering that ensued let them be nameless and unnoted. I returned to my work, was cheerful and strong. "God's will be done!" I said forever to myself, and bowed my head humbly, and was not all unhappy. I believed Josephine too false and shallow to be worth a thought of mine; and that conviction helped me shut her image from my heart; but there were times when the old tenderness would well up again, and I yearned for her unspeakably.

Soon there came a rumor that the wedding-day was set, and one morning I met Mary in the village street. She was gayly dressed, proud, and simpering.

"How do you do, Hugh?" she said, passing affectedly by.

"You seem very happy, Mary."

"I guess you'd think so!" And she tossed her head. "Don't stop me. I'm going to carry around the invitations. I suppose you've heard we're going to have a wedding to our house?"

"When?"—I managed to articulate.

"Day after to-morrow. They're to be married in the morning, and start right off on a journey—to Saratoga, Niagara Falls, and I don't know all the fine places! I'm going with Josephine. Won't it be splendid?"

"And—Josephine—I hope she is happy!" I said; yet I know not that I hoped so, with the old anguish, the sense of shame and wrong, wringing once more my heart.

"Fool if she ain't!" cried Mary. "They're real nice people. Judge Elmer has got lots of money. He has given me ever so many presents. And I'm going to live with 'em after they're married—won't it be nice! But I must go. Good-by! You don't feel bad now, do you, Hugh?"

She hurried away, and I must own that, aside from the pain it gave me to hear what I had heard, it grieved me much to know that gifts and flatteries had deprived me of the sympathy of that poor little friend.

All the remainder of that day, and all the coming night, a strange desire agitated me to see Josephine once more.

On the following day—the day before the wedding was to be—I proceeded to make a call at the cottage.

I was calm in spirit, but alarm and consternation entered with me at the door, and sent Josephine flying from my sight, and touched her father's feeble limbs with a palsy, and drove the last drop of blood from the quivering lips of his wife.

"Why are you here, Hugh?" the latter tremblingly asked.

"I have come to see Josephine," I answered.

"It is not possible for you to see her!" exclaimed the excited woman. "Why do you come to agitate her now?"

"The last words we spoke to each other were vows of love and fidelity," I said. "For that reason I must see her, that both her soul and mine may be absolved."

"I don't see the use," replied Mrs. Herbert. "I can not give my consent." But I saw her unquiet spirit waver and bend before the calm supremacy of mine.

"It is not my wish to make any disturbance," I said; "but I shall see Josephine before she is married to that man, if not until the last moment. And I think you would rather see a lion break in upon your wedding than me. I have certain truths to speak which you would not gladly hear spoken in the presence of the bridegroom and his friends. So I think it better that I should meet her now, quietly and privately, and in your presence if you choose."

She left the room. She was absent a long while. I conversed with Mr. Herbert, and opened my heart to him; and the words given me to speak were God's truth, never to be forgotten by him in this world of sorrow and sin.

Mrs. Herbert returned and conducted me to another room, where Josephine was waiting, prepared with hypocritical looks to receive me.

She advanced with a smile, putting out her hand; but I stood with folded arms, looking gravely but kindly upon her, from a soul filled with sadness and pity.

"You won't shake hands with me, Hugh?"

"I remember when last our hands pressed each other; and I know that to-morrow morning yours is to be given away forever, Josephine. So do not offer it to me now as you would to any indifferent acquaintance. Put off those lying smiles: keep them for others. Let us talk a

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moment together—truth with truth; then I will go away content."

Swiftly the smiles vanished; her cheek paled; and as I led her to the sofa she sank upon it, covering her face in grief and shame. Her mother stood by and saw it all.

I sat by her side and talked to her half an hour, and all this time she wept, and more than once Mrs. Herbert covered her own face and wiped away certain tears.

Then I arose to go. I took the mother's hand and bade her farewell; then I placed both my hands upon Josephine's head, bowed before me, and forgave her, and prayed that she might be happy, and said,

"So we part, forever!"

Then Josephine sprang up and threw her arms about me, and cried out,

"Don't go! don't go! Oh, do not leave me, Hugh!"

Mrs. Herbert sprang forward in alarm, but I put her away with a gesture. Then I unclasped the girl's arms from my neck, and tenderly placed her again upon the sofa, smoothing her hair and cheek with my hands.

"My poor lamb!" I said—"my poor lamb!" Then my voice choked; but looking up at the mother, I added, "Sacrificed! bound upon the altar! God have mercy upon you!"

Again I attempted to go, but Josephine caught me, and once more wound her arms about me, and looked up at me with a countenance full of affection and despair.

"I love you! I shall always love you! Hugh, believe me, I shall suffer more than you. But I have one solace—I shall not live."

The mother stood by, and heard that too.

"This interview must not be prolonged," she uttered, greatly agitated.

"It is not I who prolong it," I said.

"No, no, it is I!" cried Josephine. "I can't let you go! I will not let you go! I am your wife—you know—you know—that night in the arbor—what I promised—oh, why did I ever forget!"

Stormy thoughts swept through me—a mad impulse—to speak one word—to say to her, "Come!" and so depart from that house with her by my side, reunited, to be sundered never more on earth. Triumph rose up within me as I foresaw the impotent fury of the baffled mother; the disgraceful defeat of the mean match-makers, now exulting in their work; the chagrin of the bridegroom, thus bereft; and I swept my scornful eye about me, and knew for a certainty that all and every one of them were then in my power; but my soul said, "Pause!" and I spoke:

"But you did forget, Josephine?"

"Curse me for it, I did."

"You were overpersuaded by your mother and by his friends—dazzled by the prospect of his wealth—chilled by the thought of my poverty in the comparison. This is so, is it not?"

She faltered, "Yes."

"And with your own lips you have deliberately promised to be his wife to-morrow?"

"I have!" And even as she spoke she strove to kiss me.

Then I grew cold and stern, and put her from me.

"Oh, let me kiss you," she pleaded, "for the last time!"

"Not with those lips that have made that promise to him, and that will be a bride's lips, to be kissed by him and all his friends to-morrow morning!"

We stood near the stairs in the entry, I struggling vainly to reach the door, the mother waiting anxiously for the end, Josephine desperately drawing me back.

"My child, my child, you must not!"

"You have had your will in every thing; I will have mine in this!" said Josephine. She stepped upon the stairs, so as to stand as high as I; then passionately drew my head to her bosom, and pressed it there, and covered it all over with kisses; and I had no power to resist her, not even when she reached my lips and devoured them, and I felt her streaming tears upon my face.

Still the mother stood by, and saw it all, and wrung her hands, and implored. There was also another witness—Mr. Herbert, whom I discovered standing aghast in the door, when Josephine released me, and swooned upon the stairs.

Cold as ice and stern as rock I walked out of the house, little knowing how soon I was to enter it again to witness a different scene.

I gave the remainder of the day to meditation upon the hills. Toward evening it came on to rain. A gloomy, sad September night set in. But I was at peace. Was Josephine?

I went to bed early. For weeks I had scarcely slept. But now a heavenly rest descended upon me, and I lay in sweet trance-like repose, thinking great and solemn thoughts, and listening to the drip of the rain until I fell asleep.

Strange that I should sleep that night—night of all nights in my life! I awoke with a start. I could not think I had been dreaming. I believed I heard a voice. It seemed Josephine's; it had called to me with piteous accents beneath my window. I sat up in bed and listened. Darkness, and rain, and gusts of wind. I arose, groped my way to the window, and looked out. Clouds filled the midnight sky; but over all was the full moon, invisible, but manifest by the gray glimmer that filtered down through the dark. I put out my head till the gusts whirled my hair and I felt the cool rain upon my neck. For a moment I imagined that I heard a moan not far off, and that I saw a dim figure disappearing amidst the trees of the orchard. Was it all fancy? I strained eye and ear, but heard and saw no more.

I returned to my bed. The incident produced a powerful effect upon me. I remembered the parting scene at Mr. Herbert's house. All my old tenderness came up again in that dark and solitary hour. I forgot Josephine's perfidy and weakness, remembering only her love; and I

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knew then that, should she even at the last prove so true and brave as to come to me through the night and storm, and ask me to receive her back, I surely could not refuse, but that I would welcome her home to my affection, and wash away all my own sorrow and her guilt with my tears.

Thinking these thoughts, and imagining many things—how I would take her in out of the storm, and warm her in my arms, and give her the kisses I had that day refused—I once more fell asleep.

It was broad day when I awoke. It was raining still. I thought of the wedding that was to take place at ten o'clock, and looked at my watch. It was eight already. I stood amazed at my profound and prolonged sleep, when the housekeeper knocked at my door. I hastily drew on my clothes and opened it.

"I'm glad to find you alive," she said. "I have rapped here three times since seven o'clock, but no answer could I get."

"There was never such sleep known before," I replied.

"'Twill do you good—that's certain," said the kind woman. "But did you hear nothing in the night?"

"Hear? what?"

"Noises about the house."

"Did *you* hear any?" I eagerly asked.

"Sure as I stand here," said the housekeeper, "I believe there was some one under your window last night!" And, looking very pale, she sank down upon a chair.

"Tell me all you know—every thing you heard!"

"Why, you see, I was woke up out of a sound sleep, thinking I heard something; and, sure enough, there was a kind of scratching against the side of the house; but I couldn't tell whether 'twas a critter or a human, or nothing but a limb that had blown down, till by and by I heard something like a sobbing and moaning; and then a voice said, 'Hugh! Hugh! Oh, Hugh, speak to me!' I heard the voice three or four times; but I was so frightened I didn't dare get up and open my window; and I was just thinking I would go and wake you, when I heard you up in your room; and after that I didn't hear any thing more, though I lay awake, and didn't go to sleep again at all, in all night, I was so excited about the noise."

"It was she! Oh, my Josephine! my Josephine!" I said.

The emotions that overpowered me during the recital of the housekeeper's story gave place to a sudden, impetuous resolve. I saw Josephine as she was—weak in will, easily influenced, lacking faith in herself, moulded to falsehood by a calculating mother, yet not naturally or willfully wicked, and loving me with a love capable of consuming all that dross, and rendering her worthy of mine.

"As God lives," I said, "that wedding shall not take place!"

The housekeeper was called away; but presently she returned, much excited, and spoke to me in a hurried whisper:

"Mr. Herbert is down stairs—he wants to see you."

"Mr. Herbert!"

The announcement filled me with agitation. Her father!—what business could he have with me? Had Josephine fallen ill, from excitement and exposure? Had her parents relented? Had her frenzy and despair convinced them at last? Why this visit to me?

The old man came up to my room. He looked hastily about the chamber; then tottered forward and fell upon a chair.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

"Josephine!" he began.

"Is she ill? Has any accident—"

"She is gone!"

Then I understood the meaning of his visit, of his strange glance about my room, of his white face and shaking limbs. He had feared to find her with me; but now a greater fear possessed him.

I could not speak.

"Her room was found empty this morning," he went on, with a bewildered air. "Her bed had not been slept in. We have looked for her every where; then we concluded you must know. If you do," he burst forth, "tell me—I will forgive you: any thing is better than this suspense."

I stammered forth my amazement and my ignorance.

"Don't say that!" he said. "I shall be glad to know that she is with you. She shall be yours, Hugh—so don't keep me in doubt."

"Before Heaven," I said, "this is all a mystery to me! Don't be too much alarmed. Perhaps she has already returned home."

"That's true!" And the old man started up, with a gleam of hope. "She would naturally come back again, wouldn't she? She wouldn't—you don't think she would—do herself an injury?"

"No, no!" I exclaimed. "Come, I will go with you."

We set out immediately. We walked rapidly through the rain—the poor old man in silence, I with heart-breaking thoughts, remembering the night beneath *her* window, when I was in despair, believing that she slept; and knowing too well what must have been *her* despair when she called to me for mercy out of the darkness and storm, and I heeded not her cry.

We passed the mill-pond, ruffled with the rain: both glanced at it, shudderingly—I with chilling fears, recalling the temptation which beset me that night on my return to end my sorrows there, and inwardly praying that the good angels, as they had brought me safe away, had likewise preserved her.

We reached the cottage; Mrs. Herbert flew out, with a pale, questioning face, to meet us.

"Hugh! Hugh! what have you done with Josephine?"

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"Madam, what have *you* done with Josephine?" I answered.

"Don't you know where—haven't you taken her away?" she wildly inquired.

"If I had wished to take her, I should have done so yesterday, in the light of the sun and before your eyes."

She tried to speak again, but only uttered a wail. The old man walked dejectedly toward the door. We followed and went in out of the rain. At sight of us Mary began to cry, more with peevishness than sorrow seemingly.

"What are you crying about, Mary?"

"If she don't come back there won't be any wedding; and we sha'n't go to Saratoga," whined the girl.

At that moment a carriage drove up to the gate.

"O Heavens!" exclaimed Mrs. Herbert, "they have come—Judge Elmer and the Jordons!"

I walked out of the room, leaving the bridegroom to the reception prepared for him. God knows I had never asked for such an hour of satisfaction as that. My heart was alike void of triumph and of pity; I could not shed a tear; neither the moans of the mother nor the consternation of the new-comers moved me at all; but I seemed walking alone in an ashen universe, life, love, even grief itself, forever consumed. I have never experienced any thing so horrible as that apathy; it was like a living death.

I went to the arbor. It was cold and wet, the ground was strewn with leaves, and the rain dripped through the roof of vines. I stood silent without. The last night I had spent there I remembered without emotion, and whether I thought of Josephine now as living or as dead, I could feel neither hope nor grief.

I heard voices behind me, and saw Judge Elmer, with a troubled face, walking rapidly toward the well, followed by his sister and the Herberts. They all went up and looked in. Then they came to the arbor; Mrs. Jordon regarding me with keen curiosity—a mingled interest and awe—to which I was indifferent as the dead leaves under our feet.

"We have searched here," said Mr. Herbert.

"Oh, my child! my child! where are you?" And the remorseful mother wrung her hands.

"I can't understand it!" said Judge Elmer, wiping the perspiration from his face. "I thought she was happy. I—I believed she loved me. Have I been so deceived?"

His eyes turned to me. A light seemed to break upon him.

"Yes—I know now—you, you can explain. They said she had fancied you, but that it was all over—you need not fear to tell me."

Kind, simple-hearted man, he too was a victim of treachery and lies. I looked upon Mrs. Herbert, who only sighed and moaned; then I turned upon Mrs. Jordon, and read in her frightened and guilty face how she likewise had conspired to rob me, and to deceive her own brother standing there.

I raised my hand, I was about to speak I know not what branding words, when a noise in the arbor startled us all. It was a low cry—it was Josephine's voice—it came from beneath a bench where she lay hidden from sight, scarce alive, chilled and drenched with the storm. I drew her forth. I put all others away. I raised her in my arms and bore her to the house. She knew me not, but called my name as if I had been far away, pleading faintly that I would come and save her from that marriage and from that man. I remember placing her upon a bed; a pale and terrified group pressing close around; a physician hastily sent for; whisperings, questionings, fear.

It is strange that I alone seemed self-possessed at that time. When others were lost in amazement and distress I calmly directed what should be done. I ran to the village and brought brandy while the women were removing Josephine's wet clothes, and rubbing her benumbed and almost lifeless limbs. When I had done all I could I looked around, and seeing an excited crowd assembled, remembered that there was to have been a wedding; then I thought I had no longer any business there, and silently departed. But Judge Elmer himself came after me.

"I am undeceived now," he said. "You alone are blameless in this. Pity poor Josephine; you can forgive her if I can. You must go back to her—she is calling for you continually. Here is my hand; and believe me, had I known the truth this never would have happened."

We returned together. The broken-hearted parents and the wretched match-makers made room for me at the bedside.

"Save her! save her!" implored Mrs. Jordon. "You alone can. Oh, I never knew how she loved you!"

I bent over the bed; took Josephine's hands in mine; spoke to her kindly; endeavored to make her know me, and to fix her restless eye.

"No, no!" she cried, "don't take me away from there; leave me in the arbor; it was there he loved me so; and I shall never see him again—never, never, never!"

That I should stand by and hear these heart-breaking words!

Then the clergyman, who had come to pronounce the nuptial benediction, and the guests who had gathered to witness the wedding, went away. A few friends remained, I with them, at the importunity of the mother, who had so lately banished me from the house. I had my place at the bedside. Nobody interfered now with my rights. It seemed understood that I was not to be parted from Josephine any more, until she left us all. She knew me at intervals. But she had not her reason fully until many nights after her fever set in. Then she awoke from a long sleep and recognized me sitting at her side. A grateful smile stole over her pale and wasted face, and with a look of ineffable

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sweetness and sadness she whispered my name. I pressed her to my heart with kisses and tears. She was happy, and talked resignedly of death; and said she wished to go then, when she was sure of my remembrance, of my forgiveness and love.

I cried out in anguish that I could not let her die.

"Dear Hugh," she said (Oh, so tenderly!), "it is better so. I was never worthy to be your wife. Yet I was not very wicked, only very weak. Remember me without bitterness; keep a little place for me in your heart; and think that I love you still, and am with you after you have put this poor frail body away in the ground."

Then I prayed that, if she must die, I might die with her.

"Oh no, dear one!" she said. "You must live and be strong. This trial has been necessary for you. You were such a proud, passionate boy, Hugh; now you are so different, so humble, and patient, and unselfish. I think now," she added, with a sweet, winning entreaty in her look and tone—"I think you can forgive even my mother, Hugh!"

Already that mother was at my side, clasping our united hands, kneeling and sobbing. I must have been hard and impenetrable as stone to have cherished any thought of evil then. Mr. Herbert came forward too. I said, "Father!" I said, "Mother!" I embraced them both; I gave them forgiveness and blessing. Josephine smiled again, such a smile as I never saw illumine mortal face before.

"Now call me your wife, Hugh!"

"My wife! my wife! now and forever, my only beloved wife!"

I strained her to my heart. Oh last embrace! Oh love! oh anguish! oh despair!

Yet I know that she had spoken truly: it was better so. It was well for her, well for the worldly mother there, well for the feeble father, well for all.

Slowly and softly descended the black curtain which sooner or later must drop its shadowy folds upon all our lives—upon yours and upon mine—upon many seemingly fair and without sin, yet less pure than hers, whom let us not too eagerly condemn. There is a tragedy in every life. Mine is written.

And now my task is ended. My lamp is burned out. The night is gone and the morning appears. I scent the sweet breath of the dawn. I hear the robins sing. I view the wind tossing the boughs of the young pines. I rise up, relieved of the heavy burden that compelled the writing of this sorrowful tale. I go forth to walk a little while by the grave upon which the snows of one winter have fallen, and which the first spring now clothes with verdure and beauty—there to question my soul, and abide by its solemn responses; then to enter once more the world, to labor and endure, with a faith born of trial, and with a hope born of suffering.

OFF-HAND SPEAKING.

A TALK WITH TWO COLLEGIANS.

YOU are soon, my dear fellows, to leave college, and enter upon a more direct course of training for the work of your life in the great world. You, R., are to take after your good father, and go into the ministry; and you, Tom, are also to follow the family bent, and be a merchant, as is your father as well as your grandfather, whose well-known name you bear. We are to have a little talk together now, as of old, upon your career, and the proper preparation for it. Some matters might, perhaps, be now profitably discussed that have come up between us before; but it is best at present to take a new subject, and one that is not only interesting and important to you, but to hundreds of our young men of your years and prospects. I mean off-hand speech, or what is usually called extempore speaking.

The fact that you have been through college by no means implies that you have learned this art; for many very good scholars, according to the college scale, are unable to say a word for themselves without the book or manuscript; and I have known admirable linguists, mathematicians, and essayists who blush up to the eyes and stammer and flounder the moment they are asked to speak without written preparation, even upon a familiar subject. Perhaps it is generally the case that bookish men are more troubled to find words in time of need than practical men who have been trained in the world to speak as the occasion calls. The cause is obvious, and one that by no means disparages book-learning, but urges constant training in applying book-knowledge to things as they are. The scholar knows more of words than things, and he is in the habit of depending upon the written word to suggest to him the thing, so as to be sometimes sadly puzzled to name or describe the thing in the absence of the written word. His own language is to him very much like a foreign tongue that he has learned to read but not to speak, and in which he can easily read the masters of its literature, without being able to muster words enough to tell his most common wants in conversation. The man of affairs is not troubled in this way; and however deficient he may be in a classic vocabulary, he has at his tongue's end all he knows, and his words rise to his lips the moment he sees the things which they designate. The farmer can talk farm, and the sailor ship, and the merchant shop very glibly, and they are never troubled to find the connecting link between the thing and the name. Sometimes unschooled men have a rich and ready vocabulary by large observation and experience that gives them a unique eloquence; and scholars may almost envy untaught orators and poets the homely, and vigorous, and pictorial speech which comes to them from learning of nature and life at first hand without the mediation of books. There is something in such spirits as

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Bunyan and Burns that books can not give. That dreamer evidently had studied the Slough of Despond and the Delectable Mountains from sloughs and mountains before his own eyes; and this poet had seen the Daisy and Mouse for himself before he put pen to paper. The same principle holds good of ready and eloquent speech; and the preachers and orators who have learned words from things do better, other matters being equal, than those who learn things from words. We are all coming now to a perception of this truth, and applying it to education from the nursery upward. Say *apple* to a child, and he will say it after you, after a fashion; but show him a ripe, red apple, and let him taste of it, and he will tell its name with gusto, so as to carry the color and the flavor in his tones.

Undoubtedly a great cause of the relative inefficiency of many highly-educated men as popular speakers comes from their dealing with nature and life at second hand, or through words, instead of taking them at first hand from the very things. Of course this is not the necessary result of education, as such, but only of what usually passes for education. A well-educated man will not be content with being a mere word-monger, but he will insist upon having every word answer to a thing; and he, moreover, will not think himself master of the word until he can go to it from the thing, as well as from it to the thing. In order to be rid of the verbiage that is so apt to trouble students they will do well to bear in mind two rules. In the *first place, let them live as far as possible in contact with reality;* see and hear nature and the world with their own eyes and ears, and verify the words in the book by the word that is in human life. Some scholars are so shadowy and ghostly as hardly to verify by their own observation and experience the most commonplace terms—being hardly able to say for themselves what flesh and blood, bone and sinew, horse and boat, woods and river mean. The moment these words are mated with reality they have a wholly new expression, as if the soul had found its body, and sent its life through the whole frame. It is encouraging to note how fondly and readily such words then come to mind, and how well even a child will talk of objects that have come before the senses, or stirred the will and the affections. There is far too large a portion of the vocabulary of students that is without this living commentary, not only from the seclusion that shuts out too much of the material world, but from the indifference that ignores the great principles and duties of society. The words of home, and country, and religion are not alive upon the lips until the things themselves are alive in the soul, and personal loyalty, domestic, national, and spiritual, makes them burn with meaning and love. It is well, therefore, for a young man to shun the perils of the mere book-worm, and to make a genial and worthy life run parallel with his studies, so that he shall not be a stranger to any of the verities and virtues that make up so much of the soul of the great body of literature. Some religious writer has spoken of the importance of the orator having an eloquent experience, meaning, undoubtedly, that he who feels much will speak strongly on spiritual matters—for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh. But why limit the remark to one class of subjects? Why ought not all experience to be eloquent? Why must not all words shine and burn that speak our living thought or repeat our personal experience? Cicero well and wisely said that the good orator must be a good man. This holds true for many reasons, and, among others, for this reason—because a good man has all human affections within him, and the language of human life is to him a living language, a vernacular tongue, and every noble sentence has an interpreter within his own soul. The diction and the elocution will both profit by a true experience; and the true man's word will not only be the right one, but the strong one.

It is a somewhat curious study to look over the few thousand words that make the staple of human expression, and see how much experience they imply—how much knowledge of truth and falsehood, good and evil. The English language is said to contain about a hundred thousand available words; but, of course, many of these are too technical or strange to be used in common speech, and a well-educated man employs but a few thousand words in writing and speaking upon ordinary subjects. Shakspeare used but fifteen thousand, and Milton has in his poems not more than eight thousand. Estimate our vocabulary modestly, and say that in our speech and conversation we employ or ought to employ some five thousand words, and try as nearly as we can to make out a list of them. How instructive and startling is that simple catalogue! and one might think even the dictionary interesting reading, if we could allow its simplest terms to question us closely, and make us tell how faithfully our own life has been interpreting their meaning by studying whatever is good and true and shunning all that is evil and false. We might find that our vocabulary is in some respects incomplete, because our experience has been so beggarly, and while there are some words to be learned, there are others to be unlearned. Most of us, veterans of the pen and the voice, undoubtedly have great defects in our vocabulary, and some of us use a few pet words everlastingly, while we are strangers to some of the noblest terms in the language. Young men like you have their vocabulary to form, and your present habits will have much to do with the phraseology that you domesticate upon your lips. In your college course, in reading, translating, and writing, you must have employed a pretty large portion of the language; but the words that you have used once or twice are not a part of your vocabulary, and may never recur to you again. That is vocabulary to us which comes home to us, and is familiar and

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easy; in fact, our mother-tongue. It is important to make this as large and effective as the demands of truth and duty. The present is eminently a formative period with you, and you are to decide what words to drop and what to adopt. Educated, as you have been, under judicious masters, you will not need to have me argue with you upon the importance of preferring the simplest, strongest terms to such as are fanciful and euphuistic, and of wedding to your lips as much as possible of the homely, hearty old Saxon. It has strength and beauty too, like the rock that can be built into solid walls or polished into shining gems. Homeliness you know how to distinguish from vulgarity; and let me urge you to throw out of your common conversation the vulgarisms and whatever passes as slang in college or in the world. These will taint even your public speech, if not by stealing covertly into your sentences, at least by making you constrained, and robbing your delivery of that easy colloquial flow, that is so great a charm in off-hand utterance, and which is easily acquired if you can put yourself upon your habitudes, and let the thought move in its wonted way without fear of its playing off any uncouth antics or mortifying laxities. Let the memory be full of the choicest words from the ample treasures of your study and your observation, and you will find your mouth richer far than you knew, as day by day you bring them into use, or as they start unbidden at the touch of nature or the stir of life.

I spoke of two rules for guarding against the pedantic verbiage that crams the student with mere words, and have illustrated the first of these in what I have said of the importance of making nature and life the interpreter of language, so as to have words stand for things. *The second rule* relates to *such mastery of language as enables us to lay hold of it when we want it most*, or learning to go from the thing to the word, instead of expecting always to have the book before us to lead to the thing. To command language is not merely to have it, but to have it within call, and he surely is not master of this learning who can not use it at will. No kind of property is more deceptive than that which is literary, for there is none that so tempts the owner to call his own what he can do nothing with. Money and lands, if we have not mind or force to use them, can be loaned or given to others; but our literary stock becomes dead rubbish if it is not quick with living thought and an earnest purpose. Our college education is often sadly deficient in the practical training that enables the student to bring his resources to bear upon real life, and the mind as well as the body suffers much from the neglect of the muscular force and suppleness that give calmness and strength to the overwrought nerves, and help them translate their sensations into deeds. The great point, then, is to utilize what we know by a practical spirit and method, or by a thorough discipline. As to the best discipline for the powers of speech there are a great many prescriptions, and we are quite willing to have them all tried, and that especial way preferred which best meets each case. The books on the subject are without end as to number, and the chief of them may be read by you with profit, and read again if you have ever studied them at all. Cicero de Oratore is a masterly treatise, and Quintilian has admirable thoughts. But the best book on the topic for our day is that of Bautain, a French abbé: this is written mainly for preachers, but does well for all public speakers. Books, however, amount to little unless you practice upon them for yourselves, and this word *practice* is the root of the whole matter. If we would learn to speak, we must begin to speak; and to stop short of this, in order to prepare, is to refuse to go into the water because we have not learned to swim.

I advise you to take every *proper* opportunity to speak for yourselves. It is not well, indeed, to speak for the sake of speaking, but whenever you have any thing to say. It is not proper to mistake gabble for speech, and fall into the monstrous habit of talking against time, without regard to sense or spirit. I think it was Lord Brougham who advised a young aspirant to oratorical fame to begin by acquiring volume or spouting words, at any rate or any how, and afterward minding exactness of thought and expression; just as a miller must have a mill-stream to begin with, and as soon as the water runs freely he can look carefully to the water-wheels, and millstones, and all the apparatus for using the water. It certainly is dangerous, and may be fatal to a man to begin to speak loosely and insincerely merely for the sake of hearing himself talk; and nothing makes a man more sure of being voted an intolerable bore than the name of being such an interminable talker—one of those everlasting prosers who keep running on like a neglected hydrant, simply for want of power to keep the mouth shut. In our day we had one such speaker, who never pretended to believe what he said, or to ask others to believe in him, but made a joke of talking against time. He could discharge an enormous volume of words within a given limit, after the most florid pattern, without ever being conscious of a conviction or an idea, or giving such consciousness to others. He meant to talk and be talked of; and, sure enough, he did spout himself into a conspicuous office somewhere down in Dixie, but he dearly won his honors by sacrifice of much that was noble in his birth-right. When, after years of absence, he returned to the old college halls, he did not even seek out his own class, but sat at another table, and when cordially greeted by his familiar name, he stared at his old cronies and pretended not to know them. He probably at this moment is playing off the same game toward the land of his birth, and joining his rebel boon companions in curses at New England with her schools and churches. His case so well illustrates the consequences, and perhaps also the cause, of heartless speaking, that I can not but allude to it here as a

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warning. Let him repent and he will be forgiven, and we will remember and encourage his good points; but at present he seems to me to have done the meanest thing that ever was perpetrated by a decent graduate from our college halls.

Do begin with speaking honestly and faithfully your own sincere thought in the best possible way, and taking every just occasion to express yourself well. Common conversation is good, alike for the voice and the vocabulary, and nothing is better discipline than the unaffected, sympathetic tone, and the easy colloquial language that good-fellowship gives. I need not warn you of the danger of mistaking discourse for conversation, and haranguing your companions in lengthened words and sonorous periods instead of pleasantly chatting with them. A thing is good when it is good of its kind; and discourse, which pretends to be talk, is not good after its kind, and is in danger of encouraging the very affectation and deceit that we have been condemning. Often, indeed, talk readily and properly rises into discussion, and while you are at table, or in your walks, you find yourself speaking at length before you know it, and some of the best lessons in expression come to you unbidden at such times. Your latest studies and reading come fitly and happily into such discussions; and I remember nothing more fondly in our training for professional life than those free-and-easy chats that expanded so naturally into grave colloquies. Our Commons fare was much sweeter from this seasoning; and who of us would not give a great deal for a full and fair report of those chance talks over our beef and pudding? The fact that we were not wholly as knowing as we now are lent fresh zest to conversation, for nothing so spices expression as the talker's honest faith in what he is saying; and while we were making our first acquaintance with the master poets and thinkers we could venture, with earnest and amiable simplicity, upon a great many loving and believing assertions that would stagger our now harder temper and credence. We have not forgotten, indeed, Plato and Aristotle, Aquinas and Duns Scotus, Descartes and Malebranche; but I am afraid that we who are now near fifty could not discourse so magisterially upon those worthies and their works as when, like you, we were just out of our teens, and proud of the beards that were hoisting the sign of manhood upon our faces, and tempting us to parade it in our thinking.

All young men should be in the habit of speaking deliberately among their associates upon topics of importance, and in our day the college clubs were most important schools of training. I am afraid that they have in some respects degenerated now, and that too much importance is given to the elegance of their equipment and the frequency and costliness of their banquets, than to the good sense and earnestness of their debates, and the finish and nobleness of their essays and orations. The Law and Divinity schools continued these discussions, and our candidates for the bar and pulpit did almost as much for each other in friendly debate as their professors did for them in grave lectures. In such discipline we learned to think and talk upon our legs; and we have been carried through many a hard trial and critical emergency by that pleasant and companionable training. Some of us made a point of speaking somewhere as often as once a week, and we were glad to vary the audience and the theme as much as possible. We began in the Freshman year—so long, long ago—and made our début with a dozen or two of beardless boys like ourselves in the room of one of our class-mates. We took no name, but consented to be called, in fun, the "Literati in Fumo," because our debates generally ended in smoke; and perhaps the fumes of the cigars were a fair symbol of the haziness of our ideas. Year by year the field expanded, until we saw our own pet speakers the favorite orators of the great University Clubs, and not a few of them have won signal honors in the high places of professional life. Sometimes we tried our gift in new and strange quarters; and great was the gusto with which, in our Senior year, we frequented the Lyceum of the village where we kept school. The subjects there were more popular and practical, and the audience was more varied, and in some respects more sympathetic. The mothers and maidens smiled favor upon the new-fledged orators from the college nest; and lest our laurels might be too easily won, some very shrewd and tough reasoners from the bush joined in the debate, and made us do our best to keep from being put down by their strong sense and pithy speech. Afterward we enlarged our sphere still further; and in jails and prisons, as well as in church schools and social conferences, we tried to stir up the gift that was within us. Great was the day when our two schools of Law and Divinity joined together in a Moot Court, under Judge Story's presidency, and one school furnished counsel and the other the jury. One of the most voluble of the orators was a Southern fire-eater in a suit of flame-colored home-spun; and we little thought that the nullification that the costume then symbolized would afterward swell into secession, and that flame would light the fires of this fearful rebellion.

In advising you to use all such occasions for practice in off-hand speaking, I know very well that a more stern and exact culture is required to save you from winning ease and copiousness at the expense of correctness and beauty. It is dangerous to speak much without also writing carefully; for however happy you may be in spontaneous expression, you inevitably tend to looseness and diffuseness, unless you sharpen and rectify your words by your pen and carefully purge and point your style. Close and elegant written composition not only tells upon your manuscript but upon your conversation and speech, and is as vital to oratory as the drill is to war. It will no more rob you of fervor than faithful drilling robs the soldier of his fire, and the sentences that are best knit together trans-

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mit the glow of passion as the solid and well-trained phalanx burns with martial fire, and launches itself like a lightning flash upon the enemy. It is well to unite careful writing with free speech, and to go into debate with the mind filled and clarified by the pen and the tongue at the same time, free to move at will. For all important occasions this is the best preparation, and he who is habituated to it will find that his writing gives him breadth and sequence without shutting him up in his manuscript, and giving him the constraint of manner and thought that are so apt to damage mere *memoriter* speaking.

A capital exercise in elegance and exactness of expression is to be found in your classic studies. You probably went through much of your Latin and Greek as mere task-work, without entering with great zest into the merits of the thought or expression. Recur now to the great masters, and take up your Virgil or Horace, Livy or Tacitus, Homer or Sophocles, and render the choice passages into your best English. Try this plan with a classic friend if it becomes irksome to you by yourself. This exercise does far more for you than merely to give you the sense of the original. It enables you to select and handle the richest words and idioms of your own tongue. It is a lesson in extempore speech by setting you to work to find not only fit terms for given idioms, but suitable graces to answer to the graces of the original. In one sense it is a better exercise than original composition, for it gives you a clew to niceties or elegances of expression that you would not be likely to hit upon of yourself, and at the same time it relieves you of the servility of being a mere copyist. You have a model before you then, and this suggests much that is important; but you are not to copy it exactly, much less mechanically, and you are to retain and portray its very life in a different material or medium. You are not only to use a different canvas for your picture, but different pencils and pigments. So you learn to be an artist yourself in presence of the works of the great masters.

The forms of speech are so many, and language is so far the voice of our almost infinite thought and life, that no school-training can exhaust its various movements or give you its wonderful art. The sword exercise is the combination of a few passes, and dancing is taught in a few steps variously combined; but who shall presume to number the passages of the human voice, or name the steps taken in speech, whether verse or prose? The best models are here the true masters; and no man who is not a thorough student of the great authors who have shaped language can catch the true movement of words, and understand and apply their countless variety. Take for example an oration of Cicero, and what a drill it is in variety of terms and idioms! The page swarms with a mighty host in every process of evolution. You see a battle-field, the words marshaled like troops of every grade and arm, and manœuvring in every phasis of tactics. You must be there yourself if you would know what is going on; and you can not but be there, and under the general's own eye, if you follow his order with your own, and render faithfully his programme into your own living translation. The study of such masters will give us new freedom of movement, and if we are careful to catch their inspiration and guard against imitative mannerism, we learn to break up the plodding monotony of a merely closet style, and infuse the freshness of life into our diction and tones. It is well to try the influence of all classes of writers in this way, and to go from the florid magnificence of Cicero to the sententious point of Tacitus; to hold converse with the dignified and sometimes sombre Virgil after the gay and witty Horace; and to muse on Fate with Eschylus after singing jolly songs with Anacreon and triumphal odes with old Pindar. We scholastics tend sadly to run into ruts, and the more is the pity, since we have at hand such ready methods of correction; and the whole life of literature, ancient and modern, is asking to take us by the hand and to lead us its own way at the moving of its mighty and various and genial will. How can we mope on so in the dumps with such stirring spirits within call?

It is the peculiar privilege of the scholar not only to know *languages*, but also *language*; or to catch the form and spirit of that great humanity that has been voicing itself in words from the beginning, and which speaks to us now in such fullness in the Historic Word that informs all the master tongues whether living or dead. Philosophically speaking, there is virtually but one language, which is the soul of all dialects; and what we call the dead languages are called so because they are the real roots of speech, and, as such, are under ground that they may the more effectually sustain and quicken the new tongues that have branched from them. A generous classic training enables you to see and feel this continuity of life; and if you not only study well the great models of antiquity, but also keep yourself alive, genial, and active in present affairs, and keep your tongue in vital communion with living society, you will find that you are entering into the grand affiliation, and your diction is blooming out and fruiting from the majestic tree of speech planted by the Lord of ages. There will be to you an increasing element of gracious inspiration in speech, and your words will have new and cheering relations with the eternal Word. How language begun we do not know, and the same mystery attaches to this as to all origin, whether in nature or mind. But as we use language freshly and well, and find how full of spirit and life it is, we come to something like a satisfactory idea of its origin, in our experience of the vital powers that preside over speech, and which are as independent of our understanding and will as the air and the lungs, that are so essential to utterance, exist independently of our doing or thinking. Philologians like Müller seem to think that speech came at first by a certain inspiration; and that man, who, of

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course, was created with organs of speech, found himself uttering words when he first felt the mystery of existence, and the new-found world first touched the springs of his life, and the spontaneous forces of his being came into play with a fullness that no artificial schooling can reproduce. How speech was first generated we will not undertake to say, but we are content to illustrate its generation by its regeneration; and surely every man who is true master of language, and who finds his own thoughts and affections in full communion with the historical word of his race, his own mind voicing itself spontaneously in the standard voice of mankind, and the spirit of mankind flowing back into the soul from the spoken and written word—the scholar who has any thing of this experience, has a literary regeneration that will help him mightily toward his interpretation of the genesis of speech. You, my dear fellows, will know this experience more and more as you enter earnestly into life, and you will find in that great school a light and a fire that seldom wait on college themes or exhibition platforms.

Perhaps you think me thus far dealing too much in generalities, and you would like to have me come more to the practical point, and tell you what to do when you wish to meet an especial occasion, or when you are cornered unexpectedly and have to stand up and speak for yourself or be ashamed. All that has been said bears upon this point, for whatever makes a man master of language makes him master of the occasion that calls him out. A good speaker, like a good soldier, is always ready—his powers never broken by servile dullness, nor unstrung by indolence; his armor always bright, and his weapons at hand. I allow that some especial training is needed in view of unexpected emergencies, as the good soldier is taught to prepare for surprises, and to be always on his guard. Yet it is utterly idle to hope by any code of rules, much less by any tricks of memory or little arts of speech, to supply the place of that thorough training which is the only guarantee of success and security against surprise. You must seriously study every subject, and observe every object with a practical eye, and merge, or rather complete, the *connoisseur* in the man of affairs. You have already taken one step forward in your method; for while you begun your college course by studying *books* as such, and confining mainly yourselves to your manuals, you have now for some time been busy with subjects, and your most important exercises have compelled you to form and state your views of certain subjects from various references and meditations. You are now to take a second step forward, and study not only *subjects*, but for *objects*. You are not only to write themes and rehearse essays, but to make arguments and plead causes. There is a vast deal of advantage as well as of difficulty in this transition; and your way of meeting it is in great part to decide whether you will plod on in the old school-boy routine, or strike out freshly and manfully in the paths of practical life, with your eye fixed upon the work set before you. A good speaker's eye and tone tell you in the beginning that he knows what he is about, and not only has something to say, but something to say it for; and he is not as one that beateth the air. The habit of studying subjects thus for a practical object will give you a method of arranging, illustrating, and urging your thoughts that will become to you a second nature.

How to divide a subject is a point of much importance, and one that has been much discussed. The masters of rhetoric give us valuable suggestions; but these amount to little unless we illustrate, and correct, and enlarge them by our own experience. It is always well for you while reading or hearing a speech or oration to analyze it into its constituent parts, and see clearly the members and their bearing on each other and on the main point. You will find that there is a comparative anatomy in the limbs of speeches as in nature, and that a few types constantly repeat themselves with variations. But every wise and earnest speaker will have the principle even if he have not the theory; and books of rhetoric no more originate the idea of the Exordium and the Peroration, etc., than they originated prose itself. The best of these books are good helps, as already hinted, and no young man of your age can do better than to review what the masters of eloquence say of proper preparation. No little work will stir and help you more than the admirable treatise of Theremin upon "Eloquence as a Virtue." It will not only give you excellent ideas of style and arrangement, but quicken your manliness, and do much to shame you out of the shambling slipshod habits and bloodless expression that so often characterize bookish men, and make them compare unfavorably with men of less culture, and with more fire and better aim.

If you find yourself caught before an audience, and have little or no time to prepare a speech, just put yourself upon your previous training; look at the subject in its main features; see how much, how worthy, how important it is; apply, if you will, the categories of your logic as to quantity, quality, and relation; make the most simple and obvious arrangement of your thoughts, beginning with some statement of principles of truth, following with some leading point of duty, and closing with urging the thoughts home with persuasive sympathy and personal regard. You may be sorely troubled by being taken unawares and not knowing what in the world to say. I believe that it is Quintilian who says that every practiced orator should have a supply of *loci communes*, or commonplaces, which he should fall back upon whenever he is in danger of breaking down from loss of memory or want of preparation. This may do in desperate cases; but a shrewd audience will soon find out the trick, and know when a speaker is drifting on the tide and does not know where he is, and when he is making headway; and it is far better to express the first

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genuine conviction that really belongs to the subject and the hour than to launch forth into the most ambitious generalities. A vast deal depends upon your beginning, and if you start with a sincere, unaffected tone, and with a genuine conviction, you are almost sure to get through with credit. An earnest man will be pretty sure to have something to say upon any important subject; and even if he is at loss at first what to say, he knows how to confess his inability or ignorance, or to ask help in such a way as to give grace even to his defects, and make them more eloquent than a pedant's learning or a blusterer's declamation. In fact there is nothing better than naturalness; and a man who is accustomed to speaking may be sure to meet every crisis tolerably well, if he will only be content to seem to be what he is, and to make sincerely any remark that really comes to him, and add to his sincerity modesty and goodwill. Sometimes truthfulness to his convictions will not allow him to say much, and very little thought rises to his lips. Better far say that little truth than a whole volume of rigmarole forced up for the occasion. Truthfulness is a virtue that wins favor in the end, and keeps it when won; and brevity is a failing that men forgive far more readily than prolixity.

To speak well you must be in *rapport* not only with your own mind, but with your subject and your audience. It is really wonderful that this connection is so rarely complete, and that such mishaps come from its absence. Sometimes you are out of joint with yourself, and your mind seems no more to jump with your tongue than the mind of the man in the moon, and you feel that you have no hold of yourself. Again your thought, although quite active in a certain way, does not enter into the subject, and you are very much like an eager horseman who wants to ride, but finds the horse refusing to be mounted, or when mounted, insisting upon standing still or pitching the luckless rider over his head. Sometimes, moreover, when you and your subject get on very well together, you fail to connect with the audience, and without having any positive quarrel with them, you find yourselves as far apart as if they were a thousand miles off. You will use every means to establish the true relation, to keep your own mind ready at your call; to make it dwell faithfully upon such leading principles as are fundamental to all important subjects; and to take vital interest in men, not such as belong to your clique only, but in men as men in all the various tempers and conditions of the common lot. He is happy who masters this connection thoroughly, and agrees with his own soul, his subject, and his audience. He is the good rider who is master of himself, his good steed, and the road, and he goes forth conquering and to conquer.

Some very interesting and curious phenomena occur when this *rapport* is complete; and some of the signs that spiritualists ascribe to supernatural agency are constant attendants of good extemporaneous speaking. A strange and cheering and powerful influence rises up within the speaker, and is met and quickened by the subject and the occasion. The calmer he is, and the less elevated and blown about by passion, the more profoundly he is inwardly moved. Thoughts and emotions come to him of themselves without painful seeking, and the subject opens itself to him as if it were part of his own brain or heart. Words and sentences of unusual fitness and beauty come to him of themselves, and seem to speak of themselves without fatigue of voice or exhaustion of brain or nerves. A remarkable bond grows up between speaker and hearers; the audience light up with a mild glow, and a lambent brightness almost transfigures each head in the speaker's eye, as at the great Pentecost; while the whole assembly seems to be informed with one life, and the thousand souls are drawn together as one spiritual body.

I have talked with a great many distinguished extempore speakers, and while they are almost universally reluctant to trust to any marvelous influences, and disposed to insist upon careful thought and frequent and exact writing to guard against looseness and repetition, they allow that there is something in their best oratorical experiences that passes their understanding. Our friend C——, who is unsurpassed by any living preacher in extempore power, alike of language, thought, and tone, affirms that he sometimes, in his best hours, loses all conscious hold upon his mind and speech, and while perfectly sure that all is going on well in his attic, it seems to him that somebody else is talking up there; and he catches himself wondering who under the sun that fellow is who is driving on at such a rate. Carpenter, the physiologist, speaks of what he calls "unconscious cerebration," or states in which the brain works without any conscious effort to do it, and without any consciousness of what it is doing of itself, as when a man wakes in the morning and finds his thinking much in advance of where he left it when he went to sleep, or even some hard problem solved or knotty question answered. The cause of these phenomena undoubtedly lies somewhere in those organs that are allied to the heart and stomach and lungs, and are moved by the sympathetic nerves, so as to be more automatic than voluntary, more powers of nature than of volition. How far this involuntary action can be extended, and how far carried up into the higher plane of intelligence and activity, we can not say; but it is evident that whatever partakes of the character of habit partakes of this power, for habit, however painfully formed, becomes a second nature, and is automatic, or goes of itself.

This automatic action rids the extempore speaker of much care, anxiety, and toil, and carries him forward through much of his work without solicitude or conscious effort; but it is full of dangers, and if he trusts wholly to it he loses his higher inspiration and force, and sinks down into an automaton, like a barrel-organ,

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that, when wound up, can play over all its old tunes. Some speakers and hosts of talkers are spoiled in this way, and they think themselves inspired because by practice they have so much of the "gift of the gab" that they can run on without limit and without fatigue, until all but themselves are tired out. The good speaker may cultivate and use this automatic power; but he must never trust wholly to it, nor even be satisfied unless in every thing he does he is conscious of putting forth some fresh effort and earnest thought, and rising higher than before, instead of drifting away upon the easy level, or floating down the still easier descending current. He may, perhaps, through constant striving and interior faith, make such connections with the Supreme Wisdom and Will as to rise into a higher region of light and peace, and so partake of a motion and a rest that are not of himself or of nature, but of God. Great eloquence has always something of this character, and all great words come from and return to the Word Eternal.

Every speaker, however unpretending, needs *faith*—I do not mean faith in himself alone, but in God and his own vocation—to make him speak well and to carry him through difficulties. It is really wonderful what relief you find by simply renouncing anxiety after you have done what you can, and by putting yourself tranquilly upon your devout trust. This acts like a charm upon the powers of the mind, and rallies them very much as a moment's loss of one's self in sleep sometimes makes a new man of us, and refreshes all the springs of feeling and action. Without going into the theological question of the effect of faith in winning divine grace, it is clear that it marvelously dismisses worry and unrest, and calms and quickens all the faculties, and especially recruits those automatic functions of mind and body that are so vital to all easy and effective action.

There are plenty of anecdotes to illustrate this fact, and every man of experience can add somewhat to the collection. Bautain, whose book is, on the whole, the best on the subject of extempore speaking, as already hinted, gives an interesting account of his escape from a terrible perplexity by a simple act of devotion. He was to preach before the royal family, and made the accustomed careful preparation, thinking out his entire sermon, and drawing up an exact and elaborate plan, but not taking any manuscript with him into the pulpit, for this is forbidden by French usage. On entering the church he chanced to see some unexpected or offensive person, and at once the whole subject and plan of the sermon went out of his head, and he could not get the least clew to it by any process of association. What should he do? To break down was public disgrace before the court and the world, and dishonor to his profession. To go on seemed out of the question. The time came for him to offer the usual prayer before preaching. He calmly knelt down and prayed for grace, either to bear the mortification or to unseal his memory and his lips. In a moment the spell was broken that had bound him, and his subject and plan came fully to mind. He preached effectually, and thanked God for his benignity.

Undoubtedly his calmness did much to rally his powers; and it is an indispensable requisite to all extempore speaking that, however careful your previous meditation, the moment you rise to speak you must dismiss all anxiety, and comply literally with the precept of Christ to his disciples when he sent them forth to preach: "Take no thought what ye shall speak, for in that same hour it shall be given you what ye shall say." True it is, whatever may be the cause, that the tongue is more fluent and the mind more collected precisely in proportion as mistrust is put away, and we surrender ourselves in peaceful faith to the subject and the occasion.

God bless you, my young friends, in your opening career. You have cheering prospects before you; and I almost envy you, Tom, your opportunity to carry a scholar's culture and principles into our great mercantile world, and bear your witness, as the years may call, for all the great interests of business, patriotism, humanity, and religion. Very few merchants among us have a thorough education, and are able to speak with force, depth, and elegance upon elevated subjects, although there are many who can give you lessons in practical sagacity, and read character and circumstance as keenly as any of us students can. Do not shrink from your position, but be indeed a high-minded merchant, true to all the loyalties that ennoble character and give dignity to trade.

You, R., begin your profession at a signal period, and you will need all your strength, learning, and enthusiasm to speak to our restless, inquisitive, but not godless age, upon the momentous subjects that are now challenging public attention as never before. Your professional training will be thorough, without doubt, and your learning will be apt and ample; yet you will bring little to pass unless your voice and pen catch the living spirit of mankind, and whatever is truly human kindles your love and enlists your labor. As your tongue burns with the true fire your pen will borrow its glow; you will write more eloquently and easily as you speak more earnestly, and you will speak more exactly and eloquently as you write with greater care; and tongue and pen will educate each other, and carry out the work of these years of scholastic study.

Your father is a practiced and effective extempore speaker, and he will give you the light of his experience. I can only quote my poor doings in this field to encourage you to persevere in training yourself for your work, in firm faith that you can overcome all difficulties and do great good and enjoy great comfort by this accomplishment. I do not see how I could have lived to this day without being freed from the bondage of the pen, and without having learned long ago to speak easily when called on for a word. The relief is incalculable; and while

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most of the occasions for casual speaking are better met by off-hand address than by elaborate writing, there are numberless occasions when it is impossible to write, and a man must be dumb or speak as he is moved. For over thirty years I have kept up this habit, week by week, sometimes day by day; and sometimes have been carried through odd passages as well as sore perplexities by the practice. A man is sometimes ashamed of the favor he wins by a few chance words fitly and accidentally spoken, and your father will probably tell you instances without number from his own eventful and distinguished career. One or two incidents I will allude to, in order to illustrate the power of off-hand speaking in helping a man without his knowing it.

I remember, many years ago, not long after leaving college, being at a philanthropic meeting in a church of the straitest sect, when a terrible storm broke over the town. The lightning flashed, and the thunder pealed, and the wind blew a gale. Suddenly the whole church seemed in a blaze, a great crash was heard, the glass shivered in some of the windows, and we thought the building struck by lightning and the spire falling into the roof and upon the pews. The audience were in a panic and too much alarmed to move. Youth as I was, I rose to speak without knowing why, but I suppose from the mere habit of saying my word when called upon; and now God himself seemed to be calling. I did not say much, but did little more than ask the people to be calm; tell them that God rode upon the whirlwind and directed the storm; and even now we might see his pillar of fire and hear his trumpet of jubilee as we were discussing the needs of his children and the great exodus of nations. It was a good Providence or a great luck that prompted those unstudied words. The people were both calm and kind, and the church got off with no harm but the smashing of a huge front-window, without loss of limb or life or steeple, while the grave minister did not rebuke the young volunteer.

Later in life, I remember once being present at the memorial tribute to our great novelist, Cooper, and taking my seat on one side the stage, in an old coat and rumpled shirt, without the least expectation of speaking. Why should one so obscure be heard in such an assembly as that now presided over by Webster, and honored by Bryant, Bancroft, Irving, and other lights of letters? But it happened that some of the chief personages who had been relied upon failed to appear, and perhaps it was Ash Wednesday that kept away the clerical dignitaries who were to represent their profession. The Secretary—who was a strange man, and now gone from the earth, where we trust he finds and makes less trouble than here—probably gave my name to the President, and Daniel Webster called your poor friend to the floor, before that blaze of intellect and beauty in old Tripler Hall. That I survived that ordeal, and did not run away, nor sink into the floor, nor make a fool of myself, nor lose all my friends, was owing to the grace of God and the habit of off-hand speaking, that had become so inveterate as to act unconsciously before being called up, and make a little speech probably in the brain as covertly as the heart secretes its blood. I blessed the old days of the "Literati in Fumo;" thanked God, and took courage. Now, dear Tom and R., I bid you do the same. Faint heart never won fair lady nor made a fair speech.

CAP-AND-BELLS.

A NOVEL IN TEN CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

IF the high, well-born Countess v. Kreeper had remained plain Janey Joy to the end of her days few of us, despite her fine languishing eyes and profusion of curls, would have cared for her as we did in the heyday of her fame, and plagued Jones, who had himself been lately introduced, to present us in turn. And perhaps even now the five first words of this history will better serve to give it éclat, and predispose to a fair reading, than the brace of monosyllables with which our heroine commenced life. We republicans are fond of wearing sometimes, in our foreign relations, the badge of court folly which with propriety serves this tale for a title. We run after kingly favors with republican inconsistency, and are never so proud and happy as when our son writes from Paris or London of my Lord Soandso, or Chevalier That, in whose company he had the happiness to dine or drive yesterday, or join in a game at billiards during the forenoon; and what ruffles and airs mamma assumes, to be sure, when her Georgina, or Isabella, or (as in this case) plain Janey, marries a foreigner with a waxed mustache and bit of ribbon in his button-hole, bad habits, and estate nobody has ever beheld—and, it may be, never will!

Yes, Mrs. Joy, I am bound to say, was overjoyed; though the ex-iron-monger *had* knitted his shaggy brows (iron-gray, as memorial of his late pursuits) when a hint of the event reached his ears, and had denied the engaging foreigner his house. He had even gone to the extent, in his admirable misconception of the feminine nature he had to do with, of pronouncing the Count a swindler, a blackleg, a convict from overseas, for aught he knew; much of which was no doubt true, but had the effect of directly enlisting the feelings of both ladies in behalf of the so-much-abused innocence; and in the end brought about the catastrophe which a scented note announced to papa one morning while shaving; it had lain all night under the toilet cushion, and Mrs. Joy had known of its being there, I am sorry to confess. It said:

"DEAR PAPA,—You need not be at the expense of pursuing Us by express, as papas in novels do; for long before you read this I will be a real Countess, though not the less, I hope, your dutiful daughter. In haste.

"JANEY."

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Old Joy, with a face sadly out of keeping with his name, read the note and locked it away methodically among his papers; he finished shaving the half of his cheek still in lather, but cut himself once or thrice, a thing he had never before been known to do. His bushy brow impended lower than usual; and Mrs. J. went scurrying about with a nervous dread of an explosion, which never came, and a sense of guilt. He ascertained during the day that the nuptials had actually been performed, and his daughter was therefore an honest woman, but beyond this he showed no sign of interest in her existence; and when they returned, as the custom in such cases is, to sue for forgiveness, refused to be reconciled, or even to receive the pair — replying to a remonstrance through the servant, that "Countesses were out of place in a plain house like his;" a message which caused the son-in-law to pull his mustaches fiercely between perplexity and anger, and finally to grin as if there were something humorous in its wording. As for Janey Joy, now Countess Kreeper, she said, "Pooh!" impatiently; and to the Count, with a smile, "We are not quite beggars, are we? There is my own little property; and when we are *ennui* with living here, there are your princely estates"—at which the Count's grin, for a reason best known to himself, grew still broader.

In all this there was nothing that might not have been predicted long before. Our heroine was still a child in years, and little more than that in experience, fresh from Madame Mère's grand school, where she had learned to chatter French with native fluency; to read Dante (or Don Giovanni) in the original well enough; and half a dozen accomplishments more, some of which were not enumerated in the catalogue: such, for instance, as the studies of Paul de Kock, Sue, and authors of that kind, after bed hours, with a screen of gowns pinned up across the window over against Madame's or the prefect's quarter.

All her after-misfortunes might have been averted had her conception of life, its pitfalls and duties, been other than it was and better borne. When the dice and extravagance had devoured her personal property—which would have been a fortune to a painstaking pair—and duns were in the house, her fine friends deserted her, as a matter of course. Equally, of course, the monkeyfied Count threw aside his suave graces, and appeared the naked ruffian he always was. From place to place they went perforce together; he perhaps still entertaining hopes in the old merchant's death, and unwilling to fling off his burden till that were decided; frequenting worse and worse haunts; and finally disappearing wholly beneath the horizon of even third-rate society.

After an interval, however, the quasi-Countess appeared again in places of resort, alone; something having happened to the Count somewhere which left her free. Pale, almost haggard, and under the ban of society, those bewitching eyes and still soft brown hair invested her with a certain charm, and even pathos, which gathered about her one or two well-meaning people and a circle of roués, whom she cajoled and mocked in all manner of ways. Like Becky Sharpe, she seemed emulous of conquest, and not overscrupulous in attaining her ends; and turned her gowns as often, and labored under pecuniary disadvantages as great, perhaps, as that or any other aspiring lady. However her fortunes, having reached their backward climatric, began before long to improve. Mrs. Joy had gone off in a decline—half of chagrin, maybe—and old Joy would have found himself utterly alone in the world with his second grief, had not—while the coffin was still in the house—a light step ascended the stair, and a pair of arms, not quite so well rounded as of old, embraced his knees, and held him down in his seat whence he feebly essayed to rise.

"Oh, papa!" the long-absent voice of his Janey cried; and what more it might have said, either in self-exculpation or submission, was lost in a rush of tears which eased her poor, bruised, tossed-about heart when their first violence was over. She was no longer a girl, but a woman with many bitter, savage experiences to look back to; and here she was sobbing quietly now, with her wet cheek on old Joy's knee and her eyes raised wistfully to his face—which, it is no shame to say, was not free from moisture either.

Meanwhile the fashionable world—revolving upon itself and in its allotted orbit—has deserted the Places and Avenues of the city for the sea-side and country air. At a great watering-place, which has been such time out of mind, there is already a fair show of belles and their satellites, although the season has but just begun, and there are daily arrivals of others of more or less distinction. The daughters of a distinguished statesman will make it their summer residence—blonde young ladies, who turn up their aristocratical little noses at the society they meet in the ball-room and in their daily walks, and are lightly esteemed by the envious world not included in their set. To this set, or circle, when they meet, belongs Miss Charlotte Georgina Gossimer, a great-grand-daughter of the once notorious turn-coat and loyalist of that name—plain in person, but supposed to be worth a plum; who takes great airs in consequence of her wealth and position, and dresses like a Royal Highness. Old M'Gregor Gossimer, the Scotchman and grandfather, is willingly forgotten by the present generation in the grandeur of the millionaire son, who has courted and received more than once the highest honors in the gift of his constituents, and has a son of his own to uphold the dignity of his pretensions in the third descent. Hence it is that the daughters of the eminent statesman before-named, who have graced a Royal drawing-room in their time—for years steal upon them in defiance of their juvenilities—have no hesitation in receiving Miss Gossimer into their hearts and home, and are indeed reckoned among her dearest

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friends. So, for that matter, is the belle whom we all admired, and many of us fell hopelessly in love with, last winter—the fair, gracious, kindly, impossible-to-be-withstood Miss (not *Vrow*, for the name has ceased to be Dutch these two centuries) van Waddlevurst, who flirts because she can not help it and does not intend to; so she says, but breaks many hearts—as male hearts are broken—notwithstanding.

It was Mrs. van Waddlevurst—Dowager van Waddlevurst the young fellows call her—who got out at the station yesterday, accompanied by her Florence, whose fine sparkling eyes were eclipsed for the time by her blue traveling veil, but will shine with full lustre to-night in the ball-room, and will dazzle more than the old Dutch heir-loom diamonds, reset in the latest style, which will grace her fair neck on the same occasion. Mamma, the dowager, likes to witness the successes of her daughter, and will be present too in all the pomp and dignity of her fat double chin and turban with the plume. She was a great belle herself in her day, and chaperoning is the next best thing to being chaperoned.

As for little Van himself, if you saw him at all at the station, it was when he was counting over the score of trunks containing the finery of the ladies; a little man, taciturn, with an inexpressive countenance and iron-gray eyebrows, and hair, when his hat is off, roughed up in Congressional style, perhaps with a design of adding to his inches. He is the soul of good-nature, and trots about on the errands of the two ladies, without concerning himself that he is the father of the one and husband of the other, who was a poor girl before he married her. On ball evenings, when Mrs. Van's turban is conspicuous in the highest circles—those into which my lord and her ladyship, or Sir Charles, the famous geologist, are introduced—and Miss Florence appears surrounded by satellites, you may generally perceive little Van among the crowd of lookers-on near the door, with a sangaree-glass in his hand, waiting for the return tray, or, later in the evening, with the shawls of the ladies upon his arm, awaiting their pleasure.

The little gentleman is not without his own pleasures when off duty: he walks about in an imperturbable manner, and listens to the band of musicians playing airs from Norma in the balcony of afternoons, and practicing in the ball-room of mornings; and there are, if he chose to avail himself of them, the usual entertainments of the bowling-alley and billiards, or a quiet game of cards with old cronies in a back room—just as deshabille and novel-reading, dominos and tattling, serve to avert ennui during the long forenoons from the minds of the daughters of Eve, who in the cool of the day enjoy *tête-à-tête* walks and drives, or show off their fashionable equipment on the promenade, and after supper troop to the ball-room, and resume, in the quadrille and polka, the flirtation interrupted perhaps by portly propriety-seeking mammas an hour or two before.

It is one of these ball evenings, the first of the Dowager van Waddlevurst and Miss van W.'s appearance on the floor, and a twelvemonth or so subsequent to the reconciliation between the Countess Kreeper and poor old Joy, already recorded—which reconciliation the world knows nothing of as yet, or it would pay more court to the heiress-apparent of twenty-five thousand a year. As it is, the Countess—for she chooses to retain the title, notoriously *desseché* though it be—does not care to divulge the secret of her presumptive wealth, and is little changed in outward appearance, except that her face, never very fair, by daylight has a somewhat sallow and worn look. In manner and conduct she is the same Janey Kreeper—as the boon companions of her late husband had called her, with no stint of oaths either, in time gone by—audacious, a practiced flirt, and with a tongue never at a loss for a repartee. This is the character liberally bestowed on its former short-lived idol by the world she had led for a brief month or two, and now mocked at from below; but we, who have seen her weeping bitterly on old Joy's knee, a twelvemonth back, may afford to reserve our opinion.

There is witchery still in the large liquid eyes of the little Countess, which is not without its influence on the gentlemen, despite the ban laid upon her by her own sex, not a few of whom have smarted under her sarcasm at some period of their career; and you ladies are not very forgiving toward one another. It is true that few of those who witnessed it have forgotten that shocking scene at Newport, when— But why recall it here? Captain Rudder (U. S. N.), the plethoric little man in naval undress, whose face tells a mixed tale of hardships by sea and festivities on land, both bronzed and rubicund, and proverbially good-natured, was present in Newport at the time, and looks with charity upon her former sins against society. The Captain perhaps is better acquainted with her past life and present prospects than any of her contemporaries, but he does not like to speak of either. "Least said, soonest mended," was his prudent reply to Slipper the other day, who was endeavoring to pump him. To a better man Rudder might have been more communicative; but in the complacency pertaining to all that De la Rue Slipper does and utters, and in the tendency of his inquiries, the friend of friendless Countess Kreeper recognized the fop and fortune-hunter, and chose to be silent.

"R. (is it *racaille* the letter stands for?) de la Rue Slipper" is the high-shouldered young fellow, with a flaxen mustache and imperial, and slightly bloodshot eyes, from over-stimulating, or perhaps too tight a neckcloth, who may be seen sauntering about the promenade after a late breakfast of mornings, or, seated with three or four of his kidney, sucking the top of his whalebone switch when not smoking, or, more frequently still, in the billiard-room and bar in the rear. His style of dress is unexceptionable in dandyism, and in this respect, as in some oth-

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ers, he is observed and copied pretty closely by the youngsters of his acquaintance. Rudder's junior officer, on furlough with his commander, is one of Slipper's admirers of this sort, though not wanting in years or experience. But the poor fellow had suffered from a sun-stroke during a cruise off the African coast somewhere, and had never since been intellectually strong. His commander had tended him at the time like a father, and the two had contrived to keep together in all subsequent cruises. Lieutenant Felt—called "Felty" by his familiars—was not the man to prove ungrateful; and, in his eyes, honest little red-nosed Rudder fell not far short of manly perfection. But, unhappily, the Captain's taste in dress was wholly of a salt-sea kind, and not, at least in his junior's opinion, of a style likely to be received with favor in female society; and hence his secondary worship of De la Rue Slipper. Indeed poor Felt thought he enjoyed extraordinary success with the ladies; but if things were given their true names it would more properly have been called tolerance, growing as it did out of the pity entertained for him by those who knew his history. Even dazzling Florence van W. (the name is too long and too ugly to write out in full always), whose better qualities of heart French frippery and fashions have not yet obliterated—and let us hope, recalling her still lovely face, never will—is gracious to the Lieutenant, and that without dreaming that poor Felt, poor, misguided, simple Felty, is now enamored of *her*, as he always has been and always will be with some one.

On the ball night already referred to as the first of this young lady's appearance she had received the Lieutenant quite affably, and even questioned Rudder beforehand regarding his *protégé*, as she herself did not scruple to tell him when he presented himself.

"Did you, Miss van Waddlevurst?" Felty said, almost tenderly, and quite charmed.

"Pooh, Felty! Miss Florence wasn't so special in her inquiry as all that," the Captain cried, laughing. "Miss Florence, you don't know what a vain fellow he is: he thinks all the young ladies in love with him who don't absolutely cut his acquaintance."

"Oh, what a yarn, Captain!" his junior made answer, stroking his chin, and affecting to enjoy the jest.

Slipper was present on the same occasion, and was holding forth to Rudder with his usual drawl. "'Pon my honor," he said, "appears to me you are a little in the wrong, eh? The only gentlemanly—mark that, *gentlemanly*, by Jove!—course to pursue is to maintain a demmed cool, dispassionate view of things and people, and not to be ruffled into a self-committal by any blackguard one meets. Egad! if a chimney-sweep insults me do I knock him down? Not at all; *that*, you see, would involve the cost of a fresh pair of lemon kids: in short, I should tax myself, say twelve shillings, for the luxury of giving way to my inclination, and be summoned into a police court into the bargain. I am guided by the words of the poet, egad!" Slipper says, in conclusion, twisting his mustaches—"'*Take* your time, Miss Lu—' Eh, you remember?"

"I would like to have you reefing topsails in a squall; I'd hurry you, my lad," Rudder answered.

"Why, Captain, I suppose I should make as poor a figure at it as you would as a hero—"

"As a hero, eh? Deuce take your impudence!" the Captain broke in with in an aside, turning red.

—"Reposing on your already acquired laurels," Slipper proceeded to say without raising his voice; and honest Rudder blushed a little at his haste, under concealment of his usual complexion.

"He means that little affair of mine off Alvarado," he thought, and added, apologetically, "I'm always running ahead of time, Slipper; I ought to have heard you out, I know."

"Don't mention it. I am never hurried, and can afford to wait until a trifling error of that sort is rectified," the other said, trifling with his chatelaine and smiling.

While this little contest was waging between Slipper and the Captain, the attention of Miss van W. had been cleverly drawn off and appropriated to himself by the Captain's second in command, who was an assiduous beau as beaux go, and gossiped glibly and giggled not a little. He prated of their former acquaintanceship, and how pleasant a place the Springs were, and was she fond of riding—not very? but she was of dancing—yes? Oh, he was sure of that, and might he have the honor?

So when Slipper twirled his chain and smiled, the Captain, looking about him, espied his Lieutenant bearing away with the prize, and promptly made sail in pursuit.

"Felt, my lad, you ought to be mast-headed on the chandelier for this!" Rudder exclaimed, asthmatically, pinching Felt's elbow, as he would no doubt his ear had their relative statures been different.

"It was a matter of preference. I'd mount a dozen chandeliers to be made the object of it again, Captain," the gallant Lieutenant returned, with a smirk directed at his partner.

"Preference?—pooh! I believe Miss Florence promised this dance to me at breakfast this morning."

"Will you forgive my forgetfulness, Captain?" the belle said, and accepted the arm proffered by the commander with a bow of great compass considering his short figure, with so pleasant a grace that the Lieutenant was left stroking his mustache, a little disappointed, it may be, but not at all vexed.

"I will dance with you the next set; will that do?" she added, not unkindly, looking back and smiling as none of us who have seen her smile ever saw her do without falling headlong in love with her; and Felty, as happy as a king, or as kings used to be in the good old times when they had it all their own way, betook himself

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to the tranquil companionship of his friend De la Rue Slipper, who professed never to dance. "Either you make a *gauche* of yourself," he said, "walking about out of time, or sacrifice every propriety to the airs of the demmed fellow who plays the fiddle."

The Countess v. Kreeper, although abounding in beaux, as it happened was the sole youthful lady of his acquaintance seated, and the Lieutenant studiously avoided looking in that direction lest a beck of her fan should consign him to temporary servitude: he was dreadfully afraid of her wit, and had escaped once before, this same evening, from her thrall. Perhaps, however, had all the belles present been seated by their chaperons and awaiting partners, the Lieutenant would have still remained aloof; for, as has been hinted elsewhere, poor Felty had by this time surrendered at discretion to the charming person before whom his Captain was just then doing his best to chassé with grace —quadrilles were then the fashion, of course— who, unconscious of the bequest, meanwhile was coquetting gayly not only with her proper cavalier the commander, but charming the young lawyer on her left to that degree that he said not one solitary word to *his* partner, who, in consequence, made a secret vow never to dance again with the bear, as it pleased her to term him; and, in short, had quite forgotten the Lieutenant's existence.

Properly speaking, it was not a sudden passion on the part of Felt, though he had been in love three or four times since its commencement; he had beheld Florence scattering smiles and winning hearts at Newport the year before, and despite the occupation of what he called his *boosom* by a then reigning belle, he had not failed in the end to fall romantically in love with that fair vision; not, however, it is fair to say, until after the rather contemptuous rejection of his hand and attentions by the belle referred to above. Poor Felty always believed that but for his incautious praise of Miss van W.'s contour —which he fancied had provoked the jealousy of the reigning belle—the answer of his Celestina might have been quite other than it was; and he deduced from this, in some way not very clear, that the consideration he received from Miss van W. had a latent meaning; in other words, that since, through influence of her charms, he, Felty, had forfeited possession of Celestina, she, Florence, could not or ought not to do less than show an inclination to make good the loss by a bestowal of her own person instead.

It will be seen from all this that Felt was not a man slow at an inference, and was consequently most unreasonably elated by the promise of fair Florence. But as a skillful general avails himself of all means for reducing a fortress, and refuses to trust alone to the energy of his occasional storming parties or the presumed favorable inclination of the besieged, so did our friend the Lieutenant persuade Slipper, who happened to know the old gentleman, to present him to little Van, looking in at the piazza window, later in the evening, with Miss van W.'s shawl on his arm, and gratified that gray-haired frequenter of ball-rooms and attendant on his daughter's pleasures by falling into ecstasies over the charms which three-fourths of the room indeed were engaged either in admiring or envying.

It has been said in passing that this young gentleman had escaped somewhat earlier from the thrall of Madame the Countess v. Kreeper. That little lady, as her wont was to every one, had been teasing him before the entrance of the Dowager Van and her party, and it was while they two were standing together in the first quadrille that the last-named event occurred. Perhaps the delight shown by Felty on that occasion had been too open to please his partner, who looked at him a moment with a slight curve of the lip.

"You seem to admire her?" she said, coolly, with a shrug caught from Madame Mère, no doubt.

"I believe every body does," Felt answered, unsuspiciously. "There, I told you so! Our Captain is renewing his acquaintance, and so is Slipper. Can you see them?"

"Hadn't you better go and renew yours?" the Countess said, in reply. "Here is a little fellow will stand for you. Can you dance, my Tom Thumb friend? No! you can not even speak plain yet; never mind, you will serve for a substitute."

"Oh, I am in no hurry. Any time in the evening or to-morrow morning will do. And when one is already in charming company, you know," poor Felty explained, nervously, and thought what a deuce of a woman she was for making one feel awkward.

The Countess may have read in his face what passed in his mind, for, glancing at it, she laughed in a way peculiar to herself.

"Thank you for the preference," she said, pleasantly enough; "we outcasts should be grateful for every thing like a compliment, though no doubt, when you leave us, our existence is forgotten in the smiles of such Dutch dolls as this Miss van Whatshername. I should not be surprised if you were to forget your promise to ride with me early to-morrow morning. How would you like me to canter round to your bachelor quarters and rap at your door with my riding-whip? You sleep soundly, don't you? You look sleepy very often when talking to me."

"Oh, by George! I'm an uncommonly early riser; and I will be waiting for you to the minute," the Lieutenant cried in some alarm.

"Jove! think of her coming to wake me," he said to his Captain aside not long after, the quadrille being over and his respects duly made to Miss Florence. "And that fellow Trout, who sleeps with his door wide open this hot weather, my next door neighbor!"

"Haw, haw!" the rubicund Captain returned; "devil a bit *she'd* mind. She would as lief pop

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Trout with her whip as not if she could come within reach without dismounting."

And no doubt the older officer was not far from the truth; for he had known, as already said, the piquant little Countess a long while and all about her; and the widow's observance of decorum was not overmuch for a lady who stopped short of sinning.

CHAPTER II.

Captain Rudder, on his way to lunch next morning—after a forenoon spent in unsuccessful angling for perch—heard the twang of a guitar from the Lieutenant's room, and turned out of his direct course to pick up a companion. But Felty preferred remaining where he was, seated on the edge of his bed drawing sentimental music from the strings of his instrument.

"Pooh," the Captain said, "put it down and let's go and get a sherry-cobbler and some anchovies and biscuit. Afterward we can join the ladies in the parlor—I dare say Miss Florence will be there."

"No she won't," Felt returned, humming "Oh 'tis love, 'tis love!" in time with his accompaniment, and shaking his head.

"Pooh! how do you know?" Rudder cried.

"Why, I've just returned from an airing with her," the Lieutenant said. "The old gentleman—a well-informed, estimable old gentleman I can tell you—came up to mention the arrival of the carriage while I was chatting with Miss van Waddlevurst after breakfast, and very kindly included me in the party; Mrs. van W. was the fourth, and a remarkably pleasant time we had of it. I wanted to paddle Miss Florence up the river to the rapids, but the batteau was full of rain-water."

"Why didn't you bail it out with your cap, you young oaf?" the Captain put in: he felt in a humor for calling his successful rival names. "To think of the rascal having the game all to himself while I was bobbing for those confounded perch and dreaming about her!" he thought.

"Why, so I did wish to do," Felt rejoined; "but Mrs. Van wouldn't allow me to spoil my cap, she said; and she spoke with such motherly concern that I gave over and told Miss Florence I would bring a tin cup in my pocket for the purpose as often as we went there unaccompanied."

"As often as you go there unaccompanied!" the Captain repeated, with the nearest approach to a sneer the bonhomie of his features allowed. "After that I suppose you can't find any appetite for such a commonplace concern as lunch; you'd rather strum on your guitar and rehearse it all over?"

"I beg your pardon, I didn't know you were waiting for me," Felt said. "The truth is, we took a few sandwiches and cakes along—that is, Mrs. Van did—and we lunched on the rocks there, although it was rather early. It was deliciously cool."

"Humph!" Rudder growled. He was sweltering in a wadded coat a trifle too tight for him. "Well, strum away, *I* can't live on air," he added; and took himself off after an envious glance at Felty's linen jacket and easy equipment.

But if the Lieutenant's light toilet excited his Captain's envy, how much greater was the contrast in weight of clothing afforded by Felt's next-door neighbor! It has been shown elsewhere that this gentleman's surname was Trout, and that being of a sanguine bodily habit he suffered very nearly as much from heat as might one of his name freshly drawn from the depths of a pool. On the present occasion he was lying on his back endeavoring to keep cool and reading the "Five Hundred Guardsmen," with which he also fanned his flushed face from time to time. He hailed our stout friend immediately he hove in sight.

"Jove!" he said, "it's hot. Captain, what the devil have you got on that wadded thing for? Come in."

"I am going to lunch," the Captain answered, wiping his brow.

"Well, don't stand stewing in the sunshine outside; you make one perspire to look at you. Here's some lunch I have just sent for; come in and share. It's plenty for a dozen this weather."

"So I will, Trout my lad," Rudder returned, with alacrity; and pulled off his coat and made himself comfortable without further ceremony.

"I suppose I won't be any hotter for getting up," Trout said; and proceeded to empty the pitcher upon his head over the basin by way of refreshment. After which he uncorked a brace of ale-bottles and filled tumblers. "Try that—it's iced. You feel better than you did out there with all that cotton about you—don't you, old boy?"

"Immensely better," Rudder answered, his face beaming with content. "It was awful to think of crossing that sunny bit of sward."

"You might have been rapped on the head by a sun-stroke, like the confounded guitarman next door. He *was* some such thing—wasn't he?"

"He had a brain-fever off the coast of Africa, poor fellow!" Rudder said. "A young man of great promise and talents too before that, but deuced soft since."

"I thought as much, or I believe I couldn't have stood it so long. He has the most aggravating way of twanging his guitar and singing—I suppose he calls it—in the cool of the afternoons, when a man feels like dozing a little after the day's exertions. And he is at it again pretty frequently when the ball-room shuts up and people are going to sleep. I'd give him five dollars any time just to leave off. One infernal tune he is forever whining out, something in this way: 'Good-neet, ma love, good-neet!'"

"Ha ha! I know; that's his favorite 'good-night song,'" the Captain responded. "You ought to be thankful, Trout, he don't twang you

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into consciousness at daylight these summer mornings."

"Well, he does sometimes. But to-day he went away without noise, I believe, and came back on horseback when I was dressing."

"He went to ride with the former Countess Kreeper, the dashing widow," Rudder said. "She threatened to come and knock him up if he wasn't alert, which rather startled his modesty, for he told me you slept with your door wide open."

"Did she?" Trout exclaimed, grinning. "I like her spirit. What sort of a woman is she, Rudder? I don't go much about among the ladies."

"Why she isn't bashful or shamefaced, I should say? but then nothing ill can be said of her. She has seen a good deal of the world, that is certain. I believe she was the wife of a foreign Count or other humbug, but her family is very respectable in a certain city North. It was a runaway match, but the old gentleman, who is a millionaire I'm told, allowed her a few hundreds a year after Kreeper was blown up, or more likely bowie-knifed, on the Mississippi, until a month or two ago when a reconciliation took place, and she will come in for the bulk of his property on condition of changing her name back to Joy. She's a trump—why she used to write it 'Kreeper *née* Joy.'"

"She is rather pretty. I remember now I have noticed her often in the well-house," Trout made answer. "What I chiefly admire in a woman is spirit and life, and by what you say she's not wanting in either. I have half a mind to be introduced; will you carry me up, old boy? But no—Jove! it's too hot to think about putting on a cloth coat and beaver. I will stick to Dumas's Guardsmen—a page a day is about as much as I accomplish."

"Pooh! you needn't dress better than you usually do of a morning; the widow won't turn her back on you because you have on that straw-hat you stroll about in, with a cigar in your mouth; and in the woods she will tell you she likes the flavor of a Havana. She has abundant life, and I think you will be pleased with her way of showing it, if she does rap you now and then over the knuckles. Suppose you let me present you this afternoon?"

"Thank you, Captain — Jove! I believe I will. I'll put on a broadcloth, too, for the first appearance; it will be more gentlemanly and *comme eel foo*, as that aristocratical slice of cucumber De la Rue Slipper would call it," Trout said; and forgot how devilish hot it was the remainder of the forenoon in devising fine speeches for the approaching interview. It was Mr. Trout, the same day about or after sunset, who appeared on the steps of the well-house in all the glory of a many-hued satin stock, blue dress-coat, and white hat. In his walk from Bachelor Row to that central point of resort he had encountered not less than a dozen acquaintances who failed to recognize him at first sight, and when they did, cried: "Why, Trout, you have turned out a regular dandy: if you had not spoken we wouldn't have known you;" or jocularly inquired, "When the ceremony would be?"

As it happened—or to relate facts in their order, through the indefatigable watchfulness of that gentleman, and adaptation of events to his purpose—at the moment of his descent by one flight of steps, who but the little Countess Kreeper tripped lightly down the opposite, and staid to receive the tumbler of water which Trout, very red, and with some bungling words to that effect, hastened to present from the marble well over which they met. And when the widow looked her thanks with those killing eyes of hers poor Trout's hand shook so it was a wonder how he contrived to ladle up another. He was dreadfully nervous and unhappy-looking for a man who usually swore and talked largely, and who was acting in accordance with nobody's whim but his own.

Captain Rudder, chatting with the Van Waddlevursts on a bench adjacent, was highly amused. He was there by special appointment, and now went through his portion of the performance in presenting "his friend Mr. Trout" to the ladies all round.

"Jove!" Trout thought, "I didn't count on having to talk to more than one, and here are three ladies expecting me to say something;" and felt proportionably nonplused and bashful; but the Countess came to his aid.

"I'm sure Mr. Trout does not resort to the waters for the benefit of his health," she said, sweetly.

"No, ma'am, the hot weather drove me out of town," the inmate of Bachelor Row replied. "Will any of the ladies let me offer them a glass of water?" But the ladies had already drank their tumbler apiece, and declined to relieve him of the weight at the end of the dipping-stick.

"I had the pleasure of helping them myself," the gallant Captain said. And the widow suggested that "It was a pity to throw it away after enduring so much fatigue in holding the tumbler at arm's-length. Wouldn't Mr. Trout drink the contents to the healths of the party generally?"

"I'll empty it to the health of *one*, if Mrs.—ahem! your ladyship will allow me," Trout returned, in an aside, with a devoted bow; and tossed the glass off accordingly.

The Countess laughed. "What a flatterer!" she murmured. "Miss van Waddlevurst, don't you think he is?"

"Really I was not attending," Miss van W. answered, indifferently.

"I had the pleasure of meeting you at Newport last season; although I don't wonder at any one failing to recognize me, for I wore then that fright of a black barége," the widow suggested, smilingly.

"I remember *seeing* Mrs. Kreeper there," Miss Florence said, with such emphasis on seeing, that the lady addressed could not have failed to understand her friendship would not be valued too highly by the speaker.

"I feel quite charmed by Miss van Waddle-

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vurst's condescension in remembering me at all," Janey Joy cried, with an ironical little courtesy. "I hope our mutual friends speak of me occasionally too. I am sure one of them must."

Fair Florence vouchsafed no other reply than that contained in a somewhat scornful curve of the lip. But that some meaning lurked under the speech was betrayed by the slight tremor in her voice when she launched into that sprightly current of small talk so lively, so good-humored, and so versatile, which made the next half hour, as the Captain afterward protested, the most delightful he had ever spent in the whole course of his life, and put the widow and her insinuations quite out of mind.

That insulted little lady scorning to yield ground, had taken post on the opposite side of the well-house, and there equally gratified Mr. Trout by the charms of her conversation. Trout's nature was not a reserved one, though he was not much accustomed to ladies' society; but he was by no means a woman-hater. "I can't go into company smelling of tobacco smoke. I know they'd wish me at home again," was his usual apology, and his pipe or his cigar he never could surrender. But when Rudder had mentioned his conviction that the widow would not object in the least to the stale flavor of the weed his last intrenchment had been taken by storm, and he had made up his mind beforehand to be pleased with so judicious a little woman.

Like Florence, *she* too had a motive to please. It was incumbent on her to repudiate the opinion, which sulkiness or apparent spite might have induced with others of the party, of the least mortification caused by Miss van W.'s unequivocal address. At the first brush, to be sure, she had lost temper a little, but that afforded only the more reason for the most bewitching flow of gossip and innocent merriment. Trout had never been so spirited into making himself agreeable, had never before found out what splendid conversational powers he possessed, by Jove! had never, in short, been so caressed, and cajoled, and twirled round any woman's finger as he was during that happy period. Poor Trout thought, in the guilelessness of his heart, it was himself she was at the pains of diverting; and very like would have experienced a shock to his self-esteem had it been suggested to him that Janey would have chatted away with equal life, under the circumstances, to a child of ten years or less. And no doubt it was a great waste of jealousy on his part, and encouragement of ill feeling to little purpose, when our friend the Lieutenant, descending the steps ostensibly to take his afternoon draught, but with the purpose in view of attaching himself to the Van Waddlevursts, was cut off by an adroit word and smile from the siren and fairly enlisted on her side; and was thereupon, if not absolutely, wished suspended in mid-ocean, lashed in his hammock somewhere off that portion of the African coast where his fever had left him six years back—*almost* wished there; which is a trick of conscience in common use for getting over what is too wicked to be spoken outright.

So old a habituée—one so skilled in all the ways of the Egyptians—as the widow could not fail to perceive the signs of this latter emotion in the open countenance of Felt's neighbor; and the discovery both amused and interested her. "I really believe the great healthy simpleton is in love with me," she thought, and laughed so gleefully at the idea that the jovial Captain looked across the tabooed space with a sympathizing twinkle in his eye, and wished these women would keep their quarrels to themselves, and not lay an embargo on the tongues of their admirers.

"Isn't it funny?" was her apology to her beaux, whom she had just formally introduced, "that two gentlemen created for each other should be next door neighbors and not have come together before? Why here's Mr. Trout, who smokes a great deal I'm sure, would prove invaluable in ridding you of the swarms of evening insects while you strummed a serenade; and then you know, Mr. Trout, *you* might get up quite a reputation for gallantry, which you haven't now, by attending on such occasions. It would be the fable of the nightingale and glow-worm all over again."

Trout grinned. He never stopped short of that, his mouth not being adapted to a smile; and the Lieutenant simpered, and said, "He would be very happy: he did not dislike the smell of a cigar, although the use of one made him sick since a—a severe illness he had had some years ago."

"If he had I'd have put the stem of my pipe through that crack by the chimney," his rival thought, maliciously, "and have broken up his solos."

"Some one inquired after you just now," Felty said. "I happened to mention your name, and it seemed you and he were old acquaintances."

"After poor little me!" the Countess returned. "Who could it have been?"

"He came not more than an hour ago, and was getting off the stage when I saw him," the Lieutenant answered; "his name is Pawley."

Now although the Lieutenant spoke too low to be heard beyond their immediate circle, the Countess Kreeper no sooner caught the name than she repeated it quite loudly, and with an expression of delight highly distasteful to her admirer Trout, who being of an exceedingly impetuous nature, was falling more irremediably in love, and becoming more jealous of every body with every breath he drew.

"Oh, Mr. Pawley!" she repeated, clapping her gloved hands—for Janey Joy's manners had gained rather less in elegance than in ease during her independent rambles—"has the dear talented fellow been inquiring for me already!" And with these words darted a glance across to the opposite benches, which may have conveyed more meaning to a certain person than met the ear of the rest. Indeed it is not assuming too

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much to say that if fair Florence had shown a little more color—which, thanks to her practiced self-control, she did not—the speaker would have been proportionally gratified; but at this juncture an incident occurred which diverted the attention of the company present to a more illustrious pair.

This incident was the appearance of a young gentleman of fashionable exterior, who bowed and smiled graciously on the party below while descending the steps. "Charlotte, my love," he had said to a lady with a profusion of chestnut ringlets by his side, "here is an unexpected pleasure; the Van Waddlevursts!" And letting fall the glass he had used to assist his vision, advanced not ungracefully to pay his respects.

The descent of the two created a sensation. Miss van W. hastened to meet the new-comers half-way; little Kreeper, who like the rest had been momently silent, rattled away and laughed more than ever, perhaps to affect indifference; and the Dowager leaning over, whispered behind her fan to the Captain, that it was Mr. Gossimer and his sister; their father used to be member of Congress, you know." The Captain did not know, not having had the good fortune to vote more than once in twelve years; but he had heard the name—who has not? Every one must have learned at some period of their life that the Gossimers move only in the first circles at the South; and all who have met them must remember the undoubted aristocracy of their demeanor, and how difficult the most leveling republican finds it to shake off the conviction that honor of some kind has accrued to him from a bow or bit of converse in the streets with one of the name.

At the date of this history the head of the Gossimer connection was undoubtedly the ex-Senator and honorable Robert Gossimer Gossimer. He signed himself in full in tavern registers and at the foot of party squibs, although, politically speaking, his reputation might have been then represented by a cipher. Indeed, the distinguished gentleman had overshot his mark in the memorable campaign of '51, and had carried his inflammatory oratory to such a pitch that he fell into disrepute when civil war ceased to be meditated, and common sense and commerce joined hands with patriotism for the maintenance of peace. He had been trying ever since to regain his footing; but the past convulsion had brought to the surface other men, and better, perhaps; and, speechify as he would, the people declined on the whole to restore their former champion his arms. He persevered, however, and attended all political meetings and dinners in his parish; returning home from the latter sittings, when protracted, looking much like himself—he usually went to such places looking very *unlike*, with hair roughed back, in ostentatious likeness of a GREAT MAN who had been his contemporary, and wearing an honest face. The son of this eminent politician, young Clarendon Gossimer, "was no worse than his predecessor," to quote one of Janey Joy's jeers at his expense. A fresh-faced young gentleman, with light curling hair, which he supposed gave him an English cast of countenance; and to be English in appearance was one of his ambitions. If he had a fault, perhaps it was that he smiled superfluously often, with rather more complaisance than it is best to indulge openly, where a reputation for candor is desirable; and liked to trifle with his chatelaine, conspicuous from which depended a broad seal engraved with the Gossimer arms. It was a peculiarity in this family to follow his leader, much as the domestic bird on their escutcheon does. The elder Gossimer had begun by practicing law, and still numbered himself with the profession by keeping a weather-worn tin plate to that effect nailed up against the dead-wall as you enter Law Court; and Clarendon, coming in turn to years of discretion, had dutifully caused his name to be inscribed in gilt letters beneath, as junior partner in the labors of the office. The young gentleman was brisk enough in business matters, and, tracking his Hon. progenitor again, had begun by running for the Legislature—and *lost* his election in St. Jude's, though the thing is scarcely credible. "There are too many nabobs in St. Jude's," was the ex-Senator's counsel on that event. "We must try another campaign in St. Michael's. The democracy may cry out against being bought, Sir, but it has no objection to being 'treated' into a favorable mood."

But where were the necessary funds to come from? The elder Gossimer had consumed his patrimony and his wife's long ago, and had long been living, as is vulgarly said, on the interest of his debts, which were stupendous for the base they rested on—viz., a city establishment, an estate yielding a greatly overrated and always forestalled revenue, and the reputation of owning shares in some bank (*what* bank nobody thought of inquiring) of which no cashier could have given account. "You must not tell me about your being in love, or such nonsense," the Hon. gentleman said, during a conference with his son regarding the future prospects of the latter. "If you like remaining a beggarly lawyer without clients you can do so, and marry your Dulcinea, for you are twenty-one, and your lawful master." "You misunderstand me, Sir," the junior partner had responded, respectfully. "By George, you don't think me such a bread-and-butter man-about-town as all that, Sir! I said *she* was in love; my meaning might have been somewhat obscure, from my wish not to appear too boastful." The ex-member smiled approval and waved his hand.

"That alters the case," he said. "Pooh! you're too much of a coxcomb, Sir! No young lady is likely to break her heart for you; you're not such a Romeo. You had much better take my advice, and show your desire to serve the lady in question by addressing her a note, candidly stating your slender expectations; and, now that her aunt *has* died and left her property to the churches, how heartless a thing it

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would be in *you*—egad!—to condemn her to life-long poverty. D—n it all, Sir; a man who suffers his engagement with a lovely and interesting young lady to continue, even at her self-devoted request, after their united prospects are blighted, deserves to be drummed out of society!"

"Yours is an older head than mine, and better competent to form a judgment in a matter like this," Clarendon had answered, with submission. "And I will adopt your counsel, Sir; it will be at all events the most humane course, as you say."

"Aha! that's right," the old schemer then replied, rubbing his hands. "And—and—you are a man of fine parts, Clarry (I don't mind saying it before you, for I dare say you've thought it many a time yourself), and may make what position in the world you like, with our family influence to back you—and money. Of course, should you turn your thoughts again to matrimony, you had best couple with a social equal, if you can; but a good fat heiress is not to be despised for want of a *vir clarus* for her progenitor. *We've* a standing, Sir, capable of cloaking such a trifling defect. It will not be Miss Tompkins or Miss Smith, egad!—it will be Mrs♛R. Clarendon Gossimer, once the ceremony is performed."

"Of course," the son echoed, with a sigh; and added, "I think I had best get out of the way of temptation though, Sir; for, jesting aside, I have been as much in love as I'm ever like to be; and with the handsome income we looked to get by the aunt, if she had not played us that trick, no doubt we should have been happy together." So the younger Gossimer wrote and dispatched his note, approved by the elder; and which the unhappy lady who read it first tore into fragments and trampled on, and finally gathered up and wept over, and locked away among her broken or superannuated treasures. She was of the Gossimer kind, but more affectionate and better principled; and having been really enamored of that young gentleman's English physiognomy and specious address, never quite recovered the shock of the jilting epistle, although, as Clarendon said himself, "nothing could have been more argumentative and convincing." After which reassumption of freedom young Gos sneaked out of town—leaving an old St. Cecilia card tacked, face in, on his office door, announcing the fact to inquiring clients and duns—accompanied by his sister, a belle of more seasons than I would like to mention, lest the suggestion to invidious minds should be of rouge and pearl powder. Certain it is Miss Charlotte, with all her graces and girlish vivacity, was, let us say, half again as old as her friend Florence, whom she was embracing in the well-house, and nearly a head taller. She was scrupulously tasteful in her toilet (so she said), and wore curls at all hours of the day and evening; indeed it was quite a riddle how the papillotes found time to perform their part. What wits the Gossimers heired from one generation to another—they are famous at intermarriages—were rather unequally divided, Clarendon's superficial style degenerating into mere flippancy in the sister, and her voice appearing less capable of being made *dulce* and modulated to suit the subject of conversation than that judicious young politician's.

The last meeting between these friends had been characterized by a little incident, which, affording some insight into the private life of the Gossimers, may be worth recalling here; but let all who incline to worship our native aristocracy pass over the passage. Miss van W. on a certain occasion had offered a seat in her carriage to the brother and sister who for some reason were in want of a conveyance. The journey was to be a long one, and Florence had driven to the door at an unusually early hour, and was conducted by Clarendon himself to the breakfast-room.

"Charlotte, my love, Miss van Waddlevurst," Clarendon had said, with his usual blandness, on the threshold; and Miss Charlotte, draining a coffee-cup with her back turned, hastily set it down and flew to embrace her friend. "Oh, you dear creature," making a feint at unloosing Florence's bonnet; "you rise with the—the birds, I am sure. You can not have tasted one morsel yet. You must sit right down; it is so dreadful to travel fasting."

"I assure you I could not taste any thing more," our quasi heroine answered, smiling.

"No? Well, then, we will go into the parlor. Oh dear, yes! I've quite finished; I scarce ever have an appetite; I really don't know what supports me. And I'll run up stairs and get my bonnet and have the things brought down," Miss Charlotte had rejoined, briskly; secretly pleased there was no occasion for her visitor to approach the table which she had adroitly interposed her person to hide while the conversation lasted; for if pride formed a large ingredient in the character of both father and son, it was not wanting in the daughter, and the world, generally so cognizant of one's private affairs, was not like to know to what straits the reputed wealthy ex-Senator was reduced to keep up appearances through the indiscretion of those most interested. Our pair of fashionables had been breakfasting on what you won't find in Soyer, and Miss Van's arrival had taken them by surprise. They had risen a good hour before they thought it possible she could call, that every thing of an exceptionable kind might be removed betimes; for the drawing-room, pending repairs in the hall, could be got at only through the breakfasting-parlor, and a fire had been made in the former. Young Gossimer had delayed as long as practicable at the street-door, and on the stair, to give Miss Charlotte time for a general removal; but his essay at strategy had availed nothing, owing to the lady's endeavor—despite her usual lack of appetite—to make the most of her breakfast, such as it was, to which she had that moment sat down.

Perhaps even rich, luxurious Florence was

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sagacious enough to see through her friend's manœuvre: you ladies are wondrous sly in unraveling each other's motives, even the most demure of you! She might have thought such a figure as her dear Charlotte's must require something more than air to sustain it; but when the owner of the curls returned, equipped for travel, and the three issued from the parlor in company (where our heroine and Clarendon had been playing at bagatelle and flirting to pass the time) nothing remained to excite a suspicion of poverty.

It was Miss Charlotte then who embraced fair Florence, and R. Clarendon Gossimer who smiled and bowed and noticed the "fortunate circumstance of their meeting abroad," and expressed his happiness at forming the acquaintance of Captain Rudder when the ceremony of introduction was gone through. The Gossimers in crossing had brushed by the Countess; indeed Miss Charlotte's thirteen flounces had momently eclipsed the opposite party. Both brother and sister had accepted invitations to the house of that little lady while yet in fashion and repute; but it was not until the latter, resolutely watching her opportunity, caught Miss Charlotte's eye, and nodded with a certain degree of familiarity that that young lady thought proper to notice her presence by a distant courtesy. Gossimer also perceived who it was, and touched his hat cavalierly; but appearing to recall something looked back with a remarkably eager expression of face for him and ready to doff his beaver altogether.

But he found no opportunity, for the Countess was answering in her piquant way a question propounded by Trout.

"Who are they?" she repeated in a whisper, with a laugh. "Do you really want to know? I am afraid you will run away from poor me, and bow down before them as the Israelites did before their calf."

"Not I!" Trout responded. "I'm not fond of fashionable people. Don't stand here looking on; suppose we go and walk somewhere?"

"I suppose I shall be *de trop*, eh?" Felt at this juncture put in. He had been sucking the head of his switch-cane, and converting himself, so to express it, into a pair of eyes for the better observation of affairs opposite, and was only restored to consciousness by the lady next him playfully tapping him on the arm before leaving with a "Good-by, I'm sorry to go, for you are *so* entertaining!"

"Why I thought I was uncommonly mopish and dull this afternoon," the lieutenant said, with simplicity, and asked the question recorded above.

The widow laughed: "I believe we can do without you," she said, looking back. "I declare I wish he would fall in love with Miss Gossimer, for a pair of bigger fools don't exist in Christendom," she added, with characteristic candor to Trout as they tripped up the steps together; and that ardent admirer showed his appreciation of her frankness by a loud haw-haw.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK AT YALE.

THE Commencement Week at Yale always begins on Sunday, the last week in July, with a Baccalaureate Sermon to the graduating class—usually preached by the President, sometimes by one of the Professors. It is a sermon of parting counsel, "last words," to those who are about assuming more responsible duties. It gives the student a last look at college life, and supplies him with maxims for scholarly or active pursuits hereafter. It is often the outflow of a rich experience from him who preaches: it contains passages which thrill student hearts and inspire noble feelings: the final address is always couched in plain, affectionate words, such as an earnest scholar can alone give to his pupils: these words are often treasured far into the busy years of life. Sunday evening the Yale Missionary Society holds its anniversary meeting in the Centre Church, when some celebrated missionary or other preacher discourses upon the extension of Christianity. It is well attended, but the discourses are often dry and hortatory.

Monday and Tuesday of the week are devoted to the examination of candidates for the new Freshman class. The unfledged youth are taken to Alumni Hall, where a round table and a few text-books—Homer, Euclid, and Virgil—are provided for each one, while the professors and tutors speedily question them as to their attainments, and either "admit" or "condition" them. It is a dreaded suspense to the young men; no subsequent examination ever has half so much terror. Indeed, this ordeal is so much feared that students often prefer to wait till the September term and spend the vacation in cramming. It is easy to tell the "conditioned," as they stand about the entrance, hopeless and forlorn. It seems to them a lasting disgrace to have failed before the Faculty of Yale, and thus to have lost caste even before student life has begun; yet it sometimes happens that these very men ultimately stand very high in the class-lists. While this examination is going on, the Sophomores of the two rival societies, "Linonia" and the "Brothers in Unity," are waiting their chance to pounce upon the excited youth and "gobble" them, each into his own society. Hence between the examination and the Sophomore the Freshmen have little peace during their first stay at Yale.

The influx of strangers has now begun. They swarm at the hotels, at private houses, and upon the streets. They suddenly transform the city into a busy assemblage of black-coated men and gayly-dressed ladies. Hacks pass swiftly to and fro; booksellers smile blandly upon you as you write your name upon their Commencement Registers; shop-keepers stare kindly as you pass their doors; the whole city seems in attitude to receive the guests of her honored University. The very elements too unite to grace or *dis*grace the occasion with fervent heat. There are greetings every where—on the streets, on the green,

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at the hotels, in the college buildings, at the churches, and wherever the busy foot of man can go. You shake hands, and talk, and talk till you are weary, and then you go to your hotel and talk till you are hoarse and tired, and then you go to your room and talk with a friend or classmate till you fall asleep.

Faster and faster come the strangers. By Tuesday night not a sleeping-room can be had; but still they come; where they go, I can not say. New Haven, or the college, or both, somehow absorbs them during the small hours of the night, only to reappear in greater numbers with the morning light. The city is noted for hospitality; no one comes and goes unhoused and unfed.

Tuesday evening the regular public exercises begin with the *Concio ad Clerum* at the North Congregational Church. It is a sermon to the clergy by one of their number, selected by the General Association of Connecticut. Hence the audience is mainly clerical, the discourse doctrinal, and profound, and dry; the whole affair rather religious than literary. The dry bones of theology seldom walk and jump and run on this occasion.

Wednesday morning the graduates gather at Alumni Hall; the public exercises of the University begin in earnest. A venerable Alumnus takes the chair, and welcomes his brother graduates to the old *Alma Mater*. The platform is occupied by venerable, gray-haired men, some graduates, some guests from other colleges. There you always see Benjamin Silliman and President Day, the Nestors of an elder generation, and around them is here a Major-General, there a clergyman (who still retains the Puritanic white neck-tie), now a plain farmer, and then a man eminent in political or physical science. The faculty are grouped near by; throughout the spacious hall graduates sit by classes or haphazard upon rude pine benches, listening as their elders speak for the successive classes. The exercises are varied by the obituary record, by special resolutions, by the announcement of donations, by remarks of men from abroad, by a word of eulogy, by a reminiscence of student life. Often men speak with power and point. Times not a few I have heard that crowd hushed to silence, or burst out in rapturous applause when a live orator stood upon the stage; even when a dull man speaks it is not all in vain; he usually tells some story or strikes a vein of pathos which quiets his rather unruly audience. The Rev. Dr. Bacon, arch-polemic as he is, always has a manly word. The nod of the elder Silliman is equivalent to a speech. President Woolsey knows how to say the right word in the right place, and, careful of words, never says a thing unless he means it. The jolly Dr. Dutton always sits as Secretary by the little round table.

And so time wears briskly on amidst these speeches and cheers till twelve o'clock, when the Alumni hymn (composed one morning by Percival while dressing himself) is sung; then the graduates adjourn to the neighboring church to listen to the Alumni orator, who speaks often to a somewhat diminished audience upon the duties of the scholar: usually a calm, scholarly production, without eccentricity or special eloquence.

Meanwhile the younger graduates are not idle. The old recitation-rooms ring with youthful shouts from manly voices; the college pump-handle flies away merrily, as man after man comes up to take a drink at the old familiar spout. The classes are holding their business meetings and shaking hands, preparatory to the grand suppers of the night. Good-fellowship is in the ascendant.

The preliminary steps taken—which means that the bills are made out and paid—the classes disperse for dinner, again to meet in the same rooms at late candle-light for nocturnal festivities. How happy these class meetings are! They revive all that is genial and joyous in college life; they make us boys again; we sing the old college songs with hilarious shouts; we roost upon the college fence in "the stilly night," when no tutor is near to give us marks; we recall all the old jokes; we reseat each other upon the familiar benches; we "rush," and "flunk," and "fizzle," as of yore; but with all this boyishness there is a solid, manly joy in these meetings which invigorates the men who go up to them. They lay aside their toil-worn garments; in the listless, happy mood of freed men they turn with zest to the trivial incidents of college life; but when each one has given his experience, and to some intimate friend has confided his hopes, there rises the nobler feeling of brotherhood, and men feel that they have earnest work to do in life; that this is only a breathing spell, during which they may get new strength for the conflict. And the hopes thus exchanged, the joy of an old familiar face, the words of cheer spoken to those who are working hard and nobly—nay, the very sight of men who are trying to maintain the intellectual life of the nation, is enough to make a manly heart beat high with joy.

Akin to these class-meetings in interest are the society gatherings in Linonia and the Brothers' halls. They come on Wednesday afternoon. Latterly they have been quite a feature of Commencement. An elderly and (if possible) witty man is nominated to the chair. The ball is soon in motion. Speeches, amusement, fun fill up the hours. These meetings are more spirited than those of the Alumni, and less boisterous than those of separate classes. The social element of college life flows out unrestrained. A grave D.D. perhaps begins by relating the stories of his college days, giving them those keen turns which only a student can relish; then the rival society is denounced; a campaign song is sung, with cheers; the names of good speakers are handed in to the President of the day, who takes care to call them out in turn, with significant remarks. Distinguished men can not sit here idle; their audience are pleased with anything which raises a laugh. The speeches usu-

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ally run to story-telling, and some of the happiest things of the whole Commencement are said in this careless way. The speaking is natural and to the point. In respect of good speeches the "Brothers" usually carry the day; but "Linonia" beats the "Brothers" in the electioneering campaign, and generally has the De Forest prize orator. The rivalry between the two societies is a presidential contest in miniature. The talent of the classes is probably about equally divided. If you chance to be at either of these meetings, and have indulged your appetite unduly, all fears of indigestion will speedily pass away under their tonic influence. The clergy are often the best at story-telling; they seem to have had the most lively college experiences. The under-graduates enjoy the scene with perhaps even keener zest than the graduates, since the jokes and wit relate to scenes which they are enacting every day for themselves.

The evening is occupied with the Phi Beta Kappa oration. This often draws a crowded house; but the audience depends very much upon the personal reputation of the speaker. It is rarely that a poem or oration from this Society (which embraces many of the best minds in the country) is worth publishing. Men are very often appointed who have won reputation in other ways than by speaking and writing; hence they are taken at a disadvantage; they do not come up to the popular expectation; and Phi Beta Kappa is in disgrace. It may here be said that genuine oratory at the public exercises is seldom found. If Yale violated college traditions, and introduced men upon the Commencement stage who were never before within college walls, as they do elsewhere, the eloquence might be of a higher order. So long as these exercises are confined to scholars, and held as honors conferred for eminent attainments in other walks in life, men will often make failures, and wish they had held their peace. There are indeed very few who can turn from the cares of an absorbing profession and at once win academic laurels.

The Phi Beta Kappa ended, the graduates assemble by classes for their nocturnal festivities. The dining-rooms at the leading hotels are set with sumptuous tables, and around them by ten o'clock are gathered, each by itself, the classes which this year hold their réunions. The elder graduates are generally addicted to good habits. They finish up their sport by midnight, and go quietly to bed. Not so the younger. It shall be a night-long work with these, and especially with the class of '60, which now holds its first triennial, and celebrates the presentation of the silver cup to the first boy born to any member of the class, who is henceforth known as the "class-boy." This ceremony is recent in origin, and, I believe, peculiar to Yale. It is the main feature in the class-supper. The course of operations is somewhat like this. The class gather—some sixty out of a hundred—around the table; a blessing is asked; the solid viands are discussed; the Champagne bottles begin to pop freely, when the attention is called to a speech from the President of the evening; hardly has he closed, and the midnight hour arrived, when the doors are opened, and a retinue of ladies files along the richly-decorated tables. Then comes the presentation. The child is placed in a chair upon the table, in view of the whole company, the happy father by his side; and the wittiest man in the class begins the presentation speech.

This year the child's name was Oliver Wendell Holmes, born July 4, 1861, both which facts were happily improved by the orator. When, at the close, the little boy reached out his tiny hand to take the cup, the class rose as one man and cheered *their boy*. Then came the parent's reply. And then toasts were drunk and responded to—that to the memory of the dead drunk in silence; cheers were given to every speaker, to every story; songs were sung with the brave chorus of manly voices; men grew merrier and merrier with every toast; it became easier and easier to make speeches; a few began to bow the head upon the breast in heavy slumber; caterwauling broke inharmoniously in upon the merry-makers; cheers and laughter sounded through from adjoining rooms, where other classes were relating their experiences; the distant songs of students returning from their society halls stole in upon the midnight breezes. But at last the first gray streaks of dawn began to strike through the eastern windows; then the class, giving cheer upon cheer, marched in double file to see the class-ivy, now clambering up the library walls, in the early morning light. Each man plucked a sprig for his button-hole—the last memento of the triennial meeting; the parting song was sung; a circle was formed; there was the solemn leave-taking and good-by, and another class had separated, weary from want of sleep, but stronger for the manly greetings given and exchanged. And yet other classes, long before this morning hour, had said the last adieu.

The réunions are now over. Nothing remains but the Commencement proper, which, like Thanksgiving, always comes on Thursday. It is usually a hot day. You can hardly breathe the stifled air; but every body goes to Commencement; it is the great day of the feast. The exercises are held in the Centre Church, the galleries reserved for the mothers, sisters, and sweet-hearts of the graduating class, who throw bouquets to the successful speakers; the body occupied by graduates; the platform held by the professorial and corporation corps. So it may be called a "highly intelligent" audience. It is an old custom to form in procession on the College green at the ringing of the church bells, and march, *juniores priores*, to the church, the younger men parting at the entrance with uncovered heads while the Faculty and more venerable alumni pass through. This is repeated in the afternoon. The speaking is about equally divided between the two sessions, though the best men usually come on late in the day.

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The subjects are a very good index of the range of thought in the senior class of an American college. Their titles easily show in many cases the unpracticed pens of the writers. Here are a few: "Justice and Benevolence," "Intangible Influences," "Thomas Carlyle," "Edmund Burke," "The Necessity of Adherence to Written Law," "Hildebrand," "Responsibility of Liberty," "The Power of the Youthful Spirit," "The Individual," "Thomas Arnold," "Bigotry," "Political Education," "The Causes of National Decline," "The Personal Relations of the Scholar to Truth," "Rivers of Lethe." But the quill of the rhetorical professor has been drawn through many an inflated sentence, has taken the bombast out of many a glowing period. Hence there is often an awkward, constrained style about these orations which shames no one more than the writers themselves when they have laid them away a few weeks in the drawer. The delivery, too, bears the marks of special training; there is a nervous working of the elbows; the hands are every where but in the right place; every expressive word has a gesture. There are exceptions to this; a young man often greatly distinguishes himself, and when he does none are quicker to discern and applaud than his cultivated audience. But usually *Alma Mater* wins few honors upon the Commencement stage. This never lessens the audience; and each young man has the knowledge that he will perhaps never address a larger and more attentive crowd in his life.

The flow of speaking and the music (which ranks somewhere between a caterwaul and the thunders of an organ, always harsh, dissonant, too loud for the church) cease at noon. The graduates then repair to Alumni Hall, where the faculty have provided a dinner (which the graduating class pay for) of cold meats and other refreshments—a dinner not too bountiful for digestion, but nevertheless very pleasant to sit down to, since you have some five hundred men to keep you company. This is the only relic of the ancient commons, around which cluster some of the most jovial traditions of University life. Take a look now over this eager, eating assemblage. You will seldom find a more manly, refined, intelligent company than are here met together. They may be careworn; but the eye glows with enthusiasm; the frame shows activity and vigor; they strike you as a body of earnest, thinking, believing men.

Returning to the church, we listen eagerly to the pathetic, touching words of the valedictorian as he says farewell for the class to one after another of the men who have imparted somewhat of their own intellectual life to their pupils. The degrees (Yale is chary of these) are then conferred; the President pronounces the benediction; the band strikes up a lively air, while the dense crowd slowly presses its way to the door by every available means, just in season to catch a glimpse of the setting sun; in a few minutes the green is deserted; at sundown the neighboring streets have regained their wonted quietness. Commencement Week is over. No, not quite over. The President holds a levee at his house in the evening, to which all graduates are invited, and there are numerous private parties and social tea-drinkings all over the city.

THE SMALL HOUSE AT ALLINGTON.



CHAPTER XXXVII.

AN OLD MAN'S COMPLAINT.

"HAVE you been thinking again of what I was saying to you, Bell?" Bernard said to his cousin one morning.

"Thinking of it, Bernard? Why should I think more of it? I had hoped that you had forgotten it yourself."

"No," he said; "I am not so easy-hearted as that. I can not look on such a thing as I would the purchase of a horse, which I could give up without sorrow if I found that the animal was too costly for my purse. I did not tell you that I loved you till I was sure of myself, and having made myself sure I can not change at all."

"And yet you would have me change."

"Yes, of course I would. If your heart be free now, it must of course be changed before you come to love any man. Such change as that is to be looked for. But when you have loved, then it will not be easy to change you."

"But I have not."

"Then I have a right to hope. I have been hanging on here, Bell, longer than I ought to

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have done, because I could not bring myself to leave you without speaking of this again. I did not wish to seem to you to be importunate—"

"If you could only believe me in what I say."

"It is not that I do not believe. I am not a puppy or a fool, to flatter myself that you must be in love with me. I believe you well enough. But still it is possible that your mind may alter."

"It is impossible."

"I do not know whether my uncle or your mother have spoken to you about this."

"Such speaking would have no effect."

In fact her mother had spoken to her, but she truly said that such speaking would have no effect. If her cousin could not win the battle by his own skill, he might have been quite sure, looking at her character as it was known to him, that he would not be able to win it by the skill of others.

"We have all been made very unhappy," he went on to say, "by this calamity which has fallen on poor Lily."

"And because she has been deceived by the man she did love, I am to make matters square by marrying a man I—" and then she paused. "Dear Bernard, you should not drive me to say words which will sound harsh to you."

"No words can be harsher than those which you have already spoken. But, Bell, at any rate, you may listen to me."

Then he told her how desirable it was with reference to all the concerns of the Dale family that she should endeavor to look favorably on his proposition. It would be good for them all, he said, especially for Lily, as to whom, at the present moment, their uncle felt so kindly. He, as Bernard pleaded, was so anxious at heart for this marriage that he would do any thing that was asked of him if he were gratified. But if he were not gratified in this, he would feel that he had ground for displeasure.

Bell, as she had been desired to listen, did listen very patiently. But when her cousin had finished, her answer was very short. "Nothing that my uncle can say, or think, or do, can make any difference in this," said she.

"You will think nothing, then, of the happiness of others."

"I would not marry a man I did not love to insure any amount of happiness to others—at least I know I ought not to do so. But I do not believe I should insure any one's happiness by this marriage. Certainly not yours."

After this Bernard had acknowledged to himself that the difficulties in his way were great. "I will go away till next autumn," he said to his uncle.

"If you would give up your profession and remain here, she would not be so perverse."

"I can not do that, Sir. I can not risk the well-being of my life on such a chance." Then his uncle had been angry with him, as well as with his niece. In his anger he determined that he would go again to his sister-in-law, and, after some unreasonable fashion, he resolved that it would become him to be very angry with her also, if she declined to assist him with all her influence as a mother.

"Why should they not both marry?" he said to himself. Lord De Guest's offer as to young Eames had been very generous. As he had then declared, he had not been able to express his own opinion at once; but on thinking over what the earl had said, he had found himself very willing to heal the family wound in the manner proposed, if any such healing might be possible. That, however, could not be done quite as yet. When the time should come, and he thought it might come soon—perhaps in the spring when the days should be fine and the evenings again long—he would be willing to take his share with the earl in establishing that new household. To Crosbie he had refused to give any thing, and there was upon his conscience a shade of remorse in that he had so refused. But if Lily could be brought to love this other man, he would be more open-handed. She should have her share as though she was in fact his daughter. But then, if he intended to do so much for them at the Small House, should not they in return do something also for him? So thinking, he went again to his sister-in-law, determined to explain his views, even though it might be at the risk of some hard words between them. As regarded himself, he did not much care for hard words spoken to him. He almost expected that people's words should be hard and painful. He did not look for the comfort of affectionate soft greetings, and perhaps would not have appreciated them had they come to him. He caught Mrs. Dale walking in the garden, and brought her into his own room, feeling that he had a better chance there than in her own house. She, with an old dislike to being lectured in that room, had endeavored to avoid the interview, but had failed.

"So I met John Eames at the manor," he had said to her in the garden.

"Ah, yes; and how did he get on there? I can not conceive poor Johnny keeping holiday with the earl and his sister. How did he behave to them, and how did they behave to him?"

"I can assure you he was very much at home there."

"Was he, indeed? Well, I hope it will do him good. He is, I'm sure, a very good young man; only rather awkward."

"I didn't think him awkward at all. You'll find, Mary, that he'll do very well; a great deal better than his father did."

"I'm sure I hope he may." After that Mrs. Dale made her attempt to escape; but the squire had taken her prisoner, and led her captive into the house. "Mary," he said, as soon as he had induced her to sit down, "it is time that this should be settled between my nephew and niece."

"I am afraid there will be nothing to settle."

"What do you mean; that you disapprove of it?"

"By no means—personally. I should ap-

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prove of it very strongly. But that has nothing to do with the question."

"Yes, it has. I beg your pardon, but it must have, and should have a great deal to do with it. Of course, I am not saying that any body should now ever be compelled to marry any body."

"I hope not."

"I never said that they ought, and never thought so. But I do think that the wishes of all her family should have very great weight with a girl that has been well brought up."

"I don't know whether Bell has been well brought up; but in such a matter as this nobody's wishes would weigh a feather with her; and, indeed, I could not take upon myself even to express a wish. To you I can say that I should have been very happy if she could have regarded her cousin as you wish her to do."

"You mean that you are afraid to tell her so?"

"I am afraid to do what I think is wrong, if you mean that."

"I don't think it would be wrong, and therefore I shall speak to her myself."

"You must do as you like about that, Mr. Dale; I can't prevent you. I shall think you wrong to harass her on such a matter, and I fear also that her answer will not be satisfactory to you. If you choose to tell her your opinion, you must do so. Of course I shall think you wrong, that's all."

Mrs. Dale's voice as she said this was stern enough, and so was her countenance. She could not forbid the uncle to speak his mind to his niece, but she specially disliked the idea of any interference with her daughter. The squire got up and walked about the room, trying to compose himself that he might answer her rationally, but without anger.

"May I go now?" said Mrs. Dale.

"May you go? Of course you may go if you like it. If you think that I am intruding upon you in speaking to you of the welfare of your two girls, whom I endeavor to regard as my own daughters—except in this, that I know they have never been taught to love me—if you think that it is an interference on my part to show anxiety for their welfare, of course you may go."

"I did not mean to say any thing to hurt you, Mr. Dale."

"Hurt me! What does it signify whether I am hurt or not? I have no children of my own, and of course my only business in life is to provide for my nephews and nieces. I am an old fool if I expect that they are to love me in return, and if I venture to express a wish I am interfering and doing wrong! It is hard, very hard. I know well that they have been brought up to dislike me, and yet I am endeavoring to do my duty by them."

"Mr. Dale, that accusation has not been deserved. They have not been brought up to dislike you. I believe that they have both loved and respected you as their uncle; but such love and respect will not give you a right to dispose of their hands."

"Who wants to dispose of their hands?"

"There are some things in which I think no uncle—no parent—should interfere, and of all such things this is the chief. If after that you may choose to tell her your wishes, of course you can do so."

"It will not be much good after you have set her against me."

"Mr. Dale, you have no right to say such things to me, and you are very unjust in doing so. If you think that I have set my girls against you, it will be much better that we should leave Allington altogether. I have been placed in circumstances which have made it difficult for me to do my duty to my children; but I have endeavored to do it, not regarding my own personal wishes. I am quite sure, however, that it would be wrong in me to keep them here, if I am to be told by you that I have taught them to regard you unfavorably. Indeed, I can not suffer such a thing to be said to me."

All this Mrs. Dale said with an air of decision, and with a voice expressing a sense of injury received, which made the squire feel that she was very much in earnest.

"Is it not true," he said, defending himself, "that in all that relates to the girls you have ever regarded me with suspicion?"

"No, it is not true." And then she corrected herself, feeling that there was something of truth in the squire's last assertion. "Certainly not with suspicion," she said. "But as this matter has gone so far, I will explain what my real feelings have been. In worldly matters you can do much for my girls, and have done much."

"And wish to do more," said the squire.

"I am sure you do. But I can not on that account give up my place as their only living parent. They are my children, and not yours. And even could I bring myself to allow you to act as their guardian and natural protector, they would not consent to such an arrangement. You can not call that suspicion."

"I can call it jealousy."

"And should not a mother be jealous of her children's love?"

During all this time the squire was walking up and down the room with his hands in his trowsers pockets. And when Mrs. Dale had last spoken, he continued his walk for some time in silence.

"Perhaps it is well that you should have spoken out," he said.

"The manner in which you accused me made it necessary."

"I did not intend to accuse you, and I do not do so now; but I think that you have been, and that you are, very hard to me—very hard indeed. I have endeavored to make your children, and yourself also, sharers with me in such prosperity as has been mine. I have striven to add to your comfort and to their happiness. I am most anxious to secure their future welfare. You would have been very wrong had you de-

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clined to accept this on their behalf; but I think that in return for it you need not have begrudged me the affection and obedience which generally follows from such good offices."

"Mr. Dale, I have begrudged you nothing of this."

"I am hurt—I am hurt," he continued. And she was surprised by his look of pain even more than by the unaccustomed warmth of his words. "What you have said has, I have known, been the case all along. But though I had felt it to be so, I own that I am hurt by your open words."

"Because I have said that my own children must ever be my own?"

"Ah, you have said more than that. You and the girls have been living here, close to me, for—how many years is it now?—and during all those years there has grown up for me no kindly feeling. Do you think that I can not hear, and see, and feel? Do you suppose that I am a fool and do not know? As for yourself, you would never enter this house if you did not feel yourself constrained to do so for the sake of appearances. I suppose it is all as it should be. Having no children of my own, I owe the duty of a parent to my nieces; but I have no right to expect from them in return either love, regard, or obedience. I know I am keeping you here against your will, Mary. I won't do so any longer." And he made a sign to her that she was to depart.

As she rose from her seat her heart was softened toward him. In these latter days he had shown much kindness to the girls—a kindness that was more akin to the gentleness of love than had ever come from him before. Lily's fate had seemed to melt even his sternness, and he had striven to be tender in his words and ways. And now he spoke as though he had loved the girls, and had loved them in vain. Doubtless he had been a disagreeable neighbor to his sister-in-law, making her feel that it was never for her personally that he had opened his hand. Doubtless he had been moved by an unconscious desire to undermine and take upon himself her authority with her own children. Doubtless he had looked askance at her from the first day of her marriage with his brother. She had been keenly alive to all this since she had first known him, and more keenly alive to it than ever since the failure of those efforts she had made to live with him on terms of affection, made during the first year or two of her residence at the Small House. But, nevertheless, in spite of all, her heart bled for him now. She had gained her victory over him, having fully held her own position with her children; but now that he complained that he had been beaten in the struggle, her heart bled for him.

"My brother," she said, and as she spoke she offered him her hands, "it may be that we have not thought as kindly of each other as we should have done."

"I have endeavored," said the old man. "I have endeavored—" And then he stopped, either hindered by some excess of emotion, or unable to find the words which were necessary for the expression of his meaning.

"Let us endeavor once again—both of us."

"What, begin again at near seventy! No, Mary, there is no more beginning again for me. All this shall make no difference to the girls. As long as I am here they shall have the house. If they marry, I will do for them what I can. I believe Bernard is much in earnest in his suit, and if Bell will listen to him she shall still be welcomed here as mistress of Allington. What you have said shall make no difference—but as to beginning again, it is simply impossible."

After that Mrs. Dale walked home through the garden by herself. He had studiously told her that that house in which they lived should be lent, not to her, but to her children, during his lifetime. He had positively declined the offer of her warmer regard. He had made her understand that they were to look on each other almost as enemies; but that she, enemy as she was, should still be allowed the use of his munificence, because he chose to do his duty by his nieces!

"It will be better for us that we shall leave it," she said to herself as she seated herself in her own arm-chair over the drawing-room fire.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

DOCTOR CROFTS IS CALLED IN.

Mrs. Dale had not sat long in her drawing-room before tidings were brought to her which for a while drew her mind away from that question of her removal. "Mamma," said Bell, entering the room, "I really do believe that Jane has got scarlatina." Jane, the parlor-maid, had been ailing for the last two days, but nothing serious had hitherto been suspected.

Mrs. Dale instantly jumped up. "Who is with her?" she asked.

It appeared from Bell's answer that both she and Lily had been with the girl, and that Lily was still in the room. Whereupon Mrs. Dale ran up stairs, and there was on the sudden a commotion in the house. In an hour or so the village doctor was there, and he expressed an opinion that the girl's ailment was certainly scarlatina. Mrs. Dale, not satisfied with this, sent off a boy to Guestwick for Dr. Crofts, having herself maintained an opposition of many years' standing against the medical reputation of the apothecary, and gave a positive order to the two girls not to visit poor Jane again. She herself had had scarlatina, and might do as she pleased. Then, too, a nurse was hired.

All this changed for a few hours the current of Mrs. Dale's thoughts: but in the evening she went back to the subject of her morning conversation, and before the three ladies went to bed they held together an open council of war upon the subject. Dr. Crofts had been found to be away from Guestwick, and word had been sent

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on his behalf that he would be over at Allington early on the following morning. Mrs. Dale had almost made up her mind that the malady of her favorite maid was not scarlatina, but had not on that account relaxed her order as to the absence of her daughters from the maid's bedside.

"Let us go at once," said Bell, who was even more opposed to any domination on the part of her uncle than was her mother. In the discussion which had been taking place between them the whole matter of Bernard's courtship had come upon the carpet. Bell had kept her cousin's offer to herself as long as she had been able to do so; but since her uncle had pressed the subject upon Mrs. Dale, it was impossible for Bell to remain silent any longer. "You do not want me to marry him, mamma; do you?" she had said, when her mother had spoken with some show of kindness toward Bernard. In answer to this, Mrs. Dale had protested vehemently that she had no such wish, and Lily, who still held to her belief in Dr. Crofts, was almost equally animated. To them all the idea that their uncle should in any way interfere in their own views of life, on the strength of the pecuniary assistance which they had received from him, was peculiarly distasteful. But it was especially distasteful that he should presume to have even an opinion as to their disposition in marriage. They declared to each other that their uncle could have no right to object to any marriage which either of them might contemplate as long as their mother should approve of it. The poor old squire had been right in saying that he was regarded with suspicion. He was so regarded. The fault had certainly been his own, in having endeavored to win the daughters without thinking it worth his while to win the mother. The girls had unconsciously felt that the attempt was made, and had vigorously rebelled against it. It had not been their fault that they had been brought to live in their uncle's house, and made to ride on his ponies and to eat partially of his bread. They had so eaten, and so lived, and declared themselves to be grateful. The squire was good in his way, and they recognized his goodness; but not on that account would they transfer to him one jot of the allegiance which as children they owed to their mother. When she told them her tale, explaining to them the words which their uncle had spoken that morning, they expressed their regret that he should be so grieved; but they were strong in assurances to their mother that she had been sinned against, and was not sinning.

"Let us go at once," said Bell.

"It is much easier said than done, my dear."

"Of course it is, mamma; else we shouldn't be here now. What I mean is this—let us take some necessary first step at once. It is clear that my uncle thinks that our remaining here should give him some right over us. I do not say that he is wrong to think so. Perhaps it is natural. Perhaps, in accepting his kindness, we ought to submit ourselves to him. If that be so, it is a conclusive reason for our going."

"Could we not pay him rent for the house," said Lily, "as Mrs. Hearn does? You would like to remain here, mamma, if you could do that?"

"But we could not do that, Lily. We must choose for ourselves a smaller house than this, and one that is not burdened with the expense of a garden. Even if we paid but a moderate rent for this place we should not have the means of living here."

"Not if we lived on toast and tea?" said Lily, laughing.

"But I should hardly wish you to live upon toast and tea; and indeed I fancy that I should get tired of such a diet myself."

"Never, mamma," said Lily. "As for me, I confess to a longing after mutton-chops; but I don't think you would ever want such vulgar things."

"At any rate it would be impossible to remain here," said Bell. "Uncle Christopher would not take rent from mamma; and even if he did, we should not know how to go on with our other arrangements after such a change. No; we must give up the dear old Small House."

"It is a dear old house," said Lily, thinking, as she spoke, more of those late scenes in the garden, when Crosbie had been with them in the autumn months, than of any of the former joys of her childhood.

"After all, I do not know that I should be right to move," said Mrs. Dale, doubtingly.

"Yes, yes," said both the girls at once. "Of course you will be right, mamma; there can not be a doubt about it, mamma. If we can get any cottage, or even lodgings, that would be better than remaining here, now that we know what uncle Christopher thinks of it."

"It will make him very unhappy," said Mrs. Dale.

But even this argument did not in the least move the girls. They were very sorry that their uncle should be unhappy. They would endeavor to show him by some increased show of affection that their feelings toward him were not unkind. Should he speak to them they would endeavor to explain to him that their thoughts toward him were altogether affectionate. But they could not remain at Allington increasing their load of gratitude, seeing that he expected a certain payment which they did not feel themselves able to render.

"We should be robbing him if we staid here," Bell declared; "willfully robbing him of what he believes to be his just share of the bargain."

So it was settled among them that notice should be given to their uncle of their intention to quit the Small House of Allington.

And then came the question as to their new home. Mrs. Dale was aware that her income was at any rate better than that possessed by Mrs. Eames, and therefore she had fair ground for presuming that she could afford to keep a house at Guestwick. "If we do go away, that is what we must do," she said.

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"And we shall have to walk out with Mary Eames, instead of Susan Boyce," said Lily. "It won't make so much difference after all."

"In that respect we shall gain as much as we lose," said Bell.

"And then it will be so nice to have the shops," said Lily, ironically.

"Only we shall never have any money to buy any thing," said Bell.

"But we shall see more of the world," said Lily. "Lady Julia's carriage comes into town twice a week, and the Miss Gruffens drive about in great style. Upon the whole, we shall gain a great deal; only for the poor old garden. Mamma, I do think I shall break my heart at parting with Hopkins; and as to him, I shall be disappointed in mankind if he ever holds his head up again after I am gone."

But in truth there was very much of sadness in their resolution, and to Mrs. Dale it seemed as though she were managing matters badly for her daughters, and allowing poverty and misfortune to come upon them through her own fault. She well knew how great a load of sorrow was lying on Lily's heart, hidden beneath those little attempts at pleasantry which she made. When she spoke of being disappointed in mankind, Mrs. Dale could hardly repress an outward shudder that would betray her thoughts. And now she was consenting to take them forth from their comfortable home, from the luxury of their lawns and gardens, and to bring them to some small dingy corner of a provincial town —because she had failed to make herself happy with her brother-in-law. Could she be right to give up all the advantages which they enjoyed at Allington—advantages which had come to them from so legitimate a source—because her own feelings had been wounded? In all their future want of comfort, in the comfortless dowdiness of the new home to which she would remove them, would she not always blame herself for having brought them to that by her own false pride? And yet it seemed to her that she now had no alternative. She could not now teach her daughters to obey their uncle's wishes in all things. She could not make Bell understand that it would be well that she should marry Bernard because the squire had set his heart on such a marriage. She had gone so far that she could not now go back.

"I suppose we must move at Lady-day?" said Bell, who was in favor of instant action. "If so, had you not better let uncle Christopher know at once?"

"I don't think that we can find a house by that time."

"We can get in somewhere," continued Bell. "There are plenty of lodgings in Guestwick, you know." But the sound of the word lodgings was uncomfortable in Mrs. Dale's ears.

"If we are to go, let us go at once," said Lily. "We need not stand much upon the order of our going."

"Your uncle will be very much shocked," said Mrs. Dale.

"He can not say that it is your fault," said Bell.

It was thus agreed between them that the necessary information should be at once given to the squire, and that the old, well-loved house should be left forever. It would be a great fall in a worldly point of view—from the Allington Small House to an abode in some little street of Guestwick. At Allington they had been county people—raised to a level with their own squire and other squires by the circumstance of their residence; but at Guestwick they would be small even among the people of the town. They would be on an equality with the Eameses, and much looked down upon by the Gruffens. They would hardly dare to call any more at Guestwick Manor, seeing that they certainly could not expect Lady Julia to call upon them at Guestwick. Mrs. Boyce no doubt would patronize them, and they could already anticipate the condolence which would be offered to them by Mrs. Hearn. Indeed such a movement on their part would be tantamount to a confession of failure in the full hearing of so much of the world as was known to them.

I must not allow my readers to suppose that these considerations were a matter of indifference to any of the ladies at the Small House. To some women of strong mind, of highly-strung philosophic tendencies, such considerations might have been indifferent. But Mrs. Dale was not of this nature, nor were her daughters. The good things of the world were good in their eyes, and they valued the privilege of a pleasant social footing among their friends. They were by no means capable of a wise contempt of the advantages which chance had hitherto given to them. They could not go forth rejoicing in the comparative poverty of their altered condition. But then, neither could they purchase those luxuries which they were about to abandon at the price which was asked for them.

"Had you not better write to my uncle?" said one of the girls. But to this Mrs. Dale objected that she could not make a letter on such a subject clearly intelligible, and that therefore she would see the squire on the following morning. "It will be very dreadful," she said, "but it will soon be over. It is not what he will say at the moment that I fear so much as the bitter reproaches of his face when I shall meet him afterward." So, on the following morning she again made her way, and now without invitation, to the squire's study.

"Mr. Dale," she began, starting upon her work with some confusion in her manner and hurry in her speech, "I have been thinking over what we were saying together yesterday, and I have come to a resolution which I know I ought to make known to you without a moment's delay."

The squire also had thought of what had passed between them, and had suffered much as he had done so; but he had thought of it without acerbity or anger. His thoughts were ever

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gentler than his words, and his heart softer than any exponent of his heart that he was able to put forth. He wished to love his brother's children, and to be loved by them; but even failing that, he wished to do good to them. It had not occurred to him to be angry with Mrs. Dale after that interview was over. The conversation had not gone pleasantly with him; but then he hardly expected that things would go pleasantly. No idea had occurred to him that evil could come upon any of the Dale ladies from the words which had then been spoken. He regarded the Small House as their abode and home as surely as the Great House was his own. In giving him his due, it must be declared that any allusion to their holding these as a benefit done to them by him had been very far from his thoughts. Mrs. Hearn, who held her cottage at half its real value, grumbled almost daily at him as her landlord; but it never occurred to him that therefore he should raise her rent, or that in not doing so he was acting with special munificence. It had ever been to him a grumbling, cross-grained, unpleasant world; and he did not expect from Mrs. Hearn, or from his sister-in-law, any thing better than that to which he had ever been used.

"It will make me very happy," said he, "if it has any bearing on Bell's marriage with her cousin."

"Mr. Dale, that is out of the question. I would not vex you by saying so if I were not certain of it; but I know my child so well."

"Then we must leave it to time, Mary."

"Yes, of course; but no time will suffice to make Bell change her mind. We will, however, leave the subject. And now, Mr. Dale, I have to tell you of something else;—we have resolved to leave the Small House."

"Resolved on what?" said the squire, turning his eyes full upon her.

"We have resolved to leave the Small House."

"Leave the Small House!" he said, repeating her words; "and where on earth do you mean to go?"

"We think we shall go into Guestwick."

"And why?"

"Ah, that is so hard to explain. If you would only accept the fact as I tell it to you, and not ask for the reasons which have guided me!"

"But that is out of the question, Mary. In such a matter as that I must ask your reasons; and I must tell you also that, in my opinion, you will not be doing your duty to your daughters in carrying out such an intention, unless your reasons are very strong indeed."

"But they are very strong," said Mrs. Dale; and then she paused.

"I can not understand it!" said the squire. "I can not bring myself to believe that you are really in earnest. Are you not comfortable there?"

"More comfortable than we have any right to be with our means."

"But I thought you always did very nicely with your money. You never get into debt."

"No; I never get into debt. It is not that, exactly. The fact is, Mr. Dale, we have no right to live there without paying rent; but we could not afford to live there if we did pay rent."

"Who has talked about rent?" he said, jumping up from his chair. "Some one has been speaking falsehoods of me behind my back." No gleam of the real truth had yet come to him. No idea had reached his mind that his relatives thought it necessary to leave his house in consequence of any word that he himself had spoken. He had never considered himself to have been in any special way generous to them, and would not have thought it reasonable that they should abandon the house in which they had been living, even if his anger against them had been strong and hot. "Mary," he said, "I must insist upon getting to the bottom of this. As for your leaving the house, it is out of the question. Where can you be better off, or so well? As to going into Guestwick, what sort of life would there be for the girls? I put all that aside as out of the question; but I must know what has induced you to make such a proposition. Tell me honestly—has any one spoken evil of me behind my back?"

Mrs. Dale had been prepared for opposition and for reproach; but there was a decision about the squire's words, and an air of masterdom in his manner, which made her recognize more fully than she had yet done the difficulty of her position. She almost began to fear that she would lack power to carry out her purpose.

"Indeed, it is not so, Mr. Dale."

"Then what is it?"

"I know that if I attempt to tell you, you will be vexed, and will contradict me."

"Vexed I shall be, probably."

"And yet I can not help it. Indeed, I am endeavoring to do what is right by you and by the children."

"Never mind me; your duty is to think of them."

"Of course it is; and in doing this they most cordially agree with me."

In using such argument as that, Mrs. Dale showed her weakness, and the squire was not slow to take advantage of it. "Your duty is to them," he said; "but I do not mean by that that your duty is to let them act in any way that may best please them for the moment. I can understand that they should be run away with by some romantic nonsense, but I can not understand it of you."

"The truth is this, Mr. Dale. You think that my children owe to you that sort of obedience which is due to a parent, and as long as they remain here, accepting from your hands so large a part of their daily support, it is perhaps natural that you should think so. In this unhappy affair about Bell—"

"I have never said any thing of the kind," said the squire, interrupting her.

"No; you have not said so. And I do not wish you to think that I make any complaint. But I feel that it is so, and they feel it. And,

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"LET ME BEG YOU TO THINK OVER THE MATTER AGAIN."

therefore, we have made up our minds to go away."

Mrs. Dale, as she finished, was aware that she had not told her story well, but she had acknowledged to herself that it was quite out of her power to tell it as it should be told. Her main object was to make her brother-in-law understand that she certainly would leave his house, and to make him understand this with as little pain to himself as possible. She did not in the least mind him thinking her foolish, if only she could so carry her point as to be able to tell her daughters on her return that the matter was settled. But the squire, from his words and manners, seemed indisposed to give her this privilege.

"Of all the propositions which I ever heard," said he, "it is the most unreasonable. It amounts to this, that you are too proud to live rent-free in a house which belongs to your hus-

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band's brother, and therefore you intend to subject yourself and your children to the great discomfort of a very straitened income. If you yourself only were concerned I should have no right to say any thing; but I think myself bound to tell you that, as regards the girls, every body that knows you will think you to have been very wrong. It is in the natural course of things that they should live in that house. The place has never been let. As far as I know no rent has ever been paid for the house since it was built. It has always been given to some member of the family who has been considered as having the best right to it. I have considered your footing there as firm as my own here. A quarrel between me and your children would be to me a great calamity, though, perhaps, they might be indifferent to it. But if there were such a quarrel it would afford no reason for their leaving that house. Let me beg you to think over the matter again."

The squire could assume an air of authority on certain occasions, and he had done so now. Mrs. Dale found that she could only answer him by a simple repetition of her own intention; and, indeed, failed in making him any serviceable answer whatsoever.

"I know that you are very good to my girls," she said.

"I will say nothing about that," he answered; not thinking at that moment of the Small House, but of the full possession which he had desired to give to the elder of all the privileges which should belong to the mistress of Allington—thinking also of the means by which he was hoping to repair poor Lily's shattered fortunes. What words were further said had no great significance, and Mrs. Dale got herself away, feeling that she had failed. As soon as she was gone the squire arose, and putting on his great-coat, went forth with his hat and stick to the front of the house. He went out in order that his thoughts might be more free, and that he might indulge in that solace which an injured man finds in contemplating his injury. He declared to himself that he was very hardly used—so hardly used that he almost began to doubt himself and his own motives. Why was it that the people around him disliked him so strongly—avoided him and thwarted him in the efforts which he made for their welfare? He offered to his nephew all the privileges of a son—much more indeed than the privileges of a son—merely asking in return that he would consent to live permanently in the house which was to be his own. But his nephew refused. "He can not bear to live with me," said the old man to himself, sorely. He was prepared to treat his nieces with more generosity than the daughters of the House of Allington had usually received from their fathers; and they repelled his kindness, running away from him, and telling him openly that they would not be beholden to him. He walked slowly up and down the terrace, thinking of this very bitterly. He did not find in the contemplation of his grievance all that solace which a grievance usually gives, because he accused himself in his thoughts rather than others. He declared to himself that he was made to be hated, and protested to himself that it would be well that he should die and be buried out of memory, so that the remaining Dales might have a better chance of living happily; and then as he thus discussed all this within his own bosom his thoughts were very tender, and though he was aggrieved he was most affectionate to those who had most injured him. But it was absolutely beyond his power to reproduce outwardly, with words and outward signs, such thoughts and feelings.

It was now very nearly the end of the year, but the weather was still soft and open. The air was damp rather than cold, and the lawns and fields still retained the green tints of new vegetation. As the squire was walking on the terrace Hopkins came up to him, and, touching his hat, remarked that they should have frost in a day or two.

"I suppose we shall," said the squire.

"We must have the mason to the flues of that little grape-house, Sir, before I can do any good with a fire there."

"Which grape-house?" said the squire, crossly.

"Why, the grape-house in the other garden, Sir. It ought to have been done last year by rights." This Hopkins said to punish his master for being cross to him. On that matter of the flues of Mrs. Dale's grape-house he had, with much consideration, spared his master during the last winter, and he felt that this ought to be remembered now. "I can't put any fire in it, not to do any real good, till something's done. That's sure."

"Then don't put any fire in it," said the squire.

Now the grapes in question were supposed to be peculiarly fine, and were the glory of the garden of the Small House. They were always forced, though not forced so early as those at the Great House, and Hopkins was in a state of great confusion.

"They'll never ripen, Sir; not the whole year through."

"Then let them be unripe," said the squire, walking about.

Hopkins did not at all understand it. The squire in his natural course was very unwilling to neglect any such matter as this, but would be specially unwilling to neglect any thing touching the Small House. So Hopkins stood on the terrace, raising his hat and scratching his head. "There's something wrong among them," said he to himself, sorrowfully.

But when the squire had walked to the end of the terrace, and had turned upon the path which led round the side of the house, he stopped and called to Hopkins.

"Have what is needful done to the flue," he said.

"Yes, Sir; very well, Sir. It'll only be resetting the bricks. Nothing more ain't needful, just this winter."

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"Have the place put in perfect order while you're about it," said the squire, and then he walked away.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

DOCTOR CROFTS IS TURNED OUT.

"HAVE you heard the news, my dear, from the Small House?" said Mrs. Boyce to her husband, some two or three days after Mrs. Dale's visit to the squire. It was one o'clock, and the parish pastor had come in from his ministrations to dine with his wife and children.

"What news?" said Mr. Boyce, for he had heard none.

"Mrs. Dale and the girls are going to leave the Small House; they're going into Guestwick to live."

"Mrs. Dale going away; nonsense!" said the vicar. "What on earth should take her into Guestwick? She doesn't pay a shilling of rent where she is."

"I can assure you it's true, my dear. I was with Mrs. Hearn just now, and she had it direct from Mrs. Dale's own lips. Mrs. Hearn said she'd never been taken so much aback in her whole life. There's been some quarrel, you may be sure of that."

Mr. Boyce sat silent, pulling off his dirty shoes preparatory to his dinner. Tidings so important, as touching the social life of his parish, had not come to him for many a day, and he could hardly bring himself to credit them at so short a notice.

"Mrs. Hearn says that Mrs. Dale spoke ever so firmly about it, as though determined that nothing should change her."

"And did she say why?"

"Well, not exactly. But Mrs. Hearn said she could understand there had been words between her and the squire. It couldn't be any thing else, you know. Probably it had something to do with that man Crosbie."

"They'll be very pushed about money," said Mr. Boyce, thrusting his feet into his slippers.

"That's just what I said to Mrs. Hearn. And those girls have never been used to any thing like real economy. What's to become of them I don't know;" and Mrs. Boyce, as she expressed her sympathy for her dear friends, received considerable comfort from the prospect of their future poverty. It always is so, and Mrs. Boyce was not worse than her neighbors.

"You'll find they'll make it up before the time comes," said Mr. Boyce, to whom the excitement of such a change in affairs was almost too good to be true.

"I am afraid not," said Mrs. Boyce; "I'm afraid not. They are both so determined. I always thought that riding and giving the girls hats and habits was injurious. It was treating them as though they were the squire's daughters, and they were not the squire's daughters."

"It was almost the same thing."

"But now we see the difference," said the judicious Mrs. Boyce. "I often said that dear Mrs. Dale was wrong, and it turns out that I was right. It will make no difference to me, as regards calling on them and that sort of thing."

"Of course it won't."

"Not but what there must be a difference, and a very great difference too. It will be a terrible come down for poor Lily, with the loss of her fine husband and all."

After dinner, when Mr. Boyce had again gone forth upon his labors, the same subject was discussed between Mrs. Boyce and her daughters, and the mother was very careful to teach her children that Mrs. Dale would be just as good a person as ever she had been, and quite as much a lady, even though she should live in a very dingy house at Guestwick; from which lesson the Boyce girls learned plainly that Mrs. Dale, with Bell and Lily, were about to have a fall in the world, and that they were to be treated accordingly.

From all this it will be discovered that Mrs. Dale had not given way to the squire's arguments, although she had found herself unable to answer them. As she had returned home she had felt herself to be almost vanquished, and had spoken to the girls with the air and tone of a woman who hardly knew in which course lay the line of her duty. But they had not seen the squire's manner on the occasion, nor heard his words, and they could not understand that their own purpose should be abandoned because he did not like it. So they talked their mother into fresh resolves, and on the following morning she wrote a note to her brother-in-law, assuring him that she had thought much of all that he had said, but again declaring that she regarded herself as bound in duty to leave the Small House. To this he had returned no answer, and she had communicated her intention to Mrs. Hearn, thinking it better that there should be no secret in the matter.

"I am sorry to hear that your sister-in-law is going to leave us," Mr. Boyce said to the squire that same afternoon.

"Who told you that?" asked the squire, showing by his tone that he by no means liked the topic of conversation which the parson had chosen.

"Well, I had it from Mrs. Boyce, and I think Mrs. Hearn told her."

"I wish Mrs. Hearn would mind her own business, and not spread idle reports."

The squire said nothing more, and Mr. Boyce felt that he had been very unjustly snubbed.

Dr. Crofts had come over and pronounced as a fact that it was scarlatina. Village apothecaries are generally wronged by the doubts which are thrown upon them, for the town doctors when they come always confirm what the village apothecaries have said.

"There can be no doubt as to its being scarlatina," the doctor declared; "but the symptoms are all favorable."

There was, however, much worse coming

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than this. Two days afterward Lily found herself to be rather unwell. She endeavored to keep it to herself, fearing that she should be brought under the doctor's notice as a patient; but her efforts were unavailing, and on the following morning it was known that she had also taken the disease. Dr. Crofts declared that every thing was in her favor. The weather was cold. The presence of the malady in the house had caused them all to be careful, and, moreover, good advice was at hand at once. The doctor begged Mrs. Dale not to be uneasy, but he was very eager in begging that the two sisters might not be allowed to be together. "Could you not send Bell into Guestwick—to Mrs. Eames's?" said he. But Bell did not choose to be sent to Mrs. Eames's, and was with great difficulty kept out of her mother's bedroom, to which Lily as an invalid was transferred.

"If you will allow me to say so," he said to Bell, on the second day after Lily's complaint had declared itself, "you are wrong to stay here in the house."

"I certainly shall not leave mamma, when she has got so much upon her hands," said Bell.

"But if you should be taken ill she would have more on her hands," pleaded the doctor.

"I could not do it," Bell replied. "If I were taken over to Guestwick, I should be so uneasy that I should walk back to Allington the first moment that I could escape from the house."

"I think your mother would be more comfortable without you."

"And I think she would be more comfortable with me. I don't ever like to hear of a woman running away from illness; but when a sister or a daughter does so it is intolerable." So Bell remained, without permission indeed to see her sister, but performing various outside administrations which were much needed.

And thus all manner of trouble came upon the inhabitants of the Small House, falling upon them as it were in a heap together. It was as yet barely two months since those terrible tidings had come respecting Crosbie; tidings which, it was felt at the time, would of themselves be sufficient to crush them; and now to that misfortune other misfortunes had been added—one quick upon the heels of another. In the teeth of the doctor's kind prophecy Lily became very ill, and after a few days was delirious. She would talk to her mother about Crosbie, speaking of him as she used to speak in the autumn that was passed. But even in her madness she remembered that they had resolved to leave their present home; and she asked the doctor twice whether their lodgings in Guestwick were ready for them.

It was thus that Crofts first heard of their intention. Now, in these days of Lily's worst illness, he came daily over to Allington, remaining there, on one occasion, the whole night. For all this he would take no fee; nor had he ever taken a fee from Mrs. Dale. "I wish you would not come so often," Bell said to him one evening, as he stood with her at the drawing-room fire, after he had left the patient's room: "you are overloading us with obligations." On that day Lily was over the worst of the fever, and he had been able to tell Mrs. Dale that he did not think that she was now in danger.

"It will not be necessary much longer," he said; "the worst of it is over."

"It is such a luxury to hear you say so. I suppose we shall owe her life to you; but nevertheless—"

"Oh no; scarlatina is not such a terrible thing now as it used to be."

"Then why should you have devoted your time to her as you have done? It frightens me when I think of the injury we must have done you."

"My horse has felt it more than I have," said the doctor, laughing. "My patients at Guestwick are not so very numerous." Then, instead of going, he sat himself down. "And it is really true," he said, "that you are all going to leave this house?"

"Quite true. We shall do so at the end of March if Lily is well enough to be moved."

"Lily will be well long before that, I hope; not, indeed, that she ought to be moved out of her own rooms for many weeks to come yet."

"Unless we are stopped by her we shall certainly go at the end of March." Bell now had also sat down, and they both remained for some time looking at the fire in silence.

"And why is it, Bell?" he said, at last. "But I don't know whether I have a right to ask."

"You have a right to ask any question about us," she said. "My uncle is very kind. He is more than kind; he is generous. But he seems to think that our living here gives him a right to interfere with mamma. We don't like that, and, therefore, we are going."

The doctor still sat on one side of the fire, and Bell still sat opposite to him; but the conversation did not form itself very freely between them. "It is bad news," he said, at last.

"At any rate, when we are ill you will not have so far to come and see us."

"Yes, I understand. That means that I am ungracious not to congratulate myself on having you all so much nearer to me; but I do not in the least. I can not bear to think of you as living any where but here at Allington. Dales will be out of their place in a street at Guestwick."

"That's hard upon the Dales, too."

"It is hard upon them. It's a sort of offshoot from that very tyrannical law of *noblesse oblige*. I don't think you ought to go away from Allington, unless the circumstances are very imperative."

"But they are very imperative."

"In that case, indeed!" And then again he fell into silence.

"Have you never seen that mamma is not happy here?" she said, after another pause.

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"For myself, I never quite understood it all before as I do now; but now I see it."

"And I have seen it—have seen at least what you mean. She has led a life of restraint; but then, how frequently is such restraint the necessity of a life? I hardly think that your mother would move on that account."

"No. It is on our account. But this restraint, as you call it, makes us unhappy, and she is governed by seeing that. My uncle is generous to her as regards money; but in other things—in matters of feeling—I think he has been ungenerous."

"Bell," said the doctor; and then he paused.

She looked up at him, but made no answer. He had always called her by her Christian name, and they two had ever regarded each other as close friends. At the present moment she had forgotten all else besides this, and yet she had infinite pleasure in sitting there and talking to him.

"I am going to ask you a question which perhaps I ought not to ask, only that I have known you so long that I almost feel that I am speaking to a sister."

"You may ask me what you please," said she.

"It is about your cousin Bernard."

"About Bernard!" said Bell.

It was now dusk; and as they were sitting without other light than that of the fire, she knew that he could not discern the color which covered her face as her cousin's name was mentioned. But, had the light of day pervaded the whole room, I doubt whether Crofts would have seen that blush, for he kept his eyes firmly fixed upon the fire.

"Yes, about Bernard? I don't know whether I ought to ask you."

"I'm sure I can't say," said Bell, speaking words of the nature of which she was not conscious.

"There has been a rumor in Guestwick that he and you—"

"It is untrue," said Bell; "quite untrue. If you hear it repeated, you should contradict it. I wonder why people should say such things."

"It would have been an excellent marriage: all your friends must have approved it."

"What do you mean, Dr. Crofts? How I do hate those words, 'an excellent marriage!' In them is contained more of wicked worldliness than any other words that one ever hears spoken. You want me to marry my cousin simply because I should have a great house to live in and a coach. I know that you are my friend; but I hate such friendship as that."

"I think you misunderstand me, Bell. I mean that it would have been an excellent marriage, provided you had both loved each other."

"No, I don't misunderstand you. Of course it would be an excellent marriage if we loved each other. You might say the same if I loved the butcher or the baker. What you mean is, that it makes a reason for loving him."

"I don't think I did mean that."

"Then you mean nothing."

After that there were again some minutes of silence, during which Dr. Crofts got up to go away. "You have scolded me very dreadfully," he said, with a slight smile, "and I believe I have deserved it for interfering—"

"No; not at all for interfering."

"But at any rate you must forgive me before I go."

"I won't forgive you at all, unless you repent of your sins and alter altogether the wickedness of your mind. You will become very soon as bad as Dr. Gruffen."

"Shall I?"

"Oh, but I will forgive you; for, after all, you are the most generous man in the world."

"Oh yes; of course I am. Well—good-by."

"But, Dr. Crofts, you should not suppose others to be so much more worldly than yourself. You do not care for money so very much—"

"But I do care very much."

"If you did, you would not come here for nothing day after day."

"I do care for money very much. I have sometimes nearly broken my heart because I could not get opportunities of earning it. It is the best friend that a man can have—"

"Oh, Dr. Crofts!"

"—the best friend that a man can have, if it be honestly come by. A woman can hardly realize the sorrow which may fall upon a man from the want of such a friend."

"Of course a man likes to earn a decent living by his profession; and you can do that."

"That depends upon one's ideas of decency."

"Ah! mine never ran very high. I've always had a sort of aptitude for living in a pig-sty—a clean pig-sty, you know, with nice fresh bean-straw to lie upon. I think it was a mistake when they made a lady of me. I do, indeed."

"I do not," said Dr. Crofts.

"That's because you don't quite know me yet. I've not the slightest pleasure in putting on three different dresses a day. I do it very often because it comes to me to do it, from the way in which we have been taught to live. But when we get to Guestwick I mean to change all that; and if you come in to tea, you'll see me in the same brown frock that I wear in the morning—unless, indeed, the morning work makes the brown frock dirty. Oh, Dr. Crofts! you'll have it pitch dark riding home under the Guestwick elms."

"I don't mind the dark," he said; and it seemed as though he hardly intended to go even yet.

"But I do," said Bell, "and I shall ring for candles." But he stopped her as she put her hand out to the bell-pull.

"Stop a moment, Bell. You need hardly have the candles before I go, and you need not begrudge my staying either, seeing that I shall be all alone at home."

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"Begrudge your staying!"

"But, however, you shall begrudge it, or else make me very welcome." He still held her by the wrist, which he had caught as he prevented her from summoning the servant.

"What do you mean?" said she. "You know you are welcome to us as flowers in May. You always were welcome; but now, when you have come to us in our trouble— At any rate, you shall never say that I turn you out."

"Shall I never say so?" And still he held her by the wrist. He had kept his chair throughout, but she was standing before him—between him and the fire. But she, though he held her in this way, thought little of his words or of his action. They had known each other with great intimacy, and though Lily would still laugh at her, saying that Dr. Crofts was her lover, she had long since taught herself that no such feeling as that would ever exist between them.

"Shall I never say so, Bell? What if so poor a man as I ask for the hand that you will not give to so rich a man as your cousin Bernard?"

She instantly withdrew her arm and moved back very quickly a step or two across the rug. She did it almost with the motion which she might have used had he insulted her; or had a man spoken such words who would not, under any circumstances, have a right to speak them.

"Ah, yes! I thought it would be so," he said. "I may go now, and may know that I have been turned out."

"What is it you mean, Dr. Crofts? What is it you are saying? Why do you talk that nonsense, trying to see if you can provoke me?"

"Yes; it is nonsense. I have no right to address you in that way, and certainly should not have done it now that I am in your house in the way of my profession. I beg your pardon." Now he also was standing, but he had not moved from his side of the fire-place. "Are you going to forgive me before I go?"

"Forgive you for what?" said she.

"For daring to love you; for having loved you almost as long as you can remember; for loving you better than all besides. This alone you should forgive; but will you forgive me for having told it?"

He had made her no offer, nor did she expect that he was about to make one. She herself had hardly yet realized the meaning of his words, and she certainly had asked herself no question as to the answer which she should give to them. There are cases in which lovers present themselves in so unmistakable a guise that the first word of open love uttered by them tells their whole story, and tells it without the possibility of a surprise. And it is generally so when the lover has not been an old friend, when even his acquaintance has been of modern date. It had been so essentially in the case of Crosbie and Lily Dale. When Crosbie came to Lily and made his offer, he did it with perfect ease and thorough self-possession, for he almost knew that it was expected. And Lily, though she had been flurried for a moment, had her answer pat enough. She already loved the man with all her heart, delighted in his presence, basked in the sunshine of his manliness, rejoiced in his wit, and had tuned her ears to the tone of his voice. It had all been done and the world expected it. Had he not made his offer Lily would have been ill-treated—though, alas, alas, there was future ill-treatment so much heavier in store for her! But there are other cases in which a lover can not make himself known as such without great difficulty, and when he does do so, can not hope for an immediate answer in his favor. It is hard upon old friends that this difficulty should usually fall the heaviest upon them. Crofts had been so intimate with the Dale family that very many persons had thought it probable that he would marry one of the girls. Mrs. Dale herself had thought so, and had almost hoped it. Lily had certainly done both. These thoughts and hopes had somewhat faded away, but yet their former existence should have been in the doctor's favor. But now, when he had in some way spoken out, Bell started back from him and would not believe that he was in earnest. She probably loved him better than any man in the world, and yet, when he spoke to her of love, she could not bring herself to understand him.

"I don't know what you mean, Dr. Crofts; indeed I do not," she said.

"I had meant to ask you to be my wife; simply that. But you shall not have the pain of making me a positive refusal. As I rode here to-day I thought of it. During my frequent rides of late I have thought of little else. But I told myself that I had no right to do it. I have not even a house in which it would be fit that you should live."

"Dr. Crofts, if I loved you—if I wished to marry you—" and then she stopped herself.

"But you do not?"

"No; I think not. I suppose not. No. But in any way no consideration about money has any thing to do with it."

"But I am not that butcher or that baker whom you could love?"

"No," said Bell; and then she stopped herself from further speech, not as intending to convey all her answer in that one word, but as not knowing how to fashion any further words.

"I knew it would be so," said the doctor.

It will, I fear, be thought by those who condescend to criticise this lover's conduct and his mode of carrying on his suit, that he was very unfit for such work. Ladies will say that he wanted courage, and men will say that he wanted wit. I am inclined, however, to believe that he behaved as well as men generally do behave on such occasions, and that he showed himself to be a good average lover. There is your bold lover, who knocks his lady-love over as he does a bird, and who would anathematize himself all over, and swear that his gun was distraught, and look about as though he thought the world was coming to an end, if he missed to knock

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over his bird. And there is your timid lover, who winks his eyes when he fires, who has felt certain from the moment in which he buttoned on his knickerbockers that he at any rate would kill nothing, and who, when he hears the loud congratulations of his friends, can not believe that he really did bag that beautiful winged thing by his own prowess. The beautiful winged thing which the timid man carries home in his bosom, declining to have it thrown into a miscellaneous cart, so that it may never be lost in a common crowd of game, is better to him than are the slaughtered hecatombs to those who kill their birds by the hundred.

But Dr. Crofts had so winked his eye that he was not in the least aware whether he had winged his bird or no. Indeed, having no one at hand to congratulate him, he was quite sure that the bird had flown away uninjured into the next field. "No" was the only word which Bell had given in answer to his last sidelong question, and No is not a comfortable word to lovers. But there had been that in Bell's No which might have taught him that the bird was not escaping without a wound, if he had still had any of his wits about him.

"Now I will go," said he. Then he paused for an answer, but none came. "And you will understand what I meant when I spoke of being turned out."

"Nobody turns you out." And Bell, as she spoke, had almost descended to a sob.

"It is time, at any rate, that I should go; is it not? And, Bell, don't suppose that this little scene will keep me away from your sister's bedside. I shall be here to-morrow, and you will find that you will hardly know me again for the same person." Then in the dark he put out his hand to her.

"Good-by," she said, giving him her hand. He pressed hers very closely, but she, though she wished to do so, could not bring herself to return the pressure. Her hand remained passive in his, showing no sign of offense; but it was absolutely passive.

"Good-by, dearest friend," he said.

"Good-by," she answered; and then he was gone.

She waited quite still till she heard the front-door close after him, and then she crept silently up to her own bedroom, and sat herself down in a low rocking-chair over the fire. It was in accordance with a custom already established that her mother should remain with Lily till the tea was ready down stairs; for in these days of illness such dinners as were provided were eaten early. Bell therefore knew that she had still some half hour of her own, during which she might sit and think undisturbed.

And what naturally should have been her first thoughts?—that she had ruthlessly refused a man who, as she now knew, loved her well, and for whom she had always felt at any rate the warmest friendship? Such were not her thoughts, nor were they in any way akin to this. They ran back instantly to years gone by—over long years, as her few years were counted—and settled themselves on certain halcyon days, in which she had dreamed that he had loved her, and had fancied that she had loved him. How she had schooled herself for those days since that, and taught herself to know that her thoughts had been overbold! And now it had all come round. The only man that she had ever liked had loved her. Then there came to her a memory of a certain day in which she had been almost proud to think that Crosbie had admired her, in which she had almost hoped that it might be so; and as she thought of this she blushed, and struck her foot twice upon the floor. "Dear Lily!" she said to herself—"poor Lily!" But the feeling which induced her then to think of her sister had had no relation to that which had first brought Crosbie into her mind.

And this man had loved her through it all—this priceless, peerless man—this man who was as true to the back-bone as that other man had shown himself to be false; who was as sound as the other man had proved himself to be rotten. A smile came across her face as she sat looking at the fire, thinking of this. A man had loved her whose love was worth possessing. She hardly remembered whether or no she had refused him or accepted him. She hardly asked herself what she would do. As to all that it was necessary that she should have many thoughts, but the necessity did not press upon her quite immediately. For the present, at any rate, she might sit and triumph; and thus triumphant she sat there till the old nurse came in and told her that her mother was waiting for her below.

MORAL UTILITY OF CHILDREN.

THERE is the "material" sublime, in which a feeling of the grand in outward nature comes through the senses to the soul; there is the "moral" sublime, in which the feeling of the grand applies directly to the inward nature and to its transcendent manifestations. So there is a "material" utility, which is mostly concerned with man's bodily life; there is a "moral" utility that has its value in the relations which it bears to man's life in his affections and sentiments, in his intellect and spirit. Such is the utility that many ascribe to the existence and the presence of children—and upon this subject we undertake to suggest some reflections.

We wish to say in the outset that we do not propose to take into view extreme or exceptional conditions of character or circumstances. We know that the cases are sadly numerous, all over earth, in which children are *not* regarded as blessings, but as burdens; in which they are deprived of that loving care as necessary as food to their growth and nurture; in which, by neglect or cruelty, they are dwarfed in their bodies and made sorrowful in soul—allowed merely to live a wretched life that is grudged them, of which many of them are eased by a slow or violent death; in which those who survive are, by the poverty, ignorance, vice that surround

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them, robbed of the joy, the innocence—yea, of the very consciousness, of childhood. All this may be said even of Christendom, perhaps also of Hebrewdom; what shall we then say on the waste and miseries of childhood in the heathen and savage portions of the world, where not only poverty, ignorance, vice, and worse than brutal coarseness war against the helpless, but where also the superstitions of fierce idolatries destroy natural affection in the parents, and, by putting a demonized conscience in its place, teach parents to seek for merit in the exposure or the slaughter of their children?

One of the holiest influences which Christianity has had on the world is that which it has exercised in favor of childhood. This influence it has had, not merely because it presented a divine humanity in the childhood of Christ, but because his spirit, teaching, and example hailed a blessed worth in childhood, independently and above all the *material* utilities of the world. Christ regarded the child in its spiritual individuality; he saw in it the germ of a human person, hiding within its being the deep mysteries of conscience and reason; he saw in it the embodiment of an immortal soul, with all the solemn interests of an immortal destiny. He did not estimate its worth by what it might be or do in relation to earthly wealth or power, but by what it *could* be or do in the possibilities of its spiritual and everliving nature. No doubt the faith, the insight, the reverence of the most profoundly Christian mind is, in this matter, far away from the mind of Christ; yet the inspiration of that mind has gone forth with power in all the directions of modern civilization. And this disinterested and spiritual regard for childhood is one of the characteristics of Christian civilization, in which it may claim great superiority over the ancient civilization of the Hebrews, and over that of the Greeks and Romans. The Old Testament does indeed show examples of as strong, as pure, and as unselfish a regard for children as can be found in all history; but still the temporal value of children is constantly indicated in promises and threatenings. There is nothing like this in the teachings of Christ or in the spirit of the New Testament. The affections are as permanent as man. No poet in any age has described parental tenderness with more truth and beauty than Homer and the Greek dramatists; yet we know that in Sparta there was hardly any true childhood, and childhood was held cheap even in Athens. Romans were capable of the utmost parental love; but the mother among them was not the equal of the father, and both the mother and the children were the father's property. There is, therefore, infinite moral import in the Christian idea that the child has a worth *in* and *for* itself—the worth of a living soul. The more that this is realized the more are all the relations of childhood to humanity elevated and beautified.

In the treatment of our subject we shall, as we have said, leave out of view extreme and exceptional conditions, and take into account only that average order of human life in which nature has at least ordinary opportunities to feel its better movements, and to follow its better tendencies; in which, generally, it *does* so feel and so follow them.

Let us begin with the beginning of individual human life—we mean infancy. At birth no animal seems less promising than the human; and none can be more helpless, or to all appearance more useless. We might add, that in visible appearance most other animals have more beauty; in red and raw bareness the new-born infant bears the closest resemblance to those of its fellow-bipeds, the birds which come the most naked from their shells; but it is far behind the duckling or the gosling that takes at once to the water, and is there beautiful both in clothing and in motion. Many of the quadrupeds attain rapidly their greatest beauty, as we notice in the kitten, in the kid, in the lamb; in the lion's, in the leopard's, or in the tiger's whelp. But this new-born creature—the human infant—that may afterward become the loved or the admired of millions—this beginning of that "piece of work" called man—man, "noble in reason," "infinite in faculties," "in form and moving express and admirable," "in action like an angel, in apprehension like a god; the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals"—is, to the *mere* eye, in its first appearance, a rather unsightly object, and to the *mere* hearing, its sounds are not at all cheerful or musical. Separate from love, separate from human and divine associations, the infant in its callow state is not angelically attractive. We were once guilty of an impertinence in relation to infancy for which we were justly and instantly punished, and which we have never since recalled but with regret and shame. We hope that this our sincere and penitential confession will save our credit with aunts and mothers; and that when they read here what we state only for the sake of illustration, they will not throw our article aside, exclaiming, Barbarous! Savage! Shocking! Wicked! Years ago, when the world and its realities had not given us some lessons which it has since given, we called at the house of a friend. A young stranger had shortly before made its appearance in his domestic circle; the aunt brought it out to show it to us; the young and feeble mother came along with it. The aunt made strong demonstrations over it; the mother was meek and silent. "Well," said we, moved by some imp of mischief, "it must take a strong dose of 'mother' to see any thing very lovely in what seems so like a miniature statue sculptured out of fresh beef." The words were no sooner uttered than we sincerely lamented the utterance. The aunt silently took the babe away, and the mother silently followed her. The words were harsh, even cruel, and they were undeserved. There was no display but what intimate friendship and the best taste justified. There is, indeed, often to be met with in the world a display of mere animal maternity, as if to be a mother were in itself a matter worthy of all at-

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tention—as if it were not a condition common to all living races. This is offensive to minds who feel that such obtrusive vanity, such vulgar exposure, desecrate the inner sanctity of true motherhood. Nor does the low order of maternity which we censure stop when infancy is over; often it shows itself in a worse way when the infant becomes a child. The infant is unconscious, and can not be morally injured by the folly of its mother; but it is not so with the child. There are mothers who seem to delight in making their little boys little actors, and their little girls little coquettes. They dress their little boys in motley, and they are proud to see them smirk, and skip, and babble as diminutive merry-andrews or harlequins. Would it be wonderful if such little showmen should flower into conceited fops, and ripen into selfish worldlings? Then the little girls too, after their manner, are costumed and taught for theatrical exhibition; with childish artificialism they mimic the airs of fine ladies, and—losing the joy, the sweetness, the innocence, the unconsciousness, the heart-freedom of childly maidenhood—the phrases, the guises, and the guiles of fashion. In the case to which we have alluded there was none of this: no courting of admiration, no efforts to extort praise "upon compulsion." And to do ourselves justice, cynical and rude as our words may have seemed to those who heard them, or as they may seem to those who read them, they were spoken only playfully, and in the liberty of familiar acquaintance; but there is a liberty which no friendship should permit, and to sport with things sacred is always unworthy.

The moral influence of infancy is truly in the home. It is only there it can be understood, and felt, and fully loved. To know it, and interpret it, and to get somewhat into its secrets, requires to be close to it, to be in constant communion with it, and to be one with its life. This only is the mother's relation. She alone can become inwardly intimate with infant life; and this she does through the most living of instincts and the holiest of human feelings, in joy, in sorrow, and in love. Shelley at one time believed in the Platonic doctrine of human pre-existence. He fancied that infants, if properly interrogated, could tell a good deal about the matter. So, one day, walking with a friend, he met a nurse-maid carrying a baby in her arms. He put many questions to the baby, but the baby listened to them all with a disdainful silence. "*They are really* very close," said Shelley. There are, indeed, mysteries in a baby's silence; but it is not given to the philosopher to divine them. To the mother they are not all unintelligible. Through her heart she finds out their meanings. The little face in every movement has for her a new revelation, and so has every sound of the inarticulating voice: life, innocent and loved, is significant to her instincts, in every smile and tear, in the joyous "crow" and in the painful moan. Her watchfulness at night, her care by day are about the infant, while it wakes, and while it sleeps: she is the vicegerent of God to early humanity, and to its opening life she is a trusted guardian—a loving and a living Providence. She is surely benefited and blessed by these sacred feelings and duties, and in degree so are those who share them with her. The father lives with the infant not so closely as the mother, but in the measure that he, in sympathy with *her*, takes the infant's life into his own, his own life is softened and purified. To caress the infant, to play with it, to feel the joy of its presence, is not to be weak or sentimental, but to be truly a man. The true man coming from his toil, whether of muscle or of mind, finds a blessed festival for his heart when his infant laughs or sleeps upon his breast.

All heroes have been fond of babies—from Hector to the great Napoleon. The sweetest thoughts that Napoleon had on the bleak and the lonely rock of St. Helena were those which carried his spirit back to the birth and infancy of his boy. Most men of genius, all men of deep feeling, love babies—men of strong and impassioned emotion: Robert Burns loved them; so did Thomas Chalmers; so did Daniel O'Connell. Men with the fate and care of nations on their minds have found relaxation from their toil in the affections and amusements of the nursery. Men in the rudest and most stormy contentions have found a centre for kindly pleasure in a baby. There is no pet so prized by soldiers or sailors as a baby: the regiment is rich that finds one which it can appropriate, and the crew of a vessel are made glad when there comes among them a new-born native of their ship—a rightful citizen of the sea. And, in the household also, it is not the parents alone that own the baby, or upon whom it has influence. The aunt has her share; the brothers and sisters have theirs; and the nurse has hers. So deeply is the nurse often interested in her charge that often it becomes an affliction to her to part with it. We have heard of nurses running away with babies; we have heard of nurses concealing foundlings that had been confided to them: thus sacrificing their wages and exposing themselves to punishment. Even the stranger guest becomes attached to the baby; but in this matter there are many and considerable differences. Sometimes the baby does not like the guest, sometimes the guest does not like the baby; but if the sojourn is long a reconciliation comes at last. Sometimes the love is mutual, and love at first sight.

Here, then, is a drawing out, an exercise, and a strengthening of the instinctive and disinterested affections; and these are the roots of all the higher virtues. Here there is living, ceaseless, universal evidence that humanity has other motives than those of gain or sensual pleasure. We love the infant for itself: we rejoice in a condition of individual happiness that we can not penetrate, that we can not understand, and to which there is no analogy within ourselves, afforded by memory or by experience. The worst of us, too, love the innocency which shames

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our guilt, and amidst all our sins, vices, and follies we wish, with passionate desire, that we could call back some of the guileless spirit which slept with us in our cradle. So, likewise, we sympathize with the infant in its speechless pain, and as we hope for its life, we grieve for its death. We have been allowed to look into a journal which records the death of an infant: as the entries are simple, short, and not without touches of nature, we venture to quote them rather than draw on our imagination:

"*Aug.* 11*th*. The baby quite feeble, with no sign of recovery: a deep sorrow! Our only boy! He has a serene peace over his little countenance."

"*Aug.* 12*th*. The boy seems on the verge of his translation. He sleeps, but at short intervals he awakes; then his baby-eyes have a sort of mystic, dreamy look in them; yet when he opens them fully they are bright and clear. His beautifully-formed face is thin and worn — not so much, however, as his limbs; but nothing in him shocks; all is tranquil, spiritual, and lovely."

"*Aug.* 13*th*. The baby seemed very lively this morning, and a gleam of hope shone into our drooping hearts; but in the course of the day the gleam passed away into darkness. He still fed, but with each attempt to feed there came a spasm in his breathing, and he seemed to gasp for life. The dear little creature knew us all; looked at us with open and intelligent eyes, but could bear only his mother or nurse to look at him long."

"*Aug.* 14*th*. Did not go to bed last night. When I gave my last look at the baby he was moving his dear little hands up and down as if in pain. About two o'clock this morning his grandmother came down to tell me that he was gone. Though but six months old he had a little character of his own, which promised, if he lived, to be sweet, and good, and gentle. He lived long enough to make us love him, and grieve to lose him."

"*Aug.* 15*th*. We had a funeral meeting and service: then we carried our dear baby-boy to the grave-yard, and laid his little body in the dust. Alas! alas!"

Grief for the death of infants is sacred, is purifying; it has no ostentation in it, it makes no display: it is not spoken but *felt*—felt and cherished in the secrecy and silence of home. *There* a loss, which counts for nothing to the world, will be mourned for many days, and that which may seem to the stranger a light affliction will often be there a deep-seated sorrow. But the sojourn of infancy even, if short, leaves good behind for those who cherished and loved it, who saw in it the yet unblemished sanctity of life. When the wound in the heart shall cease to bleed it will be turned from a present pain to a blessed memory.

Toward infancy affection is little more than passive, an attraction toward innocency is a fond and sweet instinct. The infant takes no note of it, is not conscious of it, because such care is proper to its nature. But the absence of it is soon discernible in the infant's manner. The infant then becomes prematurely conscious; it seems to know that something is wrong, and even to show that it thinks itself in the way. In such cases you may trace oldish sadness in an infant's face, and understand that no free gladness ever sang within its heart. Instead of that it has trembling apprehension, or crouching timidity, or even terror. We have observed infants who seemed to be aware that they were poor or slaves, that they belonged to the poor or to slaves, and that a behavior according to their circumstances was expected of them, and was their duty. This is not natural infancy; natural, healthy, happy infancy is unconscious.

The passing from infancy into childhood is the beginning of the conscious state of life. This might be called the birth of the human person, the opening experience of the individual. The will, with some feeling of moral agency, begins to act; the faculty of reflection unfolds itself; and memory from this period begins the continuity of life. We can not carry memory beyond this period. There we are all stopped. Perhaps there is no mental function in which men have greater differences than in memory. Some are prodigies, and some are pigmies; but in this relation of memory to infancy all are equal: one person may approach nearer to it than another, but into its impenetrable oblivion no one can carry his retrospective consciousness. We have known many, we have heard of many, who remembered an extremely early date in life; but we have never known—we have never heard of the individual who could tell what was his or her actual experience in the first year of life. Infancy may be longer with some than with others, but longer or shorter it is with all an unremembered period.

Childhood calls the active powers into play, and has influences and interests which are also active. Its relations to home and life give it other claims than merely those of tenderness and indulgence. While needing training and restraint it imposes them on the persons who are to nurture and to form it. Those who would govern men must govern themselves—and so must those who would govern children. Children, because of the novelty to them of all surrounding existence, and because of their instinctive curiosity, are close observers; especially they are close observers of character, and they are constant observers. They listen to our talk while they prattle among themselves; they watch us when we think they do not see us; and they judge while we fancy they have not yet learned to use their understanding. They lay up our words and our doings in their memory, and they soon begin to compare our practice with our professions. Thus our children early become our critics: it is important, therefore, for their good and ours, that in this criticism we should hold not only their confidence and love but also their esteem. If we would have them truthful, honest, amiable, frank, generous, reverential, it is not enough that we *tell* them to be so, and chastise them if they are *not* so: should they see only the contrary of these qualities in ourselves, the talk to them they will set down as falsehood, and the punishment as injustice. There is hardly ever a man so base that he would instruct his little boy to be a liar or a knave; there is hardly ever a woman so vile that would not wish her little girl to grow up chaste and modest; but, according to the probabilities of life, how small the chance that the little boy will not be corrupted by a base father and in time become a bad man, and

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that the little girl will not be tainted by a vile mother and, if she lives, be in her turn a degraded woman? There is no rebuke so humiliating as the silent or spoken condemnation by a child of a parent's misconduct; but the saddest penalty in this world of sin is, when, by the example of the parent, *that* misconduct is afterward repeated or aggravated in the character and actions of the child. Thus children are in many ways our teachers, and if we are wise to learn, very profound teachers. If *we* give them lessons of knowledge and experience, *they* give us lessons of nature and simplicity. If we improved as much by their lessons as we desire that they should by ours, we should be on our side the greater debtors. They give us strong and sacred motives to be in all worthiness the best we can be for their highest good and for our own.

In what mode and measure restraint and training can be harmonized with the natural freedom and the unconscious development of childhood is, in our apprehension, the most difficult problem in practical education. There are vast libraries of treatises and reports on "Education," but the solution of this problem has not been yet approached. It would, perhaps, be useless to attempt it, since every individual child is a new case to be solved. Rousseau's attempt was not wholly useless; but since it was mainly imaginative, and based on no experience, nothing came of it. Pestalozzi's practical experiments were as futile as Rousseau's theories. We have often wished that some matron who successfully reared a large family, and saw them happily settled, had kept a journal, recording all her trials, her exertions, and her methods, and then published it for the benefit of the world. Such a book would be worth more than all the scientific treatises on education now in print.

Children not only influence our moral self-discipline—they also afford us excellent means of studying the opening and growth of the human mind. We see it awakening at first into the world in feeble sensations. Then we see that it goes on to acquire perceptions of surrounding objects. It begins to distinguish and compare them. Next it shows itself in passion; it has likes and dislikes, love and fear; it has pleasure and pain other than bodily; and in laughter or in weeping, the mind, even in infancy, shows its joy or grief. So on to speech. It is of curious interest to watch the rapid changes of dialect in children. We had flattered ourselves that this was a discovery of our own. But we were lately reading a review on the "Hill-Tribes of India," in which the writer remarks on the number of tongues spoken within a small compass, the speakers of them being severally unintelligible to one another. Not only this, but the tongue which a tribe or part of a tribe speaks to-day it may forget by to-morrow, and replace it by another. A fact similar to this, the writer suggests, may be observed in children. The writer has not stolen, he has only anticipated, our "thunder." But we have yet somewhat to say that we think is our own, and that has not been anticipated. Each child forms and changes his dialect in a manner original to himself. He naturally begins with "naming." This naming is a compound affair. It consists partly in imitating the sounds of creatures about him, and partly of arbitrary sounds of his own invention—how invented or how chosen is a mystery. These arbitrary sounds he soon tires of, and supplies himself with new ones. Such sounds, imitative and arbitrary, with gestures, are the child's *first* dialect. But he soon enlarges this by terms from the speech that he hears from others. This is his *second* dialect. By-and-by the arbitrary and imitative sounds gradually disappear, and he uses wholly the speech of those with whom he lives. This is his *third* and last dialect. At first he speaks it with a scanty vocabulary and an indistinct pronunciation. In this stage he is in the beginning more unintelligible than in either of the other stages, and needs for interpreter his mother or his nurse. But he rapidly masters the vocabulary, pronunciation, and colloquial grammar, and accomplishes without labor in a few months *that* which requires from grown persons the toil of many years in languages not native to them. Then it is marvelous to observe how rapidly he grows in thought, how rich he becomes in memory, how he quickens into wit, feels the ludicrous, has natural humor, loves the beautiful—all going to show that he has advanced in the powers of abstraction, of comparison, of distinction; that he has entered the world of ideas, and is working his way to understand their differences and combinations; that he is gathering in materials for all that his brain shall henceforth act on, improve, enlarge, discover, or devise. Surely it was, after all, hardly a paradox when Lord Brougham asserted that the acquirements of the most learned philosopher were not as important in value or in quantity as those of a child four years of age. Yes, the mind of a child can teach us intellectually as well as morally; and much spiritual profit will be ours in the humble, reverent, diligent, and docile study of it.

We must now be more general in our remarks. Children in the home not only draw out its affections, but also help much to its contentment and tranquillity. They are, by their relations to domestic life, mediators, peace-makers, reconcilers. They are objects of common interest, regard, and care. We all know how powerful such an influence is to bring minds into unity that might otherwise be divided, if not in conflict, by small vexations, or by differences of tastes or of tendencies. They are checks on the rude or sudden impulses of temper. Leave two persons always together, with no third or intermediate party, there is danger that the gentlest and the most loving would often give way to irritable and irritating manner and movement. In many an unguarded instant the unkindly frown would darken the brow, the

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bitter word be on the lip, and the wounding rebuke come pointed into stinging words. Now this would often be prevented by the presence of *any* third or intermediate party; but how effectually must it be prevented when the party so intervening are children between their parents. The best-natured couple may frequently be tempted to be peevish or petulant to each other; but seldom will self-respect or mutual respect be so dormant as to allow one to degrade the other before their children, or either so to degrade himself or herself. The same influence extends in various degrees throughout the household. We are aware that there are in the world parents who do not respect each other, and who are as indifferent to their children's opinion as they are of their children's welfare. It is not of such we write: we write of those who *do* respect each other, who hold each other in affection as well as esteem, and who justly value not only all domestic virtues but likewise all domestic courtesies.

Children take sordidness from toil; nay, they connect it with dignity and hope. The labor is not for self; it is done in love; and at every interval of rest there is among their offspring a precious solace for the hearts of those who in this good spirit do their work. Every one, we suppose, who has in his life read a dozen poems must have come across "The Cotter's Saturday Night" of Robert Burns. He needs no poetical refinement to feel the truth and beauty of its domestic pictures; but of these pictures one of the most impressive is that of the little ones running to meet their father as he returns home at the close of his day's and of his week's labor. This is a solace to which no one kind of labor has an exclusive claim. It is not confined to the plowman or the shepherd; it is not a monopoly of agricultural or of pastoral life; it belongs to the man of the city as well as to the man of the fields; to the mechanic, the merchant, to the professional man, to the statesman, to the author, to the artist—to every man who does honest work, and who brings to his home a deeper love for his children in the degree that he has toiled outside it in the love of God and the love of man. The influence of children does much to counteract the selfish desire for gain, while it stimulates to industry, foresight, and economy. Affection and hope, that belongs to affection, give to toil and thrift a moral and spiritual elevation. It is true that vanity or ambition may deprave the motives of the laborer even when he labors for his children; for he may not so much labor in order that they may have the independent competence, which is one of the securities of culture and virtue, as that they may have the means of worldly consequence and of outward show. Still that, bad as it may be, is better than a purpose wholly centred in the self. This centring in the self children, of necessity, prevents, so that even the very care for them inspires a care for others. It is very observable in life that parents are usually more generous and sympathetic than childless persons. We are all natural-born beggars, and parents are our first benefactors. We need every thing, and parents, or those who act as parents, must supply our wants. Our state is one of utter dependence, and parents, or those who act as parents, must sustain us or we perish. Our helpless weakness is in itself a pathetic supplication, and it must be answered with a shielding pity. Parents have this from instinct, not from common humanity or a sense of duty. The instinctive feeling widens into larger sentiments, and with persons of expansive natures sympathy grows into a habit. There is, we admit, a home selfishness; but this is not the fault of home but of the individual. If there be an individual who cares only for those inside his home, without a home he would care only for himself. Practically, however, it is found that those who have children are, after a certain time of life, more ready to give and to feel than those who, at the same time of life, are without children. They are more ready to share out of their abundance, or out of their want. They have more pity, more tenderness. Their charities are more liberal and more gracious. They are more careful of the feelings of the distressed and the suffering; they have more compassion on the erring and the sinful; they make more allowance for the weaknesses of human nature. We willingly admit that among the unmarried of mature life, and among the married who are childless, there are characters of the noblest type, men and women, good, gentle, heroic, bountiful, blessed with all the virtues that soften or exalt humanity. On the other hand, among the married, with regiments of children, are numbers that in every way must be ranked with the lowest of their kind, some in fine raiment, and some in rags. Still, if we look for *men*—women we except—if we look for men who are the closest, the most grasping, the most stingy, the most unsparing, the most exacting—men who are all of earth, and who yet have no kindred ties to bind them to it—men who seem to have no souls but for the world, no thought but for the science of gain, no heart but for gold, no desire but for the increase of property, no fear but for the loss of half a dollar—men who have neither divine nor human love, but a great deal of strong human hatred, especially for those whom they failed in cheating or are unable to outwit—such men you will not as often find among persons who are fathers as among persons who are not. Such men are at once the fools and fanatics of Mammon: if they cheat others Mammon cheats them; he beguiles them into an unholy worship, and leaves them at the close of a worthless life without belief in virtue, without trust in immortality, without honor from man, and without hope in God. Such men had no idea of value but that of money; death comes at last, tears them from their riches, and shows them that they sold themselves for dross. These men can hardly be said ever to have had any affections; so they can hardly be accused as having been false to them. There are men almost

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worse than these—men who once *had* affections, and who have stifled or outlived them. Their age is not reverent; the hoary head is not to them a crown of glory. They have forgotten all in life that was best around them and within; they have kept wealth alone in their thoughts; they count their money when they should count their minutes; they muse over their estates, when to-night their souls shall be required of them, and to-morrow the narrow house of clay will be opened for their bodies.

It is, then, as a general fact, true that the care and habit of providing for a family tend to open and enlarge the heart, tend to make it generous and sympathetic. Even where economy would seem to be the most stringently demanded by the number of children in the household there is a charitable willingness to find a surplus to help the needy. It has been constantly noticed that among those who live by daily labor the persons the most liberal and neighborly are such as have families, the persons the most niggardly and uncompassionate are such as have none. Possibly the widow of Sarepta might not have shared her last measure of meal and cruse of oil with the prophet if she had not been a mother—if she had not been drawn from care of herself by the love of her child: otherwise, perhaps, she would have calculated how much longer the measure and the cruse would hold out for one than for two.

Children give to life freshness, gayety, and hope. They are fresh in themselves. The world is new to them, and it is full of wonders. The day is long to them, not from tediousness, but from variety, and one day is not the repetition of another. And so with their years: each season brings a new pleasure. Creation has for them all its primitive beauty: the heavens have their early glory, and the earth its virgin loveliness. All is unexhausted, inexhaustible, and all abounds with life and action. Pictures, and music, and songs, and grandeur, nature gives every where to the young, because she gives them the clear eye, and the open ear, and the glad heart. They answer back to nature with a joy that is all the deeper because there is no thought on it and no reflection. The spontaneous exercise of their faculties is in itself happiness. Genius seeks through imagination to recover childhood, and bring back again the spirit of its life into consciousness. But the result is that experience is rather confounded with childhood than childhood restored to experience. The dreams of childhood no poet can recall, the grace of childhood no artist can express; it can not be copied in painting, it can not be imitated in motion. Take, for instance, the most cultivated æsthetic movements which we see in artistic dancing; they are mere awkwardness when compared with the unbidden gestures of a child; and so is the gesticulation of orator or of actor. Nevertheless, though we can not call back the freshness of childhood—though it may not be desirable that we should—it is good and useful to us to come into near communion with it, and to come often. It is well to leave our own won earth and heaven, and to look on them as well as we can through the vivid senses of the child. It is well to drink unspoiled emotion into our hackneyed hearts from the limpid fountains that gush in his young breast. It is well to come from the sophistications, the cunning, the falsehoods, the pretensions, the jealousies, the hypocrisies, the insincere professions, with selfishness thoroughly in earnest—to come from a thousand other modes of practically making lies stand for truths, and appearances for realities—or rather the attempts made to do so—which we meet with in the intercourse of the world. It is well, we say, to come from all these to listen to the tales of children, to tell them tales, to look upon their sports, and, if we can not enter into them, let us at least sympathize with them. But it is a deadly evil if, either in their literature or their sports, we spoil their simplicity of imagination, and so render them conceited little pedants in their reading, and fashionable little men and women in their amusements.

There is nothing more delightful than the innocent gayety of childhood and youth, first, because it is an evidence of their own happiness, and, secondly, because it is a source of happiness to their elders. It is often the best cure that we can have for uneasiness and care, so that our gloom melts away in the sunshine of children's smiles, and our vexations are dissipated by their laughter. But there is danger even in the plays of children—of spite among girls, of rudeness among boys. Then play ceases to be innocent. Parents and teachers should see to this. Boys particularly often find enjoyment in giving pain, not so much from cruelty as from thoughtlessness and from a certain savage instinct of undeveloped energy. This energy may afterward become courage in the man, which was roughness in the boy; but the boy must be made to understand that to inflict torture on any living thing is to anticipate in childhood the worst inhumanity of the worst tyrants. Uncle Toby, in defending the military profession, says that though he loved fighting, yet no boy in the school wept more bitterly than he did over the death of Hector. But though Uncle would lay about him manfully at the siege of Namur in striking his opponents down, we can not conceive of him as a boy willfully causing suffering to a harmless creature: the man who took a fly from his nose, and, opening the window, said, "Go, poor devil, the world is large enough for you and me," we can not conceive as a boy finding pleasure in the pain of flies. Domitian in boyhood did so; and though he committed thousands of cruel actions when a man, it is this alleged youthful wickedness of his that has the most served to render him eternally infamous. Boys should be young Uncle Tobys and not young Domitians.

The gayety of children and youth is delightful, because it stands for a large amount of all that life has of what is purely pleasurable. It is hard, under the worst circumstances, to take

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from childhood and youth certain enjoyments which nature insists that they shall have. For this reason it is a strong objection to Dickens that children in his fictions are so disproportionately made unhappy or even miserable. Were this so in fact, in real and actual life, the world would be more wretched than the gloomiest misanthropist has ever painted it. Still we are not to suppose that childhood, even when lovingly cared for, is all gladness, or that it has no deep sorrows. A little girl about four years old was met "toddling" along looking extremely melancholy. The gentle and neighborly lady who met her said, "What ails you, Marian?" "Ev'y body has a own toubles," replied Marian. "But what trouble have you, Marian?" "Mamma's away," said poor Marian, bursting into tears. We have had our share in various ways of troubles, griefs, disappointments, pains, and aches; yet we do not remember that we ever experienced affliction, that, while it lasted, was more poignant than what we once felt in childhood during the absence of our parents for a few hours. Gray says of the young:

"Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
The tear forgot as soon as shed."

Gay hope may be theirs by fancy fed, but it is not true that the tear is forgot as soon as shed. Our experience tells us the contrary, by the shedding of many a childish tear, and by many a bitter remembrance afterward of the grief which caused us to shed it. Let no one think the sorrows of childhood are always momentary. Let no one trifle with them.

Children, we have said, are a hope in life. They are objects of hope. How stupid or wretched must the parents be who have no hope for their children; no hope that their daughters will be good, and beautiful, and well matched; that their sons will be strong and brave, honorable and prosperous! These are, in general, the secret prophecies of parental hearts. They may not be fulfilled; they may be all contradicted, but it is good and natural to have them. Children, born and nurtured in wealth, and trained with care and virtue, may become destitute, wretched, vicious men and women. But such is not the rule in ordinary times, or in any fair conditions of society. Much falling off there is, indeed, continually from the early promise of life; but there is much rising, likewise, above all that could have been expected. Children out of bad homes have become good men and women; and children out of poor homes have risen to the high places of the world. It was not, therefore, right or true for Gray, in his Ode on Eton College, to see in a crowd of healthy and happy boys a throng of "little victims," "regardless of their doom," to—

"See how all around them wait,
The ministers of human fate,
And black misfortune's baleful train;"

to see their passions only as "the *vultures* of the mind;" which passions, in every mode of torment and effectual temptation, were to prey through life upon their "victims." Such a gloomy view is not humane, and is neither poetry nor fact. For as well as passions in these boys which might work them ill, were there not passions also which would bear them up into empyrean regions of knowledge, goodness, and glory? and not passions only but conscience likewise, and generous sentiments, and all the affections which bless and beautify human existence? If the poet's prophecy were well founded, we would give our full assent to his conclusion:

"No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

But how stands the fact? Why, out from among those boys, of whose future the splenetic poet presents so dark a vision, would come the most cultivated fathers of the land; thence would come men of genius—thence came the poet himself—thence would come thinkers, orators, statesmen, soldiers, merchants, men in all departments of greatness, who would sustain the nation, and in whom the nation would be proud. We never look upon the dirtiest group of boys or girls that we do not fancy that within it may be some of our future heroes or beauties. We are therefore careful in our behavior, for one of these boys might by-and-by have offices to bestow; and one of these girls—who knows?—might reward our civility by an invitation to her "diamond wedding." Moreover, children are the hope of life itself; for it is children that keep the world a *living* world. This is not in the way of separate and successive generations, as the manner in which many speak would seem to imply. There is no such thing as a generation standing by itself, and consisting entirely of contemporaneous individuals. The human race is not like a field, in which the seeds sown in the spring ripen altogether in the harvest; or like the orchard, which periodically yields its crop of apples: it is rather like the orange-tree, which is at the same time productive in all gradations, from the tender bud to the ripe and falling fruit. So it is with the human race; it is always and continually a composite and living unity, from the hidden germ of life to the newborn babe, and from *that* through all degrees onward to exhausted age. It is thus never-ceasingly a living race; but, likewise, it is always a dying race: children keep it a living race; without them it would be wholly a dying race, and would rapidly disappear from existence.

One remark, forgotten in its proper place, we yet wish not to omit. It is this: Children are a good influence in the neighborhood as well as in the home. Though sometimes they occasion quarrels, in a larger degree they calm animosities and inspire merciful dispositions. Had we an enemy, and met his child on the highway, we could not look upon its smile and hate him; charmed with the sweet face of his girl, and the open countenance of his boy, we would forgive his injury for the sake of their innocence, and instead of our curse we would give him our benediction. One remark more. We rejoice

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in all the charities—as the divinest benefactions *of* human nature and *for* it—which are directed to provide for childhood, to protect it, to purify it, to keep it in the paths of virtue, or to restore it to them. These are deserved charities, for their objects, even when vicious, are comparatively blameless; they are wise and hopeful charities, for they are charities for the uncorrupted, or at worst for the corrigible. We wish that they did not so much centre in huge institutions, and in those vast impersonal organizations in which individual feelings and affections are all but annihilated. We trust that a progressive and improved beneficence is possible, in which the domestic element and the freedom of the individual nature may to the utmost be reconciled with personal and with public bounty. In the treatment of childhood, whether in the home or by society, it should never be forgotten that the holy Jesus was himself a little child; that he took little children in his arms and blessed them; and that he said, "Suffer little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me: for of such is the kingdom of heaven."

IN THE RANKS AT STONE RIVER.

[The formal histories of our war must be in the main compiled from official documents and the reports of newspaper correspondents. These latter have performed their task in a most admirable manner. Yet there are many things which can only be properly told by those who serve "in the ranks." There is hardly a Company in our army which does not contain some man capable of writing a vivid account of "what he saw, and a part of which he was." The following sketch is by a Corporal in Company B, Sixth Ohio Infantry.—EDITOR OF HARPER'S MAGAZINE.]

CHRISTMAS came to us in camp at last. Christmas-day, but not the good old Christmas times—social, generous, "merry Christmas!" To us it was only December 25, 1862.

We had been for some weeks quietly encamped near Nashville. Almost the entire Army of the Cumberland was in this vicinity, stretched away out on the various roads centring here from the southward, waiting and watching the rebel army of Tennessee, massed under Bragg at Murfreesborough, thirty miles distant. An army of repose, truly; but it was not the repose of stagnation or sloth, as the manifestations of life and life-like energy every where bore abundant testimony. It was only an unwilling passivity, a period of needful rest and discipline, while the army could gather strength and its chief complete preparations for the work it was to do. For days past we had now been under marching orders. Even the hour and the order of march had once or twice been set—and still we were here. So that when the orderly-sergeant, coming to our tent this Christmas night, just after tattoo, peered in at the aperture of the door held open with both hands, and oracularly pronounced, "Réveille in the morning at four o'clock; march at daylight, with three days' rations!" we received the announcement with all the philosophical indifference that doubt could engender. But this time there was no need to doubt. Next morning, December 26, 1862, we moved forward toward Murfreesborough.

The Army of the Cumberland had lately been divided into three corps, since numbered as the Fourteenth, Twentieth, and Twenty-first, commanded respectively by Major-Generals Thomas, M'Cook, and Crittenden. The former two, constituting our centre and right wing, advanced upon the roads leading from Nashville to Franklin and Nolensville. The route of the latter, as the left wing, was by turnpike direct to Murfreesborough—having, of course, the other corps upon its right. Of this corps our division formed a part—the "Iron-clad Division," that had followed the iron Nelson through a long, laborious campaign of toil and danger.

The day opened dark and gloomily. Certainly the elements at least were not propitious. The soft southerly breezes of the day before had roughened into rude, spiteful gusts, blowing from a dozen points of the compass all at once—chill, sweeping gusts, that came freighted with the breath of coming storms, and great heaving masses of clouds, which, drifting slowly along the upper deep, covered away out of sight every bit of blue sky beyond, and robbed even the daylight of all its life and power and beauty.

Four short miles from the camp we were leaving, and seven from Nashville, is the State Lunatic Asylum of Tennessee; but though we led off at a steady, swinging gait, we had not yet reached it when the storm came upon us. A steady, persistent, pouring rain, whose every component drop seemed to find a malicious delight in plashing in our faces and discovering every practicable breach in the rubber blankets under which those of us who were fortunate enough to possess them sought to find shelter. Delusive hope! and so we presently found it. As the rain grew harder, and the wind settled keen from the west, we halted by the road-side, and squatting down in the mud or resting our dripping forms against the picket-fence, waited nearly an hour. But we had not seen eighteen months of field service now for the first time to experience the discomforts and hardships of active campaigning, or to learn the harder lesson of patience in the midst of untoward circumstances which we were powerless to improve. What could we do but simply "stand and take it," just as a matter of course—as if we were only sponges? I was glad when at length we were ordered to "fall in," and the march was resumed. It must have been somewhat after noon—the soldier, mind you, is not always able to take accurate note of time—when the rain ceased, leaving us several hours before night wherein to experience the delights of the steaming process, and attain a not very disagreeable condition of mere humidity.

Tramp, tramp in the mud and rain, onward among the old scenes made so familiar by last August's campaign, with skirmishers in the advance and flankers upon each side of the column

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—a cautious, well-ordered, determined movement forward. We were not dealing with an enemy wanting either courage or skill. Forced back from one outpost after another, those gray-clad pickets retired deliberately; and by audacity and choice of position they compelled us to fight for every half mile gained, making our advance a matter of tedious, wearisome detail.

Several times during the afternoon our advance battery was called into active play to clear the way for the main column, and more than one wounded man passed us, borne to the rear by two or three stern-looking comrades. Every now and then we could hear away off to the right the report of heavy cannonading, and we knew that Thomas and M'Cook were at work likewise. Near the village of Lavergne, midway between Nashville and Murfreesborough, we came upon a strong body of rebels, well posted in a wood, with the support of artillery, and evidently disposed to offer a determined resistance. It was already late in the afternoon; a lively exchange of shot and shell, followed by a successful charge made by one of the brigades upon our right, and our day's work was done. Filing off through the fields to our left into a wood of low, scraggy cedar, we formed in line of battle, stacked arms, and began our dispositions for the night.

"Water, water every where"—every where but here, where we most needed it. I was twenty minutes in finding a little shallow pool of rain-water, whence I filled the three canteens slung over my shoulder and my quart cup besides, and started back. Suddenly, from the darkness before me, the challenge—

"Halt! who goes there?"

It proved to be a picket from my own regiment, and I was allowed to pass on—not without devout thankfulness that my explorations, innocently extended a quarter of a mile in advance of our picket lines, had not ended in a rueful acquaintance with the interior of some Southern dungeon.

Fires in double or treble rows were already flaring and crackling all up and down our lines, and the preparation for supper was soon completed. Our haversacks, of course, supplied both materials and utensils for cooking. Coffee was speedily made in our tin cups; a slice of pork transfixed on a sharpened stick or ramrod, and held before the flames, formed the body of the feast, and with the addition of the inevitable "cracker," all things were ready. We had earned the appetite to enjoy it, and we did. Then came the night's bivouac. Tents had been left back at Nashville, and knapsacks, but there was no scarcity of blankets and great-coats; so that, though a drizzling rain came up again about midnight, Davy and I at least—blanket-fellows for many months—slept beside a blazing fire right royally.

The morning was dismal enough, with a raw, chill fog enveloping every thing, the trees slowly dripping, and a light rain still falling. A hurried breakfast and rolling up of blankets, a careful inspection and wiping out of our Enfields, and we were ready again for work. The task, however, of clearing our front and occupying Lavergne fell to the troops upon our right; and it was ten o'clock before our brigade was again fairly on the march in a cold, driving rain that beat right in our faces.

Lavergne was a mass of ruins. Half a dozen of the smaller houses still remained; blackened chimneys standing lone and desolate above gray beds of ashes—significant monuments of the folly and crime of rebellion—told the fate of the rest. It was a pitiful exhibition of the devastations of war; the waste and ruin that come with the mere presence of an army, whether of friend or foe. Much of this general destruction was the work of a reconnoitring expedition pushed out from Nashville several weeks previous; but a rebel occupancy of nearly four months had likewise left its traces on every side in the spoil of fences, mutilated shrubbery, fields and gardens overrun and trampled down, and the unseemly heaps of worthless rubbish and miscellaneous *débris* that an abandoned camp always shows. There were signs, too, of our own work here—dead horses by the road-side, buildings with great holes gaping in their sides where our shells had come crashing through, trees splintered and torn, and bullet marks in abundance. A little one-story frame structure on the left, near the railroad crossing, must have been an especial target for our sharp-shooters, for one side of it was completely riddled. I noticed it particularly, because here was the terminus of the telegraph line communicating with head-quarters at Murfreesborough, and in at one of the open windows the wires were still extending.

Rain, rain, rain—would it *never* cease raining? Plash, plash through the mud, occasionally a halt—worse always than the march—now and then a shot or two ahead; and so, enlivened only with disjointed speculations upon the chances for "a fight at Murfreesborough," the day wore on. Our cavalry were doing good service in clearing the advance and scouring the woods upon each flank, and several times during the day disconsolate-looking prisoners were marched past us under guard on their way to the rear, probably to Nashville.

Toward evening the sun came out through the mists of the western horizon, and beaming upon us a faint, sickly smile, sank away out of sight. We turned off to the right, and straggling along up through a wood full of underbrush and fallen timber for half a mile or so, rested this second night nine miles from Murfreesborough. Our company was ordered out on picket. A dark, chilly night, but without rain; and so, sleeping at the reserve post as we all did, except for a single "relief" of an hour and a half, with a bed of corn blades underneath and a well-fed fire at our feet, it was not difficult to make out the night quite comfortably.

Next day was Sunday. A beautiful, bright, quiet Sabbath morning. Following two such days of amphibious life, how delightful it seemed!

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Here we lay all day, busy in the forenoon in distributing rations brought up from the provision train by a special detail, and in putting our arms and equipments into prime working condition again; in the afternoon basking in the pleasant sunshine, and strolling forward occasionally to the crest of the low sweep of ridge-land just ahead, where a line of outposts had been established when we were relieved in the morning. Rebel pickets were in plain sight across the meadows and corn-fields, the more daring, indeed, within good rifle-range, so as to afford just enough of desultory skirmishing to make the work mutually piquant and entertaining. About sundown our line was skillfully pushed forward, and a small creek half a mile from the camping-place of our regiment that night separated the hostile pickets.

A bright frosty morning next day, growing warm and hazy as the sun mounted in the east, and under foot muddy enough. Cannonading and skirmishing, of course, preliminary to the march.

By nine o'clock we were moving again. Across the fields, over fences, through thickets, and woods, and jungles of weeds innumerable, only at intervals catching a glimpse of the turnpike off to our left, along which the main body was easily advancing, wading creeks, pressing forward in little enough of order at times, yet the best that was possible, seven good miles by the road, and by our route doubtless something more. Our enemy did his work well, and so did we. Upon their side a resolute stand, only to be as spiritedly borne down by ours. Skirmishing almost constantly, gallant advances and steady falling back—altogether it was a day of lively work and excitement. Almost too lively, too exciting, some of us began to think when about noon a shell came whiz-z-zing between two files in one of our rear companies, and buried itself in the dirt a half dozen yards to our right, fortunately without exploding.

The sun was low in the west when we halted, a little more than two miles from Murfreesborough. Few of us suspected the truth; we were already on what was to be the battle-ground of Stone River. We were content to rest here for the night; and while the twilight faded away our mess sat around its bivouac fire discussing at once the incidents of the day, the probabilities of the morrow, and our suppers.

"Fall in, Company B! fall in!"

There was no time for inquiry. We swallowed our coffee or threw it away if too warm for that, and swinging on our equipments formed in line, ready—for what? Nobody knew; but presently the word was passed down the line that we were to go on into Murfreesborough that night. Noiselessly as possible we moved forward to the edge of the woods, a piece of level, grassy ground almost cleared of trees, and waited till the hours wore far toward midnight. At last permission came to bivouac where we lay.

I must confess that those were anxious hours for me. Our outmost line of pickets was not three hundred yards in advance, and twice that distance, we had good reason to believe, would bring us full upon a strong picket force of the enemy—how strong it was impossible to determine. There were rebel camps, too, certainly within a mile. We could see the light of their fires along what must have been a line of considerable length, and stepping off a few rods to the right could catch shouts and halloos occasionally, borne upon the breezes swelling from the southward, and the busy hum of a distant multitude. Away from beyond these came the rumbling of cars upon the railroad track, the whistle and the low *whoop-oop* of locomotives, and the incessant puff, puff of steam works of some kind, doubtless in Murfreesborough. Every thing in that direction gave token of life and activity. A surprise was not to be thought of. And then the uncertainties, the dim horrors, the possible ambuscades, the darkness and the confusion of a night attack. It was a prospect that I shrank from. To this day I do not know whether such an idea was ever really entertained by our commanders; only I say, God help us, had we attempted to occupy Murfreesborough *that* night, Big Bethel would have been innocent pastime in the comparison.

A quiet night after all. The wind rose a little by-and-by, and before midnight it was raining again. Davy and I slept under a stout, bushy little oak, whose leaves, all withered and dead as they were, still clung to their native twigs, and even at this dead of winter sheltered us materially.

Daylight came at last, stealing feebly through the clouds. Our officers roused us. A raw, disagreeable morning, and, worst of all, I had not time to make coffee when we were called into line, and moved forward into the cotton-field between our bivouac and the advanced line of picket skirmishers whom we were to support and relieve.

Ever since the peep of day these had been popping away from behind their rail-fence with a harmless industry quite admirable, and being popped away at in return, with equally innocent results, from behind the railroad embankment just ahead of them. By-and-by, however, the sport grew more dangerous; our regiment had two or three wounded at it during the day, besides three or four more struck, as we lay there in line, by spent balls that came buzzing about our heads and buried themselves in the earth all around us. We gave them a careless, matter-of-course sort of reception that I am sure was quite creditable to our reputation as veterans. But when, late in the afternoon, some of the enemy's guns, transferring their attentions from a battery of the Fourth Regular Artillery which was attached to our brigade, began playing upon us, what a hugging of old dirty, damp Mother Earth there was! Their pieces must have been in beautifully commanding range of us, and it was fortunate that their aim was uniformly too high. We could see their quick bursts of flame, usually two at once, away over

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on an elevation against our left, and had ample time to throw ourselves on the ground before the report and the whistling of the shells overhead reached us almost together. Most of these shells fell in the woods behind us; but beyond smashing up a single wagon that had been pushed forward with either ammunition or provisions there was, I believe, no damage done any where. It did not last long, however. Several of our batteries had been firing briskly at intervals throughout the day, and three of them quickly opening again in return of these latest compliments, our persecutors were glad to retire.

Off to the right there was still heavier work. It could not have been more than half a mile distant, though hidden completely by an intervening corner of the woods, whence it came swelling sometimes into a genuine roar of battle that reminded us vividly of that second day at Shiloh. Rumors toward evening began to fly thick and fast. The fighting on our right was the repulse of successive charges of the enemy upon one of our batteries, or it was the protection of our workmen, who were clearing a road for our artillery through the woods to a point commanding Murfreesborough itself; again it was only a resolute advance of our skirmishers in the face of a heavy fire. As to the disposition of our forces and the plans of our commanders, every body had heard a score of statements, alike only in their positiveness, not one of which any body more than half believed, except the lone fact, to which they all seemed to bear certain testimony, that the corps of M'Cook and Thomas had marched across from the direction of Franklin and Nolensville, and were taking position immediately on our right. This was the one grain of reliable truth in a wonderful mass of exaggeration and pure invention.

As rumors multiplied speculation of course grew more active. Should we have a battle here on the morrow, or would not the next morning find us in peaceful occupation of Murfreesborough, with Bragg in headlong retreat southward—somewhere? I have noticed among old troops a growing disbelief in the probabilities of actual conflict, an almost unconscious, instinctive sort of skepticism as to the imminence of battle; at least this was true of our army. It was hardly to be wondered at in troops who had seen the laborious siege of Corinth ended by a peaceful evacuation; and whose experience in a subsequent campaign of toil and privation, in Kentucky and Tennessee, was little more than a constant repetition of decisive opportunities thrown away before their eyes by opposing commanders. And so, although there was an always present consciousness that it *might* come at any moment, few of our regiment, I think, really believed the stern trial by battle so near at hand.

The day continued to grow colder hourly. About noon there were two or three little rain-gusts blown down to us from out great heavy masses of clearly-outlined, wintry-looking clouds rolling up from the west like great billows; then the sun looked out upon us once or twice cold and cheerless; the wind blowing bleak from the northwest, rose almost to a gale, and the day left us out in that unsheltered cotton-field dreary and comfortless enough. There was need for the blankets and great-coats which had hitherto been almost as much burden as service, and fires were fed with a disregard of the price per hundred of fence-rails that partook of the magnificent. Happy was he on this evening who could find a seat or a place to lie down before the blaze, neither windward nor leeward exactly, but just between the two—where was enough of the fire's generous glow without any of its smoke and sparks.

The night was passing, and despairing of our promised relief by another brigade, I gathered a great heap of cotton stalks for a bed, and wrapping up in my blankets, with my feet thrust almost into the fire, essayed to sleep. Perhaps I should have succeeded in time, when I had grown accustomed to the whistling of that cutting night-wind about my head; but a comrade shortly called to me, with the welcome intelligence that our relief was coming at last, and we were speedily marched back to the woods for the night.

Davy, as our senior corporal and *ex officio* chief of mess, quickly seized upon a good stout log whereat to kindle a fire; and we soon had one burning and blazing thirty feet long, upon each side of which we ranged, and sat, each upon his own outspread blanket, enjoying it. Ah! that seems a pleasant night to me now, as I look longingly, yet sadly, back to that scene around our bivouac fire, the last that our mess ever gathered around. Two of our little party of thirteen, by another night's bivouac, were quietly sleeping the sleep that knows no waking, and six more lay wounded on the battle-field, or, more fortunately, in the shelter of a hospital-tent.

The dawn broke in the east by-and-by, and we were stirring again. It was the morning of Wednesday, December 31, 1862. There was little firing directly in our front this morning, but there was no mistaking the ominous signs of preparation visible on every hand; and when sixty rounds of cartridges had been distributed to each, and a special detail told off to bear away the wounded, we felt that it meant battle.

It must have been about the time that the sun was rising, though we could not see it for the clouds and fog, when a fierce, irregular cannonading broke forth away off to our right, the sharp, rattling fire of still distant musketry filling every short interval. It was the attack of Hardee's rebel corps upon our right. Sitting beside our smouldering fires we waited and listened, as those sounds of conflict gradually grew nearer, till the sun broke through the lingering damp and murk, and came out, bright and gladsome, high up in the eastern sky. At last we formed; then a countermarch in the entanglements of that cedar thicket; and at "rest" we waited again.

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Presently Rousseau's division came marching slowly by to its position, a little in advance, just to our right. Other troops were in motion every where. We could hear their cheers swelling up from our left and far back to the rear, as the battle-order, dated that very morning "Before Murfreesborough, Tennessee," was read at the head of each regiment—a grand and fitting prelude, it struck me then, to the scenes before us—penned, doubtless, by the lamented Garesché, who fell a few hours later, one of that day's most illustrious victims.

Meantime the storm of battle bore steadily toward us. *This* is the time for one to think and feel, before the battle, when you can see those waves of death come rolling on, wild and wrathful, and knowing the while that you must soon be the rock upon which they must beat, have only to stand and passively await the shock. But at no time this morning was there much outward manifestation of feeling. Men clustered around little fires quickly kindled—for the air in those woods was still keen and frosty—and smoked and talked discursively of the sunshine and the day's events and prospects; and I remember seeing two or three sitting apart intently perusing stray copies of some late newspaper; but there was little levity, and a settled expression, as of one who goes to meet a great responsibility, rested upon almost every face.

Perhaps a half hour thus. Then we marched out into the corn-field to the left, and somewhat to the rear of that cedar thicket; and there, while we waited for a brigade of Regulars that brought up the rear of Rousseau's division to move forward and give us the clear field for manœuvring, had ample time for a comprehensive glance at the shifting panorama around us. The timber we had just left shut us in on the front; but the open fields behind us, and the turnpike all along as far back as we could see it, were checkered with dark, moving masses of blue uniforms—here lost in the shadows of a wood, there emerging again, in a little disorder, perhaps, but at this distance not discernible—now a brief halt, then onward once more—sometimes by a flank, sometimes in line—but, in the main, all moving forward toward us.

Of all those thousands there was need, too, of every man. Our right, surprised and overpowered, had been forced back in disorder; and Rosecrans, compelled to abandon his matured plans for attack, was already making rapid dispositions for mere defense. We did not know the half of the perils that this morning's disasters had heaped around the Army of the Cumberland; yet there was enough about us to show unmistakably that it was no longer acting upon the aggressive. Rumor was not prolific, indeed; but worse than that, it was constantly, consistently unfavorable; and the confirmatory evidences of our eyes were scarcely better. All along our left front there was animated skirmish-fighting; upon our side, certainly, not an advance. Wounded men were coming in from the woods before us, with uniforms torn and bloody, and that peculiarly ghastly expression of countenance that characterizes the sufferers on a battle-field; and the crash of musketry in the direction whence they came was growing perceptibly louder and nearer almost every minute.

Yet I hardly thought that our turn had come so soon, when, changing front by a rapid movement on our left, "Forward!" rang down the line, and the regiment swept up to the cedar wood, into it, and though for the moment much broken by the undergrowth, fallen logs, and great protruding boulders, forward still for perhaps two hundred yards. The line in advance of us, a brigade that had passed us only a few minutes before, had been crushed and beaten back, and were drifting toward us in utter confusion. Organization and discipline were forgotten; they were fleeing for their lives. Yet there were some courageous hearts that rallied again as they reached our line, and fought there with us nobly. A sudden halt, a hurried alignment, such as a body of old troops comes to make almost instinctively, and then I noticed that our field-officers had dismounted and were commanding on foot. Company "B," of course, held the regiment's extreme left, and I, in my place, "at the head of the second platoon," had not yet caught a single command, when crash burst a volley from our right wing and was swiftly carried down the line, and almost before I had time to comprehend its meaning, the rebel bullets were hissing all about us. We were in action.

I despair of any adequate description of battle. It is one of those things that utterly refuse the investiture of language. One may give his hours unceasingly to the study of battle stories, and at last have no knowledge of its actual realities.

I only know that it was terribly deadly earnest work. There was excitement of course, but every man seemed to understand his duty and know exactly how to do it. I never had more perfect or readier command of every faculty in my life. All thought of personal danger was over with the firing of the first shot. There was no time for fear. Every power of body and mind was bent to the work; every eye strained forward on that line of dingy gray, with its banner, broad barred and faded, flaunting defiantly in the centre; wavering, reeling almost, checked completely, as the full weight of our fire first poured into their ranks; then, as it seemed, gathering strength from desperation, and pressing steadily toward us. Their formation was not our thin, almost unsupported line; regiment followed regiment, in deep, massive columns of attack, that forced their way forward with a momentum all but irresistible.

I fired but three times altogether. Oh that horrible tempest of fire in those few moments! Then the incessant din of musketry, the ringings in one's ears, the smell and the smoke of gunpowder, the defiant cheers, the intensity of intellection, the desperation even at last! I had

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just discharged my second shot, this time upon one knee, taking low and deliberate aim, when I heard a call from behind. It was our little Second Lieutenant, soldier true and tried, who, mounted upon a boulder and bending slightly forward, was looking over our heads toward the rebel line, now not three hundred yards distant.

"*Fire, boys, fire! They are advancing!*"

To my dying day I shall never forget the expression of that face, so fearful in its intensity, and the concentration of every emotion in the one dreadful idea of possible defeat. I reloaded and fired again. Just then I caught a glimpse through the trees of another line of dusky uniforms advancing toward our left. Five minutes more, and without support, we should be outflanked. It flashed upon me like lightning. At that moment a whistling volley of bullets came over from that new enemy, and for me the battle was over.

I remember no acute sensation of pain, not even any distinct shock, only an instantaneous consciousness of having been struck; then my breath came hard and labored, with a croup-like sound, and with a dull, aching feeling in my right shoulder, my arm fell powerless at my side, and the Enfield dropped from my grasp. I threw my left hand up to my throat and withdrew it covered with the warm, bright-red blood. The end had come at last! But, thank God, it was death in battle. Only let me get back out of that deathly storm and breathe away the few minutes that were left me of life in some place of comparative rest and security. It all rushed through my mind in an instant. I turned and staggered away to the rear. A comrade brushed by me shot through the hand, who a moment before was firing away close at my side. I saw feeble reinforcements moving up, and I recollect a thrill of joy even then, as I thought that the tide of battle might yet be turned and those rebel masses beaten back, broken, foiled, disheartened.

But *my* work was done. I was growing faint and weak, although not yet half-way out of range of fire. A narrow space between two massive boulders, over which rested lengthwise the trunk of a fallen tree, offered refuge and hope of safety from further danger. I crawled into it and lay down to die. I counted the minutes before I must bleed to death. I had no more hope of seeing the new year on the morrow than I now have of outliving the next century. Thank God, death did not seem so dreadful, now that it was come. And then the sacrifice was not all in vain, falling thus in God's own holy cause of Freedom. But home and friends! Oh the rush of thought then.

Let the veil be drawn here. The temple of memory has its Holy Place, into which only one's own soul may, once in a great season, solemnly enter.

The battle still raged. Only a little while longer. Then the firing slackened and ceased, and I knew that one side must have given back in rapid retreat. But which? I was lying a little off to the left of our direction of advance, so that I had seen nothing except only once or twice a wounded man going to the rear, and could only take counsel of Hope. Then close upon my right, though I still could not see them, the sound of men marching, with shouts and cheers and the confused clamor of a multitude of voices all talking at once. It was the rebel host rejoicing over victory.

What followed I could only conjecture. Since then I have heard the whole story. Our regiment had held them until overpowered and well-nigh surrounded, giving, meantime, many precious minutes to our batteries to take position; and when presently they came, eager and confident, sweeping on out of the woods, across the corn and cotton fields, upon our shattered lines, they met a storm of missiles—shot and shell, grape and canister, and swarms of rifle-balls—that speedily sent them in fragmentary masses back through the woods whence they came.

And so I lay there, with my head pillowed on my blanket, while the battle swelled again around and over me—bullets glancing from the sides of stone that sheltered me, or sinking into the log above me, and shot and shell crashing through the tree-tops and falling all about me. Two shells, I remember, struck scarcely ten feet from me, and in their explosion covered me with dirt and splinters; but that was all. Still I lived on. I smile now as I think of it, how I kept raising my left hand to see if the finger-nails were growing white and purple, as they do when one bleeds to death, and wondered to find them still warm and ruddy. Hemorrhage must have ceased almost, and the instincts of existence said, "Live!" Then came the agony of waiting for removal from the field. How I longed and looked for some familiar face, as our men twice charged up into that wood, directly over me; but they belonged to another division, and had other work to do than bearing off the wounded.

But in those intermissions of battle when, for several minutes together, there was scarcely a shot from either side, why was there no help given us? Where was the ambulance detail of my own regiment, that was made only this morning? Perhaps assistance *was* near, but I, lying off there alone and thus hidden away, might be overlooked. In my blouse pocket was a new knit sleeping-cap, sole luxury of my camp-life, sent a month before from home. I drew it out, not without some difficulty, and, elevating it on a stick, began waving it vigorously. But there was no one to heed the signal, and by-and-by I gave it up in despair.

I had lain down upon my outspread rubber blanket with my overcoat on, in the same dress and equipment with which we had gone into action; but the afternoon sun was losing its power, and I began to feel cold and miserable. Presently there was another lull at our part of the line, as the battle surged away off along the left, and I resolved to make one desperate effort to reach the rear. Twice I fell back, unable to rise; but the third attempt was successful. To

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my astonishment, I found myself able to walk without much difficulty; but I had no strength to lavish unnecessarily, and reluctantly leaving my blanket, my haversack, and canteen, as a prize for some fortunate rebel, I wandered away back toward our lines. Across those corn and cotton fields again, now strewn with the dead and wounded—our own blue and the rebel gray mingled together—heedless alike of the piteous calls and prayers from every side for the assistance I could not give, and of the perils of shot and shell whistling past me; and at last I reached the turnpike, faint and exhausted. A little further down I came to a little, low log-cabin, with its strip of red flannel fluttering before it to indicate its present use, its two small rooms crowded hours before with the wounded and dying, and scores more sitting or lying around smoking fires on the outside. Ambulances were coming and going, freighted with their precious burden of maimed and helpless humanity; and still the wounded were accumulating constantly.

I remember the almost hopeless weariness with which I sat down before the fire to wait my turn for removal, when a familiar voice called me. It was one of my own company, who had escaped this morning's ordeal of fire by a fortunate detail a few weeks before on the "Pioneer Corps," and whose kindness to me in this hour shall have an abiding place in my remembrance. He took off my cartridge-box, of which I had in vain tried to unburden myself, cleared for me a better place by the fire, rolled up a barrel for me to rest against, and as soon as possible procured me a seat in an ambulance; then, with such feeble thanks as I had strength to give him, we were driven off.

The road was blockaded with troops and confused masses of artillery, ammunition trains, and ambulances; and stragglers, singly or in fragmentary squads, skulked about every where. The afternoon was waning fast, when we finally reached the field-hospital of our division, which had been established the day before about five miles back from Murfreesborough. It was a motley collection of tents—hospital, Sibley, wall, bell, flies, any thing, indeed, that could be found and made to afford shelter—pitched in a promiscuous heap in a large, open meadow, sloping up from the turnpike off to the left. No one could direct us to the hospital of the Sixth Ohio, and I was little able to go farther; so a place was presently made for me among our comrades of the Ninetieth, where I found needful care and rest at last.

In kind, skillful, tenderest hands, Reader, though strangers all, I felt that I was among friends at once. Perhaps, though you can not have portion in the gratitude that wells up in my soul while I recall their unwearied ministries, you will yet share in my confidence as I end here the story of my part "in the Ranks," and may not be unwilling to listen to a few words from me about my experiences "in the Hospital after Stone River."

A WOMAN'S WAITING.

UNDER the apple-tree blossoms, in May,
We sat and watched as the sun went down;
Behind us the road stretched back to the east,
On, through the meadows, to Danbury town.

Silent we sat, for our hearts were full,
Silently watched the reddening sky,
And saw the clouds across the west
Like the phantoms of ships sail silently.

Robert had come with a story to tell,
I knew it before he had said a word—
It looked from his eye, and it shadowed his face—
He was going to march with the Twenty-third.

We had been neighbors from childhood up—
Gone to school by the self-same way,
Climbed the same steep woodland paths,
Knelt in the same old church to pray.

We had wandered together, boy and girl,
Where wild flowers grew and wild grapes hung;
Tasted the sweetness of summer days
When hearts are true, and life is young.

But never a love-word had crossed his lips,
Never a hint of pledge or vow,
Until, as the sun went down that night,
His tremulous kisses touched my brow.

"Jenny," he said, "I've a work to do
For God and my country and the right—
True hearts, strong arms, are needed now,
I dare not stay away from the fight.

"Will you give me a pledge to cheer me on—
A hope to look forward to by-and-by?
Will you wait for me, Jenny, till I come back?"
"I will wait," I answered, "until I die."

The May moon rose as we walked that night
Back through the meadows to Danbury town,
And one star rose and shone by her side—
Calmly and sweetly they both looked down.

The scent of blossoms was in the air,
The sky was blue and the eve was bright,
And Robert said, as he walked by my side,
"Old Danbury town is fair to-night.

"I shall think of it, Jenny, when far away,
Placid and still 'neath the moon as now—
I shall see it, darling, in many a dream,
And you with the moonlight on your brow."

No matter what else were his parting words—
They are mine to treasure until I die,
With the clinging kisses and lingering looks,
The tender pain of that fond good-by.

I did not weep—I tried to be brave—
I watched him until he was out of sight—
Then suddenly all the world grew dark,
And I was blind in the bright May night.

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Blind and helpless I slid to the ground
And lay with the night-dews on my hair,
Till the moon was down, and the dawn was up,
And the fresh May morn rose clear and fair.

He was taken and I was left—
Left to wait and to watch and pray—
Till there came a message over the wires,
Chilling the air of the August day.

Killed in a skirmish eight or ten—
Wounded and helpless as many more—
All of them our Connecticut men—
From the little town of Danbury, four.

But I only saw a single name—
Of one who was all the world to me:
I promised to wait for him till I died—
O God, O Heaven, how long will it be?

THE RELIGIOUS LIFE OF THE NEGRO SLAVE.

Third Paper.

IN all instances which I remember to have noticed with reference to such fact, I have found among the religious slaves of the South traces, more or less distinct, of a blending of superstition and fetichism, modifying their impressions of Christianity. These traces become much more definite and tangible in proportion as the direct line of the slave's descent can be traced backward to the pure African stock, and diminish rapidly as the mulatto element prevails. I have selected the subjects of the sketches in this paper as illustrations of the different forms which this element of the slave's religious life assumes. And as these subjects were aged negroes, and possessed of a full share of the intelligence common to their class; and as, moreover, they had enjoyed from early youth the usual advantages of religious culture, they may be considered as presenting the fairest illustrations of this peculiarity.

AUNT SARAH IN THE "MAZES."

One of the most sensible, reliable, and obedient servants that I ever had was Aunt Sarah. She was for many years our favorite "house-servant"—sometimes housekeeper, sometimes nurse, sometimes cook; but in all her relations kind, gentle, and thoughtful.

When Sarah first became a member of our family she was about forty-five years old, and was, as she declared, "done past bein' foolish." She stood high in her own estimation, and was proud of possessing a superabundance of "real white-folks sense." She had very little charity for the follies of "dem young niggers;" and none at all for "de no 'count ways" of some of the other servants in the family. Whatever else she was, she was always serious, earnest, and above "bein' triflin.'" These traits are worthy of notice, because they show that, however they may in some lights appear, yet Sarah's "mazes" were to her very serious realities.

Indeed the history of her life had had a direct tendency to make her sober and thoughtful. Much of it had been a life not only of unrequited toil and hardship, but one of toils endured and hardships experienced almost wholly among strangers. She was a "hired" servant, her master being too poor to keep her at home, and depending upon the "hire" of herself and children for his own support. Her experience of life was not an unusual one among slaves, who often, reared almost in luxury by an indulgent mistress, become at that mistress's death the property of some one of the children or heirs of the estate, who by his idleness and dissipation is reduced to poverty, and even destitution. As the son of her "ole missus" Sarah had some respect for her master; but for his dissipation, and shiftlessness, and neglect of his family, she had no small measure of contempt. And a few months spent after her mistress's death in her new home had so disgusted her that she demanded to be hired out, that she might be "bringin' in somefin to keep up de family." So hired out she was, often amidst the brutal and driving "white trash," who kept her in rags and hunger, while her hire was paid yearly to her master—and expended, not for the family, but in the indulgence of his whisky-drinking and petty-gambling propensities. Thus for fifteen years had Sarah—now become "old Sarah," and thus entitled to the universal cognomen of "Auntie"—been drinking, in the bitterness of her life-experiences, those draughts of sorrow which had produced in their effects the matured growth and ripened sedateness of her character.

It was a bright day in her calendar and in ours when she first came to live with us. It was at the close of the Christmas holidays, the season for all yearly "hirings." I had never seen Sarah, but had heard of her good qualities, and had taken a long lease of her on the strength of her reputation. The last day of the Chrismas had come, and with it was to come our acquisition. We were in great expectancy, and were discussing probabilities and possibilities concerning her, when the door opened, and, with a low courtesy, she stood before us.

"Your sarvant, massa; your sarvant, missus."

Then a pause, and the hands meekly folded before her. She was as black as ebony, very short, very angular; dressed in yellow stripes, and with an enormous head-handkerchief and heavy plantation shoes. Altogether she was not imposing, but her countenance was expressive of energy, and she looked smart, good, amiable, and cheerful, and we were satisfied. Little did we then conceive of even the half of the qualities and virtues which were enshrined in that wiry, hardened form, and which were at our sole disposal by reason of the fifty dollars to be annually paid her drunken master. What we especially wish our readers to understand from our introduction of Sarah thus is that she was not, and from the circumstances could not have been, a romantic or sentimental creature, full of

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fancies and vagaries, and artfully seeking to impose her visions and dreams upon more simple and credulous people. Such a physiological embodiment as hers never developed much fancy, and such a life-history of toils and hardening processes would have effectually eliminated any tendencies to cultivate the romantic, had her nature been by any possibility receptive. Her face was altogether honest, with its deeply-marked lines of suffering; and her whole expression clearly evinced those plain, practical, sensible qualities which had gained her so good a reputation.

And yet she was given to what she called her "Mazes." Of these she had, to our knowledge, three distinct attacks during a period of two years, and then they passed away with her "conversion." Those who are learned in psychological analysis, and in spiritual manifestations, may define symptomatically their characteristics, and explain them with technical theological accuracy. I shall only give the facts as they at the time awakened my astonishment by their suddenness, and by the wholly inexplicable manner in which they came and departed.

Maze Number One was a night scene, and was altogether frightful and even appalling. It occurred at midnight; and to understand the suddenness and startling character of the incident, as far as it affected ourselves, one must first understand something of that part of Southern domestic economy which relates to servants' "quarters." These are at some little distance from the mansion of the white family, and to them the house-servants are expected to retire after the labors of the day are concluded. They are the negroes' home-sanctuaries, and afford them greater or less opportunities for retirement and the performance of their own immediate domestic avocations. Here is garnered their humble wealth, consisting in part of a rough bedstead, and a bed filled with refuse chicken-feathers. This latter article forms no small item in the inventory of the slave's personal property; and if not composed of merchantable live-feathers, is generally so full of a certain unfeathered life that its banishment from the mansion is dictated by a thoughtful regard for the undisturbed comfort of the white family. Aunt Sarah, in her domestic tastes, formed no exception to the customs of her race, and was generally found after dark in her cabin; unless, perhaps, there were cases of sickness, when she would sleep upon a blanket on the floor by the bed of the patient to whom she was ministering.

It was also the usual summer custom in the country village where we were living to sleep with unbolted doors and open windows, wholly unapprehensive of burglars and all night-walking gentry. This feature of Arcadian simplicity was rendered tolerable by the vigilance of the neighborhood patrol, composed of slave-owning white citizens. These were formed into regular companies; and in squads of half a dozen or more, under the command of a captain, performed in regular course their weekly services, arresting and whipping all such perambulating darkeys as, without "passes" from their owners, were sky-larking and chicken-stealing around the neighborhood. Not having the fear of "mazes" before our eyes, we had never experienced the necessity of being more careful with our doors than were our neighbors, until Maze Number One taught us greater caution.

This occurred, as we have said, at midnight. We were slumbering in all the serene and blissful obliviousness which "tired Nature's sweet restorer" sheds down upon innocent mortals, when we were startled from our slumbers by the most dismal shrieks and howls which ever made night hideous: short, quick, hound-like yelpings, subsiding into the deepest, hollowest, most agonizing groans ever vented by tortured humanity. Before I could tear myself from the hold of my terror-stricken wife the door was burst open, and in rushed Aunt Sarah with the wildest horror depicted upon her countenance. I had never before seen her without her head-dress, and if each individual hair was not on end the tight twists of tangled wool certainly were "like quills upon the fretful porcupine." Her eyes, expanded and glassy, seemed wildly starting from their sockets; and her hands were spread out before her as if deprecating the approach of some fearful vision. There was, moreover, perceptible in the moonlight a peculiarly pallid, lifeless hue cast over her bloodless countenance, not exactly a paleness, but a lustreless, wooden-like appearance, appalling and even sickening to witness. After standing thus a moment with arms extended, and every muscle strained to a statue-like rigidity, she suddenly uttered a shriek, and turning slowly around fell prone upon the floor; arms still outspread, and eyes retaining their glassy, wild, vacant expression. Then succeeded most dreadful groans, the intervals between which were filled with desponding, heart-rending ejaculations.

"O Lord, I'm damned! O master, I'm in hell! O Jesus, do save me! *I'm in hell!* I'M IN HELL! O Jesus, *do* save me!"

And this with a depth of energy and hoarseness of utterance the very embodiment of woe. I shall never forget that night's spectacle, nor the unavailing efforts to rouse the poor creature from her seeming trance, and convince her that she was still upon earth. "Oh, my sins! O *Jesus*, I'm in hell! O *master*, I'm damned!" were all the responses which the most assiduous kindness could wring from her. And thus for half an hour she continued, bathed in a cold sweat, and with pulse scarcely perceptible, until at last her agony ceased from utter prostration. Then, in a half-bewildered state, she rose and went to her cabin, leaving impressed upon our minds in vivid imagery a scene so full of horror and utter abjectness that the morning dawned before we again lost consciousness in slumber.

The next morning Sarah came as usual to bring us fresh water, and perform her accustomed services of attendance upon her mistress. In reply to the questions concerning her night ad-

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venture she quickly said she was "in a maze," and seemed to consider the event rather creditable than deplorable. Her appearance gave no index of any unusual emotion having shaken her; and she manifested no regret for the occurrence, nor ever intimated that she dreaded a renewal of her vision. She was simply "in a maze, missus," leaving the impression upon our minds that though mazes might be very mysterious to us, yet she was perfectly familiar with all such little coincidences. This was Maze Number One, and in its character assimilated to the marvelous and horrible.

Maze Number Two was nipped in the bud, and became simply ridiculous. This occurred nearly a year afterward, and when we had removed to another locality. During this interval Sarah had given no indication of any special spiritualistic tendencies. By the utmost cheerfulness of disposition and unselfish devotion to our interests she had deeply ingratiated herself in the affections of her new master and mistress. To the children she had become a second mother, and the little ones preferred her society and ministrations to those of their own mother, who, being an invalid, had been obliged to relinquish them almost wholly to their sable attendant. Indeed, we had so long since ceased to regard that "maze" as any thing else but a fearful vision of the past, that, when referring to it, we were more than ever puzzled to account for its singular phenomena. So quiet! so sensible! so undemonstrative! how had good old Sarah ever been the subject of such a vagary? And as if more thoroughly to confuse all our reasonings upon the subject, this second maze came in broad daylight. It was then no somnambulistic feat, growing out of disordered digestion or incipient dyspepsia. The physical theorists upon the subject were nonplused. It was only what old Sarah had termed it—"a maze;" and so far it was but some unknown, undescribed spiritualistic manifestation, called into activity by something like an overwhelming conviction of her innate and persistent wickedness. And then this second maze certainly was unlike the first; but inasmuch as it never fully developed itself, it could not be rigidly analyzed and classed as a perfected phenomenon. Still, as Sarah called this also a "maze," it must, in her opinion at least, have belonged to a category similar to that of the former. As before, we shall give but the facts, leaving the more philosophical among our readers to locate and classify them as they may deem most satisfactory to themselves.

This maze occurred on Sunday morning. Sarah as usual had performed her weekly tasks, and as Sunday was a day of cheerful rest with her, we were the more surprised at the gloom and despondency which were plainly evinced during the early morning. It was Sarah's special pride upon important occasions to join the younger house-girls who waited in the dining-room, and at such times to confine her personal services at the table to master and mistress. Every Sunday was a kind of holiday, and, dressed in her best for the occasion, she had, as usual, this morning placed herself at mistress's chair, as a special servant. During the breakfast she seemed unusually serious, and before its completion suddenly left the table and retired to her own cabin. Some two hours afterward, as the family were about leaving for church, Sarah was summoned that she might receive from her mistress the keys, which conveyed the formal surrender of house, store-rooms, children, and premises in general into her faithful guardianship. But no Sarah was to be found. Her bell was loudly rung, and her name called by officious little darkeys in every key-note of piping childhood, still there was no response: what could it mean? was she sick? or had she herself gone to church in some sudden, unannounced, and unpermitted manner?

Supposing the former of these possibilities the probable one, I started for Sarah's cabin, and entered the door upon my mission of investigation. A glance was sufficient. She stood erect in her cabin, the same rigidity of feature, the same staring, glassy eyes and bloodless countenance—she was again in a "maze;" but not of that utterly wretched and demoniacal kind which had characterized her former night-vision. She seemed utterly regardless of my presence, and would not reply to my inquiries, and not until I had taken hold of her, and turned her completely round, rather suddenly, did she manifest any appreciation of my attentions. The whirl which I had given her had brought her right-about-face full fronting the door of her cabin. This opened into the yard, beyond which was a larger yard opening into a beautiful oak grove of several acres. This grove was at times a favorite resort of Sarah's, and she frequently spent an hour or more with our little babe in her arms, walking, meditating, and singing religious hymns to her protégé.

Whether the sudden confronting of this shady retreat awakened peculiar religious associations and remembrances no one can tell; but the sight of it seemed to have a very moving effect upon Sarah. Gazing forward with a far-reaching, glaring vision, she commenced, slowly raising her hands and bringing the palms gently together, ejaculating, "O Jesus! O Jesus! O Jesus!" the repetitions increasing in quickness with each utterance. When she had thus reached the climax of rapidity in her ejaculations, she suddenly clapped her hands above her head with great violence, and with a loud shout of "O Jesus!" and a high leap from the door-step of the cabin, she broke for the grove, hands clapping and shouts meanwhile continuing.

Anticipating some such episode, I had placed myself a short distance from her cabin, so that she could pass through the gate but by coming within my reach; and I thought I had better arrest her. My first pass caught her turban, which most faithlessly gave way and exposed her mass of peculiar head-tangles, usually so carefully covered. The second gathered the

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wool itself, which furnished one of the finest holds possible for retaining an escaping fugitive. After two or three desperate leaps, made with maddened energy, the poor creature finding herself firmly held, dropped suddenly upon her knees, and lifted up her voice in most dismal and far-reaching howlings.

By this time the whole household were gathered upon the back gallery of the mansion, and were looking on in excited wonder. It was, too, the hour for church, and along the sidewalk, in front of the residence, the worshipers were pouring toward the sanctuary. I began to find myself in a quandary. Should I hold on or let go? If the latter, the poor creature might rush maniac-like to the woods and inflict upon herself injury. If I continued, in full view of the passers-by, I, a preacher, would evidently be slandered, and charged with cruelty, and raising an uproar, and committing a serious violation of the Sabbath to the great annoyance of sober-minded church-going citizens. And yet I must do something. Old Sarah was shouting like a maniac.

I had heard of the influence of cold water in hysterical cases, and it suddenly occurred to me that I had better try its virtues in this instance. Calling upon my man-servant, who was wonderingly viewing the scene, I quickly had a bucket of water, fresh from the adjoining well, placed upon the ground before me.

Now commenced the Hydropathic treatment of the mazes; and a more perfect cure was never, probably, more ridiculously effected.

With my right hand firmly entwined in her entangled wool-twists, and the bucket of water resting before her upon the ground, and with her face, which from her low stature was, when kneeling, but about a foot above the bucket, slightly bent over it, I commenced, with my left hand hollowed into an extemporized scoop, my application.

"O Jesus!" shouted old Sarah, with mouth fully extended. And *ker-swash* went a handful of water into the opened orifice.

"O Jesus!" Again *ker-swash* went the water as soon as her mouth was opened. And so on at each howling ejaculation. This was continued until the first bucket of water was exhausted, and the patient had become evidently sobered by the process. Her muscles had relaxed their rigidity, her iris had contracted to its natural dimensions, and I had sufficient assurance from the general quiet and composed condition of the patient that the diagnosis had been correct, and the subject was in a fair way of recovery. While the second bucket of water was being brought there was a partial return of the paroxysms. But this was accompanied by an evident exercise of the reflective faculties, and so far the symptoms were additionally favorable. Sarah had evidently returned from her state of rapt ecstasy, and was conscious of earthly relations and impressions. She now commenced a new order of shoutings, and addressed to her earthly rather than heavenly master.

"Oh, master! is you a *preacher?*"

Ker-swash, as before, went the tranquilizing fluid into the suddenly opened orifice.

"Oh, massa! *is* you a preacher?"

No answer; but the steadily-impelled fluid went into every opening and crevice of her now relaxed countenance, and wherever else the laws of gravity gave it entrance.

"Oh, is *you* a preacher, massa?"

Water as before, and thus on until the second bucket was exhausted. At the approach of the third bucket the patient wholly subsided. A glance at her face was sufficient to convince the most skeptical that the raging demon of her fancy was exorcised. She was calm, placid, and meek-eyed as she had ever been when the troubling spirit was not upon her.

"My dear massa, don't go for trow dat water in my face. What am de matter?"

"Why, Sarah, you are dangerously sick, and I am trying to cure you. Do you know what you have been doing?"

"No, massa; I only knows dat I had a maze, an' when I comes to I all wet wid de water."

"Well, if you feel better, go change your dress, and go in to your mistress."

"Yes, massa, I be dere d'rectly."

And sure enough, with her face much brighter for the washing it had received, and beaming with smiles and joyfulness, and in the glories of a clean dress and towering turban, Sarah soon presented herself for inspection.

This was Maze Number Two, and the reflections to which the incidents gave rise were much more satisfactory to me than those which grew out of the occurrences of the former maze. I was now satisfied that these states were in some way produced by Sarah's peculiar views of her sinfulness. Though she could give no intelligible account of her feelings, nor of their antecedents, and could show no logical connection between her thoughts, ideas, or emotions, and the transcendental state into which she was thrown, yet the attempted escape to the grove, and the appeal to massa's being a "preacher," showed conclusively that she herself connected the facts of her condition with the expression in some form of religious susceptibility.

But my doubts and uncertainties were never fully at rest until after Maze Number Three. This was wholly satisfactory.

This final exhibition of Sarah's peculiar form of religious sensibility occurred during the following summer, and about a twelvemonth from the second manifestation. In the interval much pains had been taken by Aunt Sarah's mistress to instruct her fully in the true nature of repentance, conviction, and the method of pardon through an atoning Saviour. These lessons had not been without their effect, doubtless, though we could hardly call the effects perceptible. Sarah once or twice intimated pretty plainly that "white folks was different from cullud pussons," and didn't seem to like a religion much that was not at all in the line of her emotions. I think, too, that she was very much affected

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about the time of the last maze, by attendance at a camp-meeting, where she seemed to enjoy herself intensely. Any how, it was not long after this camp-meeting that Maze Number Three occurred.

This happened in the early part of a beautiful summer evening. My wife and I were sitting by an open window, enjoying the exquisite loveliness of our surroundings. The moonlight slept quietly and in checkered patches upon the lawn before us; the mocking-birds were nestling in the trees above us; the roses, jasmines, and myrtle-blooms were making the air almost sickening with the wealth of their fragrance. Suddenly, from the fields beyond the lawn, came up a loud, prolonged shout of rejoicing: "O Jesus! O glory! O Jesus! O glory!" accompanied by a clapping of hands, a wild, hysterical laugh, and "Bress de good Lord Jesus!" "I'se happy!" "Hallelujah!" and then a sudden burst of singing:

"I want to go where Jesus gone,
An' play 'pon de golden harp,
An' play 'pon de golden harp,
An' play 'pon de golden harp;
I want to go where Jesus gone,
An' play 'pon de golden harp."

"Oh, bressed Jesus! Hallelujah!"

Aunt Sarah was again in a maze.

Soon we saw her approaching. She came slowly up the hill, and across the lawn, talking to herself, but without any of the violent actions which had before characterized her mazes. She was talking to herself, but quite audibly:

"Sins all gone, bress de Lord! Leff um down dere under dat tree. Amen! bress de Lord! Took 'emself right out'n 'emself. Nebber go back no more—no, bress de Lord!" And here, catching sight of her mistress at the window: "Oh, missus, I done got forgibness. I so full ob glory. De dear Lord Jesus, missus. I got de forgibness."

"Have you had a maze, Sarah?"

"Yes, missus, but de maze all gone now. Seen de Lord Jesus, down under dat chainy-berry tree. Done got forgibness for all my sins! Glory be to Jesus, missus! I got de forgibness."

And so it afterward seemed in fact. Sarah had no more "mazes." From that night she walked meekly, humbly, and happily, in the light of her newly-found pardon. A few weeks afterward I received her into the church, and during the after-years that she remained with us she was a happy, devoted Christian. That vision seen in her prayerful vigils, under the china-tree, had shed a never-failing light into her heart, bringing a quiet and assuring peace to her before-time troubled spirit. I used often afterward to contrast her air of deep, placid repose, with the horrible, appalling spectacle of her first maze-agony; and, in the exercise of a faith far less unreserved than her own, it was not difficult to believe that she had heard and proved the promise of the "Blessed Jesus" invitation: "Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

GIFTS OF HEALING.

It has been a great question among theological experts, whether religion changes a man's constitutional propensities. So far as regards the subject of this sketch we can very positively affirm, that Old Elihu was not deprived of many evil and exceedingly sinful propensities, nor of his carnal appetites, nor debasing superstitions, by any amount of ancient piety which he may aforetime have possessed, nor by any active present piety, of which he possessed hardly sufficient for his daily guidance and respectability.

And yet he was an old and creditable member of the church. How old he was, no one, not even himself, could tell. He professed to remember incidents of the invasion of South Carolina by the British; but he was, notwithstanding, very vigorous and active, and was far from considering himself among the superannuated. He had been all through his long life an attendant upon the preaching of the Gospel, and during the greater part of it he had continued a member of the church. He was also possessed of an ordinary share of intelligence; and it was a matter of some interest to examine minutely his character, and see how largely the moral and spiritual elements had become developed, during his life-long attendance upon the Gospel ministry. During the four years in which he was a member of my church and family, I had an opportunity to learn the full measure of his spiritual attainments; and though I have no expectation that I can do justice to his sense of the moral, the religious, and the supernatural, yet as his was a peculiar character, and as the peculiarities, so far as affected by his religious knowledge, resolved themselves into distinct elements, we can perhaps best describe them under their appropriate heads.

And, first, his *Religious Attainments*.

The manifestation of the strictly religious element in Elihu's character was limited to his peculiar observance of the Sabbath. For this, the preparation commenced on the Saturday evening previous. The first duty, and one which was paramount to all other duties in Elihu's theology, was the providing liberally for his own inner-man. Not that he did not sympathize with the supposed wants of others, but that he did, with an intensity peculiar to himself, appreciate most heartily the joys of a "big feed," whenever he had sufficient leisure to accomplish it. One could, however, pardon this weakness, in consideration of the benevolent charity which he extended even to the brutes around him, to whom he was always most liberal. He often boasted that "nothin' never went hongry whar he was," and as a rule of practice his own performances were its fullest confirmation. So that it was nothing inconsistent with Elihu's Sunday anticipations that he should, on the Saturday night previous, make his unfailing purchases of such luxuries as seemed to him worthy of being devoured on such a serious occasion.

After the breakfast—which he always cooked,

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himself, and which joint operation of cooking and eating occupied seldom less than three hours—Elihu having ceased from his task of inward furnishing, next proceeded to the question of outward adorning, in which department he was also a man of extensive resources. He possessed in common with most of his race a strong passion for accumulation. In his case the passion was most largely developed in the department of old clothes; and his long experience in life had enabled him to make a most surprising collection. During the week-days, this collection was safely tumbled away in a large deal chest securely padlocked, and I doubt if it was ever fully ventilated except upon the Sabbath occasions. But on Sunday morning the treasure-house was opened, and the various garments were studiously arranged upon an old clothes-line, which in preparation for the ceremony had been previously extended across the centre of his cabin. The arranging of the articles having been satisfactorily completed, Elihu would place himself in a meditative attitude, and survey the effect with regard to its general impression. If this was satisfactory, an old candle-box—his usual seat—was placed before the motley assortment, and the question of the selection for the daily service was carefully considered. When this was decided there was a shaving process to be accomplished, and Elihu was soon attired for the performance of his devotions.

Nothing could exceed the devoutness and dignity with which, when thus suitably adorned, Elihu emerged from his cabin with stately hat, white neckcloth, and fantastic cane; and slowly, almost grandly, proceeded to church. On other days the middle of the road came most natural; on Sundays, he conscientiously kept on the sidewalk. On week-days, if a stray dog passed near him, the unlucky cur was always greeted with a kick; on Sunday he would pause at the crossing for the same cur to pass before him. So sedate, and formal, and dignified was he, that to see him you would think earthly passion seldom ruffled the smoothness of his sanctity. And so when in church. Whose head so erect in praise, or whose knees so pliant in prayer as Elihu's? Who attended more scrupulously to the singing, or more devoutly to the sermon? Who in a more devoted manner deposited so regularly the dime upon the table when contributions were solicited? And though he never prayed nor exhorted, yet in all forms and appearances he was as punctilious as a Pharisee.

And this, as far as I could ever learn, was the sum total of Elihu's religion. He was for four years in my service, and I never heard from his cabin the voice of prayer or any sound of devotion. He was in religion an intense formalist, and his character in this particular is the more worthy of notice, because so rare among his emotional and demonstrative people.

I can not, therefore, say more about the strictly religious element of Elihu's character, because there was not much of this element to speak of. And perhaps I can not better express the cause of my inability to do this than by quoting one of his own wise aphorisms, repeated to me when I had once expressed surprise that he had so soon dispatched his allowance at noonday. "Massa, de short horse soon curried."

As for his *morals*, they were not creditable to a church-member who had received so much religious instruction, and who professed such devout sanctity upon the Sabbath. As a husband, he was not above the reproach of incontinency; and I had reason to suspect his liberal appropriation of the contents of my corn-crib to supply his own exhausted exchequer. His conscience was, however, fully shielded from any remorseful twinges by a peculiar theory of the *meum* and *tuum* which he upon one occasion expounded for my especial benefit.

Among the most annoying pests of the Southern communities are the keepers of the "doggeries," or petty stores, for the public retailing of sundry groceries in general, and the private or clandestine vending, by barter or sale, of miserable poisonous whisky. This latter "grocery," under the provincial cognomen of "corn-juice," "red-eye," and "tangle-leg," although vended in direct defiance of the statute made and provided, is by far the most heavy article of traffic, and is purchased by the negroes not so often for cash as for corn, cotton, and such other plantation products as they can successfully steal from their masters. These articles are accumulated in large quantities in the lofts and other out-of-the-way places of the "doggery," and when the location is in the midst of a large planting community, and afar from competitors, it is not unusual for the proprietors of these whisky shanties to lay the foundation of considerable fortunes.

Among the sufferers by such illicit traffic was our neighbor, Squire H——, and so largely had he suffered from the purloining by his own negroes that the subject had become one of public notoriety. Wishing to sound Elihu upon the facts of the rumors, and learn something of their character and extent, I one day introduced the matter to his notice by the following questions:

"Do you know Squire H——'s negroes?"

"Yes, massa, I knows some of dem inconsiderably. I finds my wife in dat neighborhood."

"What kind of boys are they, Elihu? Do you consider them honest?"

"Well, massa, dat am a hard question. Niggers' qualities varies. I specs some on um only jess ornary."

"What have you heard about their stealing the wheat from the gin-house (cotton-gin)?"

"Well, massa, 'ports is variss, but 'ports is oncertain; sometime de dogs barks when de coon ain't dar."

"But Squire H—— is very liberal to his negroes. I shouldn't think they would steal from their own master."

Now this was purposely touching upon very sensitive ground. Elihu carried the key to my

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own corn-crib, and I was quite certain, from the frequent and sudden diminution of the pile within, that some of it went to pay for the increase of his extensive wardrobe. He didn't flinch, however, but was only a shade more thoughtful as he replied,

"Well, Sah, dere is niggers wat steals, and dere is niggers wat don't call dat stealin'."

"What do you mean? Because it is their own master's?"

"Nigger take wat nigger raises."

Elihu had thus his own theory of morals, and, unlike some other moralists, his practice conformed rigidly to his theory. How he extended his doctrine to the corn, which, as the crib rapidly failed when it ought not, I was obliged to purchase, and that "nigger" didn't raise, I never ascertained; for though doubtless he could by varying the principle have adjusted the theory, yet I found no modification of his practice.

Should the inference seem unavoidable that Elihu's religious profession was all a sham, and that he was an unworthy member of the church, I must solicit for him a little charity. The reader does not yet fully understand Elihu. He had his peculiar views of religion, and his faith sought rather to manifest itself, not in the department of everyday morality, but soared into the loftier region of the supernatural. Elihu's religion was a *power;* it defended him from evil spirits, and enabled him to perform gifts of healing, and in these departments he sedulously cultivated it.

Passing by his cabin door soon after he had become a member of my colored family, I observed that over the door had been nailed an inverted horse-shoe. Now as Elihu's special department was the stable, and as he was, moreover, noted for his great skill as an hostler, I at first imagined that it was a professional sign, denoting that the occupant within was desirous of performing for his friends some specific achievements in farriery. On questioning him, however, I found that, instead of being placed as an insignia of his art, the horse-shoe was rather a charm against certain magical arts performed by certain supernatural agencies denominated witches.

"What is that over your door, Elihu?"

"Dat fur witches, massa."

"For what?"

"Witches, massa. Nebber sleep, no how, widout horse-shoe to keep out de witches."

"What are witches, Elihu?"

"Massa nebber hear tell of Mars Suttle's horses?"

Now "Mars Suttle" was a very prominent member of a church to which I preached in an adjoining neighborhood. He was in some respects a gentleman of unusual native talents, and as I often enjoyed his hospitality when in his vicinity, Elihu considered that he was quoting weighty authority.

"What of Squire Suttle's horses?"

"Witches ride dem lass winter almos' to deff."

"Who says it was done by witches?"

"Mars Suttle catch um heself. He too smart for 'em any how. Dey no ride his horses nex' time."

"Why, what do you mean? I don't understand you. What do you mean by catching witches?"

"Kill de man dat 'witch 'em. Mars Suttle know for to fetch 'em for sure."

"How did he do it?"

"Druv de nail right trew him, massa. So de man die, an' de witches nebber come no more."

"A nail through him?"

"Sartain, massa. Cut him out'n de paper, an' nail him 'gin de plank in de barn, an' dat man die for sartain an' for sure. Mars Suttle know how to fetch 'em dat time. Dis nigger no fool nudder. Go ask Mars Suttle."

The amount of all which story was—as I afterward learned from one of Squire Suttle's neighbors—that the Squire had two sources of anxiety—the one a superstitious weakness, and the other a couple of rollicking, dare-devil sons, who roamed the country round in uproarious frolicking, while all the time the father supposed them in bed and quietly sleeping. In these midnight frolics the Squire's carriage-horses were made to suffer, and he having more than once in the early morning found his stable-door carefully locked, the key in the house, and the horses within the stable covered with sweat and dust, and with every indication of hard night-driving, conceived the idea that a neighbor, with whom he was not upon good terms, had maliciously delivered them over to be worried to death by witches, whose night-riding was not upon broomsticks, as of old, but upon the Squire's identical carriage-horses. To test the question of witch-working the sufferer had employed an infallible though somewhat dangerous ordeal. This was to cut out of paper an image, more or less accurate, of the person possessing the witch-working power, and pierce the image with a sharp nail through the region where the heart was supposed to be located, nailing it thus to the wall of the building frequented by the witches, and lo! in a short time, the witch-worker, if guilty, would begin to pine away, and would gradually die, and the witches be released from further service. This the Squire had done secretly, and the wicked neighbor suspected had, sure enough, died, and the Squire's horses were no more night-ridden.

All these things Elihu had learned from the servants in the Squire's family, and, being a mortal enemy to witch-workers, he had exulted greatly in the Squire's triumph. Hence his "Mars Suttle know how to fetch 'em dat time, an' dis nigger no fool nudder."

From the fact that "Mars Suttle's" theory of witches corresponded so exactly with that of Elihu I inferred that they had both been taught by the same kind of teacher. The Squire had learned it probably when a child from his negro nurse, and Elihu imbibed it as a necessary part of his native superstition.

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Another phase of his super-sensuous conception of religion was the supposed power which its possessor received to perform certain miraculous cures both upon animals and fellow-mortals.

My first realization of this new method of the application of religion to the successful achieving of results in practical life was Elihu's success with one of my horses.

I had obtained from Virginia a thorough-bred mare, which I had set apart for my own especial use as a saddle-horse. During the overland journey the mare had become quite emaciated, and was, upon its arrival, delivered over to Elihu, with a request that he would do what he could in the way of recuperating and developing the valuable animal. For several weeks all his exertions seemed ineffectual. This was the more remarkable as his skill as an hostler was in that whole region unparalleled. Suddenly, however, a marked improvement became evident, and Elihu, who had been suffering deep mortification from his previous failure, became correspondingly jubilant.

"Foun' de hars (hairs) at lass, massa," said he one morning, as I was expressing my gratification at the visible improvement of the animal. "Hab 'im seal-fat in tree week longer."

"Found what?" said I, in real astonishment.

"De hars, massa: 'tort I'd git d'rections 'pon dat mission."

"What hairs and what mission? I don't understand you."

Elihu here scratched the wool behind his right ear in a very mysterious manner, and seemed disposed to throw no more light upon my darkened intelligence. By dint of much questioning I at last drew out of him this information: that he had for a time sought in vain for certain specific hairs, growing under the fore-shoulder of the animal, which hairs, if plucked, *secundum artem*, held between the thumb and forefinger in a certain manner, chopped fine, and mixed with the horse's food, would result in the rapid fattening of the animal. To find these hairs needed a kind of spiritual direction, which for a time he had been unable to obtain. He had all the time been pulling the wrong hairs, as was evident from the horse's unchanged condition. But now the fattening process had commenced, showing that he had received "right d'rections 'pon dat mission."

But it was not until some months after this event that I was fully enlightened as to the extent of Elihu's gifts of working, as manifested in another direction and upon a loftier theatre. He also exercised the gifts of healing, for the relief of human infirmities.

It was nearly nine o'clock in the evening. I was reading in my bedroom, in momentary expectation of the "nine o'clock drum-beat," the signal for all wandering darkeys to hurry home, and also for the setting of the vigilant night-patrol to guard the surrounding neighborhood. Suddenly Elihu, unannounced, stood before me, dressed in a dignified suit and looking profoundly important. He was evidently bound upon some errand. Drawing himself up to his full height, and extending his hand imperatively:

"*Pass*, massa; please, Sir?"

"Pass! for what?"

"Sent for, Sir, d'rectly. Muss go to Mars John Hewitt's."

"John Hewitt's! why, it is at least five miles. What are you going there for this time of night?"

"Obleeged to go, Sir. Crissey got her palate down."

"Got what?"

"Palate down, Sir. Mars Hewitt say come d'rectly. *Pass*, if you please, Sir."

"What does he want you for?"

"I pulls up de palate, Sah."

"How pull it up?"

"Well, I gits d'rections, Sah, an' I pulls up de palate."

"Well, *how* do you pull it up?"

"Finds de har, Sah, up here" (placing his forefinger upon the apex of his skull), "an' pulls de palate up."

"How do you know which hairs to pull?"

At first no reply, but a mysterious scratching back of the ear. Upon the question being repeated, and after a pause—

"Well, I *knows*, Sir, but I can't splanicate. I does it offen, Sir."

"Whose palate did you ever pull up?"

"Sent for, by de white folks, Sir, all roun' de country."

This I afterward ascertained was true. Elihu was widely known as possessing the mysterious gift. Of course "the pass" was given, and he departed upon his healing mission.

After this I ceased to judge of Elihu's religion as I did of that of more ordinary mortals. He was outwardly, on Sundays and at all meetings, a rigid moralist, and as such he was beyond the reach of church-discipline. His peculiar view of the spiritual and the supernatural rendered hopelessly impossible any other faith than that by which he was enabled to perform successfully his works of sublime mystery.

A RELIGIOUS IMPROVISATRICE.

Aunt Maria was a "child's nurse." She belonged to my brother's colored family in Southern Mississippi. She was a most respectable negress, about fifty years of age, tall, portly, and scrupulously neat in person and appearance. She was always well dressed, and as an important part of her adornments she displayed, upon even the most ordinary occasions, a remarkably showy and well-arranged turban—a sure mark of her belonging to "de 'stocacy." She was a faithful, honest, and very responsible servant, and considered herself capable not only of directing and counseling all "de niggers," but also of advising, and even reproving, her own mistress and the "white family" generally.

This sense of authority doubtless grew out of the fact that her business was to take care of, raise, and "'tend 'pon" massa's children, receiving them at their birth, and having the al-

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most exclusive care of them until well grown, and as it is but a short step from governing the children to governing the parents, Maria considered herself at liberty to take that responsibility, especially with her mistress.

"Now, missus"—she would say, whenever the mother extended to the younger children any unusual indulgence—"now, missus, you jess gwine to ruing dat chile. I knows you is. I wants dat chile brot up in de ammunition ob de Lord, but you gwine to done ruing dat chile, notwithstandin' accordin.'"

Sometimes she would say, "Missus, dat not de way to raise de chile. You 'sponsible 'fore God for dat chile, missus. S'pose you dress um so fine de debbil make um proud, den how you gwine sarcumvent dat possibility? Missus, I wants dat chile raised 'cordin' to de gos-pill."

From this conspicuous anxiety that suitable religious impressions and gospel training should be secured for "de precious offsprings," it must not be inferred that the white family were destitute of the graces and practice of piety. The family was a Christian household. It was only Maria's intensified religious disposition which gave her anxieties this direction. This also assumed other forms of development. She had become, from long habit, accustomed to refer every incident and event in her own private history to the Lord, inviting his particular attention for good or for evil upon all around her, as they chanced to be her friends or enemies. Such familiarity argued either a very high degree of spiritual attainments, or else an utter want of reverence for the Deity. Which it was, let every man judge according to the light which is in him.

The wealth of Maria's affections was about equally divided between the children and a cherished brood of chickens, her own special property. These chickens being in more danger than the children, were daily placed by Maria under the immediate guardianship of the Deity himself, lest they should be by profane and evil-minded persons stolen and devoured. This committal of her personal property to the care of a special Providence was made at frequent intervals, while she was performing her accustomed duties, perhaps rocking the child to sleep—Maria singing her requests to the Deity in the form of an improvised lullaby. Here again it will be noticed that Maria's method of "committing her ways unto the Lord" savored either of great devoutness or of great irreverence.

One thing soon manifested itself. With all her professed devotion Maria had nothing of that gentle, forgiving spirit toward her enemies which we are taught to consider a legitimate fruit of the Gospel. This at first led me to doubt whether Maria was a very intelligent Christian, so far as regarded the spirit of her profession; and I became after a time fully convinced that her Christianity was more persistent and offensive than meek, patient, and orthodox.

At the time of which I now speak an Irishman named Dan was employed by Maria's master as gardener; and he, with his family, occupied the "gardener's house," not far from Maria's cabin. Now Dan and his family were Catholics, and they had persuaded Maria and others of the colored servants to attend Mass, and witness their imposing forms of worship. All this pleased Maria sensibly, until, unfortunately for the Catholic profession, an afflictive event occurred which conclusively convinced Maria that all Catholics were a set of hypocrites and impostors. This event was to Maria one of great importance. In fact, some one *stole her chickens*.

Maria referred her sorrows, feelings, and wishes during this afflictive bereavement, as all expected she would, to a tribunal no less important than that of the Omnipotent Deity. But her original manner of doing this struck me—a comparative stranger to her methods—as something quite unusual in Christian practice and experience. However, her peculiar method did not long remain a novelty; it became a daily exercise, and continued so as long as her sorrows continued poignant. This peculiar manner of recounting her sorrows to the Deity was exhibited under the form of a daily chant. And I am obliged in all truthfulness to mention also that Maria did, in addition, what a Christian should not have done; that is, she invoked, through the same medium, the infliction of direful punishment upon the supposed offender.

Nothing could convince Maria that these offenders were any others than her former friends—the gardener's family, though there was not a shadow of evidence to justify her suspicions. It was very fortunate for them, however, innocent if they were, that Maria's petitions were not availing. During the continuance of these feelings of bereavement and of injury, we would have at least once a day a scene something like the following:

We would be sitting upon the veranda quietly smoking, or reading, or chatting, as the inclination prompted, when suddenly would rise upon the profound stillness of the scene a strong, high-keyed, nasal plaint, indignant and doleful, half chant, half recitative, and most profoundly earnest:

"*Oh-h-h-h, Jesus! Oh-h-h-h, Jesus!*
An' dey make long prayers,
An' dey sing long psalms,
But dey steal my chick-ins, Lord:
Oh-h-h, Jesus! Oh-h-h, Jesus!"

Then, as an interlude, would follow a continuous humming sound, as if gathering up her feelings into metrical shape; and again would the plaint burst forth:

"An' dey go to church,
An' dey make long prayers,
An' dey make dere long con-fessions;
But dey'll all be damned
In dat drefful day;
For dey steal my chick-ins, Lord:
Oh-h-h, Jesus! Oh-h-h, Jesus!

"Soon, Lord, come down,
In de burnin' fire,

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Wid de brimstone hot,
An' make dem 'mazed;
For all dere lies,
An' dere 'poc-a-sies;
For dey steal my chick-ins, Lord:
Oh-h-h, Jesus! Oh-h-h, Jesus!"

This I learned at the time was not the only occasion of Maria's peculiar method of anathematizing. Whenever displeased by any event, or the victim of any arrangement which offended against her own wishes imposed upon her peculiar hardship, the Lord, the family, and the neighbors were all sure to hear of it, at short intervals, and until she had soothed her own feelings by the violence of her chants and recitations.

How far all this was a legitimate Christian exercise others and not ourselves can decide. Evidently Maria herself considered it such. She prided herself upon her religion, and thus "tole de Lord all her 'flictions," just as naturally as others resorted for the same purpose to their closets in daily supplication.

Is Fetichism a natural product of the African's intellectual and spiritual organization? Can it ever be eliminated by education, or wholly eradicated by the Gospel?

HALF-WAY.

JUST now I found myself wondering whether there could be any thing more delightful than the old-fashioned garden on Lancaster Hill, with its cherry-trees and currant-bushes, its grassy paths, its abundant shade along the wide borders, and its commanding prospect.

Miss Dinah cared for the garden. Any thing she cared for must needs have a charm. But leaving this fact out of mind, it was such a spot as you will not often find within the inclosures of a farm. Besides the herbs and vegetables, all manner of flowers that have a ready growth bloomed around the edges of the walks. There were, moreover, bee-hives, birdsnests, butterflies, and ant-hills—plagues and pets abounding.

Little Abby Butler, sitting in the garden under the far-spreading branches of an old cherry-tree, was making wreaths of blue larkspur, one sunny afternoon.

Josiah Morril, at a distance, but within the paling, walked up and down the paths. He was keeping watch over this little Abby at a distance—an unsuspected watch, of course, or she had not endured it quietly.

She had gathered a variety of flowers, the gayest the garden afforded, probably for no other reason than that she loved to gather them, for they were now lying beside her, wilting on the grass. This Seventh Day was Abby's last Saturday in Lancaster for nobody could tell how long a time. Jane Bruce, who came home a few days since for the first time since last year when she went away a bride, had decided on taking the child back to Essex with her. And Dinah Morril, however reluctantly, had yielded her will to Jane's.

For it could not be disputed that the child belonged to Jane. Every body knew it who knew any thing about the family. Jane's twin sister, when dying, bequeathed the infant to her, the child's father being dead. But though Abby might thus be styled Jane's own, all the care of the child had fallen upon Dinah. She had carried her through hooping-cough and measles, croup and scarlet-fever, through the Alphabet and the Gospels, in her arms and on her heart, and now, after fourteen years of service, she was, at a word, to "stand and deliver." It was hard.

To the child, of course, this prospect of change was full of fascinations; she had never been farther from Lancaster Hill than Lancaster village down there in the valley.

But in spite of all the hurry and tumult into which she was thrown by the prospect, she was sitting here at ease, in silence, under the cherry-tree, making wreaths of larkspur to lay as bookmarks between sacred pages. One was for Aunt Dinah's Bible, the other for Josiah's.

Josiah by-and-by approaching nearer, came suddenly, much sooner than he had intended, under Abby's observation. He was, in fact, in momentary expectation of a call from the house, and this expectation occasioned his precipitate discovery of himself. When Abby heard and saw him she began to tremble in a way that did not promise well for the dainty wreath she worked at.

He called to her while he was yet at a distance. "Come and walk," said he.

"My lap is full, don't you see?" she answered. "I can not."

He did not care about that; his only purpose being to warn her of his approach. Having spoken he himself felt bolder. Of course he must go to her, if she could not come to him.

Josiah had but returned home that morning after an absence of several days. Abby had seen him since he came, but had not found the courage to speak what was uppermost in her mind. But now she said,

"I am going away, Josiah. Did thee know it?" She dropped her work so speaking, and looked up at him with her serious eyes.

"I have heard somebody saying so," he answered. "I didn't believe it, though. Dinah won't let thee go."

"Oh, it's to be as Aunt Jane says. Thee knows I belong to Aunt Jane."

"And so thee goes to Essex Second Day?"

"Yes, Second Day. I am making something for thee, Josiah—will thee keep it? Will thee care?"

Josiah stooped down as if to examine the delicate flower-wreath. But he didn't answer.

"What'll thee do when I'm gone, Josiah?"

"Nothing."

"Oh fie—nothing!"

"But work."

"But not work all the time. Aunt Dinah don't like that."

"Dinah knows how to keep a fellow busy. Depend, I shall try to please Dinah."

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"Yes, do. Will thee climb the big chestnuts this year, Josiah?"

"No."

"Will thee hunt for the winter-greens in the wood behind the meeting-house?"

"Why does thee ask such questions, Abby?"

"Nothing. I was thinking what thee would be doing all the time when I was living down to Essex.. So far off. *Is* Essex very far off, Josiah?"

"It's a day's journey. Half a day by stage, and half a day by railroad."

"Why, how did thee know? Has thee ever been to Essex, Josiah?"

"Thee knows I have not. But Aunt Jane wrote to us about it. I think I could find my way about there easy. It has one very crooked street that's full of people almost always. And there are some very tall, big buildings, and a court-house and a jail, where wicked people are shut up. Be careful thee don't get in."

"It's a good while since I had a real good scolding from Aunt Dinah. Does thee think she will be glad to have me go? I don't. Does thee feel glad, Josiah?"

Josiah did not answer. She looked at him precisely because she would have chosen to look in the opposite direction. But before she looked she knew why he was silent. When she saw how sorrowful his face was her own countenance saddened; she got up from the grass; unheeded the larkspur wreaths and stems fell on the sod.

"I don't think I'll go to Essex with Aunt Jane," said she.

He stooped and gathered up the flowers. A shower of tears fell on them. He was long in finding all the broken fragments of the wreaths.

"Thee *must* go," he said, in a broken voice when he finally looked up again.

To see his distress was the thing she could not bear.

"I hate Essex beforehand!" she exclaimed. "Aunt Dinah wants me here. I won't leave Aunt Dinah. I ought to belong to nobody! I don't!"

The successive steps of this argument seemed to be inevitable. One after another Abby took them, and now stood looking with a feeling that was new to her, and whose utterance made her tremble. "I ought not to have been given away," she said. It was high time for Josiah to speak.

"Jane was thy mother's twin sister. It wasn't like giving thee away. But like keeping thee."

"I don't want to go to Essex, any way."

"Then maybe thee will come back some time; before long."

"To Lancaster?"

Josiah, who had consoled her with the dignity of mature years, might have sympathized with Abby in a much more ardent, childish fashion. He did not think that he had gone too far when she began to smile again. He could bear to grieve alone, so Abby did not grieve.

"I was going down to the new dam when I saw thee under the cherry-tree," he said.

"I'll go with thee, Josiah."

So they went together.

She left the flowers she had gathered to perish on the grass, but plucked here and there, as they walked along, a gay nasturtium from the border. She liked those brilliant colors.

Less conversation went on in the house between the sisters than out of doors between the children.

Two things had so disturbed the heart of Dinah Morril that she found safety alone in silence.

Jane *should* not have insulted the family or the neighborhood by bringing back such paltry tokens of the world's ways to a house where Quakers had been born and bred to the third and fourth generation.

It did not speak well for her that she could so lightly afflict the heart of Dinah as she had done.

But from her childhood Jane was selfish, frivolous, and lawless; heeding restraint no more than the wind heeds gossamer; right or left, which way she cared to go, the road must open to her. Why should one think it strange that she had come for Abby? She found her life in Essex lonely—that was all-sufficient argument. When Dinah understood that this was actually Jane's errand, she said, after a long silence, in which Jane understood that her sister had looked at the matter, according to her custom, in every possible light,

"Jane, thee and me must stand one side, and see if it is going to be the best thing for Abby to let her go to Essex. Thee sees what the girl is like to make. Thee knows what the world will do to her in Essex. It is spirit, and not body, thee and me must think of."

Jane answered with heat and haste—her way when her will was determined to secure its purposes:

"It would be downright sin—that's the best I can see—to let a girl like Abby grow up here in this out-of-the-way place. She is far too bright and too handsome. I can do better for her. She will have society in Essex. She will have better advantages every way. It is all folly—downright childishness—to lay such stress on the cut of a coat or the shape of a bonnet, or on the colors one wears. I'm persuaded of it, Dinah."

And what could Dinah answer? The child belonged to Jane.

Some time after this Jane was able to perceive, the business being settled according to her mind, that two views were to be taken of it. She said accordingly to her sister:

"Dinah, dear, what will become of thee? Come, sell the farm and live with us in Essex; or in the village, if thee can not be got away from Lancaster. Get among people—do! It's dreadful to think of thee going on year after year up here in this way. I should die if I had to stay here a twelvemonth."

Dinah answered with a chilled heart, though the words had a soft sound:

"But thee will not stay a year, Jane! *I*

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should die in any other place—if people do ever die of homesickness. Our father lived here ninety years. He was born here, on Lancaster Hill. I remember how he loved every thing about this place. I seem to see him often walking in the garden, and through that very door!"

Shade of Sylvester Morril! Awful image of uncompromising man! Jane shuddered as she thought of that stern, unflinching power Dinah had, as it were, summoned to confront them in the kitchen. What a frown did she see gathering and deepening between those massive eyebrows! And from those lips that had in life established nothing except by affirmation, how, as by a curse, an oath seemed to be made good!

Do the rigors of faith defeat its best decrees? He had not been dead a year when Dinah saw a rebel against the religion of generations in Sylvester's darling child.

Jane looked at Dinah as one looks on a harsh judge who can not possibly understand the case which happily has passed beyond his jurisdiction—with some pain, mingled with much secret satisfaction.

"Will thee miss Abby *very* much, dear Dinah?"

"That may be—but no matter, Jane. It may be best for all of us. I can not hinder thee. And I would not. I accept this discipline. Perhaps it is the Father's will—to bring us all nearer to Him."

Dinah, you see, was not a woman over whom you could suspend a sword by a hair for a very long time. She had in every way made good her right to protect the young girl; had done her best to keep Abby; but now—it was not that she *might* go. Jane had but one thing more to do—complete the business, take Abby, and depart.

Renunciation was no new thing to Dinah. Fifteen years ago she had a lover. For her father's sake, for Jane's sake, for the sake of the Friends in Lancaster and the meeting-house on Lancaster Hill, she had said "No" with her lips while her heart said "Yes." She was not living to deplore *that* renunciation.

But it was with a bitter feeling, if ever she had known such, that in the sudden memory of it she looked on Jane that evening of her arrival, when Jane took off her traveling cloak and stood before her eyes a lady in a gray silk dress, with a gold brooch in her lace collar, blue ribbons in her hair, and that hair in curl!

She made no remark, however, concerning this revelation till the next morning, when she said,

"Jane, thy father never bought such things for thee to wear."

"My husband did, dear Dinah; and he likes to see me in them."

"Then thee has left us."

"No—no, indeed! He is yet 'a Friend at heart,' and so am I, of course; but we are living in the world, Dinah—can't thee understand? There are no Friends in Essex; and we must go with Christians somewhere, to hear the word preached. Would thee have us set up against the community, as if we were holier than they? Surely thee *can't* see a sin in a little bit of ribbon or a gold pin. Now, Dinah, thee can't."

"No," said Dinah, slowly, "not one bit of sin in them. Only these things, little though they be, show which way the heart is going."

Jane went up to Dinah, and held her two white hands in the old willful and commanding fashion:

"Now, Sister, is thee going to scold me, when I'm come all this way to visit thee?"

"No, Jane; I won't scold thee. But I love thee too well to take it easy when thee finds it so easy to pain me. Was it kind to come here like this—to this house, Jane?"

Now Jane's husband had wagered, playfully, that his wife would not dare to present herself in the old homestead in this guise; for, simple though it was, she had borrowed its fashion of "the world."

Jane *had* dared, boldly enough. But she now found that there was something she could not endure, though she might not flinch from provoking it—that was, the pain she saw in Dinah's face and heard in Dinah's voice—a pain, it might be, she could never understand, but its evidences were beyond dispute. That firm, even, most kind voice, was faltering a little. How rarely it had faltered! Through what anguish had kept firm!

It was the trembling voice that shook Jane's soul. She pulled the ribbons from her hair, threw them upon the fire, and smiled as they were consumed. The brooch went into her pocket; she straightened her curls, and smoothed the hair across her forehead; and going to Dinah's drawer took thence a well-starched white lawn cap; the lace collar disappeared—a strip of folded muslin took its place; and nobody outside the farm-house was the wiser for Jane Bruce's defection.

But when some honest Friend's face smiled on Jane, and she sat in the meeting with the true and faithful, Dinah thought of Judas, and abased her soul; for she remembered what had happened fifteen years ago, when her heart began that war now ended certainly, and through which she had passed victoriously, proving her soul's loyalty to her heart's despair! What could she say to Jane? Rebuke passed from her eyes even when she looked on her fair young sister, for beyond Jane's she beheld another face in vision—the noble features of a countenance that in some other world than this.....all dreaming!

Abby said to Josiah, as they came to the milldam,

"I wish thee could have seen Aunt Jane when she came home, Josiah. Thee never would have known her."

"What was the matter?" asked Josiah. "She is so beautiful!"

"She didn't wear a cap as thee sees her. She had curls and other things like the ladies in the village."

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Josiah made no comment on that revelation. By-and-by he asked,

"What did thee think, Abby?"

"Wasn't it wicked?"

"But she changed it mighty sudden."

By-and-by, after a thoughtful silence, he said,

"It would kill Dinah, I think, if thee should come back from Essex like that, Abby!"

Abby looked at him as if the bare suggestion amazed and terrified her. It is safe to say that she had never imagined the possibility of such disloyalty.

"If Jane likes to buy thee pretty things, won't thee like to wear them? Thee loves the flowers—such bright colors. Does thee see a sin in them?"

"My Aunt Dinah won't ever be killed, as thee says, by such a sight," was Abby's answer.

Josiah laid it up in memory.

He repeated it to Dinah one evening when she looked so pale and sad that he knew she was thinking of Abby.

And Dinah treasured the word. It cheered her and strengthened her. It became her conviction that sooner or later Abby would come back to the old homestead on Lancaster Hill. Not only a "Friend in heart," but also one in life.

As to body, so to spirit, it happens oftentimes. It is difficult to satisfy the hunger of a child—the full-grown man can fast—even forty days and nights could Moses and Elijah hold the body in subjection—and there was One mightier than these who may not be named here. Thus with Dinah Morril. She was living on these small hopes of the future, who had sacrificed the great hope. If Abby should return triumphant from temptation, faithful in the least, she would be satisfied.

She waited three years for a "testimony." Then Jane Bruce came home, and brought Abby with her—for merely a week's visit.

They were like two birds. As bright and happy as though they wore the plumage of birds of paradise—though they came in simple garb—and such garb it was evident was their usual attire.

In five long years Abby had made but this solitary visit. There were reasons for that. She was going to school—not only in Essex. In vacations she was making little journeys with Aunt Jane. Mr. Bruce had a large family connection. His friends were scattered in places far apart. He was proud of his wife. He liked to exhibit her. She must visit all these people—it satisfied her roving disposition very well to do so—and wherever she went Abby must go with her. This explained to Aunt Dinah why Lancaster Hill was so rarely invaded by Essex.

In these five years some changes had taken place—even in Lancaster. Josiah had discovered that he was designed for trade and not for farming; and in consequence Dinah had invested a portion of her own funds with the young man's fortune, and he had opened a dépôt for straw goods in the village, and found a market by his diligence and perseverance—or, rather, we should say, by these qualities the market was created.

Aunt Jane was at the bottom of this business. She had spoken some words to Josiah which invited him to think more freely than he had dared to think before, in regard to the irksome duties of the farm—and had also expatiated, according to knowledge, on the profits of a careful and successful trade. These words were like seed—they produced a hundred-fold of thought, until finally Josiah talked with Dinah, and having once begun to talk he talked on, till he had carried his point, and was now well established in a growing business. This business brought with it, of course, new necessities: necessities of journeys—journeys to Essex and elsewhere—and much dealing with the world's people.

How Dinah prayed for him!

What else was she doing?

She had been growing five years older in nothing except grace. Disappointments were as benedictions that tranquilized her spirit.

To lose Jane from the faith, Abby from the house, Josiah from the farm—these were sore trials that would have laid deep furrows in the foreheads of some women. Not so with Dinah Morril. One who should number the souls sealed with her soul's peace, would have the census of earth as reported in the Kingdom of Heaven.

It had long been expected by Friends that Dinah would some day take her stand as a preacher in the meeting where her fathers had worshiped before her. She had the eloquence, the experience, the knowledge. Year by year her neighbors waited for her word. Often she had been exhorted to take up this cross.

One First Day morning she was thinking that the time perhaps had come. She was alone in the house. Josiah was not only absent from the house but from the village: there was nothing to disturb her thorough investigation of herself, her motives, and the probable direction of her influence in view of this fresh consecration of what power she had to sacred use.

Yet opportunity is after all not an essential condition to action. Favorable as the hour was for heavenly meditation, Dinah's thoughts had some confusion; she was in a hurry and a flutter; in the act that must be performed with utmost deliberation she felt the influence of another than divine necessity. It would be evidence of self-distrust, of fear, this word of exhortation she was contemplating, rather than the evidence of serene exalted courage.

Why?

Last night when she came up from Margaret Paindle's house Dr. Grant was on the sidewalk, and he joined her as she closed the gate.

This was the first time she had met him since his mother's death, and the lips so firmly closed upon this topic in the presence of all other Friends, opened to Dinah. He told her all the steps and stages of that fatal disorder; of the hours of watching—of the days and nights; of con-

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versations that would never be reported for any other listener. It was like St. Augustine's report of the last sickness of his mother; and it moved the heart of Dinah so that her eyes overflowed. He saw her weep.

Those tears emboldened him to take up the strain that was broken off nearly a score of years before. He left his loneliness and solitude, his bereavement, to plead for him if it might—he only spoke of his love. And that he spoke of as of something that had immortal life in it; indeed, had she not all-sufficient evidence of it in this long faithfulness? The mere story of love! He added nothing besides. He might have been in the ardor of early youth, by the way he addressed her. There was at least the freshness of youth in his pleading, but more, far more than its passion. What had her answer been? Simply, "This can never be." Whereupon he had said, "Is it really true that you require another score of years in order to learn the blessed will of God concerning us? We may die meanwhile!" "Well, then," she answered, hardly knowing what she said. "For all this is of His ordering. I believe this as I believe nothing else. And, Dinah, you believe it too. Love dates beyond any creed. The Holy Spirit alone knows how ancient are Love's claims. Dinah, I am alone."

Thinking all night of these words of his; startled by them into doubts she had never conceived before, Dinah, seeking safety for herself of Heaven, bethought her of this hiding-place, where she should be secure from the weakness of her heart. Once a preacher, known as such, temptation would assail her in vain. She would stand committed through all future time. He would give her up!

But when she went into the meeting-house the purpose had deserted her. She sat as an exile in her Father's house. She saw, as the people gathered, Doctor Gray came with the rest; she knew that if a soul in the congregation had come there to worship he had come for that, yet she beheld him enter with new misgiving and despair.

For consider what had happened.

While preparing for the meeting she had gone in great haste to Josiah's room, carrying with her a large woolen shawl, which she was intending to hang from his window in the sun. One could not guard too constantly against the moths this season. In her haste the fringes of the shawl caught the handle of an old leather-covered box that stood on Josiah's table, and she swept it on to destruction.

It came down with a crash to the floor, this venerable relic of the past, and was broken open—not from the lock, but the hinges; and when she, stooping down, tried to fasten it together, oh! Friends, was it not an evil spectacle that revealed itself to her astonished eyes! Various articles came tumbling out, and among others a buff vest with metal buttons, yellow kids, a purple satin neck-tie—all these things bearing unquestionable marks of use.

Dinah Morril, quivering in every nerve, picked up these abominations and surveyed them with horror. Quick to resolve, prompt to execute in emergencies, she seemed at a loss here. While she yet hesitated—not between one course of action and another, but as to all action—her eyes fastened on a scrap of paper lying on the floor. It might perhaps contain some clew to what, alas! was probably no puzzle. She picked it up and read it. The account was made out to Josiah Morril: it was merely the receipt for certain blue broadcloth garments, buff vest, and yellow kids.

How, then, with this burden on her heart, should she dare exhort the congregation? Talk of influence and example; urge to faithfulness; encourage the desponding; prophesy the works of grace! She was dumb. Her whole life had been a failure; how attempt to teach others, herself a castaway!

Josiah came home toward the end of the week. He returned intending to make a confidante of Dinah; to confess himself before her, and if possible to obtain more than forgiveness. If he had not been wholly occupied by his own doubts and cares he would not have failed to see how disturbed and worn she had grown during these ten days of his absence.

The third day after his return, it was the First Day of the week, he stood in the kitchen door after breakfast looking down the valley. Dinah had been busy about various household matters; but these cares were never allowed to press heavily on First Day morning, and she had now prepared herself to sit down with her book, and though he knew how little she liked to be disturbed when her mind was intent on heavenly meditations, he took courage to himself and said to her,

"Dinah, what has become of the little green chest that stood on my table? I've missed it since I came home."

She answered as if she had long expected the question, and in truth his silence on the subject heretofore had encouraged her despair.

"The little green box that was thrown down from the table accidentally, Josiah? That was last First Day. I put it aside in the closet where father's books are, until thee should come back. Thee will find it there."

"Did any damage happen to the poor old chest?"

"The lid was broken open. The hinges were so rotten."

"There must have been a great rattling out of the contents," said Josiah, striving to speak with unconcern; but discovery, he found, was another thing from confession. He might acknowledge with some pride, or at least some self-respect, what it did abase him to have merely discovered.

"There was, Josiah." Fine, mild voice—it pierced him.

"What *did* thee do with all the stuff, I wonder?"

"Laid it back, brother. The yellow vest and

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the other gear. Even the receipt for the blue-broadcloth suit. Josiah! Josiah! what does all that mean?"

"What does *that* mean, Dinah?"

Josiah took from the black silken cord he wore about his neck what might have been a watch—it was a miniature.

"Look at that face, Dinah," said he. And he came nearer to her. He had kept it from her these three days with difficulty, for he meant that in such a strait as this it should be his great argument. As for the face, it was one of the loveliest you ever looked upon. The face of a young girl on whose cheeks abundant roses bloomed.

There were abundant roses also in her hair, and lace about her neck. Her arms were bare, and on her wrists were bracelets. It was a being manifestly who rejoiced in every beautiful thing this world could show. She was alive to all its glory. This fact had been well established by the painter, and in no other way than this he had devised could the truth he had to tell be told to Dinah.

Dinah looked—she gazed. Twice she looked at Josiah before she wiped her eyes.

"This is poor little Abby," she said. "Oh, Jane, what thee hast done!"

Her thoughts that seemed to drift far away from Josiah slowly turned toward him again. He stood still, waiting till they should. Now he said:

"Dinah, did thee ever love any thing as thee hast loved that girl?" He was not looking at her; he stood with downcast eyes. Oh, the look that flashed out from her soul! If he had seen it, an unaccountable courage would then have possessed him.

"Take her," he entreated. "Take her just as she is, and love her as thee finds her. Can thee? I want it more than any thing. It is the only thing I do want, I believe. Thy love is greater than thy prejudice."

"I like Patience Train's face better," said Dinah. "Her eyes have the holy shade of the Lancaster meeting-house in them. She was born in this valley; so was Abby. But Patience has chosen her part here; it shall not be taken away from her. I love her face—her spirit, I mean—better than this—here."

"No, Dinah. Thee does not. It is because thee hasn't seen Abby this long time that thee is able to say it. Abby is coming back to Lancaster Hill and the meeting-house."

"Ah, Josiah, but thee has gone half-way after her—and more than that. Better is the stanch faith, the firm believing heart, than this lawless seeking to serve two masters; it is an insult to both. How long has thee carried this thing about with thee, Josiah, and kept these doings to thyself?"

"Only last Seventh Day she gave it to me. I was walking home with her at evening after oh, such a busy day! It was painted for me and thee, Dinah."

Last Seventh Day, at dark, how should not Dinah recollect? Dr. Gray walked home with her, and left her at the gate, and returned by the way he came.

But what was Josiah saying? Ah, that such alarm as this should seize upon *her* heart—this strongest heart in Lancaster! She recalled her wandering thoughts.

"Tell me about it," she said, with such resignation in her voice and manner as moved Josiah in a way her rigid opposition never would have done. It was almost as if he heard immeasurable sympathy in her words.

"Dinah, can't thee understand? I never knew the time when I felt any other way about Abby. Only the feeling has grown with me."

He paused. She pulled the little white shawl she wore about her shoulders, but she bared her throat. She felt at the same moment chilled and suffocated. She bowed her head. Through the very depths of what he was endeavoring to express she understood. He seemed to take some hope from the attitude in which she now waited for what he might say. Or the blessed facts themselves he must express in one way and another, never with satisfying fullness, made him bold.

"And think!" he said, "how faithful she has been to me when there's many a better she might have had, and wouldn't, for my sake. It was a very little thing for me, I think, to wear a trifling different dress when I was with her from what I wore at home. What did I care? It kept people from smiling and saying *there's another turn-coat!* I did it for thy sake, and father's, and Abby's—the three I love best."

"And Abby will come home to live with thee?"

"Why not, Dinah? Even Jane is glad. And she! oh thee ought to see Abby's face when she talks about Lancaster. I marvel at it. I am astonished when I think of it. That she should care! It must be for thy sake, Dinah. I never can believe it is for mine."

"She will come back to live with thee in Lancaster?"

"Yes, Dinah. No wonder thee thinks it strange."

"Coming back after all! For thy sake. And thinking of old Aunt Dinah doesn't trouble her! oh world! world! thou'rt weak. Could not hold even that dear child—couldn't give her as much as she comes back to the old place for! And Jane is glad. That's Justice! But, Josiah, what will thee do with such a Bird of Paradise?"

"Love her, Dinah."

That word shook Dinah's soul. She could not speak, and Josiah was impatient of the silence.

"She is homesick for the hill, and the garden, and the meeting-house! She said so. She owned it."

"Look at that face, Josiah. Can thee believe it?"

"Just because the face is what it is, I believe it all."

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"Thee hast gone all the way instead of half! Thee would give up every thing for her!" He did not deny that, he said.

"And, Dinah, so has she gone all the way. Don't love always? Is there any half-way about it? Abby had the picture painted by a lady who is her great friend, so I should always know that she had given up the world for me. Yes, it is true—are we to blame? could we help it? She has gone all the way for dear Love's sake. And so have I."

"*And so wilt thou!*"

Did any voice speak out from any future such a prophecy as this for Dinah's heart to hear? Why, the meeting-house lacked steadfastness as much as she! Ask the village what it thinks. There is not a shadow of turning to be expected here. This is Dinah Morril, the loyal daughter of old Sylvester Morril, whose business on this earth was to perpetuate the faith. If she, for any reason, could overstep the barriers of a peculiar people, could any body understand that other action on her part would have been downright sin? And that her father's will was after all not thwarted! But she was far from reasoning with herself in this wise while she talked with Josiah. *It is only in the fullness of time that all symbols pass away. That the vain shadow passes. That we walk in newness of life.*

Dinah Morril went down with a somewhat lightened heart to sit with a sick friend in the village. She went not "unadvisedly." The visit had been the subject of at least an hour's reflection. To such a state of vacillation this strong will was brought. An errand of mercy had become the subject of her heart's suspicion, and of her soul's hesitation. She was afraid of herself!

But at last she prepared herself to make the visit, and went. On the way home she had an escort. This was not unusual; but the escort was Dr. Gray.

The premonition of such attendance had almost decided her to lose an hour of such ministration as she had been able to bestow. And was this disturbance going to do away with the comfort of that last hour's testimony—its heavenly communion by a bed of death?

Dinah felt that he was coming before she heard a footfall. Before he spoke she apprehended clearly the crowned centre of her thinking, and of his.

She could not, therefore, be surprised into surrender if the old theme were renewed.

But now, oh! women, tell me how long would it be possible for her to stand in the presence of his sovereign love and refrain from obeisance? Josiah was lost to her; though, as he would have it, not lost to the faith. Abby was coming back, if not to her, to the village and the meeting-house. Jane felt glad thereat. This man here was in mourning, alone, devoted to good works, loving God, humble, patient, generous, heroic. Well, she saw in him the virtues—we need not point them out.

But how was it?—by miracle? I can not tell. As these two walked and talked together, so quietly, so friendly, some fetters fell apart which had bound the soul of Dinah. She stepped out into a freedom wonderful to feel—unlooked-for, unhoped-for, unfeared.

Freed from fidelity? Not so—from bondage. There stood the meeting-house looking at her, but not frowning on her, and she did not tremble. Indeed it pleased her now to sit in its sacred shadow and talk with Doctor Gray.

And talk!

Those silent, spiritual communings, then; those reverent waitings; those holdings, firm and reliant, on the will of God; those habits of depending on the unfoldings of Providence for the shaping of her conduct—dost think, oh! congregation, that Dinah ever lost them? Dost imagine, oh! vain world, that she could ever seek embellishment of thee? Dost dream, oh! disputatious world, that warring creeds could ever mar the peace of any household over which her loving heart presided? or that the sanctity of Belief could ever be invaded by the ruthlessness of Opinion?

Go thy way. Thou hast no part or lot in this matter. It is not thou that hast gained; nor any congregation of the faithful that has lost.

Pious pilgrims never trample on the bloom of Olivet. He who passes the brook Kedron must needs kneel in the shadows of the old trees of the Garden. Holy forever is the Mountain of Prayer and of Transfiguration!

Looking down from heaven old Sylvester Morril shall smile on daughter Dinah with a kindlier approval than ever yet beamed from his eyes, since she has sacrified to love. Why, he can forgive Jane. But as to Dinah, there is nothing to forgive. These two are not recreant alike.

Ay, though looking into this man's face who leans against the very door-post of the meeting-house, and is not afraid, she feels that Heaven and Earth must certainly absolve her.

"Thee shall have thy way. I seem to see my duty clearer than I ever did before. Thee knows what is in my heart. Half-way is all the way. To say I love thee, is to say that I will live to thee. It is not living less to God. So be it, then!"

So be it.

MAXIMILIAN OF AUSTRIA.

AS the name of the Archduke Maximilian of Austria has been brought somewhat prominently before the American public of late, as the probable occupant of the new Imperial throne of Mexico, I have thought it might not be uninteresting to give a short sketch of that prince.

The writer, or rather *talker*, as he would wish the reader to consider him, had, during several years of close communication, both official and otherwise, with his Imperial Royal Highness (then Viceroy of the Provinces of Lombardo-Venete), many unusual opportunities of learn-

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ing his true character and worth, as well as understanding his remarkable ability—which extends not only to matters within the range of drawing-rooms and courts, but to the minutest details of scientific and manual labor. But what he had to note, and that with wonder, was the total freedom of this prince from the many prejudices which usually hang upon and overwhelm with ridiculous affectation the scions of royalty.

With our Press it has long been the fashion, in imitation of that of England, to decry Austria and every thing Austrian; and the chief object of this "chat" is to correct many evil impressions that have gone forth against that nationality, as well as to prove that there are men high in its councils, who, though born and nurtured at its court, and surrounded by the traditions and superstitious fallacies of "royal right and sovereign prerogative," are yet intelligent and far-seeing enough to value, to their fullest extent, not only the American people, but the free and enlightened institutions by which they are governed.

One such is the subject of this sketch; Ferdinand Maximilian Joseph, Archduke of Austria, Commander-in-Chief of the I. R. Marine, etc., etc., and eldest brother of the present Emperor of Austria, Francis Joseph I.

Raised in the gayest capital in Germany, or, perhaps, in the whole world; educated at one of its most brilliant courts, this prince, though always of a cheerful disposition, was never prone to frivolity or the many follies by which young men, situated like himself, usually enervate alike their brains and systems. While others were flitting the "golden moments" away — taking part in pompous shows, or indulging in the effeminacies of a life at court—*he* was immured with his professors, or deeply intent upon some erudite work of his great friend Humboldt.

Educated, too, by men who feared not to tell him the truth—men who had his welfare solely at heart, he "possessed opportunities"—I am using his own words—"seldom, alas! accorded to princes." Nor has he shown himself to be unworthy or unappreciative of the lore and devotion thus bestowed upon him by his early teachers.

Like all of the Austrian princes, Ferdinand Max, or the Archduke Maximilian, as he is called by the English, had to begin with the lowest rank of his profession, and although his exalted birth has of course been instrumental in securing him his present high position, I have been assured by those who have known him best that his talents would have placed him there sooner or later. His knowledge of nautical affairs is surprising, extending from holy-stoning a deck to close-hauling a frigate; while many are the anecdotes told of his regarding for some time a stupid "landlubber" trying to tie some complicated knot or other, and finally losing all patience, and "lending a hand" himself.

At such times he generally ends by saying: "There, you stupid fellow, your Admiral has to show you how to do things properly."

But once, it is recorded, the Admiral got a retort from a plain, thick-headed Dalmatian, who, chafed at seeing a thing done so easily which had seemed to him so impossible, grumbled as he turned away, "Many thanks! If I got *your* pay I could do it too."

Though eminently ambitious, Maximilian has never lent himself to any of the numerous cabals of the court, either to abet his followers' cravings or to satisfy his own; still it has been his fate to play a prominent and distinguished part in the history of the Austrian Empire, which has yet to be acknowledged and appreciated by the world. The true extent of the wisdom and liberality shown by this prince, in his rule over the people of the Lombardo-Venete, will probably never be known outside of a certain circle, nor properly appreciated even by the people in whose behalf it was exerted. Nobly he did what he thought to be his duty. Self-sacrificing, he threw every obstacle in the way of the stern military despotism urged as a necessity by designing men upon the central Government, and not only ameliorated the position of the Italian people under his charge by vast improvements undertaken and supported by his own private purse, but proved himself, too, so kindly lenient as to win their sincere affection. The first time I saw the Archduke Maximilian was at Venice, upon the occasion of the festivities and ceremonies usual during Easter holidays. It was Easter Sunday, that day of joy and promise to the Christian world, and it was to be celebrated with all the pomp and gorgeous ceremony peculiar to the Roman church. His Imperial Highness, as well as the young and charming Princess, his wife, was to assist at the attendant procession, which promised to be a very grand affair. Being desirous of seeing a prince whom I had heard so often and so favorably spoken of, I determined to break through my usual custom, which was to avoid crowds, and become a spectator of the pageantry.

Venice—with its romantic and interesting memories, its magnificent palaces and majestic domes—possesses, even amidst its ruins, more accessories for grand spectacles than any other city in the world. Every thing there is unreal —theatrical. The very architecture is of a strange, gorgeous richness, which seems more like the aerial fret-work of the imagination than the substantial creation of human hands. There is a scenic fitness about what may be termed the "properties"—a tranquil serenity induced by the proud evidences of ancient glory that impresses and imposes upon the imagination; while the very quietude of the atmosphere, that *perceptible absence* of the noise of coaches and chariots, which at ordinary times swells the heart so gloomily, adds on such occasions a novel power to the scene, and lends the courtly show an increased awe and majesty.

I was late. And by the time I arrived the procession was issuing from the principal entrance of the grand old cathedral. Slowly it wended its way along the prescribed course, ac-

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companied alone by the rich swelling tones of the organ. A magnificent train of glittering jewels and glowing colors. A huge serpent, in which were blended all the hues of the tropics.

The religious portion of the programme had finished with the solemn Pontifical Mass which was just over. It was, then, a courtly show alone. First came the halberdiers of the prince, in rich old Venetian costumes of maroon and white velvet. And the fiery Italian eyes of the by-standers lit up with a pride indescribable as they marked this tribute to their ancient glory. Next came the personal servants of the members of the prince's suit—running footmen, etc., etc., in the liveries of their several masters. Then followed the *valets des chambre* in magnificent court-dresses of blue and silver—the colors of the princess. Then the Dalmatian servants of the prince in their picturesque and flowing national costumes — half-barbaric in their Oriental splendor—followed by over one hundred pages, chasseurs, and footmen of the vice-regal household.

Here intervened a space when a mass of generals, field-marshals, courtiers, etc., appeared—all dressed in the rich uniforms of their several ranks, and their breasts literally *blazing* with jeweled "orders" and "decorations." Among them walked the famous Lieutenant Field-Marshal Goritzzuti, the military governor of the city—one whose character is of iron, and who neither gives nor expects mercy. He it was, who, when during the last Italian campaign, the Venetians had sought to gain the upper hand and failed—replied, in his rude and broken Italian, in answer to their prayers that he would not bombard their beautiful city. *Venete bon, Io bon; Venete non bon, Io bomb, bomb, bomb.*—"If Venice is good, I'll be good; but if Venice is not good, I'll bomb, bomb, bomb." Bad Italian as it was it was understood, and *Venice was "good."*

A tall, light, graceful figure followed the stern marshal — a space being reserved about him so that he walked alone. Slenderly yet compactly built, a frame neither enervated by luxury nor broken by dissipation, he was commanding yet modest. Fresh-complexioned, with a broad and noble forehead—his deep blue eyes somewhat thoughtful but kindly—the only feature which might possibly prevent his being termed eminently fine-looking was his mouth, which partook of the character of the Hapsburgs. But even that, though heavy, was agreeably and sweetly-formed, with an expression of nobility and magnanimity. Dressed in the plain, dark-blue uniform of the Austrian navy, while all about him were covered with the tinsel insignia of rank, he alone was without ornament, while, with one hand thrust carelessly in the half-unbuttoned breast of his uniform, he appeared neither to delight in the mummery which a stupid custom had prescribed, nor to be paying attention to the forms accompanying it, but regarded it rather as a necessity which must be gone through with.

This the people saw, and the revengeful glances which had been so liberally showered upon the bedizened courtiers now softened, while the gratefully-uttered whisper of "Maximiliano," which ran from one to the other, assured me of what I had already divined, viz., that this plainly-dressed personage was Maximilian of Austria!

Of the train of magnificently-dressed ladies that followed I will speak but of one—the Archduchess—who, habited in a rich court-dress of crimson velvet and white satin, looked as lovely and regal as it is possible to look. Charlotte of Belgium, however, is not what might be termed strictly beautiful, but is, as the French have it, *élégant—tout à fait élégant.* With rich brown hair and hazel eyes—those sure tokens of amiability—she has yet more the appearance, or rather, I should say, the *evidences*, of having been educated at a court than any other royal lady that I have ever seen. She is every inch a princess, and her queenly head that day needed no herald to proclaim its royal birth, nor the dazzling crown of precious stones which surmounted it to give it majesty; for even as it disappeared up the grand stairway, among the sculptured arches of the palace, did it bespeak its own high origin.

So the procession had passed—without one single word of approbation on the part of the populace, except that grateful mutter of "Maximiliano."

Alas, how fearful is the hate for Austria, and how blind! What, then, must have been the merits of a prince who, being of the hated race, has yet succeeded in winning their esteem, if not their love?

Maximilian of Austria has indeed been a blessing to the Italian people. He has obtained more than one amnesty for them, and bid return to their homes those whom tyrannous subordinates had caused to fly from wives and children dear. In doing this, too, it was not his nature to seek the praise or glorification of the world, but rather to conceal the good he had done. The grateful swell of the returned exile's bosom, as he clasped in his arms the loved ones from whom he had been so long and so cruelly separated—the tearful blessings of the wife, or mother, or sisters, as they clung convulsively to the form of him who was more than life to them—these were the tributes that he loved the best, and that he sought alone.

One of the prince's pet projects for the improvement of the city of Venice, as the sea-port of his vice-regal dominion, was the cutting of a canal, direct from Malamoco through the different islands of the Lagoon, up to the city proper. This was to have accommodated vessels of the largest class, and was conducted and supported entirely by his private purse. As it was likely to be a tedious task, he had ordered the canals already existing to be cleaned, so as to admit vessels of 2000 tons being moored alongside the quays. This had been accomplished, and great was the joy of the Venetians thereat.

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While this work was going on Maximilian was every where. Supervising this, overseeing that. Making every thing go right, and watching that the work was conducted honestly and economically. His little black *gondoline* (without ornament or designation of rank) was to be seen every where. One day this light boat came into collision with a large one, bearing a number of working-men. It went crashing through the bow of the larger and apparently stronger boat, consigning its cargo of living freight to the swift tide of the Lagoon. The prince would have plunged instantly to their aid, had he not been restrained by his followers. Nor did his care cease until he had seen them deposited in safety. Kindly guarded with warm garments from the fatal effects of the malaria, for it was in the winter season, and a proper donation, "*buona mano*," with which to drink his health. One little child, who had been in the boat, the prince carried away with him—wrapping it in his own cloak, and not leaving it until it was deposited with numerous gold-pieces in its mother's lap.

In ordinary times the Archduke goes about in citizen's dress. A plain black or dark-blue suit, cut apparently after a manner of his own, neither quite in nor quite out of the fashion. And on this occasion the poor mother never suspected for a moment that the plainly-dressed gentleman, who had so kindly brought her back her child, was "Maximiliano." She therefore treated him throughout as a "Signor Inglese;" and as such proffered him the hospitality of her poor house, which was freely accepted, and it was not until long afterward that she learned that it was the Viceroy, and brother of her Emperor, that she had entertained. The Archduke's *gondoline* was, whenever its master was in Venice, a conspicuous object. Darting here and there, it seemed always on the go; while every morning, regularly, it was to be seen gliding swiftly in the direction of the Arsenal, where a noble frigate, the *Dandolo*, was being built.

"When," said one of his aids-de-camp to me one day, "his Imperial Highness goes away *satisfied*, which is very seldom the case, we feel that we need bother ourselves no longer; for you may depend upon it, every bolt is then in its right place."

"Is he, then, so very observing?" I asked, "I have always understood that it was comparatively easy to deceive a prince. That is, if his followers wish to deceive him."

"It is not so with Max. His eye takes in every thing. He sees more than any man I ever knew; and with his quiet and sarcastic way points it out and waits until it is corrected. As for telling him a lie, I don't believe there is a man living who would dare to do so. He would detect it in a minute. Another peculiarity," continued the aid, "which he possesses, is to *see* that all his orders are duly executed. In this matter he trusts no one—not even his nearest friends. For instance, you remember the music on the piazza last Sunday? The prince was at a window listening. One of the pieces, a little Hungarian air, struck his fancy. He sent to the leader of the band to obtain a copy arranged for the piano. That evening it was left at the palace. The prince, well-satisfied, sent the man a present, but with it a *receipt-book*, to obtain his acknowledgment of its actual reception—thus obviating the difficulty under which the snuff-boxes, diamond-rings, etc., of the Russian princes sometimes labor. Nine-tenths of them, it is said, never reach their destinations."

Indeed, in his business way of doing things Maximilian is any thing but Austrian; and in many respects his feelings and habits are more those of an American, evinced, among other things, by his fondness for fast traveling. He is very fond of our nation, and never does he show to such advantage as when in conversation with one of our countrymen. His admiration for every thing that is noble; for the great principles of self-government; for the strength of mind that dares to think and feel differently from the great mass of ordinary mortals, attracts him, apparently, to our people. I have seen him before now, with some stickler for rank and precedent, quite ill at ease, scarce able to say a word. But the moment his look turned to an American face it assumed a different expression, and he spoke warmly and well—making his conversation so interesting that one would rather hear him talk than to talk one's self, and producing his arguments with an honest conviction that assured his listener even more than his words.

One of his particular favorites was a well-known gentleman of New York, Mr. Gilbert, who was building a floating dry-dock for the Austrian Government. To this gentleman, who enjoyed frequently and unreservedly his confidence and hospitality, I might appeal, were any corroboration necessary of my correct appreciation of the prince's character.

I have dwelt somewhat at length, perhaps, upon traits of character that at first might appear insignificant, from the fact that I hold it all-important that the American people should know correctly and *thoroughly* one whom Destiny seems about to set down, as it were, by their side. This is the more important since it will remain with them to say whether they will live at peace with their new neighbor or not. One thing is certain, the new Emperor will not be the one to create differences with a people whom he respects and admires.

Laying aside all questions, then, as to the desire of the Mexicans for a monarchy, those who know Maximilian may safely avow, that if a foreign prince is to be imposed upon them, no more conscientious man, no better neighbor could have been selected. Let us then hope that we, as we assuredly shall, will find a friend in him; that the Mexican people may yet find beneath his mild sway and liberal government those blessings which long years of anarchy and bloodshed have as yet failed to produce.

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TRIED AND TRUE.

NOONTIDE among the gold and russet woods—noontide on the purple heights of the misty mountains that outlined the horizon—noontide among the water-courses, where fallen leaves floated silently by, and tall golden-rods waved their fiery torches along the edge of tangled hollows. Ah! was there ever sunshine so clear and glorious as that which walks the meadow-slopes of the radiant Indian summer, with the trailing drapery of shadow following ever close behind?

The trembling tide of light was just rippling across the "noon-mark" on the kitchen floor; and a garrulous old clock which stood upright in the corner of the hall beyond, talking to itself in muffled monosyllables, all day long, had confirmed the noon-mark's report with twelve short, sharp strokes. You would not have believed how silver-sweet that bell had once been, when the gigantic pine-tree that overshadowed the porch was but a sapling, and people, long since passed into the melodious hearing of Heaven's own cathedral bells, were wakened, in the morning of their lives, by its tocsin. The old clock's day and generation were over; yet there it stood, undisturbed, until such time as it might graciously please to fall in pieces of its own accord.

Its dusty dial might almost have brightened up spontaneously, however, as a light footstep crossed the hall, and a quick glance sought the position of the hour and minute hands.

"Twelve o'clock, and he is not here yet. He will not come to-day. I am glad of it—no, I'm rather sorry, on the whole. I should like to tell him how I scorn his pusillanimous conduct!"

And Ellen Tracey, pacing up and down the flower-edged foot-path that led from the gray stone steps to a white gate, trellised over with dense-growing honey-suckles, bit her scarlet lip and set the small pearly teeth beneath it close together.

Now there's no earthly use trying to describe Ellen Tracey, reader! Did you ever plod through any description, however highly-wrought, that gave you the least idea of how a pretty woman really looked in her flesh-and-blood loveliness? Of course you never did; and so where would be the advantage of our wasting pen, ink, and paper in telling you of the blue eyes and dazzling blonde hair that set all the susceptible young men, for miles around, wild about Ellen Tracey? Just picture to yourself a lovely village belle of eighteen, fresh as a lily, with dimpled cheeks like the velvet sides of a ripe, crimson peach, and full of bewitching little ways which women—never very accurate judges of their own sex—call "affected" and men fall down and worship, and you will have a pretty clear idea of Judge Tracey's beautiful daughter. Her dress was simple French calico, of a pink color, fastened at the taper waist with rose-colored ribbon, and relieved at the throat and wrists by pearly edgings of Valenciennes lace. A white verbena, carelessly fastened amidst the superabundant braids of her shining light hair, was the only ornament she wore; and a more charming little creature than she looked, thus attired, it would be rather difficult to imagine.

All of a sudden she paused in her quick, impatient walk up and down the shady path—the rosy blood fluttered up to her cheek, and instantly ebbed again, leaving a settled pallor; and she advanced to the wicket-gate as the quick, sharp ring of a horse's feet echoed along the quiet country road.

Almost the next minute the horse himself was checked at the gate, and a young man, with dark, sparkling eyes, and hair all blown about in black wavy curls by hard riding, dismounted, and flung the reins over an iron ring that depended from one of the sturdy old maples that fringed the road for miles in that direction.

"Well, Nelly?"

The two words of greeting were spoken with a bright eagerness that betokened almost a certainty of welcome. But Mistress Nelly did not respond; she merely inclined her pretty head with cool courtesy. Charles Warrener's countenance fell with instantaneous revulsion.

"You have heard all, Nelly?"

"I have heard all, Mr. Warrener."

"*What* have you heard, Nelly?—tell me."

"I have heard," said Nelly, speaking so quietly that the white verbena in her golden hair was not even stirred, although there was a whirlwind of contending emotions within her bosom, "that, after offering Paul Carlyle a gross insult, Charles Warrener has not sufficient manliness to take the consequences of his conduct—that he refuses to accept the challenge sent by Mr. Carlyle, and—"

"Stop, Nelly," interposed Warrener, pale and resolute. "Hear *my* version of this village 'nine days' wonder' before you judge and condemn me. Paul Carlyle made assertions which could only be pardoned by the fact that he was at a college dinner-party, and had, perhaps, taken more wine than he was aware of. I denied the truth of those random statements, as every man should have done who lays claim to the title of gentleman. What is more, I *proved* their utter lack of foundation. And now, when Carlyle, in a fit of boyish vindictiveness, attempts to revive the obsolete usages of the dueling ground, as a sort of salvo to his wounded dignity, it merely remained to me to decline, utterly and entirely."

"Of course," said Nelly, with ironical emphasis. "But why not put it at once on its true grounds?"

"True grounds! I do not understand you."

Nelly fixed her blue eyes full on his face and answered, in tones of slow, concentrated scorn:

"Why not confess at once that you *dare* not meet him—that you are a *coward?*"

"Nelly! Nelly!" he exclaimed, clasping his hand to his heart as if struck by a deadly wound, "you know me better than that. You know that personal courage has nothing to do with

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the course of conduct I have adopted. How could I ever justify such a deed to God or my own conscience? I am not afraid of what mortal man may say or do, but—and I am not ashamed to confess it—I *am* afraid of God!"

"And are we to consider this as your final decision?"

"Yes. I will not apologize to Carlyle; for I can bring proofs that he is wrong and I am right in the matter which has given rise to all this strange bitterness of feeling. Neither will I meet him on the field of unholy and deadly strife. In these two resolutions I am fixed. I shall abide by them at all risks and hazards. But, Ellen, surely *you* will not misconstrue my motives?"

"It is unfortunate," said Ellen, quietly disengaging her dress from a clinging rose-brier beyond, "that the world in general views this matter in the same light as myself—namely, as an egregious exhibition of cowardice. You shrink, Mr. Warrener: perhaps you find the word unpleasant; but it is the only one which can characterize your conduct. But don't let me detain you any longer in this intense sun. Good-by, Sir!"

"Nelly—one word more!"

Perhaps she did not hear the appealing sentence—at all events she went on, not even turning her haughty young head. Up the broad stone steps she passed, the sunshine glinting on her golden braids of hair and fluttering roseate dress, and disappeared, like a fair vision, from the yearning eyes that followed her. And there remained only the sighing canopy of the black-green pine, and the idle shimmer of the noon-light, playing its fantastic freaks on the floor of the solitary lonely hall; for it had never seemed *so* solitary, *so* lonely in all the years he had been familiar with it.

For one moment Charles Warrener's head drooped upon the arched neck of the faithful steed beside him, who, instinctively mistrusting that something was wrong, laid his nose wistfully on his master's shoulder, with a little half-human sound of sympathy. But it was only for a moment that he gave way; and then he mounted his horse and rode slowly down the road, with pale, rigid features, and eyes that saw naught of the world of sunshine and greenery that lay bathed in summer light and glow around him.

"All over!" he muttered, scarcely conscious that he was speaking half aloud, in a smothered voice, strangely unlike his natural tones; "all —*all* over! It is fortunate now that we never were formally engaged. Ellen is free, and I—Well, I have but to live on and endure. The old minister of my boyhood used to say that no man could ever be utterly, irreclaimably miserable who knew himself to be blameless in the sight of Heaven, and yet—"

Warrener stooped his head abruptly: perhaps it was to avoid the low descending boughs of a birch-tree that leaned over the road, perhaps to brush a momentary mist from his vision. But when he rode through the quiet streets of Belknap that evening on his homeward way he was calm and cheerful as ever—at least in so far as outward observation could detect.

Surgeons tell us that there are slow, secret poisons that, while they drain one's life away, leave no external traces of their fatal depredations. Is there no analogy between the poisons that sap the foundations of the body and those that work even more mysteriously upon the heart?

What Charles Warrener endured during the next few months in petty slights, cutting innuendoes, cold looks, and all the other numberless ways this amiable world has of signifying its scorn and disapproval, none ever knew save himself and God. But he *did* endure it, and without complaint.

The winter snows had melted away from the brown shoulders of those grand everlasting old hills that held the village of Belknap in their midst, as if it had been no more than a baby's toy of painted church-spires and wooden houses; the slender-stemmed anemones were beginning to gleam along the course of woodland brooks, and the wild March sunsets grew warmer in their tints of fire and gold with every lengthening day. Spring was coming, and the patriotic heart of Belknap, beating in unison with the pulses of the whole aroused North, was all astir.

As Charles Warrener walked hastily down the village street, in the stormy brightness of one of these March evenings, Deacon Jackson hailed him from the much-worn wooden steps of a thriving store, where collars and crockery, newspapers and camphene, mouse-traps and molasses, together with other Yankee notions innumerable, were retailed with strict impartiality. The Deacon was standing there, polishing his silver-bowed spectacles with a red silk pocket-handkerchief, and staring fixedly toward the wooded hills, now all crimson with maple-blossoms; but it is highly probable that the Deacon never saw the rosy flush of bloom. What cared Deacon Jackson for Nature, except in so far as she helped his corn and potatoes along with her mysterious crucibles of sun and shower? Not a whit.

"Wa'al, Mr. Warrener—I s'pose I'd ought to say *Cap'n*," began the Deacon, with a facetious chuckle—"it's actilly true, then, that you're raisin' a company o' men for the war?"

"I believe I may answer for the truth of the report, Deacon," returned Warrener, laughing. "I hope you entertain no doubt of the fact."

"Oh—well—I don't know!" said the Deacon, giving a final rub to the spectacles and depositing them with great deliberation on the bridge of his nose. "I kind o' didn't fairly believe it at fust!"

"Why not?" questioned Warrener, turning abruptly round, with a red spot glowing on his cheek.

"Wa'al, you see, because"—began the worthy Deacon, tapping desperately at the lid of his snuff-box, as if he expected some hidden

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magician to issue therefrom, and help him out with the awkward sentence—"folks didn't expect you was just the kind o' man to go into any such dangerous business!"

"It is not the first time, then, that 'folks' in this part of the world have been signally mistaken!" returned Warrener, who had by this time quite recovered his composure. "I trust I am not the 'kind of man' to shrink from duty, even though it lay at the cannon's mouth!"

"That's what I always said!" ejaculated the Deacon, flourishing his red-silk handkerchief in the air; "and if I was a young man, 'stead of bein' sixty year old and bent double with rheumatiz, I'd go 'long with you quicker'n smoke. And I tell you what, Cap'n Warrener, your company's fillin' up 'nough sight faster than that feather-headed young Carlyle's. I'm glad of it, too, for I always liked you best, even when—ahem!" and the Deacon buried his embarrassment in the convenient folds of the pocket-handkerchief, and struck out on a new tack. "And that's what I says to my darter, Mary 'Liza, when she told me t'other day that Carlyle was engaged to Ellen Tracey, the Judge's pretty darter, up on the hill. Says I, Mary 'Liza—"

"Pardon me, Deacon Jackson," interposed Warrener, "but it is growing late, and I have a long walk still before me. Good-evening, and many thanks for your good opinion."

He bowed laughingly and walked away. The Deacon stared after him with wide-open gray eyes, twin orbs of surprise.

"'Tain't so! I *told* Mary 'Liza there wa'n't a word o' truth in that story 'bout his bein' so all-fired fond of Ellen Tracey!" was the Deacon's internal comment. "If he had cared for her, he never'd ha' took the news so easy!"

Excellent reasoning, good Deacon Jackson, but deficient in one slight link. Ellen Tracey's recent betrothal to Paul Carlyle happened to be *no* news to Captain Warrener.

"I hope she will be happy," he said to himself, repressing the sighing sob that welled up from his heart as he walked thoughtfully on. "And yet I am not altogether certain of it. Am I growing jealous of my handsome rival?" he asked, mentally, with a bitter smile. "No—let me judge him fairly, even though he has blighted my whole life's happiness. There are many good and noble traits in his nature, and if he loves and cherishes her, as he can not help doing, they will doubtless be very happy. Oh, Nelly, Nelly! I little thought when we were all in all to each other that *my* life's jewel should be worn upon Paul Carlyle's breast!"

It was the night before the —th regiment marched from Belknap—clear and beautiful, with a soft wind sweet with the breath of honeysuckle and wild roses, and a sky all sown with innumerable stars. And Charles Warrener, riding in the fragrant shadow of the dewy woods, looked up at the red brick chimneys of Judge Tracey's substantial old house, with the sentinel pine towering above, sharply outlined against the violet sky, and thought of the many, many times he had lingered at the wicket-gate, under the watching eyes of those same stars, with Ellen at his side. Ah, it was useless to recur to those old times now; he knew it, and felt it, and yet—we human creatures are curiously constituted—when was there an hour in which he did *not* recur to them? Recur to them with a sick yearning, like that of the captive for his native land, the desert-bound for a draught of cool water!

Charles Warrener, unfortunately for his own peace of mind, was not one of those happy individuals who fall in love and fall out again, as a child takes the measles. It was "once and forever" with the big heart that beat under *his* army buttons.

Hush! there was the sudden metallic "click" of the little wicket-latch borne distinctly to his ears in the clear, cloudless atmosphere of the June evening, and Warrener reined his horse back into the woodland obscurity of leaves and shadows with instinctive rapidity. It was Paul Carlyle, who like himself was to depart on the morrow, saying a last "good-by" to the woman who was one day—God willing—to be his wife. And Warrener sat there, cold and silent as a statue, until Carlyle cantered by, on his high-mettled charger, whistling a lively refrain, and disappeared along the curve of the star-lighted road.

"Gone!" he murmured, "gone, in all the flush and pride of his great happiness! *I* must see her once again. I know it is wrong and foolish, but my heart is hungry and athirst for one last look!"

With an impulse too strong to be resisted, he set spurs to his horse, and rode to the old familiar spot where Ellen was yet lingering and watching, while the diamond betrothal ring gleamed with white, fitful radiance on the forefinger of the little hand that held the fleecy folds of the blue Shetland shawl around her throat.

"Paul! is it you, once more?" she exclaimed, in tones whose joyous welcome cut to his jealous heart like a knife, as he sprang from his horse and came up to the gate.

"No, it is *I*, Nelly, come to bid you farewell before we are off to Dixie," he said, in a voice which he strove to render something like composed. "You will say good-by, won't you?"

"Willingly, Captain Warrener!" and she gave him both her hands with a frank, kind smile. He shrank from the touch of Carlyle's betrothal ring.

"Think of us sometimes when we are gone, Nelly!" he said, earnestly: "*pray* for us; such prayers as *yours* should work us good. Ah, I see in your eyes that they will not be wanting."

"Paul is in the same regiment with you?" she asked, hesitatingly, while the color went and came like crimson shadows on her cheek.

He nodded.

"I have heard," she went on, unconsciously turning the sparkling stone round and round on her finger, "that you are a favorite with Colonel Seabrook?"

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"He is one of the best and dearest of all my friends."

"You—you will not use your influence to Mr. Carlyle's disadvantage—to—"

"Nelly!"

One glance into the reproachful depths of his clear dark eyes was enough.

"I might have known it," she said, in accents of relief; "but I was not *quite* sure."

"Some day, Nelly," he said, in a very low voice, "I hope to convince you how entirely you have misunderstood me of late. Meantime I wish you and Captain Carlyle every happiness. Give me the old privilege of asking questions for just once, Nelly, will you not?"

"Ask, then," she said, smiling and blushing.

"Do you love Paul Carlyle truly and entirely?"

"As my own life," was her answer, given in an earnest, frank tone that left no possible margin for doubt or uncertainty.

Charles Warrener spoke his adieux calmly, as any casual friend of her childhood might have done, and passed out of Ellen Tracey's sight forever!

* * * * * *

All day long the red tide of battle had ebbed and flowed upon the fated field of Gettysburg. The peaceful crests of the blue hills, looking down from the far distance like grieved silent angels, were lost in the lurid smoke from bursting shells and thundering artillery; the sweet, aromatic breath of the Pennsylvania pine forests was strangely mingled with rolling, sulphureous mist; the sun hung low in the west, and the long shadows, creeping athwart the tumultuous field, touched the clammy eyelids of dying men, who murmured incoherent words about "the evening being come," and died, all forgetful of their gory wounds, as they might have fallen asleep on their peaceful pillows at home.

Ah, welladay! to think of the rivers of tears that have been wept, and still shall be wept, for the brave men who perished on that day.

Side by side Charles Warrener and Paul Carlyle had fought through all those terrible hours. In all the weeks of their service in the Army of the Potomac they had never been thrown together so much as upon this day. Side by side they had charged, at the word of command, with set teeth and iron features—side by side they had stemmed the bloody torrents that poured down on them from the hill-side like a rain of death.

"Warrener," said Carlyle, hurriedly, as he came up to his old enemy, during a momentary pause in the conflict—"here's a pencil-note from the Colonel: you will easily infer his plans."

"All right," said Warrener, glancing over the note, and crushing it in his hand. "Any thing else you wish to say? We shall be wanted presently," he added, as he saw Carlyle lingering in an undecided sort of manner.

"Yes, there *is* something else," said Carlyle, with an effort. "I wish to make a confession which no man likes to utter. I have been wrong."

Warrener gazed at him in surprise, for the words had been spoken abruptly.

"In what respect?"

"About—about your being a coward. I'm sorry I ever said so, Warrener—and I have regretted that foolish quarrel a thousand times. No one could fight by your side to-day, as I have done, without being convinced that a braver man never breathed. I am sorry from the bottom of my heart for that college affray and all its consequences. Do you forgive me?"

"Freely," was the instant reply, and the two young officers' hands were locked in a frank, earnest clasp of reconciliation.

The next minute the word of command came, borne by a breathless young aid-de-camp; the brigade began to move, yet amidst all the thunder of battle an uneasy thought kept besieging Charles Warrener's heart in spite of his repeated efforts to avoid its recurrence.

If this apology—for such it might undoubtedly be considered—had been spoken months ago, might he not have retained his old place in Ellen Tracey's heart? Alas! the *amende honorable* had come all too late, and it was very, very hard to forgive Paul Carlyle when he thought of Nelly.

As he slowly lifted his eyes from the ground they fell upon the handsome, animated countenance of Carlyle himself, who stood a few feet distant, waiting for some expected order. The enemy had fallen back a little, as if to prepare for a fresh charge, and there was a moment of comparative calm and inactivity on both sides.

And scarce a hundred paces beyond—though by what Heaven-vouchsafed instinct his eyes were impelled in that particular direction he did not know—Warrener beheld the deadly gleam of a rifle-barrel flashing through the scanty foliage of a cluster of dwarfed pine-trees that skirted the valley, with its aim directed full at Carlyle's heart.

The first idea that shot through his brain with lightning rapidity was a blind, dizzy exultation. If Carlyle should fall Ellen was free, and who could venture to say what might betide? The next was a deliberate resolution at all hazards to save the life of the man whom Ellen loved.

There was no time for warnings—none for reflection—only one brief second in which to *act*. For as he threw himself before the astonished and bewildered Carlyle there was a white, blinding glare from the stunted pines, and a sharp report, almost inaudible through the roar of a hundred iron-throated cannon. Warrener was conscious of a strange, agonizing sensation, as if a stream of fire had torn its way through his frame, and then a thick mist came over his vision.

It lasted but for a moment; and when he again opened his dim eyes he was supported on Carlyle's knee, under the grateful shade of a copse of tall hazels, while a deadly chill seemed

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turning his heart to ice, and the breath came in labored, shuddering gasps. He put aside the canteen of water which his companion was holding to his lips.

"Drink, my boy, for the love of Heaven! Only one drop—it will revive you. Doctor, look at this wound—you *must* look, I tell you."

"It's of no use, Carlyle," faintly murmured the wounded man, as the surgeon to whom Carlyle had imperatively beckoned came unwillingly up; "it's of no use—I am dying!"

"Doctor, *can't* you save him?" reiterated Carlyle, wildly. "It's only a rifle-shot. I have seen men recover from worse wounds than this. He *must* not die—he shall not!"

"No power on earth can save him, Captain Carlyle," returned the surgeon, after one cool, professional glance. "Do you see the way that blood jets out—slow and regular, as if it was pumped up? He's past saving, poor fellow!"

And the man of healing went on his way to those to whom he might be useful by some possibility. It seemed heartless, but he had no time to waste on doomed men.

"And you have thrown away your life to save mine. Oh, Warrener, it was not worth the sacrifice!" wildly uttered Carlyle.

"Ellen would have broken her heart if *you* had fallen," said Warrener, speaking slowly and with difficulty. "Tell her—"

The gray, ashen shadows were creeping over his face; the cold dews that hang around the River of Death were gathering upon his brow; yet he could not die and be forgotten without one last word. And Paul Carlyle, bending low over the lips of the man whom he had so sorely wronged, caught the last accent they should ever speak.

"Tell Ellen that I was not a coward!"

And so he died.

When that last message came to Ellen Tracey in a letter from Paul Carlyle, all blotted and illegible, she shut herself in her own room all the day, her only companion the bitterest remorse that human heart can know. And in the evening, when family prayers in the parlor were over, she went silently to the old red-covered Bible, and sought out one passage from its time-worn pages:

"*Greater love hath no man than this—that a man lay down his life for his friends.*"

For Ellen knew that Charles Warrener had laid down his life for *her* sake.

MY FRIEND CRACKTHORPE.

I AM going to write a plain statement of it just as it occurred. I don't expect sympathy from muscular, strong-minded persons. On the contrary, I expect sneers, and perhaps contempt. But I am used to such treatment from that class of my fellow-men. And to prove my indifference to this, as well as to vouch for the truth of my statement, I give my name and address in full, and am further willing, if called upon, to make affidavit to the same before any justice of the peace in the county.

My name is Andrew Jackson Weeks. I reside at No. 1990 Whortleberry Street, Philadelphia, where is also my place of business. I am in the retail hosiery and trimmings line. Let me add that I am of feeble frame, of nervous temperament, and of a timid, confiding disposition. My health has also been poor for some years. Finally, I am a widower without children. On the 29th of last July I took a fortnight's holiday to recruit my exhausted system; and putting my head (and only) clerk in charge, left the city, by steamboat, for Cape May. Having once just escaped death by a railway collision, I always travel by steamboat where it is possible. I am aware that accidents frequently occur on the water also, but never having met with one, I feel more confidence in this mode of travel. Besides, the air does me good. We had not been more than a couple of hours "under way" when, as I was sitting alone upon the hurricane deck, gazing upon the fast receding shores of the noble Delaware, a stranger, who had been pursuing the same occupation near me for some moments, addressed me by courteously inquiring if I was going to the Cape.

I replied that I was.

"Glad of it, Sir; so am I," said he, heartily. Then seeing, no doubt, a mild expression of surprise upon my countenance at the cordiality of his remark, he added: "Certainly I am glad of it, because I shall not know any one to speak of there probably, and so I hope to make a friend and comrade of you, Sir."

"I'm very much obliged to you, Sir, I'm sure," I replied, looking more particularly at him.

He was a large, powerful man, with a high, bald forehead, a Roman nose, and remarkably brilliant blue eyes; quite a distinguished-looking man, in fact, and, as I judged, about fifty years of age. I felt his condescension as quite a compliment, arguing from his appearance, and it was not wholly without a sentiment of respect that I told him so.

"Oh, no compliment at all," said he, smiling. "You are a man of sense. I see it in your eye. I am a man of sense. You may, if you choose, see it in my eye" (as he spoke he bent his very bright gaze full upon me), "and so we are mates at once. By-the-by, there is a terrible crush at the Cape. Hasn't been such a crowd these twenty years. Government money, Sir; Government money. Contractors, or, as I call them, extractors, of Uncle Sam, and the like. A perfect jam. Garrets, cellars, outhouses, ice-houses, dog-houses, all crammed, Sir. Not a soft plank to be had at any price. You've taken a room beforehand, of course?"

I was forced to confess that I had not, and added that, had I known the crowd to be so extraordinary, I should certainly have gone somewhere else.

"No use, Sir," said he: "they're all the same. Atlantic City, Newport, Long Branch, Saratoga, all jammed, crammed, rammed full. I've tried 'em all. But I'm all right this time,

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and so shall you be. I'm resolved we shall have a good time, Sir, and I'll tell you what we'll do. I've got a room: telegraphed five days ago, and sent the first week's board in advance by letter. Well, you shall share it. We'll room together, bathe together, eat together, walk, ride, drink, smoke, and have a regular jolly time together. So it's all arranged, and now let us introduce ourselves and be friends. My name is Crackthorpe, Anthony Crackthorpe—'Mad Anthony,' some of my serious friends call me, because I love to be jovial and free: no harm in that, even if our hairs are thinning—eh, Mr.—?"

I gave him my name, and thanked him again for his very open-hearted and generous offer of companionship, though I ventured to make some opposition to his self-sacrificing proposal, and to hesitate accepting such unusual favors from a stranger, to whom I might not prove as agreeable or congenial on more intimate acquaintance as he was disposed to think me at first sight. But he cut me short, pooh-poohed my modesty, and was so genially peremptory and entertaining that I could do nothing but yield every thing to him, and inwardly bless my stars for having encountered such a phœnix of a watering-place chum.

We were soon on the most familiar terms, and he assumed the command of our "expedition" with a pleasant authority that was perfectly irresistible to me, and left me no will of my own whatever. I did not, however, feel the want of any, and was thoroughly contented to exert none. My late wife, in fact, used frequently to tell me that I never had a will of my own. In which assertion the life I led with her, as well as the events herein to be related, may probably go far with some of my readers to prove her correct.

The first occasion on which Mr. Crackthorpe assumed and carried out his authority was at the steamboat dinner. The table was crowded, and the waiters had placed my seat at some distance from that of my friend (for so I must now call him). When we arrived in the saloon, and he saw the arrangement, he called one of the waiters, and, in a commanding tone, said to him:

"Steward, this won't do. Give this gentleman a seat next to me, Sir, at once."

"Very sorry, Sir, indeed, Sir," replied the dark-skinned citizen; "but can't do it, Sir. Seats all fixed now, Sir, indeed, Sir; 'less you like to wait for de second table, Sir."

"Second table!" exclaimed my friend, annihilating the apologetic steward with his eye. "Just wait a moment, Weeks" (to me). "I'll settle this in a jiffy. Which is the captain?" (to the steward.)

"Oh, never mind!" interrupted I, deprecatingly; "it isn't really any matter. Don't—don't have any—any trouble on my account. This will do very well—"

"It will *not* do, Weeks! We are chums, and we are going to sit together. Wait here!" and the steward having pointed out the captain (who was standing at the head of the table, waiting till all the guests should be seated), Mr. Crackthorpe strode up to him with much dignity, and whispered for a few moments in his ear.

The captain first slightly frowned, then relaxed his brow, looked down the room at me, smiled, and said, aloud,

"Certainly, Sir, certainly; here, steward! Place this gentleman's friend alongside him at table, as he desires. All right, Sir, he'll arrange it." And the somewhat crest-fallen steward did as he was commanded.

When we arrived at the landing, my companion, with the same authoritative kindness, took charge of the disembarkings, the luggage, the seats in the stage, and the settlement of the fares. "I'll be paymaster," said he, gayly, "and we can settle at our leisure. Leave every thing to me. I'm an old hand, Weeks, my boy, at this sort of thing."

Arrived at the hotel, Mr. Crackthorpe took me by the arm, marched into the saloon, and insisted on my sitting down and resting myself. "You're not strong, Weeks, you know," while he attended to all the business of the room and name-registering.

In a few minutes he came smiling back. "All right, Weeks!" cried he; "No. 440, left wing, fourth flight, double-bedded room; not very grand, I suspect, but better than any of our fellow-travelers will get. Baggage sent up. Come along, I'll introduce you to the proprietor."

The proprietor was standing in his office.

"My particular friend and room-mate, Mr. Weeks," said Mr. Crackthorpe, introductively. "Not very robust, Sir, but in good hands, isn't he, Mr. North? We'll make a new man of him in a week; won't we, Sir?"

Mr. North looked benevolently at me, shook hands, and said, "He hoped so."

"And now come, Weeks," continued my friend, "we'll go dress for supper."

The impression produced upon me by the brusque but kindly assumption of control on the part of my self-elected companion was, thus far, entirely pleasant; and up to the moment when, somewhat late that night, I dropped asleep in our double-bedded room, I had little reason to feel otherwise than grateful for an accidental encounter and my ready submission.

But next morning the scene began to change. At the break of day Mr. Crackthorpe awoke me, and bade me, "Come, rouse up, and have a splendid plunge in the surf before breakfast."

I demurred, and said, "I was sure it wouldn't agree with me."

"Nonsense!" cried he. "It will! it shall! It will make a new man of you! Come, are we not going to live and enjoy every thing together, you know? I sha'n't bathe without my chum. So hurry up, and let's have a run and a splash!"

I still feebly begged to be excused. But he wouldn't hear of it. With the most genial tone, and laughing gayly the while, he said I wasn't half awake, and so snatched away the bed covers,

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and vowed he'd "christen me sluggard from the pitcher on the wash-stand if I wasn't up in a jiffy."

In short, he forced me, in the most good-humored manner, to rise, dress, and accompany him to the beach. The morning was raw and blustering. My teeth chattered, and I shivered like a man with the ague.

"Pooh! pooh!" cried he, "a little run up and down the sands will soon fix that." And suiting the action to the word, he seized me firmly by the arm—we had both changed our clothes by this time for bathing-dresses—and rushed me up and down the wet, pebbly margin of the sea with a speed that completely deprived me of breath.

"Now for it!" he exclaimed, stopping suddenly, and before I could recover my wind enough to ask, "For what?" my athletic friend caught me round the waist and fairly plunged me head foremost into a tremendous breaker that was rushing, foaming up the beach. I made a desperate effort to shriek—my mouth opened—was instantly filled with salt-water—and I remember no more till I found myself again high, but not in the least dry, on the shore, with Mr. Crackthorpe rolling me forward and backward on the sand much as a baker rolls his dough, and exclaiming, "Oh, come, no 'possum,' Weeks! You can't humbug me, my boy; there! you're all right; have another dip?"

I opened my eyes and sat up, feeling somewhat as I imagine a rag, if permitted to feel, would be apt to after being thoroughly saturated, imperfectly wrung out, and left to shiver and flap in a raw, salt wind. In addition to this, I also experienced a strange sensation at the pit of my stomach which was the reverse of exhilarating.

"Come, old fellow, have one more go?"

"N–no th–th–ank you. Le'ss go home!" And without waiting for Mr. Crackthorpe's consent I rose to my feet, and made a move toward the bathing shed. But my eccentric companion, whom I now inwardly thought not inaptly named "Mad Anthony" by his friends, was too quick for me. Grasping my arm once more, he said, heartily,

"Not yet. It'll never do you good if you don't get used to it. I'll take care of you, and when we've had another run and another plunge you'll feel like eating a horse."

I had no means of resistance save words, and these he instantly deprived me of by the same double process as before. This time, however, I took care to keep my mouth shut when the plunge-period arrived, and with the exception of a tolerable quantity of sand in my ears and hair, and a moderately large cut on my foot from a sea-shell, I came out of this second "getting used to it" pretty well.

My stomach, however, did not manifest the least morbid inclination for horse-flesh, but, on the contrary, was evidently disposed to part with whatever of last night's cheer it might then contain. The only prominent desire I experienced was a decided one to sever the intimate relations between Mr. Crackthorpe and myself, and get rid of his, no doubt, most friendly but boisterous and eccentric, if not dangerous, freedoms with my person.

On our way back to the hotel I hinted this to him as delicately as possible.

"What!" cried he, indignantly. "Do you want to desert me, Weeks, after my conduct toward you, giving you half my room, taking all the responsibilities of every thing on myself, doing every thing for us both, taking as much—ay, more care of you than myself? Where would you have been this moment without me, Sir? Out among the sharks, Weeks, tearing you to pieces—fighting for the bloody fragments! And you want to leave me because you swallowed a pint of salt-water! I sha'n't allow it, Weeks! Mind you, I shall not allow you to exhibit such ingratitude. You'll never get back home alive without me. Pooh, pooh, Weeks, don't think of it, but come along, change your clothes, eat a hearty breakfast, and thank your friend Crackthorpe—as you will thank him before long in spite of yourself—for making a new man of you!"

What could I do? As I said before, my will was never very strong, and besides, when Mr. Crackthorpe looked at me with those very bright eyes of his, they really seemed to fascinate me. The most I could and did do, was to resolve, if Mr. Crackthorpe repeated any such exceedingly rough acts of friendship, to quietly obtain a room at some other hotel if possible, and decamp.

After a breakfast, which, on my part, was in no sense "hearty"—"Weeks," said Mr. Crackthorpe, "do you play ten-pins?"

"No, thank you," I replied, rather absently, for I was just then thinking that I should feel better after lying down for an hour, no doubt.

"Well, it's never too late to learn. Capital exercise! Come along, we'll go and try a few games."

"I—I think I'll lie down for a little while."

"Lie down? Fiddlestick! You've just got up. You want exercise, Weeks, exercise! Roll the big balls for an hour, and you'll feel like a new man. Come on."

And putting my arm in his, he led me—"like a lamb to the slaughter," if I may so express myself—to the bowling-alley.

Under his directions I "rolled the big balls for an hour," without serious injury to myself or the pins, save that I became violently heated, and slightly sprained my right wrist. Then Mr. Crackthorpe carried me off to lunch. After lunch I again made a proposition to lie down for a little while; but my Mentor insisted that I should spoil my entire day if I did, while, on the contrary, if I drank another julep and then walked to the village with him—as of course I should, for were we not bound to stick together—by the time we got back to dinner I "would feel like eating an alligator."

The error of his former prophecy with regard

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to my desire for horse-meat had considerably shaken my faith in his skill as a soothsayer, but I did not quite dare to tell him so, and his muscular arm was once more put in requisition to guide my not altogether enthusiastic steps over the hot sand, toward the spot where the village of Cape May was slowly baking in the sun. At the post-office there we met Mr. North, our landlord.

"How are you, Mr. Crackthorpe?" said he, "and how is your friend?" he added, looking benevolently at me.

I was about to answer for myself, but Mr. C. forestalled me.

"We're all right, Sir," he replied, smilingly. "Weeks is getting used to it here, and a few days will make a new man of him, as I tell him."

"I hope it will, I'm sure!" answered Mr. North, with much kindness, and so left us.

At that moment, I confess, I could not join in the hope. The hot, long walk, added to the morning's various experiences in the "getting-used-to-it" line, and the juleps, had culminated in a number of very unpleasant sensations. My head ached, my feet—especially the cut one—seemed very hot and decidedly larger than my boots; and the fluid and solid entertainments I had partaken of were continually reminding me of their present state of digestion, by offering me a taste of their condition, which was far from being grateful or refreshing to my palate. When I insinuated these feelings to Mr. Crackthorpe, he laughed, and slapped me encouragingly on the back, saying: "It's the salt air, Weeks; you're not quite used to it yet. Come along with me, and we'll set it to rights in a jiffy." And he led me to the druggist's.

"Bicarbonate of soda, brandy, and water," said he.

The ingredients were produced, he mixed them, and handed me the tumbler. "Drink that, old fellow, and in five minutes you'll feel like another man!"

As I didn't think I could feel like a much more miserable one than Andrew Jackson Weeks, I was reckless of the prospect and swallowed the dose. As I did so, however, I resolved that when I got back to the hotel this time I would lie down, and that I *would*, as soon as practicable, part company with Mr. Crackthorpe.

How and when I did get back I hardly know. I have a dim notion of having walked but a little way, then of being picked up by a passing carriage; of hearing Mr. Crackthorpe explain that "I was a little knocked up, but would soon get used to it, and feel like a new man;" of seeing the benevolent face of Mr. North in the carriage; of being carried up stairs and put to bed, and of hearing my companion go out and lock the door outside. After this all was oblivion.

When I awoke it was dark, but I felt better. My legs ached, my back ached, and my head ached, it is true; but I was not otherwise sick—in other words, my stomach was calm. My very first clear sensation was one of extreme loathing and fear toward Mr. Crackthorpe. My feelings had undergone a complete and terrible revulsion toward that robustuous would-be renovator of my physique. I absolutely hated him! I inwardly cursed and reviled him! I would bear him no longer! No! I would leave him—I would be free! That instant I would seek another apartment, another hotel, another watering-place, if necessary, to be rid of his tyranny!

I rose, struck a light, threw on my clothes, and took four steps toward my purpose. But only four: for the chamber-door was locked on the outside. Then the dim remembrance came back to me of having heard him lock it, and I sat down on the bed in despair. What should I do? Ring the bell? I looked round: the bell was broken off. Pound on the door? shout? yell? I wanted to—I wanted to yell furiously. But I was—yes, I was afraid. Besides, I wished to get away quietly. I had no nerve for a scene. I wished to avoid him—to give him the slip; to go off, and leave a note, politely dissolving our connection: not on any account to irritate such a muscular, eccentric gentleman, for he might—he might—what might he not do? Challenge me, horsewhip me, follow me up to do me some injury.....Well, at any rate, I would pack up and get ready. A waiter might pass along the entry—or Mr. Crackthorpe himself; ah! yes, where *was* he, I wondered!

However, I began to pack my valise. In another moment I heard footsteps approaching. Oh! if it should be one of the waiters! I listened; the steps came nearer. I rushed to the door, and was about to call, when the footsteps stopped, the key rattled in the lock, the door opened, and Mr. Crackthorpe stood before me. He looked slightly flushed, and exhaled an odor of cigar smoke and alcoholic stimulants.

"Hello, Weeks!" cried he. "All right again, old fellow!" Then catching sight of my valise, half packed, on the bed, and some articles which I still held in my hands: "Hello!" he again exclaimed, "what are you doing, eh? What's all this, Weeks? Where the devil are you going, Sir?"

"I—I was merely—I thought of—of looking for a room where I wouldn't incommode you in this way, Mr. Crackthorpe."

"Incommode me!" cried my former chum, now my terror and aversion, fixing me with his gleaming eye; "what do you mean, Weeks, by this ungentlemanly proceeding? Did I not offer to share my room and my society with you freely, Sir? And did you not embrace my offer as freely? Did you not agree that we should be mates and comrades—that we would live, eat, drink, walk, bathe, and be, in a word, together during our stay here? Have I not kept the covenant, Sir? Have I not been a constant friend and companion? Did I not save you from the sharks this morning, and put you to bed like a brother this afternoon? Well, Sir, do you mean to insult me by sneaking off in this manner? Do you,

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Weeks? Answer me! — do you, or do you not?"

Mr. Crackthorpe spoke in an excited, indignant tone, and with much gesticulation. I was frightened and confused by his energetic manner of putting the question before me. "Oh, if I were only the 'Benicia Boy' for five minutes!" This I murmured in the secret recesses of my soul. But aloud I could only stammer a few words of my disinclination to trespass on his goodness; my unfitness, physical and mental, to be a sharer in his active pleasures, and my entire guiltlessness of intentional offense.

"Your unfitness to participate in my mode of life, eh? Why, that's exactly what I am trying to remedy, my friend. I am going to rehabilitate you. I'm going to make a new man of you, Weeks! And you want to relapse into your misérable valetudinarianism just as you are beginning to get used to it here. You shall not do it, Weeks; I tell you you sha'n't do it. You shall be cured in spite of yourself! Take another room? Where do you think you'll get another room, pray? Didn't I tell you, didn't North tell you, there wasn't so much as a candle-box vacant in the place? You don't believe us, I suppose? Let me feel your pulse [he seized my hand]: you've got a slight fever, my friend. Now undress yourself, get into bed, and I'll send you up a cup of tea and a plate of toast. And to-morrow morning, to convince you of my sincerity, we'll go together and search for a room, if you choose, just to satisfy you, Weeks, of the utter folly of your attempting to throw away my society. Come now—that's a good fellow! go to bed, and we'll go on a tour of discovery in the morning, 'pon honor!"

Mr. Crackthorpe had gradually changed his tone to a most kind and persuasive one, and though I felt still the most earnest desire to stick to my resolution, I could not for my life screw my courage to the sticking-point.

In a few moments, with his officious, but irresistible aid, I was once more abed, and he left the room, locking the door, as before, on the outside. When he had gone, I confess that I burst into tears. "Was ever a poor devil thus bewitched and tyrannized over?" I groaned. "It is intolerable. What a coward I am! I won't stand it. I won't be bullied and wheedled by this big man any longer. I'll complain to Mr. North the very first thing in the morning. I'll ask his protection. I'll leave the place. What an eye he has! And if he discovers I have complained of him, he'll assault me, perhaps; or suppose I hire some big fellow to thrash him? But he will be all the more incensed afterward, and I can't keep having him thrashed all the time. And he knows my name and address. Oh, how I wish I were the 'Benicia Boy' now. If I were to tell any body about this, no one would believe me, I'm sure."

At this juncture the door opened and Mr. Crackthorpe reappeared, carrying my tea and toast himself. For a single instant my heart relented toward him, at sight of this delicate attention, and I thought, "He means kindly after all." But it was only a flash.

"Hello!" cried he, looking keenly at me; "what, blubbering? Weeks, you're a precious baby. You've been crying because you can't make a fool of yourself, and you've, no doubt, been resolving to go and do it in spite of me. Yes, and you are determined to get some one to help you. Mr. North, perhaps—ha!" (How on earth could he have divined that, thought I, in terror.) "Yes! I see you have; you needn't deny it. You are going to complain to the landlord. Now, see here, Mr. Weeks"—and he came close to me, and looked me straight in the eyes—"I've made you my friend and companion; and my friend and companion you are going to remain till we leave this island. It is not the duty of a friend to slander his friend. And you won't slander me. Of course not. You won't even think of such a thing. For if you should so much as breathe a whisper to North, or South, or East, or West, ha! ha! you'll repent it the longest day you live, Mr. Weeks. You will, upon my honor. Pooh! pooh! my friend, you've got a fever. Here, drink your tea, eat your toast, take a good nap, and to-morrow morning you'll feel like a totally different man."

I obeyed him, for two reasons; first, because I was too weak and trembling to oppose him; and, secondly, because the flavor of the tea was specially grateful to my nostrils, and my exhausted stomach craved the toast imperiously. I ate and drank, and with every morsel I chewed the cud of my wrath; with every spoonful I swallowed fresh determination to escape him somehow. Having finished, I sank to sleep in a mist of half-formed plans and airy schemes to outwit my bugbear.

The next morning I felt better, and ate a substantial breakfast, though my limbs were still very sore and the skin of my face presented a curious parboiled appearance. After breakfast, Mr. Crackthorpe, with his usual appropriation of my arm, sought the landlord.

"Good-morning, Mr. North," said he, blandly. "My good friend Weeks here, fancies he should feel easier if he had a room to himself; he is so ridiculously afraid of incommoding me. Of course, that's all humbug, you know; but if he *will* change, why he *must*, and, no doubt, he at least will gain by the operation. So please hunt up your most comfortable room, and—"

"I am very sorry," replied Mr. North, looking first, quickly, at my companion, and then benevolently at me—"very sorry, but there isn't a vacant room in the house. Even the attics are full, and the servants sleep in the kitchens and dining-rooms. I couldn't give Mr. Weeks a closet. In another week, perhaps—"

I involuntarily groaned. Mr. Crackthorpe looked quickly at me. "Oh, it's of no material consequence," said I, hastily. "I shall leave, I think, to-morrow or next day—"

Mr. C.'s eyes were still on me, but he turned them upon the landlord and exclaimed, before I

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could finish my sentence—"Yes, we *may* leave in a day or two, as Weeks says, but still—however, we will wait and see what can be done; some one might go, suddenly, to day—"

"Oh, there's no danger of—"

Mr. Crackthorpe interrupted the landlord quickly, and giving him, as I thought, a peculiar look—"As you observe," said he, "there is no certainty of that; but it might be that some accidental departure would—"

"Oh yes! very possibly, very possibly some one *might* leave unexpectedly—"

"And in that case—?" rejoined Mr. C., interrogatively.

"The room shall be at Mr. Weeks's command, of course."

"All right! Come on, Weeks, let's have a short walk."

I see that my "statement" is becoming prolix. I must endeavor to sum the details more rapidly.

Suffice it to say, then, that Mr. Crackthorpe walked me to each of the hotels in turn, introduced me to each of their landlords, with all of whom he seemed acquainted, in turn, as "his particular friend Mr. Weeks, who *fancied* he should like a separate room," etc.; and that the reply of each was, in substance, to the same effect, viz.: "that a room was not to be had at any price in less than a week, unless by some unforeseen departure, which was not likely, though, of course, within the range of possibility;" and that I returned to our hotel thus, with my chain more firmly riveted than ever.

Let me add, that in each instance of our dialogues, or, rather, Mr. Crackthorpe's dialogue with a landlord, I noticed, or thought I noticed, the same curious signs of intelligence pass between them, and that I felt very much mystified and worried thereby; but, with my usual want of resolution, did not venture to ask any explanation.

For the next three days Mr. Crackthorpe had me at his mercy. He never left me—I should say, he never let me leave him—a moment, and my torture grew in proportion. My horror and aversion had reached a point that I can not find language to express. A dozen times I had tried to slip him—in vain! A dozen times I had endeavored to get a chance to say a word in Mr. North's ear, or even in that of a clerk, a waiter, any body—in vain! His eye—the "glittering eye"—always arrested me in the instant of success. I was utterly, hopelessly miserable!

And I began to observe that people looked at me queerly. On the piazza, on the beach, in the dining saloon, ladies and gentlemen would gaze with a sort of compassion on me, and occasionally whisper their neighbors as they gazed. There was nothing absolutely offensive in this, but it added to my nervous irritability. I finally mustered courage to ask Mr. Crackthorpe what it meant.

"Interest, Weeks, interest," said he. "They see how you're improving under our daily regimen, and that I am making a new man of you. North has told them, probably, how inseparable we are, and how famously you are getting used to rough it. That's all, old fellow."

This did not entirely satisfy me; but it was all I could obtain.

As to being "made a new man," this was, in a degree, true; for I had certainly shed my skin to a considerable extent. My face, neck, hands, and part of my back had blistered, and then peeled, and were now covered with a tender pellicle, something akin to that of a very soft-shelled crab. I must also confess that I was "getting used to rough it;" at least as far as being able to keep my mouth shut in the breakers, and to "roll the big balls for an hour," without unusual fatigue. But I can not, with my utmost desire to be partial, assert that my general health or happiness was improved, as I understand the term. And still less my personal appearance.

I was more resolved than ever to "break my bonds and flee" the moment I saw a chance. Bonds! I'd have changed places with any "contraband" in rebeldom.

It came at last! And in the most extraordinary and unexpected manner.

On the fifth morning, after breakfast, we walked, arm in arm as usual, to the post-office. My clerk had written me a letter, and sent me a couple of newspapers. One was the *Morning Inquirer* of the day before; the other, the New York *Times*, three days old.

I handed them to Mr. Crackthorpe, while I read my letter. Looking up presently, at an exclamation that escaped my companion, I saw him with the *Times* spread out before him, gazing with dilated eyes upon a particular spot in the paper, and very pale.

"What—what's the matter, Sir?" I asked, fearfully.

"Matter! Matter enough, by ——!" cried he, savagely, crushing the paper in his hands. "I must be gone! I must be gone!" and without waiting an instant for me (we were sitting on the veranda of the hotel) he rushed into the house, carrying the *Times* with him.

For an instant I thought of following him. But suddenly it occurred to me that I was alone—alone, that is, free! free for the moment at any rate. I rose up, drew a long breath, and sat down again. How delicious it felt to be free! He would come back again, of course. But what of that! Now I was alone! Now I could feel, think, act for myself! What should I do? Ha! a brilliant thought! It is half past ten. At eleven-twenty the train leaves for Philadelphia! I never travel by rail if I can avoid it; but now! *now* I would cheerfully go in a balloon to escape him! Yes, I would go at once! But how get my valise? If I went to my room he was doubtless there. He would never let me go. Oh, never! What was a paltry valise full of clothes after all to my freedom? Freedom! Think of that! Hang the clothes! But my bill? I *must* pay my bill.

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Well, I could do that by—or, stay! He was the paymaster. The landlord would look to him for it, not to me. And, once at home, I would remit my share to the care of Mr. North for Mr. Crackthorpe.

Yes, that arranged it all. And now to get off. I walked off the veranda, over the sandy road toward the stables. I walked rapidly, firmly, proudly. I trod on air. I felt "myself again." I felt glorious, almost intoxicated with my sudden deliverance. Strange to say, a doubt of my success in leaving my tyrant never smote me for an instant. I walked into the coach-office.

"Can you drive me to the railway station immediately—in time for the eleven-twenty train?"

"Yes, Sir, certainly. Any baggage?"

"No. I've ordered it sent after me. I'm pressed for time."

"All right, Sir. Take a seat. Coach be ready in ten minutes."

I sat down, and the man went out to give the orders. "What could there be in that paper?" I thought, as I sat in a corner of the small, ammonia-smelling room, among old harness, horse-blankets, prints of racers, whips, and greasy drivers' garments. As I thought this a shadow passed the window, and a moment after I heard a voice saying, in a hurried, peremptory tone, outside,

"I want a carriage at the hotel in fifteen minutes, to take two gentlemen and baggage to the station. Fifteen minutes exactly, mind."

Good Heavens! It was the voice of Mr. Crackthorpe! He was going then? Yes, and evidently expected to drag me with him. For he said "two gentlemen." The second gentleman could be no other than myself. Even now he had doubtless gone to look for me. There was no time to be lost. What should I do? Not go at all events; that was positive.

I rushed out into the yard. "Mr.," said the stable-keeper, coming up to me, "would you object to take a seat with two other gentlemen that be a goin' over to the station? You see I've only got a—"

I interrupted him. "Never mind. I've changed my plan. I'll go by the boat. I've forgotten something." And without waiting for his reply I left the place.

After a moment's reflection, I concluded to hide myself until after his departure. He was evidently bound to go, with or without me; I could tell that by his manner. I hid myself accordingly, no matter where; but for two full hours I did not venture from my concealment. Then I entered the hotel, and by good fortune was able to ascend to my room without attracting special observation. I found it in great disorder; my things scattered about, as if there had been an attempt to pack them suddenly given up. But on the bed lay the copy of the *Times*.

I eagerly seized it, and, sitting down, proceeded to go carefully over its columns. For a long time I read editorials, correspondence, news items, marriages, deaths, stock-boards, and even advertisements, in vain. At last I lit upon the following paragraph:

LEFT his friends, a gentleman of infirm mind. He is about fifty years of age, tall, stout, somewhat bald, with Roman nose and blue eyes. His manners and address are those of a cultivated gentleman. He is perfectly harmless, and a stranger would not suspect his infirmity, though he is fond of calling himself, as if in jest, "Mad Anthony." His hobby is physical training, and he is very fond of acting as guardian to some person of feeble health, promising to "make a new man of him."—Any information concerning the gentleman will be gratefully received and liberally rewarded by his friends. Address PETER CRACKTHORPE, M.D., Brookside on the Hudson, N. Y.

A MADMAN! I had actually, for five days, been the victim of a monomaniac! Great Heaven! He might have murdered me! "Perfectly harmless!" Ugh! My emotion was so great that—I am not ashamed in the least to confess this—I fell upon my knees and prayed in gratitude for my deliverance. Then, much comforted, I went down stairs. Mr. North met me in the hall.

"Hello! here you are, eh?" cried he. "Why, Mr. Weeks, you have played your—your friend a pretty trick. He has been forced to go without you; but never fear, Sir; he left you in my care. I will see that—"

I cut him short by putting the paper into his hand, and saying, "Read that, Sir, and thank God there has been no murder committed in your house!"

He started back, but took the paper and looked at the paragraph.

"My God! is it possible?" cried he, when he had read it. "Why—I beg your pardon, Mr. Weeks; but he— Well, it's the queerest thing I've known this long time. Would you believe it, Sir, he actually represented *you*, Sir, as a gentleman of weak mind, but perfectly harmless, and himself as your guardian!"

"Ah!" said I, a light breaking upon me—"and that was the cause of your looks of mutual intelligence, and the stories about the rooms, both here and at all the other hotels, where he must have made the same statement in advance, while he kept me abed. This accounts, too, for the whisperings and gazings of the guests. I see it all now. What an escape!"

"You had better write to his friends, Mr. Weeks," observed the landlord.

"No; I'll leave that to you, Sir. I'll have no more to do with him in any shape. Be good enough to make out my bill. I shall return to the city this afternoon."

"He paid your bill with his own, Sir, and left his address, to which you were to be forwarded when we caught you. Ha, ha, ha!"

My share of the bill, together with my address, and a brief statement of what I have here, at too much length perhaps, related, were duly forwarded to Dr. Crackthorpe by the landlord.

It is partly, if not chiefly, because neither he nor I have ever heard of the arrival of the package, nor any thing further of "Mad Anthony," that I offer to the public this plain statement respecting my connection with Mr. Crackthorpe.

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Monthly Record of Current Events.

UNITED STATES.

OUR Record closes on the 7th of October. The leading events of the month are connected with the movements of General Rosecrans's army in Southern Tennessee and Northern Georgia, and the great battles fought on the 19th and 20th of September near Chattanooga. About the middle of August Rosecrans commenced his advance from Middle Tennessee toward Northern Georgia. General Bragg, the Confederate commander, whose forces were greatly weakened by desertions and other losses, fell back, as Rosecrans advanced, abandoning, without a struggle, points where a stand was anticipated. He retreated leisurely, carrying with him the greater part of his munitions, and only abandoning strong positions, such as Tullahoma, as we approached. Rosecrans followed southeastward, through two hundred miles of mountainous country, but never coming within striking distance of his retreating enemy. It was thought certain that Bragg must make a stand at Chattanooga—an important position on the Tennessee River, close by the Georgia line. Rosecrans's advance reached the Tennessee River opposite this place on the 21st of August, and began a slight bombardment, but made no determined assault; the direct assault was really but a feint to mask an attack from a different quarter. It was kept up for nearly three weeks, while the main force, making a wide detour, appeared in the rear of Chattanooga on the 6th of September; the object being to shut up the army of Bragg in that place. This commander meanwhile had demanded reinforcements from other divisions of the Confederate army, which were on their way to his assistance. These were drawn from the army of Virginia, from North Carolina, and from Johnston's army, which had vainly endeavored to raise the siege of Vicksburg. But they did not come up in time to aid him to hold Chattanooga. He accordingly abandoned this place, of which Rosecrans took undisputed possession on the 9th of September, Bragg falling back some 25 miles southward to Lafayette, in Georgia, to meet his reinforcements. Rosecrans wished to hold and fortify Chattanooga as a base for further operations, but was ordered by the General-in-Chief to advance. He accordingly pushed forward some 10 miles to the south, and took up a position on the Chicamauga, a small stream which, running northward, falls into the Tennessee River near Chattanooga. Bragg, whose forces heretofore had been quite inferior to ours, had in the mean while received his reinforcements and was now decidedly superior, and on the 19th of September commenced the offensive. At this time the best accounts give Bragg 70,000 men opposed by 55,000 of Rosecrans. We held a strong position on the west bank of the Chicamauga, our right, under General Thomas, being about six miles from Chattanooga; the centre and left, under Crittenden and M'Cook, reaching five miles to the south. The object of the enemy was twofold: to crush our army by superior force, and to cut it off from the strong position which it had won at Chattanooga. Two attacks were thus made on the 19th: one by Longstreet upon Thomas on our left, which was gallantly repulsed, the other upon Crittenden and M'Cook on our right and centre, which was successful. The action of the 19th was fairly drawn, the main positions being unchanged, we having a slight advantage in the number of guns captured, and the loss of the enemy somewhat exceeding ours. But they had the advantage of numbers, and might be expected to renew the attack the next day with good hope of success. The attack was renewed on the morning of the 20th. Upon our right and centre it was altogether successful. Here we were broken and shattered, and M'Cook's and Crittenden's forces were driven back in full retreat—almost rout—upon Chattanooga. The heavy columns of the enemy were now massed against our left. Thomas had gathered his forces into a strong position which he was resolved to hold against all odds. Unless he could be forced from this the success of the enemy elsewhere was practically useless to him. The position was held during the long summer afternoon, and the Army of the Cumberland was saved from what had before seemed an irretrievable defeat. On the following days our forces fell back to Chattanooga, the enemy having been too sorely cut up to follow. The defenses which they had thrown up were enlarged and strengthened; and as we write are pronounced to be unassailable, and behind them we await reinforcements which will enable us to resume the offensive. The net results of the battles of Chicamauga, or Chattanooga, as they are most likely to be called in history, are that the enemy remain in possession of the battle-field; that they have captured about 40 guns and many small-arms; that they have taken about twice as many prisoners as we have; but that they utterly failed in gaining the object for which their enterprise was undertaken, and for which their forces were pushed from every quarter. The reconquest of Chattanooga seems to be beyond their power; if we hold that point, we have gained more than we have lost. The actual losses on each side are as yet only to be roughly estimated. A semi-official statement, which is probably nearly correct, gives ours at 1800 killed, 9500 wounded, and 2500 prisoners, a total of 13,800. General Bragg, however, reports to his Government that he had taken 7000 prisoners, of whom 2000 were wounded. The loss of the enemy can only be conjectured; but as they were the assailants throughout, and as they were repulsed in the most severe fighting, there can be no doubt that their losses in killed and wounded exceeded ours.——Knoxville was occupied by General Burnside, as noted in our last Record. The commanding general, in person, then took two regiments to Cumberland Gap to reinforce General Shackelford, who was menacing that important strategic point. The march of sixty miles was accomplished in fifty-two hours. The Confederate garrison, numbering 2000 men, with 14 pieces of artillery, surrendered unconditionally on the 9th of September, the day on which Chattanooga fell into the hands of Rosecrans. It is hoped that Burnside has been able to reinforce Rosecrans at Chattanooga, although no certain intelligence to that effect has been received.

The expedition into Arkansas appears to have met with uninterrupted success. The telegraphic reports of the various encounters are so confused that we must await the full official reports before endeavoring to detail them. The essential point of the campaign is contained in a dispatch of September 10, from General Steele, dated at Little Rock, the capital, stating our forces had just entered the place,

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from which the enemy had retired without fighting, and that they were in full retreat southward, pursued by our cavalry under General Davidson. General Blunt issued a proclamation to inhabitants of Western Arkansas, informing them that the occupation of the country by him in force would be permanent, and advising them to organize a civil government.

An unsuccessful expedition has been undertaken toward the frontiers of Texas. The object was to occupy Sabine City, situated on the Texas bank of the Sabine River, the boundary between Louisiana and Texas. This place is important as a base of operations against Western Louisiana or Eastern and Central Texas. The expedition, under General Franklin, left New Orleans on the 4th of September, and reached Sabine Pass, nearly 300 miles from the mouths of the Mississippi, on the evening of the 8th. Accompanying the land-force were four light gun-boats, the *Clifton*, *Arizona*, *Granite City*, and *Sachem*. The plan of the action was that these should silence the batteries and cover the landing of the troops. But upon reaching the place designated for the landing it was found to be impossible to land the troops, owing to the shallowness of the water and the marshy nature of the shore. The attack then devolved wholly upon the gun-boats. Late in the afternoon the attack was opened. The vessels fired upon the forts, eliciting no response until they had reached point-blank distance, when a hot fire was opened upon them. The *Sachem* endeavored to pass the front of the batteries, and engage them in the rear, which was supposed to be unprotected; she had got almost out of the range of the enemy's guns when a shot struck her amidships, crushing in her side, piercing her boiler, and utterly disabling her. The flag was lowered, and she became a prize to the enemy, who now turned their whole fire upon the *Clifton*, which was also endeavoring to pass the front of the batteries. She had almost succeeded in turning the point of danger when, in rounding a turn, she plunged into the soft mud of the shore and became immovable, exposed to a galling fire, which was vigorously returned, until a shot from the enemy's battery passing through her side and penetrating her boiler left her, like her consort, a helpless wreck, fast aground. Her flag was struck, and she also became a prize to the enemy. The *Arizona*, whose draft was too great to enable her to take an active part in the operations in the shallow waters, was withdrawn, and the attempt was abandoned. We lost the two gun-boats, with all their crews, besides about a hundred soldiers who were on board as sharp-shooters.

The siege of Charleston is still carried on. Fort Wagner, and Battery Gregg, on Morris Island, so long held by the enemy, fell into our hands on the 7th of September. General Gilmore, in a dispatch of that day, writes to the General-in-Chief that "last night our sappers crowned the crest of the counterscarp of Fort Wagner on its sea front, masking all its guns, and an order was issued to carry the place by assault at nine o'clock this morning, that being the hour of low tide. About ten o'clock last night the enemy commenced evacuating the island, and all but 75 of them made their escape in small boats. Fort Wagner is a work of the most formidable kind. Its bomb-proof shelter, capable of holding 1800 men, remains intact after the most terrible bombardment to which any work was ever subjected. We have captured 19 pieces of artillery and a large supply of excellent ammunition. The city and harbor of Charleston are now completely covered by my guns."—Fort Sumter, however, which appeared to have been completely ruined by our fire, and rendered useless for offensive purposes, remains in the hands of the enemy. On the afternoon of the 8th a naval boat expedition was dispatched to take possession of what was supposed to be the abandoned ruins of the fort. It was found to be still held by a considerable force, while the walls, though in ruins, were so steep as to prevent scaling. The dispatch of General Beauregard gives the result of the undertaking. He says: "Thirty of the launches of the enemy attacked Fort Sumter. Preparations had been made for the event. At a concerted signal all the batteries bearing upon Sumter, assisted by one gun-boat and a ram, were thrown open. The enemy was repulsed, leaving upon our hands 113 prisoners, including 13 officers. We also took four boats and three colors."—During the four weeks that have passed since the capture of Wagner the operations of the besiegers of Charleston have been confined to the strengthening of the works on Morris Island. This has been carried on under a vigorous fire from the enemy's batteries; but the direct bombardment of Charleston has not as yet been resumed.

Of the Army of the Potomac there is no intelligence of sufficient importance to be placed upon record. We only know that our forces under Meade, and those of the enemy under Lee, confront each other upon the Rappahannock; that encounters which a few months ago would have been called battles, but which are now classed merely as skirmishes, have occurred. Of these, and of their bearing upon the campaign, it is yet too early to speak.

On the 15th of September the President issued a proclamation suspending the force of the writ of *habeas corpus* in all cases wherein by the authority of the President military, naval, and civil officers of the United States hold persons in custody, as prisoners of war, spies, abettors of the enemy, persons drafted, enrolled, or enlisted as soldiers or seamen, or in any way amenable to military law. This suspension of the writ of *habeas corpus* is to continue "throughout the duration of this rebellion, or until this proclamation shall by a subsequent one, to be issued by the President of the United States, be modified or revoked." The issue of this proclamation was rendered necessary by the action of certain disloyal judges, mainly in the city of New York, who had endeavored to pervert the privileges secured by the writ to the advantage of the enemies of the country.

In Missouri, especially in the border counties, affairs are in a very disturbed condition. The whole region is ravaged by bands of guerrillas. On the 1st of September a mass meeting was held at Jefferson City, which appointed a large committee to wait upon the President and lay before him the situation of the State. This committee, 70 in number, proceeded to Washington, and on the 30th of September presented a long address to the President. They claim to represent a large majority of the people of the State. They say that those whom they represent demand the immediate abolition of slavery in Missouri, for in this institution they find the cause of the evils which for more than three years have afflicted the country. They are opposed by a party styling itself Conservative, which comprises all the disloyal men in the State, and all the enemies of the present National Administration. They claim that the late ordinance for gradual emancipation was the act of a convention under the control of this party, not rep-

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resenting the sentiments of the people. They affirm that the course of Governor Gamble is directly disloyal, and that in organizing the militia of the State he gives every possible countenance to disloyal men. They affirm also that General Schofield, the commanding General of the Department, acts wholly in accordance with the Governor; and declare that "from the day of his accession to the command of the Department matters have grown worse and worse in Missouri, till now they are in a more terrible condition than they have been at any time since the outbreak of the rebellion. This could not be if General Schofield had administered the affairs of that Department with proper vigor, and with a resolute purpose to sustain loyalty and suppress disloyalty." They therefore ask that General Schofield be removed, and General Butler be appointed in his place; and also that the State militia, enrolled by the Governor, be discharged from service, and the military control of the State be restored to the national officers and troops.—On the 2d of October a public meeting was held at New York, at which speeches were made by various members of the Missouri Committee to the same general purport as their address to the President.—We are not yet in a position to pronounce absolutely how far the statements of this body are borne out by the actual facts of the case.

Five Russian vessels of war are now lying in the harbor of New York, the first which have ever visited our ports. They have been received with a cordial greeting. On the 1st of October the officers were publicly welcomed by the authorities of the city. In the present position of European politics the presence of these vessels in our ports has a special significance. During the late Crimean war the Russian fleet was closely shut up at Cronstadt and in the Black Sea, and was unable to render any effective service. The Russians have now quite an effective naval force in the open seas. The experience of the *Alabama* and *Florida* shows how much damage may be effected by one or two armed vessels upon the commerce of an enemy. Should a war break out, as still seems most probable, between Russia and France and England, the example set by the English Government will afford a precedent for our dealings with the belligerents. The Russian vessels now at large, with such aid as we can give, in precise accordance with the course of the English Government toward us, could render the commerce of England insecure.

EUROPE.

In Great Britain the leading topic of the month has been the course to be pursued in regard to the armored vessels notoriously fitting out for the Confederate service. The Government and the press have at length begun to appreciate the danger to Great Britain arising from the policy which has been pursued toward us. If it is persisted in it is seen that war is hardly to be avoided; and even should there be no actual war with us, but one with any other power, say Russia, we could, and would, do for Great Britain precisely what she has done for us. Consequently the British Government is endeavoring to find some reason for reconsidering its course. It is announced, at least semi-officially, that the Government had decided not to allow the new rams to put to sea without ample satisfaction that they were not designed for the service of the Confederates. But it will be easy for the builders to ostensibly dispose of these vessels to a private individual of a neutral nation, in such a way that there shall be no evidence to show the duplicity of the transaction. The vessels then, though evidently unsuited to individual purposes, and clearly designed for war, must, according to the established precedent, be permitted to leave the British port. They can then go to some appointed rendezvous, be transferred to the Confederate officers, take on board their armament, and be ready to prey upon us. The position of the British Government is thus one of great embarrassment.——It is reported that the Confederate Government, displeased at the cool reception which Mr. Mason has met with from the British Cabinet, have recalled him from his mission to England.

The position of the French Emperor in regard to American affairs still remains wholly dubious. There are continual reports that he is upon the point not only of recognizing the Confederate States, but of entering into an armed alliance with them for the purpose of breaking our blockade. And as the French press is wholly under Government surveillance, these unofficial statements are not without plausibility. The *Florida* also has been permitted to enter the port of Brest, and remain there for repairs. The true explanation we presume to be, that the Emperor has not yet decided upon his course, and is simply waiting to see the issue of events.

The Polish question presents no new aspects. Diplomatic correspondence between the various powers is still carried on. The essential points being that the Russian Emperor, while resolved to do all in his power for the pacification of Poland, refuses to recognize the right of the Western Powers to interfere in the internal affairs of the Empire. In the mean time the Russian Government is evidently making arrangements which look to the probability of a war. Iron-clad vessels with turrets, not unlike our Monitors, are building at St. Petersburg. These, as our experience has shown, would be amply sufficient to keep the Baltic clear of any naval force which could be employed in that sea by France and England; and there are reports of extensive military and naval preparations going on in the region of the Amoor. A few swift steamers in this quarter could embarrass, if not destroy, the great English commerce with China, India, and Australia.

The report is confirmed that the Archduke Maximilian of Austria has finally decided to accept the Imperial crown of Mexico, renouncing his rights and prerogatives as the nearest collateral prince to the throne of Austria. If such a step is taken, it implies a positive assurance that all the great European Powers will recognize the new empire.

JAPAN.

The Japanese appear to have drifted into a war with the European Powers, in which we have also unfortunately become involved. As to the general causes, it is sufficient to say that the great Daimios, or hereditary princes, exercise in their own dominions an authority not unlike that claimed by the separate States of the Southern Confederacy. In the General Government, whether represented by the Mikado or his administrator the Tycoon, they recognize only an agent, for a specified purpose. They have from the first been bitterly opposed to the treaties by which foreigners have gained access to the empire. Their armed retainers have at various times attacked members of the legations and other foreigners. Among others, a few months since, Mr. Richardson, a British subject, was assassinated. For this act reparation was demanded. The General Government agreed to pay nearly half a million

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of dollars; but coincident with the payment it was compelled by the Daimios to order that all foreigners should leave the country, and the ports which had been opened by treaty should be closed. Some of these princes, acting apparently upon their own authority, proceeded still further in their hostility. The initiative was taken by the Prince of Nagato, whose territory is situated on the southwest of Niphon, the main island of the Japanese empire. From his batteries upon the shore and from vessels he fired upon several ships of various nations who were passing through the straits. Among these was the American merchant steamer *Pembroke*. The American steam sloop *Wyoming*, Captain M'Dougal, then lying at Yokohama, near Yeddo, at once set out for the scene of the outrage, reaching it on the 18th of July. Approaching the town of Simosak, a steamer, sloop of war, and bark, under Japanese colors, were discovered. Fire was opened upon these and upon the shore batteries. The steamer attempted to get off, but two shells striking her passed through her boilers, exploding them; the brig was sunk, the bark damaged, and serious injuries inflicted upon shore. During the action the *Wyoming* was hit eleven times, and sustained some damage, besides losing five men killed and six wounded. — Similar outrages had been about the same time perpetrated upon Dutch and French merchantmen by the Prince of Nagato, and a French vessel was dispatched to chastise the perpetrators: this seems to have accomplished but little. Still further accounts state somewhat indefinitely that the British had also undertaken offensive operations against the Japanese.

Literary Notices.

A Practical Grammar of the French Language, and *A French Reading Book*, by WILLIAM I. KNAPP. (Published by Harper and Brothers.) These two volumes supply a want of the present time. Modifications must be introduced into our system of academical and college education. In this the study of Greek and Latin has heretofore been the leading feature. This system was originated at a time when the accumulated treasures of the world's wisdom were enshrined in the two "classical" languages. If one could not read these, he could find nothing worth reading. There was no history except that of Herodotus and Thucydides, of Livy and Tacitus; no philosophy except that of Aristotle; no metaphysics except that of Plato and Lucretius; no eloquence except that of Demosthenes and Cicero; no poetry except that of Homer and Virgil; no drama except that of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides; no satire except that of Horace, Juvenal, and Aristophanes; no science except the pure mathematics of Euclid; no novels at all. All that the genius of the world had produced was embodied in two or three score of volumes in two languages. A man who had mastered these was educated; one who had not was ignorant. The structure of the languages which contained the treasures of the world became a matter of study, and the Greek and Latin grammar was treated profoundly, and its study grew to be the best—almost the solo—means of intellectual training. Gradually, however, men ceased to think and write in Greek and Latin. Englishmen, Frenchmen, Germans, wrote in their own vernacular; and we may safely say that the literature and science contained in either of these languages exceeds in value that embodied in either of the classical tongues. Every one acknowledges that for all real uses the acquisition of French or German is, to one speaking English, of more value than that of Greek or Latin; yet in our academies and colleges the study of the dead languages has always taken precedence of that of the living ones. A reason for this may be found in the training of teachers. They have been drilled in the classics; why should they attempt to drill their pupils in any thing else? It had cost them no small labor to learn the declension of a Greek article or a Latin pronoun. *Hic*, *hac*, *hoc*, or ὁ, ἡ, τό, was their capital in trade, from which they must get the largest interest. Then again, while there were scores of admirable text-books for teaching the classics, there were none of any value for modern languages. There were "Systems" enough—Manesca, Ollendorff, and the like, but no really scientific work by following which an American teacher could guide his pupils in the study of French or German. Yet there is no reason why, as a mere intellectual exercise, apart from the absolute value of the acquisition, the study of a living language should be less available than that of a dead one. The necessary apparatus for such a study only has been wanting. The two volumes of Professor Knapp fully supply that want. The "Grammar" presents the laws and usages of the French language, clearly expressed and philosophically arranged. The "Reader" embodies a wide selection from the best French writers, with abundant references to the Grammar in elucidation of all difficult points of construction or idiom. Copious vocabularies are appended to each work, accompanied by a figured pronunciation, which will enable the student, without the aid of a teacher, to master very nearly the actual vocalization of the language. In every respect these two volumes are the best text-books for the study of French that have been produced, falling in no respect below the highest standard which has been attained in similar works upon the ancient languages. The student who shall have mastered these needs nothing further than a good lexicon to enable him to understand any work in the language.

The First Year of the War, by EDWARD A. POLLARD. This work possesses some claims to attention as being the only formal attempt yet made to narrate the history of the war from a Southern point of view. The author is editor of the Richmond *Examiner*, the leading opposition journal of the South. His purpose is quite as much to decry President Davis and his Administration as to describe the events of the war. According to Mr. Pollard the President of the Confederate States is an imperious despot, "unfortunately possessed with the idea that he is a great military genius," who has seized upon every function of the State; his Cabinet, with but one exception, are "intellectual pigmies;" Mr. Benjamin, successively Attorney-General, Secretary of War, and Secretary of State, is at best only "a smart, expeditious, and affable official," who has been "guilty of doubtful official acts;" Mr. Mallory, the Secretary of the Navy, is "the butt of every naval

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officer for his ignorance, his *sang froid*, his slow and blundering manner, and the engrossment of his mind by provisions to provide gratification for his social habits." In short, the Government has been "eaten up by servility, and has illustrated nothing more than the imperious conceit of a single man." Mr. Pollard makes up for his censures of the Confederate Government by the most unsparing and virulent abuse of "the Yankees." As a work of history its merits are very slight, almost every page teeming with errors in fact; still it has some value as furnishing materials for the history of the times. It is republished in New York, from the Richmond edition, by Mr. C. B. Richardson, who also republishes the Southern *Reports of Battles*, as far as they have been officially published by the Confederate Government. These, of course, have a special value for the historian of the war.

The Social Condition of the People of England, by JOSEPH KAY. Some fifteen years ago the author was commissioned by the University of Cambridge, England, to travel throughout Western Europe and examine into the social condition of the poorer classes. His work, originally issued in 1850, consists of two volumes—one relating to England, the other to the Continent. The first of these is here republished, with an introduction by an American traveler, who declares, from minute personal examination, that the facts which it presents give a fair view of the present state of the poorer classes in England. Mr. Kay sums up by stating that in that country "the poor are more depressed, more pauperized, more numerous in proportion to the other classes, more irreligious, and very much worse educated than the poor of any other European nation, solely excepting Russia, Turkey, South Italy, Portugal, and Spain." He might, from the evidence which he produces, have made his exceptions still fewer. Indeed, except in the single point of education, the physical and moral condition of the four millions of American slaves is better than that of the same number who form the lower strata of the English population. It is well that such a work should have been written by an Englishman, an ardent lover of his country, and devoted to efforts for the amelioration of the evils which he describes. If it had been the work of a foreigner its statements and conclusions would have been set down as unfair. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Shoulder-Straps, by HENRY MORFORD. (Published by T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.) This pretends to be a story of the war, but it strikes the reader at the first glance over its pages that this is a false pretension. The tale, for the most part, is the development of a mystery connected with a sorceress, with a love-story sandwiched in between the wonderful revelations of the black art. The part relating to the war is not only a secondary consideration, but one which is not satisfactorily in unison with the main part of the story. To make the volume still more miscellaneous there are interspersed, at convenient intervals, a number of dissertations on superstition and such like subjects of popular interest. On the whole the book is entertaining, in spite of its many faults, the chief of which are its entire lack of method and the appeal which it continually makes to the vulgarly superstitious.

The Ring of Amasis, by ROBERT BULWER LYTTON. The author, under the *nom de plume* of "Owen Meredith," has won reputation as a poet; this volume, though not in verse, should be considered rather as a prose poem than as a tale. A young German physician, who is the assumed narrator of the story, meets with a certain Count and Countess, between whom he recognizes the existence of a strange secret. He encounters the Count Edmund in various places, and always under the influence of the hallucination that he is accompanied by a spectral apparition of a hand wearing an amethyst ring.—The doctor has written a volume on apparitions, which comes into the hands of the Count, who at length reveals the mystery of his life. While in Egypt he had discovered the mummied body of King Amasis, from whose hand he took an amethyst ring, to which he learns a secret power is attached. He gives this to his betrothed bride, who loses it, and vows to marry the man who restores it to her. This is done by a brother of Edmund, who is also attached to her. At length the two brothers are out in a boat. Felix falls overboard and, Edmund refusing to succor him, is drowned. Edmund marries the lady, but at the marriage ceremony, when he is about to present his hand, he sees its place taken by the hand of his dead brother, wearing the fatal ring. The Count reveals the secret to his wife, who never forgives him. Hence their strange deportment to each other, which had at first excited the wonder of the physician. Upon this ghostly thread are strung disquisitions upon spectres and apparitions, which form really the substance of the volume, which is certainly the work of a poet and a man of genius. (Published by Harper and Brothers.)

Peter Carradine, by CAROLINE CHESEBRO. The second title of this novel, *The Martindale Pastoral*, indicates its design and scope. The readers of this Magazine have not to learn that Miss Chesebro possesses genius of a high order. We think that there is no female writer in America, and not more than three in Great Britain, who equal her in the power of unfolding character; her figures grow under her hand, as those of a painter do under the careful touches of his pencil. That her novels have been mainly drawn from her own imagination, rather than from observation of the moving world around her, has doubtless prevented her from acquiring that popular approbation which has been given to others every way far below her in all higher qualities. In this work she has made a great advance upon any of her previous efforts. She has a story to tell—interesting, if not exciting to those who have been accustomed to the "thrilling" plots of so many recent tales. Her characters are here persons who might really have lived in this world, and the phases of their development are wrought out with the conscientious care of a genuine artist. Without attempting to give an analysis of the story and characters, we must content ourselves by saying that the cultivated reader will consider "Peter Carradine" the best American novel which has been written for years. (Published by Sheldon and Company.)

A Class-Book of Chemistry, by EDWARD L. YOUMANS. No other science has within the last ten years made such positive advances as Chemistry. Nowhere can this advance be better measured than by comparing the present work with the previous one by the same author. That presented, in a moderate compass, the state of the science ten years ago; this represents it as it now is. To mention the absolutely new theories and facts embodied in this volume would far exceed the space at our command. The author possesses, in addition to the technical knowledge required to set down the bare isolated facts of science, the poetic faculty of con-

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ceiving and presenting them in their relations to each other and the great scheme of the universe. In his view Chemistry is not only a branch, but a means of education; hence he strives every where to carry the thought upward from the mere facts of science to those larger views of truth which not only increase the amount of mere knowledge, but awaken the best thoughts and emotions of our nature. As a text-book the value of the work is greatly enhanced by the copiousness of its illustrations. These to a good degree supply the place of the costly apparatus which is beyond the means of most of our schools and seminaries. (Published by D. Appleton and Company.)

The Sioux War and Massacre of 1862-'63, by ISAAC V. D. HEARD (Published by Harpers). This is a faithful history of the terrible massacres of 1862, of which merely an episode was given in the June number of this Magazine. The opportunities of the author—as a resident in Minnesota from a time previous to the occupation by the Sioux of their "reservations" on the Minnesota River, as connected with the command of General Sibley during the summer campaign against the savages, and as a member of the Military Commission at which about 400 of the perpetrators were tried—have enabled him to present a strictly authentic narrative. And of such a narrative, to say that it is authentic is to give it the highest commendation. In the recital of events at which the heart of man shudders—of murder inflicted upon unoffending men, upon helpless women and innocent children, of the burning of homes, and of outrage and rapine too deliberate to be believed, and too horrible almost to be told—in the recital of a calamity so terrible and so near at hand, no one will trouble himself about the rhetoric or criticise the turning of a sentence. The rhetorician finds little place for him here—for there is no need of invention or enlargement certainly in the particular incidents, nor is there any lack in the development of the plot which might furnish occasion for the most fastidious of romancers to meddle with it. The Sioux have settled those little matters themselves; they have seen to it that the plot was perfect and perfectly executed; nothing is left to Mr. Heard but to arrange his materials and tell us the straight story. This he has done, and satisfactorily. The more striking events of the story are soon told—the outbreak—the series of startling and desolating murders—the gathering together of the Indians of the Upper and Lower Agency for the consummation of their diabolical work—all this moves rapidly through the first bloody week. Then follows, but more sluggishly, the punishment—the conflict with the Indians, the pursuit, the capture, and the final execution of the principal malefactors. The author closes the book with some very sensible suggestions as to the future conduct of the Indian Department, with a view to securing justice to the Indians, and safety to the white settlers in the vicinity of the "reservations."

In the Tropics (Published by Carleton). This is the most sensible, straightforward book on the subject of which it treats that we have ever noticed. The writer, shrinking from the poor prospect afforded him in the city goes to San Domingo, choosing a tropical soil in preference to the far West, as being quite as near, and more bountiful in its products. This volume, the record of the experiences of a single twelvemonth, is a simple story of the author's career in his new home, carried through its various stages of success. It is, however, told so faithfully, and the picture is so carefully finished, that it has more than the charm of a novel. We stand face to face with the living realities of San Domingo, and the personages introduced here and there in the story seem like our own personal friends, we follow them with such animation and interest. Every month in the year has its own separate story, its trials, its duties, and its successes; and it is also marked by its characteristic features of climate and natural scenery. We recommend the work to all who have either a practical or speculative interest in tropical agriculture or tropical life.

Eleanor's Victory, by M. E. BRADDON. The author of "Aurora Floyd," as we have before had occasion to say, is a story-teller. She endeavors to produce her effects rather by narrating incidents than by depicting character. She chooses, therefore, such as are striking and exciting. In this novel we have the story of an old spendthrift, who, after the wreck of his fortunes, comes to Paris to take refuge with his daughter. Once having a good sum of money at hand, he is enticed away by two fast young men who induce him to gamble it all away; whereupon he commits suicide. His daughter resolves upon avenging the death of her father upon one of his tempters. How and in what degree she accomplishes this forms the plot of the story, which no novel-reader will thank us for divulging. It is quite sufficient to say that there is quite enough of plot and incident to satisfy the most exacting reader. This novel forms No. 236 of the "Library of Select Novels," published by Harper and Brothers.——*Martin Pole*, by JOHN SAUNDERS, forms another Number of this popular series. It consists of a number of isolated stories, connected by a thread of narrative. The purport of this is, that, in order to divert the mind of a young man who believes that he is to die at a certain hour, some of his friends undertake to keep him amused until he tides over the fatal moment. This they do by reading to him sundry stories and poems which they have composed. These are of every sort, some of the most tragic nature, others of a more quiet character. The connecting story is very cleverly managed, and the tales themselves are of considerable though unequal merit.——Another recent addition to this same series, is *Live it Down*, by J. C. JEAFFRESON, whose former tale, "Olive Blake's Good Work," gave abundant promise, which is here more than fulfilled.

The Young Parson. (Published by Smith, English, and Company.) This is represented to be the work of a gifted young clergyman, the author's first book. Whatever may be said for the devout reverence of the writer, it is certainly true that we have in this book an endless extravaganza of the ludicrous—a volume of *facetiæ*. This would not be expected from the nature of the subject, or from the profession of the author. Yet it is true that about subjects the most sacred the opportunities for waggish ridicule are the most numerous. The work is decidedly an entertaining one; but the entertainment is that of broad caricature. Very few of the situations are natural, and it is just their unnaturalness which makes us laugh.

The Sunday-School, and how we Conduct it, by WALDO ABBOTT, will be welcomed by that large class of noble workers who are engaged in this great lay-missionary enterprise. They will find it especially valuable for the account which it gives of the practical methods employed in some of our largest and most successful Sunday-Schools. An Introduction, by Rev. JOHN S. C. ABBOTT, the father of the author, gives in the space of a few pages not a few admirable hints. (Published by Henry Hoyt.)

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Editor's Easy Chair.

WHAT Chair can be easy in times like these? The commotion which began upon this continent two years ago now disturbs the world. From Japan, from Russia, Poland, Germany, Spain, France, England, and Mexico come wars and rumors. Those of us who in tranquil youth read the tremendous story of battles that shook Christendom in the beginning of the century find ourselves part of a struggle still more momentous. It is gradually assuming the aspect of a contest between continents, the Eastern representing ancient wrong, despotism, and monarchy, with an alliance of the slaveholding aristocracy upon this side of the sea, and the Western standing for eternal liberty, popular rights, and human equality. While all civilized countries tremble with the shock of the collision, how shall any Chair, however hitherto devoted to mild meditations and calm observation of the social details of life, hope to maintain its tranquillity?

There is but one way, and its indication shall be the Easy Chair's Thanksgiving discourse. It is by clearly seeing that in the nature of man the struggle is inevitable, that it must continue under various forms until it is finally determined, and that that final determination must be the victory of man over men, or of the many over the few—of right over privilege—of democracy over aristocracy. Looking before and after, men are naturally mingled of conservatism and reform. The youth, wanting experience and flushed with enthusiasm, trails clouds of glory as he comes, and sees the Future all cloud-capped palaces and shining towers. The older man, tried, troubled, and disappointed by experience, yearns for the soft security of his childhood's cradle, and would gladly stop the sun lest he should go farther, and wheel the world backward, rather than tempt the unknown. So the ancient sailors hugged the shore and gazed fearfully beyond the Pillars of Hercules toward the vast vague sea. But the mariners of a newer day sailed into that sublime uncertainty, and found half the world unknown before. So every advance in science, every brave claim in religion, has been sternly rebuked, excommunicated, exiled, and punished; but over the burning plowshares of hate and doubt and persecution the virgin feet of hope and faith and experiment have pushed on, and all the fires of furious Conservatism have never stayed the colossal heresy of human thought, which is the primeval and immortal reformer.

Even now, when the great debate is, as periodically it always has been, adjourned from the church and the rostrum to the battle-field, there is no more significant sign than that the leader of Roman Catholic politics in Europe, Montalembert, declares not only for personal but for civil liberty, and not only for civil liberty but religious also. He apparently sees, as every faithful man must, that whatever can not withstand the searching glance of human reason will shrink and dwindle at last like the Lamia before the Philosopher; and that the effort to stultify and defy that reason is but the struggle to believe the Lamia, who is a snake, to be a beautiful woman. The English excitement over Colenso, the French over Renan, are but evidence of the contest in its religious aspect, sharing the fervor which marks it in the political and social arena.

It is the dual spirit of man, as the philosophers would say, struggling to harmonize itself. And as the struggle is implanted in human nature it is inevitable. The word peace, when used in a political sense, has meant always a truce, an armistice. For instance, in this century Europe was "at peace," as it was called, after the treaty of Vienna, which "settled" vexed questions. But that peace had exactly the same foundation that the previous state of things had, namely, fatigue of arms. The fatal debate continued, and after physical forces were recuperated broke out again into battle in France, in Belgium, in Italy, in Poland, and in Spain. In this country, after the Missouri settlement of 1820, we had what was pleasantly called an era of good feeling. Was it the result of any real change of tendency among the opponents? Had the inevitable forces ceased to work? Let the Boston mob that sought the life of Garrison in 1835, and Gilmore's bombardment of Charleston in 1863 answer.

The final result of the universal contest is sure, and why? Because of the equally evident and inevitable tendency of human nature, as recorded in human history, to perfect liberty. The instinct of the human heart assures us that in the general struggle, as Jefferson said of it in one special form, God has no attribute that can take sides for slavery. This is not a limited but a universal truth. It is no less true of religious and political than it is of social life. And it is as easy to imagine the reversal of civilization in general, as it is to suppose that the Romish Church of Gregory will again dominate the religion of Christendom, or that the feudal system shall rise from its tomb to universal sway, or that men and women shall be every where rated and sold as cattle.

Every new year, therefore, brings reason for thanksgiving. Individual men mature and lose heart, and fall hopeless, faithless, and dead. But man sickens not nor tires. The race advances from Athens, where more than four-fifths of the population had no acknowledged rights, to New York and New England, where, with the exception of one unhappy class whose wrongs convulse our society, equal rights are practically conceded and enjoyed. We must not look, therefore, for any fairy peace, nor suppose that we escape storms by shutting our eyes. Because we were born we are soldiers in the holy war. Nature drafts the whole race, and there is no exemption. We were clad in butternut or in blue before we came upon the field; and by every thought, sympathy, emotion, hope, word, and deed, we fight upon our side until we are converted or conquered. Whoever deprecates the struggle, by that very state of mind takes part in it. Whoever longs for peace is but a half-hearted fighter, and gives to the enemy the blow he should have struck.

Among ourselves the force of arms will be presently exhausted as it always has been. But if the victor does not understand the battle, the peace he makes will be but another truce, and the blow he wards from himself will fall upon his children.

IMMEDIATELY about the Chair the air is full of rumors of foreign war; nor does any serious man doubt that the danger is grave and threatening. We have before in these columns deprecated war, especially with England. Yet the public mind of this country is so inflamed that it hardly seems possible to escape some pretext for trouble; and should the iron-clads now building in the Mersey sail, before these words are printed war will have really begun.

In the last two years we have entirely outgrown

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our pupilage to England. We have come of age, and have learned that we must count upon ourselves alone. Very soon, if the strenuous, devoted, and noble labors of Agassiz are supported by public sympathy and aid, as they ought now especially to be, we shall have a scientific museum which surpasses any in England, and American science, with its eminent leaders, will no longer foolishly defer, as it now does, to that of Britain. Our literature has been taught by the contempt which it receives from English criticism that it can not hope for justice from British critics. It sees also that English literature, represented by many of its chief authors, has been steadily maligning and opposing a cause which, in maintaining liberty and order, is the champion of intellectual freedom. Who reads an English criticism?

The British spell is broken. But it does not follow that war is desirable. British statesmen sneer: British papers slander: British public opinion disbelieves; but after all we must not forget that constitutional liberty exists in no great nation in Europe but Great Britain. Our common language is the symbol of a permanent common interest, and that is the progressive security of human rights. We claim that Shakespeare is ours, because he belongs to the language and to all who speak it. We must claim also that the great statutes of human right, written in the same language, belong to all who speak it, and impose upon them all unity and co-operation.

It is a two-fold class interest that opposes us in England. First, it is the aristocracy which represents the political interest which fears our success lest coronets should fall. And, secondly, it is the commercial interest which would monopolize trade. They are certainly the two most powerful classes, for the aristocracy owns the land and controls the laborers, while the commercial class owns the mills. There is probably no class in England, as such, which is friendly to us; but there are members of all classes who wish us well, and do and say for us all they can. Indeed our debt to Cairnes, Cobden, Bright, Mill, Newman, Dicey, Goldwin Smith, and others, with the *Daily News*, *Star*, *Spectator*, and other journals, which have faithfully told the truth, is greater than that of our fathers to Burke. But British public opinion is now our enemy as it was then; while, beyond a doubt, in the hearts of the people, who would be the soldiers and sailors in case of war with the United States, there is a profound and vital sympathy with this country, so far as its condition is understood.

Of course the considerations which make an English war with us so sad to contemplate are not the usual ones of blood and waste and sorrow, but they involve the interests of the principles which have been the hope of the best men of every nation in the world. The constant struggle of European nations has been the effort of the people to obtain constitutional security of rights from their Governors. The forms which have been granted and then violated, are the homage offered by Privilege to Justice. They show the conviction that the only way of "holding on" for a despotism is to persuade people that it is liberal, as Louis Napoleon began his career of wars by announcing that the empire was peace.

It is useless to sit down, as W—— and I do, by the fire and argue why there should or should not be war. It is vain to see and to say that little could be gained for either side by bloodshed, and that, at bottom, the interests of all great nations are identical. It may be true, but is it any truer of nations than of individuals? Peace and good-will are clearly the way of happiness for all of us. We all know it, but quarreling has not yet gone out of fashion. In like manner, it is easy to foresee the terrible blow that the withdrawal of our supplies of food would be to England and that our privateering would be to her commerce, nor less easy to understand to our disadvantage that two foes are more formidable than one. But wars are not waged any more than duels are fought upon philosophical principles. Indeed all human affairs are conducted upon the Yankee principle of make-shift. We choose to do what present circumstances allow, nor can we practically adjust ourselves to what ought to be the condition of human affairs. The European nations, for instance, are nominally "Christian" nations, but do any of them ever forgive international injuries when they are at all able to revenge them? The ruler of France is traditionally "His Most Christian Majesty." But what is the most Christian Potentate doing in Mexico? You may be as innocent as you call yourself, the housekeeper said to the suspicious man whom he found in his silver closet, but what are my spoons doing in your pocket?

And that reminds us, of course, that war threatens us upon the French horizon also. In fact there are very few editorial chairs whatever which really feel themselves to be easy. An American empire is suddenly erected by foreign bayonets under our very eyes. There is the usual juggle of the invader to the effect that he comes to enable the people of the country to choose without constraint a Government that pleases him. But who asked him to interfere? Precisely those who had been cast off by their fellow-citizens. In the case of Mexico, it was the Church and reactionary party represented by Miramon, Almonte, and Miranda. Two of these persons arrive in Mexico with the invading French army. When that army has defeated the Mexicans, these persons, supported by the French, invite Maximilian of Austria to be Emperor. Is that the wish of the Mexican people? Who knows? Those who speak for them they have repudiated, and where is the proof that they have since acquired any authority to speak?

But still further, the army which proposes to protect the Mexicans in expressing their honest wishes not only brings back these repudiated persons, but, before it sails from France, before Mexico is conquered, before there is even a pretense of a popular desire for an empire or an election of emperor, these persons proceed to Vienna and propose to Maximilian to make him Emperor. Lord Cowley, British embassador in Paris, writes to Lord Russell in January, 1862, that Thouvenel, the French foreign minister, told him that these persons had gone to Vienna to open negotiations. Thus that the midnight-conspirator, as Kinglake calls Louis Napoleon, is simply a party to a cunning plot is as clear as that it is the French army, and not Mexico, which has changed that Government to an empire. Indeed, who shall tell the catalogue of the crimes of every hue committed by His Most Christian Majesty? or who doubts that he means the utmost mischief to us?

Our duty is plain enough. It is to see exactly what is going on, and not to seek safety in the repetition of a phrase. One war at a time is true policy, but only because only one at a time is possible. If France and England both make war upon us, it will not make three wars—it will only multiply our present war three times. The present enemy will

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be reinforced, that is all. But, if he is so, we must adapt ourselves to the change. If, for instance, Great Britain wars upon us by a pirate fleet, and France by planting an army upon our frontier which can only help our enemy, the practical question is, whether it is not safer for us to move before we are bound hand and foot; in other words, whether we should not use the means directly against them which they indirectly use against us; or, to put it in another way, when three wars are made upon us, shall we continue to engage in one war only?

Such are the questions that fill all minds and hearts, and occupy all Chairs. Events move so rapidly that between writing and printing grave changes may occur. The war-cloud may be blowing over while we talk. But it may also be gathering. But whether the troubled history of the time is to record more extensive war or not, no man who values justice and honor as the foundations of genuine peace but will join in hearty thanksgiving that the nation was willing to endure such a war rather than to tolerate such a peace as was offered it.

THE little grass-plot that we have sometimes good-naturedly called a lawn was plowed up this year, so that the Sassafras Club has had no meeting. The grass was quite thick and turf-like last year. But a more exquisite texture seemed possible; so last autumn the sod was removed and the ground trenched. It seems that there had formerly been a garden in the same spot, but the mould had been buried under the soil thrown out from the excavation of a cellar. The trenching was intended to restore this old mould to the surface, and by the mixture of other earth to obtain a strong soil for a noble grass-plot. But, for the warning of posterity, the Easy Chair is almost persuaded to erect a marble memorial under the Sassafras with the old Spanish epitaph, "I was well, I would be better, and here I am." For after carefully trenching in the autumn, and leaving the earth to be manipulated by the frosts, and then loosening, and raking, and grading, and smoothing, and rolling in the spring, we were sure of a glorious green result before mid-summer. So on a soft, still, cloudy morning a skillful hand scattered the seed, the heavy roller smoothed all, the wire fence was set up to guard against any chance intrusion, and we waited patiently for the lawn to develop.

The bark of the Sassafras swelled, and the silver velvet leaves burst out, and the blossoms opened. His Grace the Elm, our sylvan Bishop, unfolded all his splendor, and imparted his benediction to the landscape. The grass elsewhere grew luxuriantly, and we patiently waited for the new grass to appear. The Forsythia, the Japan quince, the flowering almond hastened to show that winter had not harmed them, and that the old beauty is forever new, and still we waited. Then came June and roses—white, damask, pink, yellow. They sweetened the sunny air which brooded over the sheltered little lawn; and still we waited. At length the Easy Chair became alarmed. Early in the morning, when nobody was near, he carefully examined the smooth, hard earth which last year was so green and pleasant. He cheerfully said that the season was rather dry for grass, or that the hot sun baked the ground sadly, and gave little seed no chance. But when he was asked if he supposed that the lawn was not doing very well, and answered perhaps as well as could be expected, but that it did not seem to him exactly of a grass color, he was sarcastically told that he had no eye for color, and was invited to stoop very near the ground and look at it sideways, and then declare upon his honor if he saw nothing. He stooped and looked, and upon his honor he did see nothing. But he put out his hand upon the hard surface and felt, and upon his honor he did feel something much like what a man feels who passes his hand over his chin before shaving in the morning. By the middle of July there was a thin growth of oats and brilliantly blossoming weeds upon what had been the lawn; and in September operations were resumed toward developing a lawn for another year.

There was, therefore, no place to sit under the Sassafras during the summer. But the corresponding member for Woods and Fields has not left us without music for the waning year. There is a racy New England flavor in the lines; none the less that the form and the phraseology smack of good old English reading. These that follow have the air of being casually thought aloud, like the few notes dropped by a swift, home-flitting bird at evening.

FALL.

The maple's changing leaves declare
  The season's hasty close,
Yet still along the wayside fair
  I see the sweet wild rose.

Still from the orchard's leafy bowers
  The bluebird warbles clear,
And still our garden sports its flowers,
  Though nipping frosts are near.

The autumn days in youth are sweet,
  For hope then keeps us strong,
But ah! how differently we meet
  When busy memories throng.

And here is a similar effect—lines that seem to be taken from a longer poem, as indeed in one sense they are, for they grow naturally out of the life of our associate, the friend of woodchucks and the confidant of robins and thrushes.

OCTOBER'S CLOSE.

A golden sunset closed this autumn day,
The last sweet day of sweet October's month.
Ye days of golden light, farewell! No more
The woods and fields, my favorite haunts,
Shall smile amid decaying Nature round;
Now welcome darker skies and gusty days,
Keen cutting winds, and storms of rain and sleet;
Welcome November! month of wind and storm.
Far down the valley sounds the anthem loud,
'Mid rustling leaves that whirl along my path,
Where I again my old companions meet—
The rabbit and the squirrel, genial friends,
That seem to recognize my friendly looks
And scarcely shun me.

How rich a man's life is who loves and knows the birds and trees and beasts! Our corresponding member is never alone. Winter can not spoil his society, and "the shanty" has its warmest welcome for the friends that come with the coldest days. Here is its January greeting to one such friend:

THE CHICKADEE.

Thou little blackcap, chirping at my door,
And then saluting with thy gentle song
Or lonely whistle my attentive ear,
A hearty welcome would I give to thee,
Thou teacher blest of quietness and peace;
Sweet minister of love, for hearts awake
To the rare minstrelsy of field and wood.
Thou constant friend! I hail thee with delight,
Who at this season of rude winter's reign,
When all the cheerful summer birds are fled,
Dost still remain to cheer the heart of man!

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And though in numbers few thy song is given,
Two tranquil notes alone thy fullest song,
Yet scarcely when the joyous year brings back
The swelling choir of various notes once more,
Have I found deeper or more welcome strains.
For when all nature glows with life again,
When hills and dales put on their vernal gear,
When gentle wild flowers burst upon our gaze,
With all the exultation of the year,
Our souls unequal to the heavenly boon
Are often overwhelmed, and in the attempt
To enjoy it all droop listless and confused:
But in the dearth of these sweet sights and sounds
This grand display of God's enriching power,
The trees all bare and nature's russet stole
Thrown o'er the landscape, dull must be the heart,
Ingrate to Him who rules the perfect year,
That is not gladdened by thy gentle song.

There is a heartiness and rural homeliness in these lines which are no less remarkable than delightful in this day of highly colored verse. They have a sobriety which reproduces not only the general winter scene, but its New England aspect. And the poet who is most faithful to nature is necessarily truest to man. There is no good cause, no high hope, no earnest effort, which has not the same hearty welcome as the chickadee from our genial member of the Sassafras.

THE Easy Chair observes that no public crisis long disturbs the even tenor of the theatre. Whatever happens we must be amused. Our army at Port Royal or the Kane expedition at the Pole must equally divert themselves, and generally with the drama. As for the great city, reeking out of the wanton and murderous riots, and reminded of supreme law and absolute order by the imposing army in August, it turned quietly to Forrest and Booth, and shouted with delight over Bandmann.

The hold of Mr. Forrest upon popular favor is remarkable. It seems to be undiminished in strength, and the spell is certainly unchanged. They speak in England of a muscular Christianity, and Mr. Forrest offers us the physical drama. His acting imparts a shock of exhilaration to the animal man. The tenacity of the public regard for his performance may be explained upon the same principle with a permanent public regard for bitters or for salt-bathing. There is a purely physical "fillip" which is always agreeable. Perhaps it would not occur to Mercury, new-lighted upon a heaven-kissing hill, and thence proceeding to the parquette of Niblo's, that acting is an intellectual art. But if he crossed the street to the Winter Garden and saw Edwin Booth, or waited to see Bandmann the next evening, he might be of another opinion.

Yet whether it be the force of tradition, or the irrepressible desire of an immediate response betraying him into a more sensational style, the friends of Mr. Booth do certainly remark an occasional extravagance, which is plain in his Richelieu. And indeed it may be fairly doubted whether a faithful, purely intellectual, and sustained representation of Hamlet, for instance, would be acceptable to an audience. A subtle portraiture of so delicate and contemplative a character appeals to the finest perception and cultivation. Can those qualities be presumed in any audience at any theatre? As there is necessary to make music a continuously popular amusement that it should be spiced with all the extravagance of the Opera, so to commend the rarest creations of the drama there seems to be required a certain coarseness of declamation. Surely Mr. Booth, reading the memoirs of the time and studying Cardinal Richelieu, does not suppose that he would deliver the curse of Rome like a maniac raving in Bedlam. Yet nothing can be more exquisitely rendered than other portions of the same play a hundred-fold more impassioned. There may be a necessity, of which every speaker is sometimes aware, of whipping in the attention of the audience, but it is always a gross injury to the art both of the actor and orator.

While the three most eminent players in the country have been thus combined in the city, the Academy has thrown open its wide doors inviting the public to rush in. Mr. Manager Maretzek promises us at least two new operas, "Ione" and "Faust;" the Faust of Gounod, probably, and not Spohr's. But an opera new to us is not necessarily a good thing. It is much pleasanter, for instance, to hear Norma, or the Somnambula, or the Barber, or Lucrezia, which are very familiar to all of us, than to hear Roberto Devereux, or Don Sebastian, or Il Pirata. To sing old operas better than they were ever sung before is a much less expensive business for the manager than to produce those that have no remarkable merit, and are merely new. There are certain works by all the great composers which have some special and limited excellence; some fine song for the soprano, or the tenor, or the bass, but which are upon the whole tedious and unpopular: but the manager has not always the firmness to resist the singer who shines in the special song or scene, and, deluded by his consciousness of a popular demand for novelty, he yields and suffers.

But with the truly excellent Italian opera of Maretzek, with the Philharmonic concerts, with the German opera of Anschütz—from which we have the right, based upon experience, to expect the most faithful and musical rendering of great works—and with the Chamber concerts of Messrs. Thomas, Mason, and other musicians, with the virtuoso performances of Gottschalk and the soloists, we shall not want the most delightful opportunities during the winter.

Editor's Drawer.

ANOTHER YEAR of the *Magazine* closes with this Number, and the man who keeps the key of the Drawer takes the opportunity to return his thanks to the numerous friends who have so freely contributed to this department of the *Monthly*.

In the midst of arms, it has been said, the laws are silent, but the laugh comes in to enliven even the grim visage of war; and it will not have escaped the notice of any that the camp, the field, and the sea have furnished much of the liveliest humor that flows into these pages. The soldier and the sailor enjoy a good thing, and they send us many. Our thanks are due to the officers of the army and the navy for favors received at their hands. We love to know that the art and practice of war are not all horrors, and that the merry quip and turn are enjoyed with as keen a relish in the tent and on the march as they are by the evening fireside at home.

The gentlemen of the clerical order have usually been the Drawer's most frequent and prolific contributors. As none enjoy its collected humor more than they, so none are able to communicate more largely and acceptably. We will never have a line or word in these pages to which the best of men can object; and if mirth is measured by the bounds of innocence the wisest may enjoy it, as we know they do.

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Ladies are valued correspondents of the Drawer, their delicate appreciation of the humors of the day encouraging them to write when they would not venture on the display of wit in the social circle.

And there are thousands of the Drawer's readers who have never written a line for it, or only now and then a little. We bespeak their kind assistance to make this department the spice of life. When you hear or say something that drives dull care away and lights up the face of friends with a merry smile, *that* belongs to the Drawer.

WESTERN eloquence continues to improve. A Wisconsin reporter sends the following sketch. A lawyer in Milwaukee was defending a handsome young woman accused of stealing from a large unoccupied dwelling in the night time, and thus he spake in conclusion:

"Gentle*men* of the Jury, I am done. When I gaze with enraptured eyes on the matchless beauty of this peerless virgin, on whose resplendent charms suspicion never dared to breathe; when I behold her radiant in this glorious bloom of lustrous loveliness, which angelic sweetness might envy but could not eclipse; before which the star on the brow of night grows pale, and the diamonds of Brazil are dim; and then reflect upon the utter madness and folly of supposing that so much beauty would expose itself to the terrors of an empty building in the cold, damp dead of night, when innocence like hers is hiding itself amidst the snowy pillows of repose; gentlemen of the jury, my feelings are too overpowering for expression, and I throw her into your arms for protection against this foul charge, which the outrageous malice of a disappointed scoundrel has invented to blast the fair name of this lovely maiden, whose smile shall be the reward of the verdict which I know you will give!"

The jury acquitted her without leaving their seats.

HENRY ELLISON, of Herkimer, New York, was a man of sound judgment and acknowledged integrity. A neighbor of his, by the name of John F——, was voted by universal consent a "hard-faced" man. After F——'s death his disconsolate friends erected to his memory a costly monument with a wordy inscription enumerating his many virtues. Ellison being called upon as a neighbor to render assistance in raising the marble shaft over the last resting-place of his departed friend, after the stone was in its place, and every thing completed, sat down and read over the inscription. Pondering on the subject a few moments, and as if communing with the spirit of the departed, he was overheard to say, "John, if you could arise and read that inscription, you would think that you had got into the wrong grave!"

SOME years ago Derby, the great phrenologist, lectured in the old court-house of Joliet, Illinois. During the afternoon previous to the lecture various citizens called at the rooms of the lecturer, among whom were the late Judge H—— and the late W. E. L——, both at that time practicing attorneys in the Fourth Judicial District. At that interview it was agreed between the lecturer and the two lawyers that when persons were placed before him for the purpose of an examination of heads, that he should give a certain lawyer in town (now Member of Congress) a particular style of character, and that when their man was placed on the stand before the lecturer they would notify him by certain signs. When evening came the old court-room was filled to its utmost capacity, and after an able lecture the audience were informed that the lecturer would be blindfolded, and that persons could be placed before him without announcing their names, and he would read their several characters as from a book. The M. C. was of course brought forward, and after certain significant "ahems" the lecturer commenced manipulating the cranium of his subject. Full fifteen minutes were occupied with thumb and fingers, measuring and calculating, without uttering a word. The immense audience were as still as so much flesh and blood could be. Not a whisper, not a shuffle of a foot could be heard. Finally the lecturer seemed to have settled the question as to the preponderance of the mental powers of his subject, and exclaimed, "Ladies and gentlemen, this man is a perfect peacock!"

ONE of the soldiers tells the Drawer of a sudden discovery of the "politics" of a family down in Dixie:

Our regiment, he says, was in Northern Mississippi, and halting near a fine mansion the boys were making for the chicken quarter, when the lady of the house appealed to the Colonel for protection, as she was "a good Union woman, and they all stood up for the Government!" Just then one of the children cried out, "Oh, mother, that horrid Yankee's got Jeff Davis [a big rooster], and is going to wring his neck!" There was no further doubt about the loyalty of that household.

A CORRESPONDENT who was among the surrendered at Vicksburg, rejoicing that he can once more get *Harper*, and read it, says that he has gained more fat laughing over the Drawer than he got from all the mules that he helped to eat during the siege.

A VINTNER in London sent Lord Derby a sample of wine that he recommended as a specific for the gout. Afterward he sent to request of his Lordship an order for some more of the wine; but Lord Derby replied that *he preferred the gout!*

REV. MR. JONES'S people made him a tin-wedding visit on the tenth anniversary of his marriage, each one giving him a present of some article of tin-ware. One of his hearers, who had never joined his church, presented him with a long tin pen, remarking at the same time that he did not give it to him to write any longer sermons. The hint was well taken; but Mr. Jones instantly answered, "I hope they will be long enough to reach you, Sir."

A YOUNG lady, a teacher in an academy, was also a teacher in the Sunday-school. The lesson of the day was about the two MITES of the widow, which she pronounced *mits*. Explaining the reason why these mits were so valuable, she said that the widow probably knit them herself.

A SOLDIER in the army writes to the Drawer and says: One night, dark and rainy, Colonel S—— and I were coming from Marietta to Camp Orchard, where the —— Ohio State Militia were encamped, being on the rampage after Morgan. We were riding at full gallop, and I told the Colonel that we had passed a sentry. He wheeled and returned to the sentinel, asking him why he did not order him to halt and give the word. The fellow was busy at something, and cried out, "Hold on till I load my gun!"

WHILE at Berryville, Virginia, writes an army correspondent, we established our lines, and all per-

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sons residing within them and wishing to go beyond them were required to take the oath of allegiance. An intelligent "contraband," wishing to go through, on learning the requisition, very innocently asked,

"What is de oath?"

"You must swear to support the Constitution," replied the marshal.

"Why," said Sam, "I can't hardly support the old woman, times is so dreffal hard!"

The marshal let him pass.

THE following came under my observation while serving under General Palmer on the Tennessee River. There was in Company C of our regiment (Forty-second Illinois) a singular genius, familiarly known as Jerry, an easy, careless, jovial fellow, thinking a man a man any where, and paying no attention to the "shoulder-strapped gentry" any more than if they were not about. One day, while General Palmer was upon our boat, he was among a company of officers, looking with his glass at the battle-ground of Pittsburg Landing. Jerry was near by, and, stepping up to the General, slapped him familiarly on the shoulder, and said, "Say, old feller, let me see that thing, will yer?" The officers expected to see Jerry sent in on bread and water; but, always ready for fun, Palmer handed Jerry his spy-glass. Jerry took it, and very deliberately looked it over; and, placing it about two feet from his eye, looked through it. One such look was sufficient, and turning to the General, with a look of extreme contempt, he said, "Here, take the tarnal thing; I can see through it!" and retired amidst the shouts of the General and his officers.

IN the good old times before the war, writes a friend in the lower regions, the candidates for office in this Southern country were accustomed to resort to strange dodges to conciliate the people and get their votes. One of them, in the Old Dominion, while stumping the outskirts of his district, came early one morning upon a clearing where a solitary man was hoeing. Alighting from his horse, he took an extra hoe standing by, and commenced working very vigorously, at the same time delicately hinting who he was, and for what purpose he had come. The man, however, was obtuse, not seeming conscious of his visitor's design till just as the sun was sinking beneath the horizon, when he suddenly brightened up and said,

"Wa'al, I reckon you're mighty good at hoein', and if I was only over in Old Virginny I'd vote for you."

The dismayed politician did not let the grass grow under his horse's feet till he was safely out of North Carolina, where he had labored hard all day for naught.

THE same correspondent sends the following, which is very good—none the worse that it has appeared before in substance in the Magazine. That time the scene was laid in Lower Mississippi. Very likely it happened in several places. Politicians are very much alike.

Another candidate came upon a "poor white man," who had a vote to give, if he did have to do his own milking. The candidate, Jones, asked him if he should hold the cow, which seemed to be uneasy, and the old man consenting very readily, he took her by the horns and held fast till the operation was done.

"Have you had Robison [his rival] around here lately?" he asked.

"Oh yes," said the old man; "he's behind the barn now, holding the calf!"

This was a little too much; Robison was ahead; and Jones gave in—just as Cage did, as narrated, with a picture of the scene, in the Magazine for June, 1862.

WHEN Dr. Paley was dining with the Bishop of Durham and a large party an old gentleman remarked, as the subject of domestic life was under discussion, that he had been married forty years, and had never had the slightest difference with his wife. The Bishop was expressing his great delight, when Dr. Paley very archly inquired, "Don't you think it must have been very flat, my lord?"

TOM is a bright little boy, and very much attached to his mother. The other day his father came home in a bad humor, and was scolding and finding fault with things generally. Little Tom sat and listened until he thought it necessary to interfere in behalf of his mother, when, looking up at his father, he said, in a very decided tone,

"If you did not like her ways, what did you marry her for?"

I need scarcely add that the weather cleared up at once, and that storm was over.

THERE is so much *drinking* in the army, and patriotism so often sports itself over the wine-cup, to the injury of the glorious cause, that it is well for soldiers to remember an old saying of Bishop Kennett, of Oxford, in the times of James the Second. He was Proctor of the College, and going his rounds one night he found a party of students engaged in a drinking bout, and making a great noise over their wine. He reproved them sharply, and ordered them to disperse to their several rooms. One of the company said to him,

"Mr. Proctor, you will, I am sure, excuse us when you are told we are met to drink prosperity to the Church."

To which the Proctor answered: "Sir, we are to *pray* for the Church, and to *fight* for the Church; not to *drink* for the Church."

Our army boys would do well to *pray* for the country, and *fight* for the country; and not *drink* for the country.

"OLD JOE" keeps a noted saloon in a basement on Leonard Street, and along the front he stretched a canvas, upon which, in large letters, was painted THE SHADES. Time wore on, and with it was worn off the first four letters, leaving the appropriate designation, HADES. Joe still survives; but he took down *that* sign when he was made to understand the English of it.

"I AM an alien," says a correspondent of the Drawer, "and was expatiating the other day upon the duty of every good citizen to support the Government, and declaring myself in favor of the draft as the best means of filling up the army. 'Yes,' said a friend standing by, 'I haven't seen an *exempt* but was in favor of the draft.'"

THE Bostonians, even the men in the cemeteries, are the smartest people on this planet—or, what is the same thing, "in this universal Yankee nation." One of them says, in a letter to the Drawer:

Having occasion not long since to ride in an omnibus, I could not help hearing a part of the conver-

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sation carried on by a gentleman and lady (probably husband and wife), who entered near Mount Auburn. They had evidently been in search of a "lot," and although too *grave* a subject to excite one's risibilities, yet the business style in which the gentleman spoke of the "City of the Dead" will excuse me for furnishing you with one of his observations. "Ah," said he, "I didn't go up that avenue which the agent wished to show me; didn't think it worth my while. The fact is, the man was anxious to begin a settlement up there."

No harm in this; only the idea of "beginning a settlement" in such a place struck me as decidedly original.

It was election day—writes a Pennsylvania correspondent—and Grimes having "assisted" on the occasion by the deposit of his vote and the absorption of about as much "old rye" as he could walk under, started with two of his neighbors, who were in the same state of elevation, to make their way to their homes. They had to cross the Brandywine Creek by a foot-bridge constructed of a single log thrown across, and hewn flat on the upper side, but without any hand-rail to aid in the transit. There would have been no difficulty with a clear head and steady legs in crossing; but with our party it was felt to be not devoid of difficulties "under existing circumstances." However, the creek must be crossed. Grimes's two friends took the lead, and with much swinging of arms and contortion of body reached the farther side. It was now Grimes's turn to face the music, and, making a bold start, he succeeded in getting about one-third of the way over, when a loud splash announced to his friends that he was overboard. Emerging from the water, it being about breast high, he quietly said, as if his course was the result of mature deliberation,

"I guess I'll wade!"

The following is a surgeon's certificate given to one of our militia boys to exempt him from active service:

"June the 18: 1863 milatery fources sir To your onners John Jeffries is un sound man his Left pulnary Lobe is Desardered also the plurer & if you Ceap him in Ser vis you wil hav him on your hands Sick when he Cam home from Lin Creek in Aprill he was Sick & I atended on him thrue his sickness & it Left him un sound man"

Away in Switzerland wanders one of the Drawer's many readers; he sits down in Neuchâtel and writes of his American memories:

The mosquitoes down on the Mississippi River are supposed to be rather large, and tolerably ferocious. I am not prepared to believe the story of the man who came to look for his cow one day, and found the skeleton on the ground and a large mosquito on an adjacent tree picking his teeth with one of the horns. But I will say that it would take a man gifted with considerable imagination to exaggerate the prowess of those Southern swamp mosquitoes. We were discussing them one night in a hotel in New Orleans, when one gentleman of the party told the following anecdote:

"There was once a man in the city who insisted on it that he was mosquito-proof, and who offered to lie down in the worst place that could be found and let mosquitoes bite him for an hour for ten dollars. My friend hearing him make the proposition took him at his word, and with several others they both started off for a nice marshy place between the town and Lake Pontchartrain—a regular mosquito paradise. Arrived on the ground the mosquito chap took off his shirt and coat, and lay down on his face. The insects came in crowds, lighted on his back, and biting commenced. If the man scratched he would lose his ten dollars; even squirming was prohibited. But he stood it like a Trojan; didn't give utterance to a single grunt. Half an hour passed. The ground all around was covered with gorged mosquitoes, who had sucked until they were as drunk as Judges, and were staggering about in a most discreditable style. A quarter of an hour ensued: more intoxicated suckers, and the man as unmoved and indifferent as a log. Suddenly one of the gentlemen took two or three strong puffs at his cigar, and then chucked it on the mosquito chap's back. First he winced, then he squirmed, then he yelled and scrambled up.

"'I have come across a consid'rable number of mosquitoes in my life,' he remarked, scratching with one hand and working into his shirt at the same time, 'but I assure you, gentlemen, I never see a mosquito like that before. He wasn't much to hum, gentlemen,' he continued; 'but when it comes to biting, gentlemen, that mosquito was a snorter.'

"He lost his ten dollars, and went home grumbling that when he made that 'ar bet he hadn't calculated on no bumble bees beln' smuggled in."

Justice is sometimes queerly administered, as the following letter to the Drawer from California will show:

By a law of this State any criminal is allowed the privilege of trial by jury. Recently a juvenile, whose occupation is that of apple-peddler, made a complaint against a brother vendor of the same fruit, for kicking over his basket just as the cars were about to leave, and at a time when he expected to make a great sale. The culprit demanded a trial by jury. The jury, after hearing the evidence, concluded that the defendant did just right, so far as he went, but he didn't do enough: he ought to have flogged the plaintiff. But how to bring in a verdict to suit the case puzzled them for some time. At last they announced that they had agreed, and were brought into court.

"Have you agreed upon a verdict?" asked the Judge.

"Yes, your Honor," said the foreman.

"What is your verdict?"

"We find the *plaintiff* guilty," said the foreman.

The Judge looked aghast. "Why," said he, "the plaintiff is not on trial."

The jury were excused for a short time, and the Judge proceeded to pronounce sentence on the *defendant;* when one of the jurymen, as he was going out the door, turned and said, "Here, Judge, it's that other fellow that's guilty!"

Here is an epigram on a charming *young* lady, whose charms improve with every passing year:

"Is Molly Fowle immortal? No.
Yes, but she is; I'll prove her so:
She's fifteen now, and was, I know,
Fifteen full fifteen years ago."

This was fairly matched by a remark made in a public lecture by United States Senator Howard, of Michigan. In the city of Detroit is an excellent and eminent lawyer, Judge Lane, who has but one failing, and that is simply that he is a bachelor. Retaining all the vivacity, activity, and habits of

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youth, he is a universal favorite, especially among the ladies, to whom he devotes the leisure that an extensive practice and his literary tastes will allow. Mr. Howard was delivering a lecture on Old Times in Detroit, and speaking of the men who were active in public life forty years ago, he spoke of "Judge Lane, *then* and *now* a promising *young* lawyer in this city." The remark brought down the house with applause, in which none joined more cheerfully than the gallant and learned Judge.

WHILE making examinations of mines in South Missouri, I was stopping at a settler's house, distant twelve miles from a post-office. On Saturday the weekly mail came in, and the letter below came to my address, was opened, and found to belong to another party of the same name. Seeing the contents were unique in subject and composition, I made an exact copy, and forwarded the original to the rightful owner, who lived near, adding at the bottom, for the encouragement of my namesake, "Fits are contagious; seek a personal interview."

"DEAR FRIEND,—Your letter exprises me werry much—it almost give me a dutch chill—I am sorey to larn you are in sich a bad situation, and can not coweniently help yourself—I am sorey to tell you that i can not help your situation—If it was in my power to help you I would help—But John it is out of my power to do so—But i think you are in as good a situation as ever any body was in—for i now a single life is as easy a life to live as eny—at best—I think it is you may know—I think so—er I would not stay single—But John perhaps you think different from what I do—perhaps the fit has come on you now to marey—and when eny body takes that *fit*—ther notions is changed mitely—at best I think—I dont know for I never had the *fit* yet But John if the fit has come on you bare it paciently as you can—and try to get somebody to say yes—I would be glad to say yes if I could—but it is out of my power—I am always sorey when eny body calls on me to help them and I can not—you must excuse me this time—your letter was read with great pleasur—these few lines leaves me well—and hope when they come safe to hand that they will find you enjoying the same blessing—Good-by for this time—yours as ever"

ONE of my customers, deeply in debt to me, residing in the West (says a mercantile correspondent), failing to respond as he should, I wrote to the Postmaster for information, and the answer is so satisfactory that I must send it the Drawer. The "man of letters" writes:

"SIR,—The said individual is defunct in these parts. He vamosed, absquatulated, and made hisself scace, by going to the Far West some 4 or 5 years ago. Is somewhere near Burlington, Iowa. Don't know wheather 'greenbacks' or stated preaching will ever 'resussitate' his purse or charrackter or not. Hope they will, though; and that said resussitation will redown to your favor as well as to some others."

A RURAL printer, writing to the Drawer, says: I am connected with the printing-office in our little place, and a few days ago the following advertisement was handed in:

"the untersenit has yust oppen a New Saloon well arranget & with all kiens of gutt Liqors fittet op in the —— Hottel, wehr I invite wieth all my frinds aquentins & Strangers too come and satisfie him Selvs that I will do all watt is in my Power to content all my costumers with the best satisfaction."

OUR "devil," continues the same correspondent, is an eccentric lad, and we have many a good laugh at his odd sayings, but could never determine whether his comical speeches were premeditated wit or only blunders. For instance: he is, or pretends to be, very fond of smoking a pipe, and will stand at his case at work for hours, puffing out great clouds of smoke, to the annoyance of every one near him. A compositor ventured to remonstrate with him upon his excessive use of tobacco, assuring him that the practice was very injurious to one so young, and recommending to him to abstain entirely from so filthy a habit—at least, not to smoke all the while. After a moment's silence a bright thought struck him, and with a bland look of comfortable satisfaction he proceeded to annihilate all his opponent's argument with the following clincher: "Ah, but you see, it's very *seldom* that I smoke *all the time!*"

One of the hands being sick, I remarked to him, on coming in from dinner, that as Prince was not able to work it would be necessary that he should set one column that afternoon. After smoking a few whiffs in silent meditation he was resolved, and bringing his clenched right hand down upon his open left he exclaimed, with great emphasis, "I'll set a column this afternoon, if it takes me *six weeks!*"

THIS is very natural, and undoubtedly true: In the good old days of slow coaches and slower mails, when Northern New York was about as far out of the world as some of our Northwestern Territories are now, there was gathered around the post-office one night, in a small town, quite a crowd, to hear the news brought by the stage just in.

"What's the news?" asked an old fellow, who was not so worldly-wise as he might have been—"what's the news?"

"Martin Van Buren has been appointed Minister to Great Britain," said a friend at his elbow.

"Minister to Great Britain! The idea of his bein' appinted Minister to Great Britain! Why he can't preach no more than I can!"

IN the early days of Genesee County a Tonawanda Indian was indicted for some offense against the laws of the great State of New York. The trial took place before one Judge E——, then holding court at Batavia. The counsel for the "aborigine" in his behalf made the motion that the indictment be "*quashed*" on the ground that an Indian was not amenable to "white laws." Arguments pro and con were patiently heard by the Judge; when the matter was settled by his decision: "Gentlemen, if so be that Indians be *folks*, the indictment will stand; but if so be that they *ain't* folks, your vardict will sartainly *squash*." It is needless to say that the Indian was convicted.

A CORRESPONDENT in San Francisco relates a theatrical incident:

One evening as I was passing the Union Theatre I saw placarded that the eminent tragedian M'Kean Buchanan would appear in his celebrated character of Sir Giles Overreach, in The New Way to Pay Old Debts. I walked in, and after listening for a few moments to the inspiring strains of the orchestra the tragedian appeared before the curtain, apologizing for the sudden illness of one of the principal actors, and, with the consent of the audience, substituting "the great play of Othello." Just as the curtain was rising I saw a rough-looking fellow slowly navigating his uncertain way down the aisle, evidently pretty drunk, but getting safely seated directly in front of me. He began to pore over the programme which I had discarded, thinking, under the change of affairs, that it would be of little use to me.

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Throughout the first act, while "Old Buck" was stamping about and performing with his usual vigor of voice and action, I saw my tipsy neighbor looking alternately at his bill and the stage, as though he found some difficulty in reconciling the course of events; but whatever he thought he said nothing till the curtain had descended, then turning around and grasping the back of the seat to steady himself, he asked, in a hoarse, husky whisper, which was "Sir Giles," pronouncing the G hard.

Although somewhat amused, I answered soberly, "He is playing Othello, not Sir Giles."

He looked a little confused at first, then straightened up and exclaimed, "Well, I ain't so drunk as I thought I was!"

A CORRESPONDENT from Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, informs us that when the rebel army was on the march from that place to Gettysburg, several privates stopped at the hotel of Mr. John Brown, in Fayetteville, and inquired for ale. Mine host informed them that he was just out of that article. One of the rebs remarked that they were going to Baltimore, and there they would get plenty. A few days after, when the rebs were retreating from Gettysburg, Brown happened to meet this same man on the South Mountain. He asked him if he had got any Baltimore ale. "No," replied Johnny Reb; "we only got as far as Gettysburg, where the *Meade* was too strong for us, so we had to give up the Baltimore ale."

THE influence of personal appearance is sharply illustrated by the following story, told by a friend, now an officer in the army:

I was at Washington City in the spring of 1861, and while there I met an old and valued friend, whom I had not seen for many years. He had been much of the time since I had last met him in the Far West, and was then at Washington applying for a very important appointment in one of our Territories.

One day, during a long walk, he discussed his chances of success, and I inquired whether he had called upon or had been presented to Secretary S——, who had the appointment at his disposal. He replied that he had not. I then proposed to accompany him at once and introduce him to the Secretary; but he shook his head, saying, "I am too sharp for that; he might play big Indian on me." I insisted upon his going with me; but he declined, remarking that it might be advisable for some applicants, of fine personal presence, to present themselves to the appointing power, but for applicants of his size and appearance it would be probably best to be personally unknown. My friend was a small man, and not decidedly handsome, but had a good face and fine head, with plenty of brains in it. I ridiculed the idea that his personal appearance should injure his prospects. He replied by saying, "Let me tell you a story.

"When I was Territorial Secretary of —— Territory it devolved upon me, in the absence of the Governor, to act in his stead in negotiating a treaty with certain Indian tribes, who had their homes far distant from the seat of the Territorial Government; and after due preparation, and with a proper escort, under command of Major M—— of the army, we set out upon our journey, and in due time reached the place appointed for holding the council. We found a large number of chiefs of several tribes, accompanied by their squaws and warriors, awaiting our arrival. A few days were spent in making ourselves agreeable to the breechesless chiefs, and in receiving official calls, and in making presents to the warriors and their squaws.

"On the day appointed for the opening of the council I, as the representative of the President of the United States—the Great Father of the Indians—accompanied by the officers of the army, interpreters, and secretaries, repaired to the council-house, and found quite a number of savage statesmen seated upon the places prepared for them, as grave as any body of Roman Senators. But it was soon known that there were several absentees, and among them the head chief of a large and influential tribe, who was a large man and great warrior. We took our seats in silence, and waited until the day had worn away, and still the chief and his friends did not favor us with their presence. The council adjourned to meet next day; and in the mean time the absentees were sought for, and inquiries were made as to the cause of their absence. The principal chief, Buffalo Horn, appeared unusually reserved and morose, and refused for a long time to assign any reason for absenting himself; but finally, upon being reproached with acting in bad faith toward his Great Father in refusing to go into the council, he, with much excitement in his manner, replied in his own language. The sum and substance of which, being interpreted, was, that he was a great chief, had come long distance to see his Great Father and make treaty with him, and had been greatly disappointed in not finding him there, and in seeing that he was represented by so small a specimen of the 'pale faces' as I was; that he was big chief, and great warrior, and could make no treaty with such a looking man as the Governor; and that if the Great Father could not come himself to make treaty with a great chief like him, and would not send a larger and better-looking man than the Governor, Indians would make no treaty at all. And no argument nor persuasion could induce him to change his resolve.

"He felt that the dignity of his chieftainship was involved, and we were forced to install Major M—— in my stead as Governor, and representative of the Great Father. The Major was a large, fine-looking man, and besides, was a great warrior; and he fully met the chief's ideas of official dignity. The council met next day, and the big chief was satisfied. He was spared the humiliation of playing second part to a small man who was not a warrior; and after some pow-wows, presents, smokes, speeches, and Indian grants, the treaty was made and signed, and I was taught that small men are not always appreciated by men in the 'chief' places of Government; and you will therefore excuse me if I do not accept of your kind offer to present me to the 'head chiefs' of the State Department."

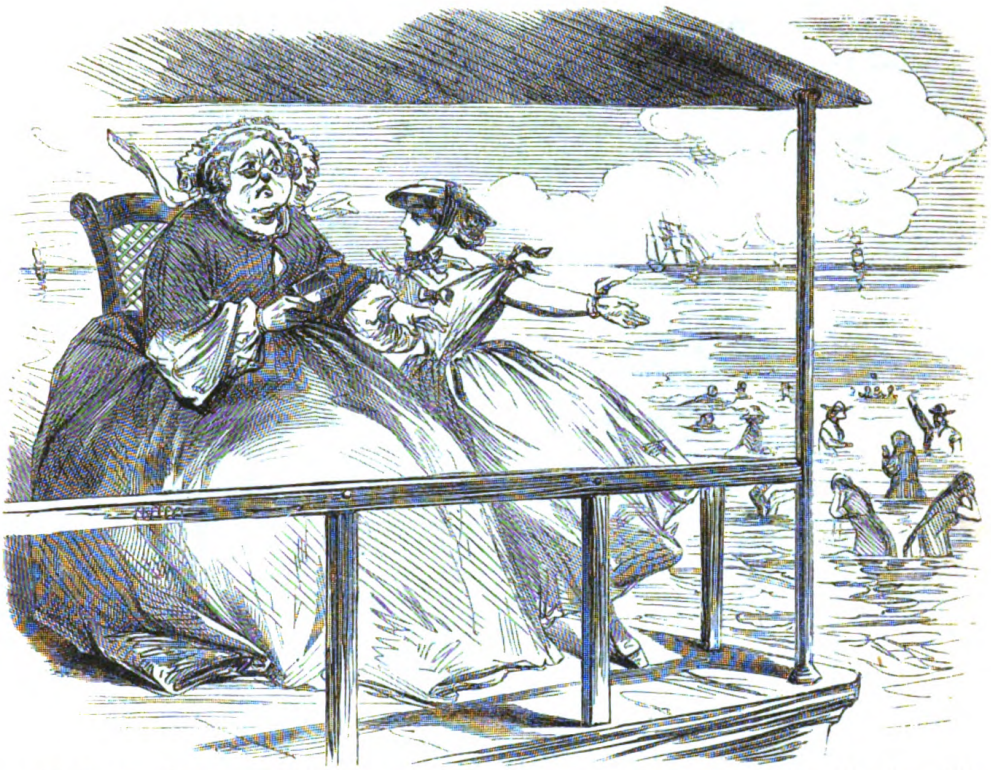
Whether the applicant was ever presented to the Secretary I can not tell, but he failed to receive the appointment.

GEORGE PENN JOHNSON, one of our most eloquent stump speakers, who loves a good thing too well to let it slip upon any occasion, addressing a meeting where it was a great point to obtain the Irish vote, after alluding to the Native American party in no flattering terms, inquired, "Who dig all our canals? Irishmen. Who build our railroads? Irishmen. [Great applause.] Who build all our jails? Irishmen. [Still greater applause.] Who fill all our jails? Irishmen!" This capping climax, if it did not bring down the house, did the Irish, in a rush for the stand.

Johnson did not wait to receive them.

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Sea-Side Sketches.

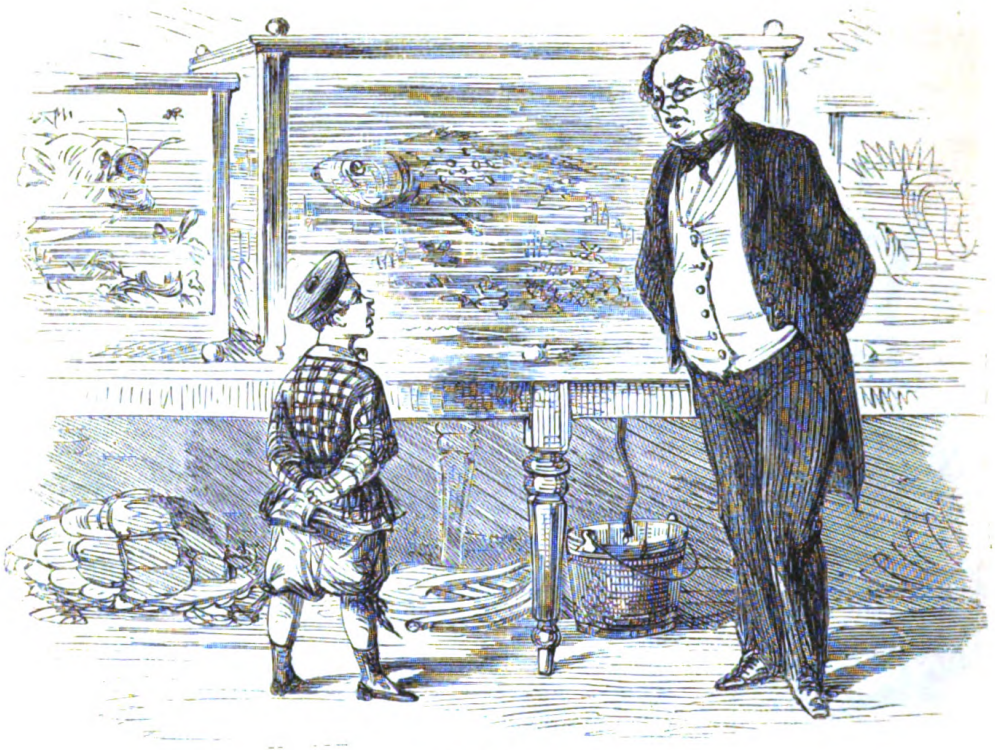


"Oh, GRANDMA! Augustus and the girls are getting up a Tableau of Neptune and the Water Nymphs, and they want you to come and be a Porpoise."



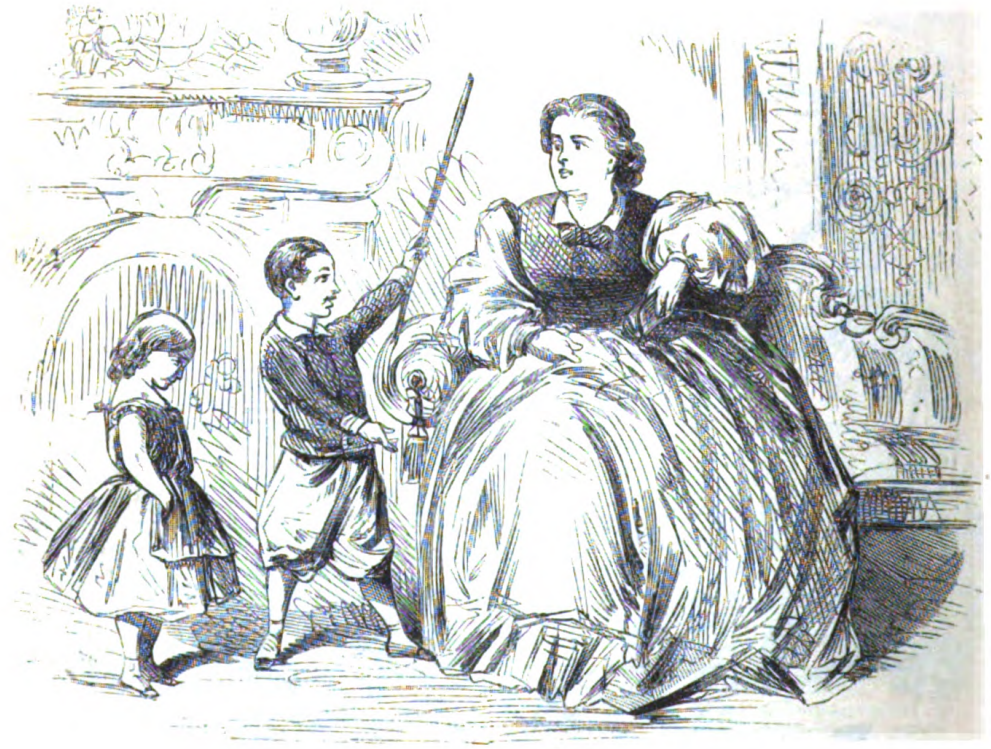
Noble conduct of EDWIN, who is determined to recover ANGELINA'S Parasol, in spite of what may be the Rebel Pirate in the distance.

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A FISH STORY.

"Call that a big Brook Trout, Governor! It's nothing to one that I hauled out the other day!"



A SUGGESTION OF COLOR.

"Look here, Aunt Kitty, Jake says the Trout won't touch any thing but a FIERY RED FLY now. Just let me have a lock of your Hair to make one with. It's just the shade!"

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Fashions for November.

Furnished by Mr. G. Brodie, 300 *Canal Street, New York, and drawn by* Voigt *from actual articles of Costume.*



Figures 1 and 2.—Promenade Dress and Girl's Pardessus.

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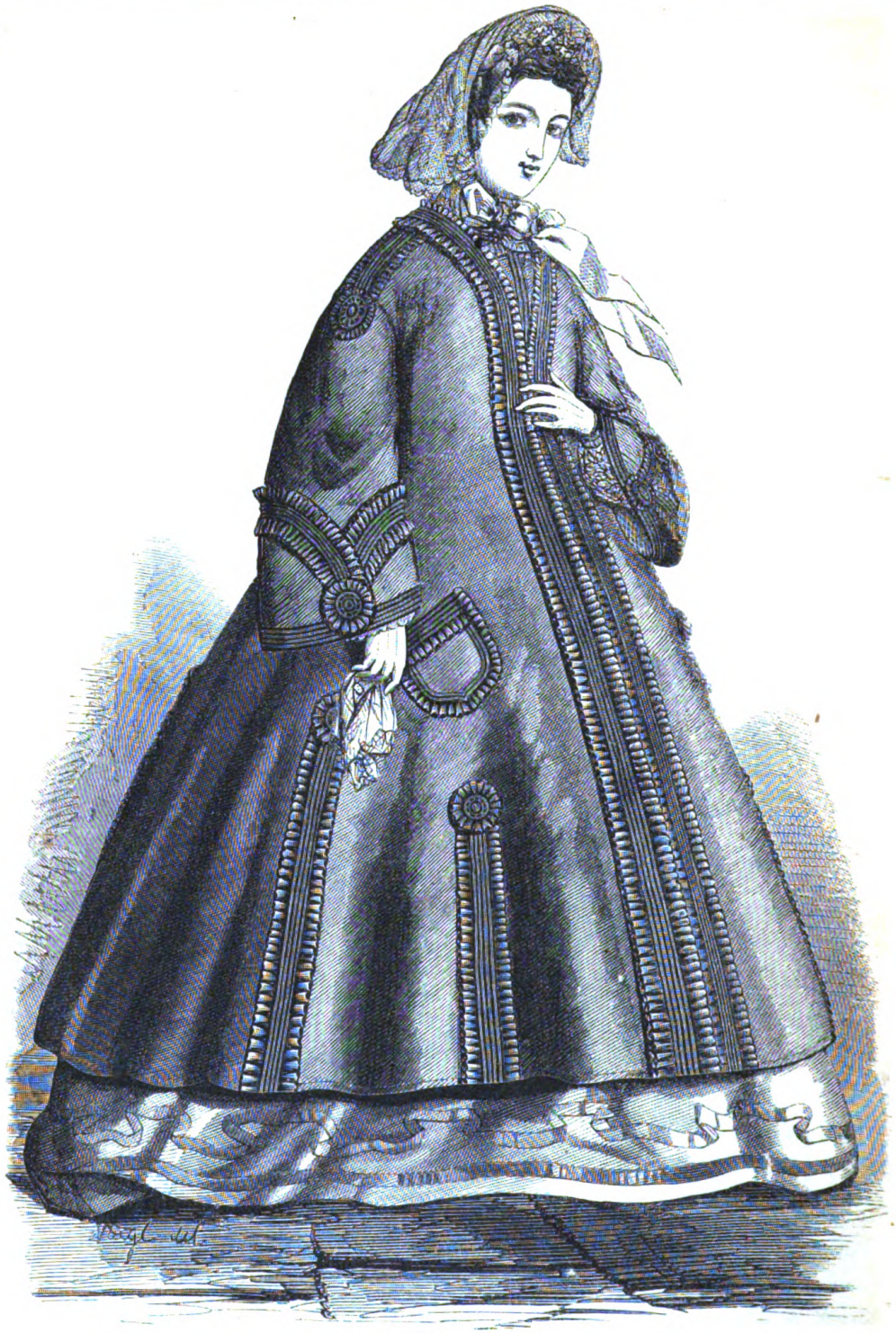


FIGURE 3.—SACQUE.

THE PROMENADE DRESS on the preceding page may be made of any single-colored material, at the pleasure of the wearer. The trimming is of velvet passamenterie.

The GIRL'S PARDESSUS is of crimson cloth, with braided ornaments.

The SACQUE may be either of cloth or silk. The one figured above is of a heavy silken fabric styled Matelassée, which presents a quilt-like appearance.

Pardessus are now sometimes seen of the most brilliant colors—scarlet, blue, etc., ornamented with embroidery in silk, silver, or gold, with velvet *appliques* of elaborate design. Good taste will of course confine these to the carriage, opera, or festive occasions.

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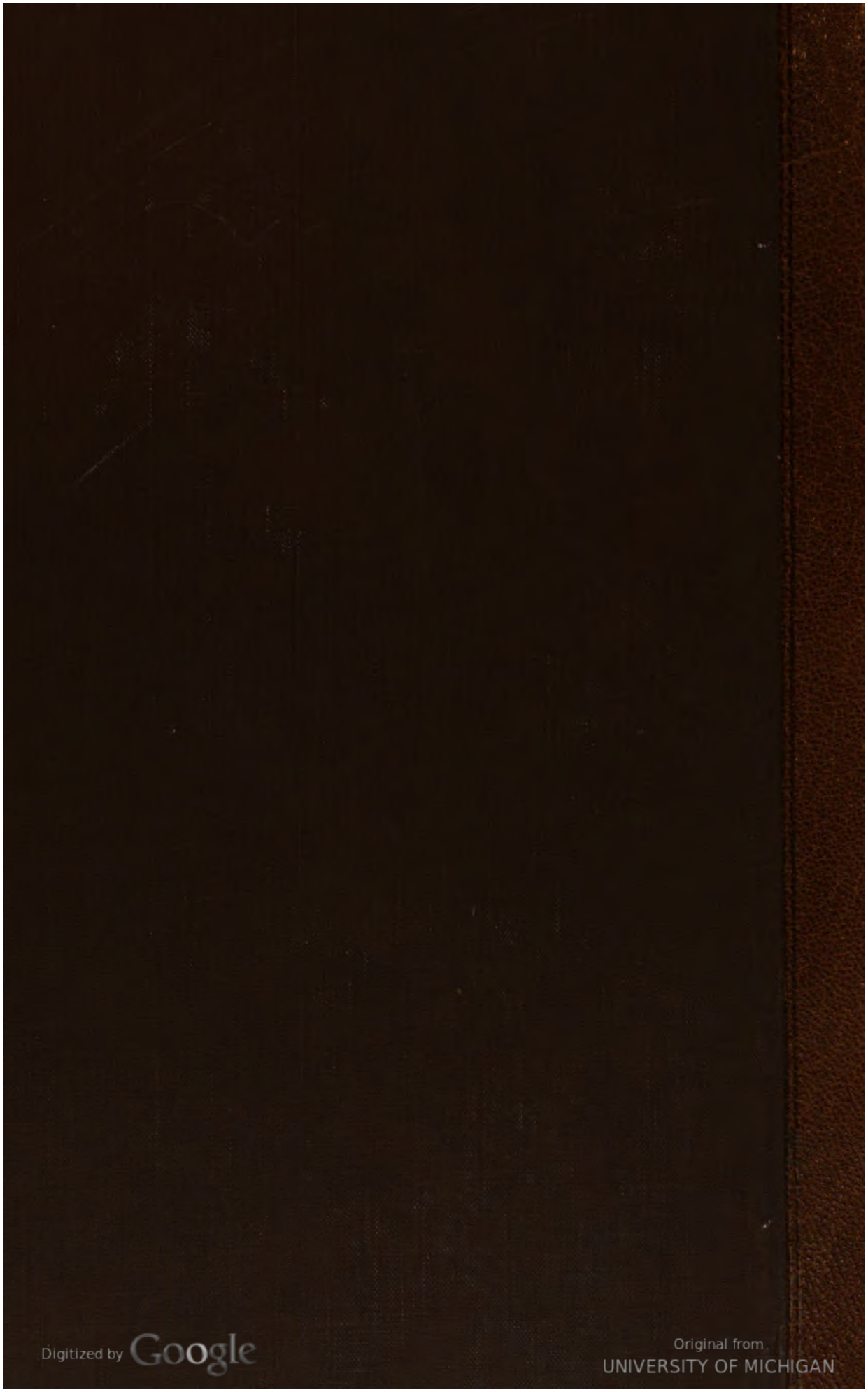
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